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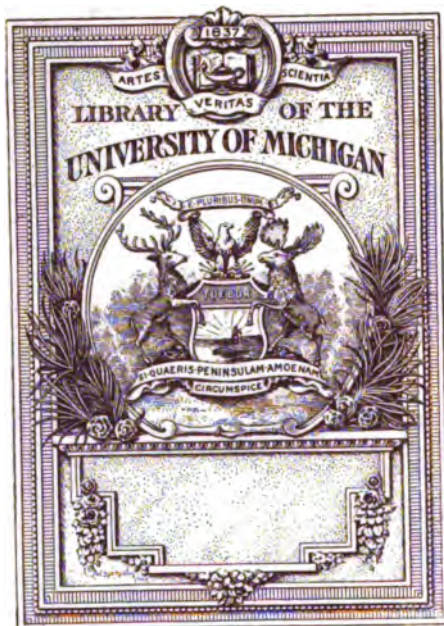
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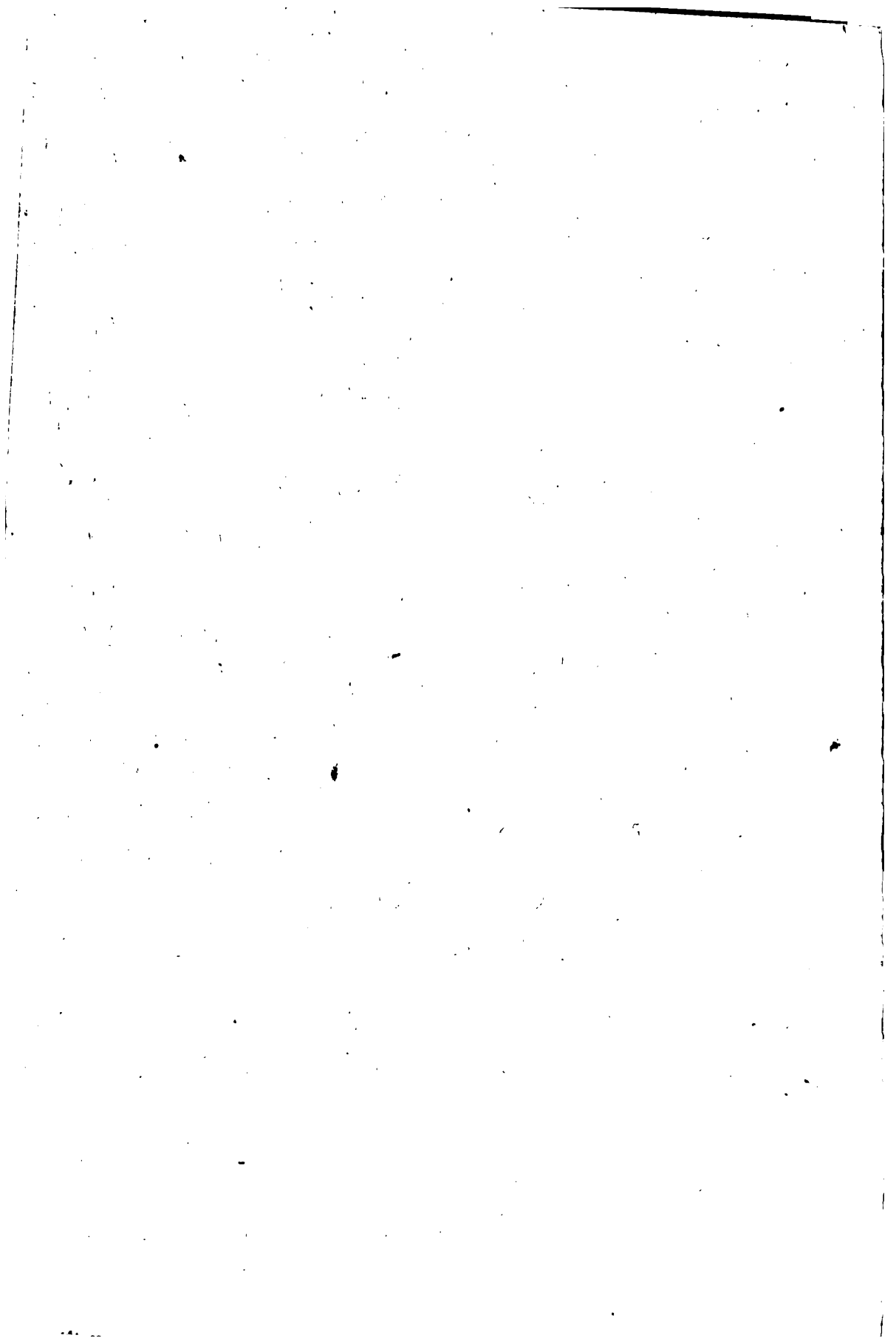
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An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 11

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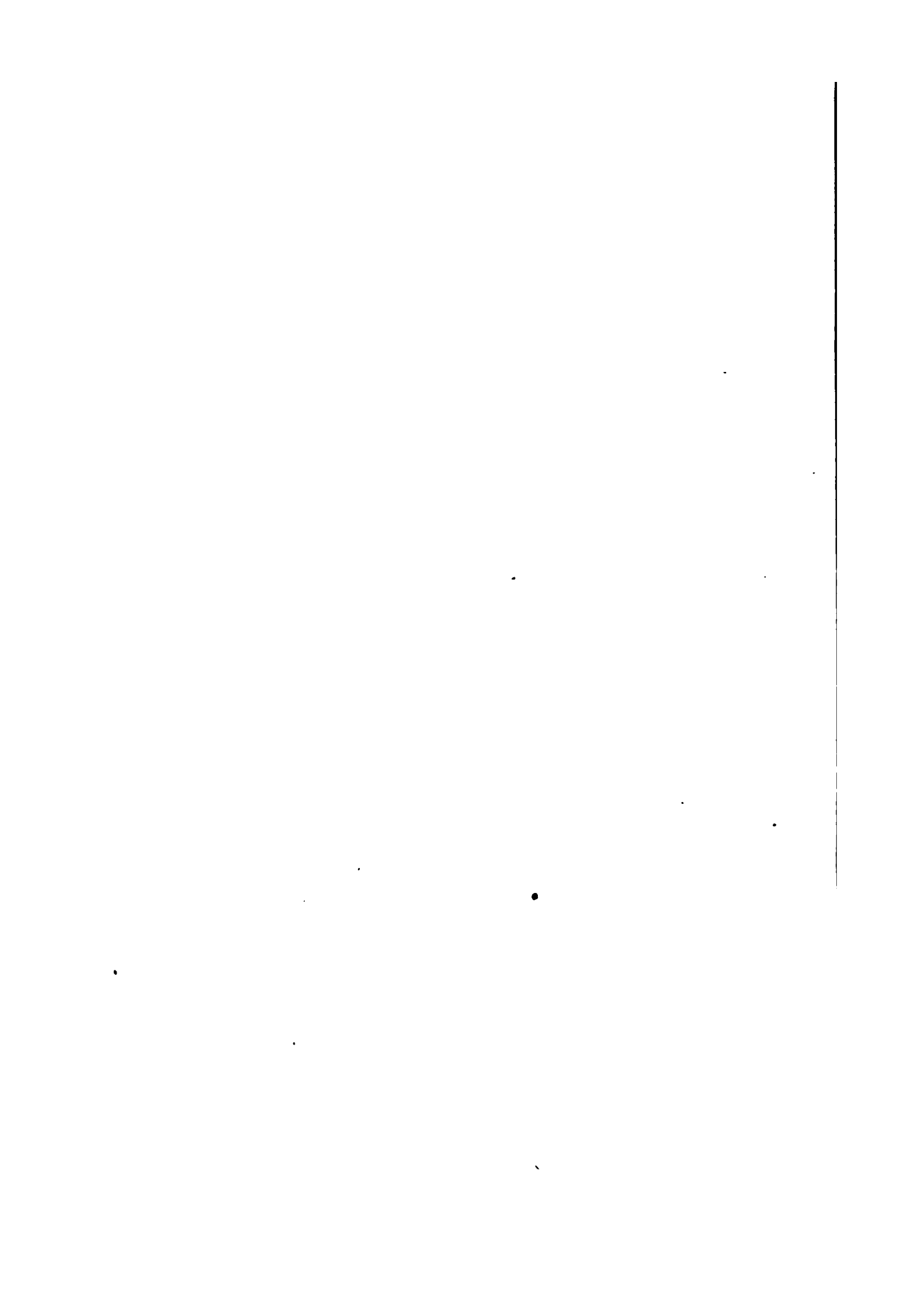
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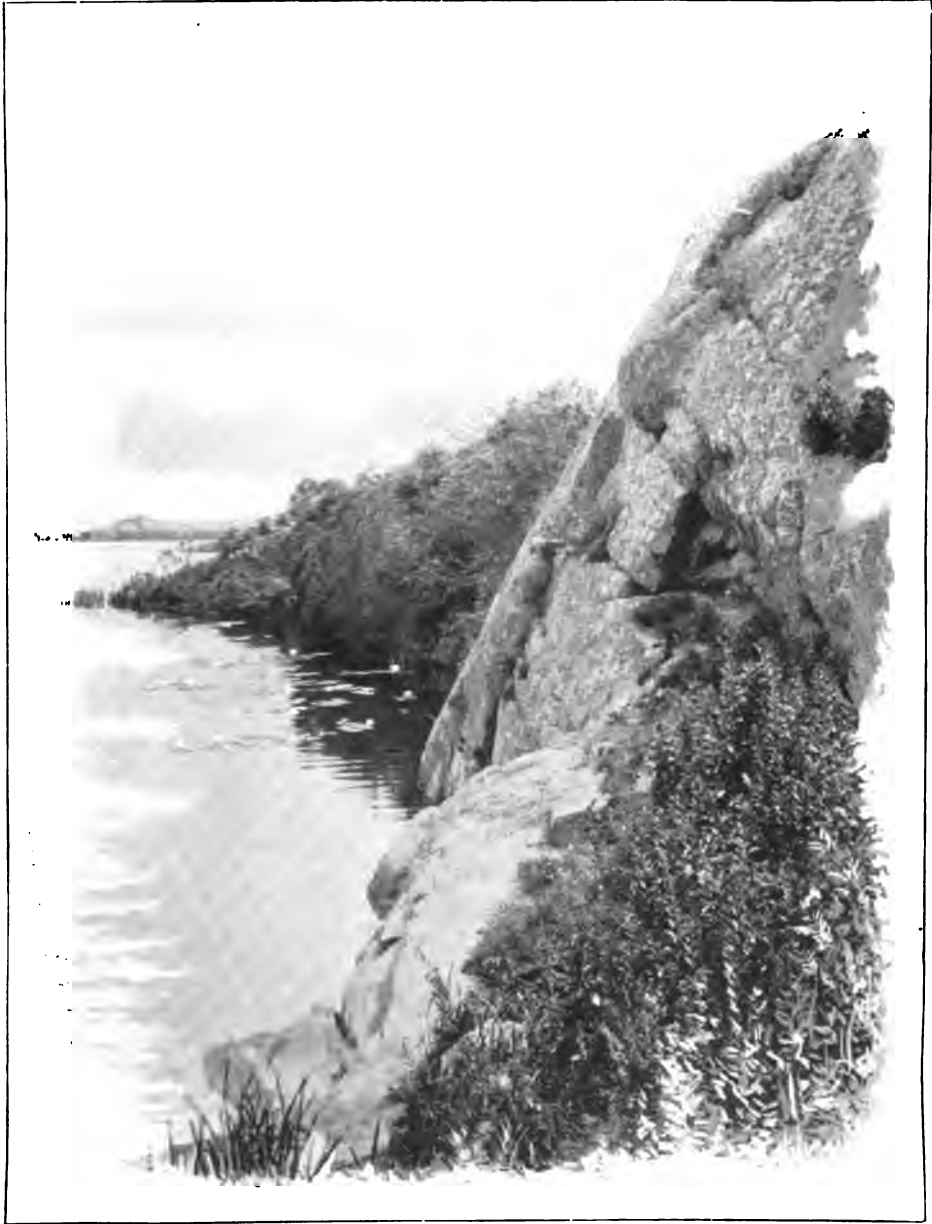
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THE LILY POND, NEWPORT.

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

VOL. XI. No. 1.



At the outbreak of the Revolution no town in the British colonies flourished to the degree of Newport. Her canvas whitened every sea; the products of every clime came freighted to her shores; her influence was directed to the cultivation of the arts and sciences for which she was distinguished; her society was polished and refined beyond that of any other town or city in the colonies. This was due largely to the influence of the educated gentlemen who represented the English government. But for the Revolution her possible prosperity cannot be predicted. No people had greater cause to fear the rupture between England and her colonies than those of Newport. Her commercial importance was dependent upon her union with the mother country. Her exposed situation was a source of the greatest peril, and without the means of defence, her ruin was inevitable. But no selfish thoughts deterred her people from engaging in the struggle for liberty and independence. They never flinched, as the history of their part in the Revolution fully proves.

The first of the series of difficulties, which every year became more exasperating, between the King's armed vessels and the inhabitants of Newport, took place in 1764. In July, Lieutenant Hill of His Majesty's schooner *St. John* gave offence to the colony, and was fired upon from Fort George by order of the magistrates. In 1765, another difficulty occurred. In May, the British vessel *Maidstone*, in the harbor, impressed some seamen; and on the fourth of June five hundred sailors and boys seized the *Maidstone's* boat at the wharf and dragged it through the street to the common, where it was burned, and no redress was obtained by the officers.

Augustus Johnson came to Rhode Island when quite young, and was one of the best lawyers in the State. But he was a loyalist, and his stand in favor of the crown aroused the anger of the populace of Newport, where he resided. He accepted the office of stamp master, so odious to the people, and was insulted in the streets. On August 27, 1765, effigies of Johnson, Martin Howard, Jr., and Dr. Thomas Moffat, loyalists, were drawn



through the streets, hung on a gallows in front of the court house, and cut down in the evening in the presence of thousands of excited citizens. The next day their homes were surrounded and plundered by a mob, and they sought protection on board the sloop of war *Cygnets* in the harbor. The people were thoroughly aroused, and a plan was formed for the capture of the *Cygnets*, which might have brought on at once the opening of the Revolution. But harmony was restored before the project was matured, and the breaking out of the war was delayed for four years, when the loyal spirit of the Newport patriots could no longer be repressed.

But the fires smouldered, if they did not burst into flame. In November of this same year, a riot was feared on Gunpowder Treason night, which had always been a time of festivity; but the occasion



THE NEWPORT STATE HOUSE.

passed quietly. The next year the planting of the liberty tree, "as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition to the Stamp Act in the year 1765 by the sons of liberty in Newport and throughout the continent of North America," and the observance of the repeal of the Stamp Act, showed the temper of the people and kept alive the spirit of revolution which widely prevailed among them. In the following year the anniversary of the

repeal of the Stamp Act was celebrated in the spring, and in the fall the citizens followed the example of Boston and Providence in the passage of resolutions to discourage as much as possible further importations of European manufactures. In accordance with this action many wealthy gentlemen of the city determined to clothe themselves only with garments manufactured in this country; and an incident is related of a woman and her daughter of sixteen, who during three months in the year 1768 spun sixty yards of linen cloth nearly a yard wide, in addition to the care of a large family.

Thus the spirit of independence grew, and by the time the second anniversary of the repeal of the Stamp Act came around, March 21, 1768, the people of Newport were in a mood to celebrate the occasion with great public exhibitions of rejoicing.

Flags were flung from the top of the liberty tree, on Fort George, and from the liberty mast on the Point. The shipping in the harbor also displayed colors, bells were rung, and the city wore a joyous aspect. In the evening rockets were sent up from the liberty tree and liberty mast, and many brilliant entertainments were held. Among those who kept open house was John Madsly, who owned and occupied the dwelling now in possession of the Watson family, at the

head of what was then King Street, now known as Franklin Street, which is chiefly noted in connection with the Revolution from the fact that when the French fleet were firing on the British batteries they threw shot into the town and neighbors took refuge in the oil cellar of Madsly adjoining the house; but the shot entered — happily, however, doing no damage.

Two months after this bold celebration, an affray occurred between the people of

Newport and three midshipmen of a Senegal man-of-war in the harbor, which resulted in the death of Henry Sparker, and the severe wounding of another man. The officers were acquitted, but the townsmen were avenged later.

A little more than a year afterward, in July, 1769, the first overt act of warfare which resulted in American independence was committed at Newport in the destruction of the British armed sloop *Liberty*. Captain Packwood of a Connecticut brig lying in the harbor was fired upon by an officer of the *Liberty*, which so enraged the citizens that a large number met Captain Reid of the *Liberty* at Long Wharf, and demanded the man who had fired on Packwood. The men were sent on shore one after another for identification, until all but the mate had left the sloop, when the citizens boarded it, cut the cables, and allowed it to drift ashore and ground at a wharf on the Point. The mast was then cut away, the armament and stores thrown overboard, and the sloop scuttled. The small boats were dragged up Long Wharf and the Parade to Broad Street, at the head of which, on the common, they were burned. So excited were the men who performed this deed, that it is said that the boats were drawn up the Parade so quickly that their iron keels left a stream of fire in the rear. Later the *Liberty* drifted to Goat Island, and there was burned, on the seventh of August of the same year. At this time the manifestation of the spirit of independence at Newport far exceeded that in many places renowned for great patriotism, for the people of the little seaport town had dared to openly attack and destroy an English ship, while the *Gaspee* was not burned at Providence until three years later, and the famous tea party at Boston was not held till 1773, four years after this sinking and burning of the *Liberty* in Newport harbor.

The harbor of Newport was occupied by British ships for several years previous to the actual commencement of hostilities, for the purpose of enforcing the revenue laws and sustaining the authority of the King over his rebellious subjects. But after the destruction of the *Liberty*, the feeling against the crown increased



MADSLY (NOW WATSON) HOUSE. HEAD OF FRANKLIN STREET NEWPORT.

and the number of vessels was enlarged, until a whole squadron of ships of war was stationed in the bay, under the command of Admiral Wallace, to watch the people of Rhode Island. This Wallace incurred the hatred of the inhabitants of the island for his mean and despicable acts.

At the close of this year, 1769, the town was at its greatest prosperity. The population was more than eleven thousand; industrial enterprises were numerous and varied, embracing extensive manufactures of oil, candles, sugar, rum and hemp; nearly two hundred vessels were employed in foreign commerce, among which there was a regular line of London packets; and between three and four hundred craft were engaged in the coasting trade.

In 1770 Newport imported goods in violation of the agreement made three

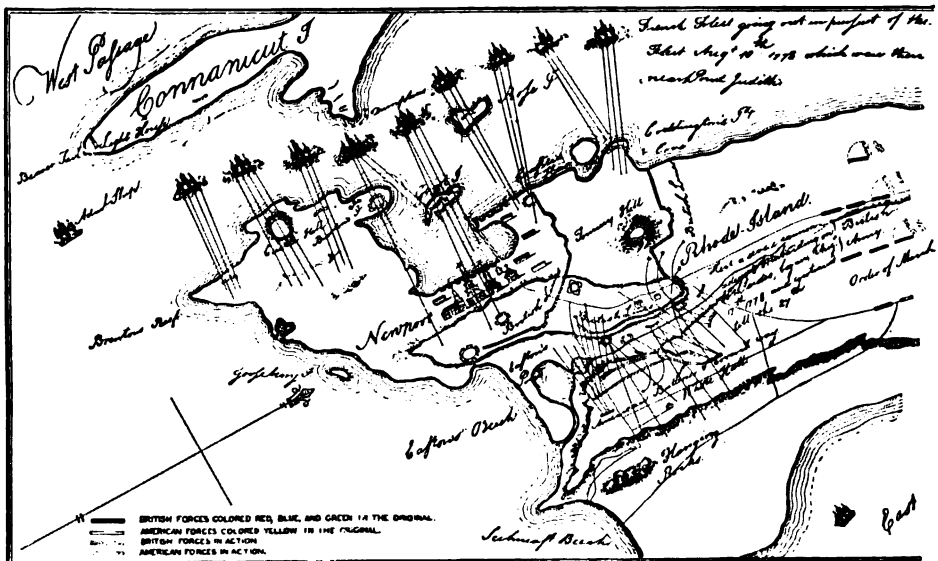
years before, and great indignation against the whole colony was thereby aroused. Meetings were held in the Southern and Western Colonies with the purpose of breaking off all trade with Rhode Island; but it was found that opinion everywhere was much divided upon this question of continuing the restrictions upon commerce, which were injuring greatly the prosperity of the colonies, and soon nearly all of them came to the decision to import any articles except tea.

The first meeting in Rhode Island to take action upon the anticipated attempt to force tea into the colony was held at Newport on the twelfth of January, 1774, when the people in town meeting assembled, passed resolutions that such an effort was a violent attack upon the liberties of Americans, that it was the duty of every American to oppose the attempt, and that whosoever countenanced it or aided in receiving the tea was an enemy to his country. Copies of these resolutions were sent to other towns with the request that they take the same action; and Providence and other places in a short time followed the example set by Newport. In June the General Assembly of the colony in session at Newport passed a series of six resolutions counselling union and an immediate meeting of Congress to petition for redress and

to devise measures to secure the rights of the people of America, and also recommending annual sessions of Congress. Copies of these resolutions were sent to all the other colonies. At a subsequent meeting of the people of Newport, in August, they adopted resolutions of sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and a little later an exciting and stirring paper was circulated in the town with the motto, "Join or Die."

In November of this year, the frigate *Rose*, Captain Wallace, which was at Newport for the winter, repeated the annoyances of the *Gaspee* at Providence. A month later the colony firearms, stored at Newport, were ordered distributed to the several counties in proportion to the tax rate; and almost at the close of the year a slight riot occurred in the city, the mob damaging the houses of some of the officers of customs. The leaders of the mob were arrested and punished. Newport was the first town in the colony to adopt, about this time, the recommendations of Congress, by appointing a temporary committee of inspection to act until after the meeting of the General Assembly; and just before the close of the year the committee was made permanent.

The actual commencement of the Revolution by the battle of Lexington stirred Newport to its very centre. The





William Rogers, who was born in Newport in 1751, graduated from Brown University in Providence in 1769, and at the commencement of the Revolution, in



GENERAL PRESCOTT.

1775, enlisted as chaplain of the Pennsylvania forces. Later he filled a similar position in the Continental Army, and remained in the service until 1781.

In May, 1775, a regiment was raised in the county of Newport, commanded by Colonel Church of Little Compton. For this body Newport supplied three companies of sixty men each, commanded by John Topham, William Tew and Ebenezer Flagg. One other company was also raised on the Island, at Portsmouth, under the command of Jonathan Browning. This regiment joined the American army at Boston during May and June; and the island was at once guarded by militia and minute men. Shortly after a collision occurred between the royal forces and the people of the town, but without important result; and it was not until fall that the situation there assumed a serious aspect.

In October, Admiral Wallace, in command of the British fleet in the harbor, perpetrated open acts of tyranny, and great alarm seized the citizens. The town became a camp, and every moment it was expected that the fleet

moored in front of the place would reduce it to ashes. Admiral Wallace commanded the people to supply the ships with provisions, cut off supplies of food and fuel from the mainland, and threatened to cannonade the town. The people became so alarmed and were in such distress, that about one half left the town and the island. To add to the suffering, a violent storm arose and raged for two days, during which the fleeing families were exposed to great hardships. For four days the streets were almost blocked with the carts and carriages of those who were seeking a place of safety with all possible speed. A blow was given to the prosperity of Newport from which it never recovered. The place was too important as a rendezvous to be wantonly destroyed, but its very importance in that particular operated to the destruction of its commercial interests and thus to its utter ruin as a thriving seaport town.

A treaty was finally concluded between Admiral Wallace and the town, by which the latter agreed to provide beer and fresh provisions for the fleet, and Wallace removed his restrictions. He, however, ravaged Bristol, Warren, Providence and Conanicut, towns and islands in the bay, captured all the American vessels that came into the port and sent them to Boston with their crews, and remained



SAVER HOUSE, SPRING STREET.  
GENERAL PRESCOTT'S NEWPORT HEADQUARTERS.

in possession of the harbor until the spring of 1776. Despite the treaty, the people felt insecure, and it was deemed expedient to have the records of the town removed for safety.



FORT ADAMS.

Early in November a naval action occurred between two privateer sloops from Providence and a British schooner, three tenders and a bomb ketch from Newport, in which the British were repulsed after a conflict of several hours, and shortly after Charles Dudley, the King's Collector of Customs for Rhode Island, fled for refuge on board a ship of war. He was a man of polished manners and personally without objection to the people; but the office he held was intensely hated and he found it safer to leave the city. His wife was a Newport woman, a daughter of Robert Cranston; and after the death of Mr. Dudley in England the family returned to America and owned and occupied a seat on the island a short distance from Newport, called the Dudley Place.

The demands made upon the town by the presence of the British forces and the cessation of commercial pursuits from the same cause had so impoverished the people that before this first year of the war closed the Town Council gladly accepted the offer of Providence County to receive and provide for four hundred of the poor of the town and took measures for their removal. Then as the year drew to a close Newport became more distinctively the seat of hostilities, for General Lee took command of the American troops on the island of Rhode Island and with a force of eight hundred men marched into the town, summoned the Tories, administered to them a remarkable oath, sent off to Providence

three men who refused to take it, and dismissed the minute men. So the new year of 1776 dawned with the town of Newport occupied by American forces, the harbor held by a British fleet, and the horrors of warfare confronting the loyal, suffering inhabitants.

In February, 1776, the Town Council of Newport made an effort to relieve the place of the danger which threatened it from its situation between the two fires, either of which was liable to destroy it



From Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution."  
Harper & Brothers.

COLONEL WILLIAM BARTON.

at any time, by petitioning the General Assembly to prohibit the American soldiers from entering the town. But the

attempt was futile, and it was doubtless known that it would be and probably was only made from a faint hope, born of desperation at the sight of impending ruin. The troops soon after arrived from Providence with two row galleys armed with two eighteen pounders each, and April 6 Colonel Babcock with these cannon compelled the British Admiral, Wallace, to abandon the harbor with his entire squadron. Later the *Glasgow* of twenty-four guns commanded by Captain Snow returned and anchored near the fort; but Colonel Richmond opened fire on the vessel from Brenton's Point and sent her out to sea again. A few days



From Loosing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution."  
Harper & Brothers.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

afterward the ship of war *Scarborough* of twenty guns and two hundred and twenty-five men and the *Cimeter* of sixteen guns and one hundred and forty men with two prize ships anchored south of Rose Island. The Americans determined upon a raid, and at eleven o'clock at night Captain Grimes of the *Spitfire* galley boarded and took a prize brig from under the stern of the man-of-war. The *Scarborough* prepared to give chase, but was engaged and held in check by Captain Hyers of the *Washington* galley, while the brig was taken into the harbor

and the *Scarborough* was led under the fire of Colonel Babcock at the North Battery. Captain Grimes then boarded the other prize, a sloop, and sent her to Providence. The rescue was a bold one, and was accomplished with brilliant success. The British ships with their outwitted and discomfited officers anchored between Rose Island and Conanicut, where they soon found that they were under fire from the latter shore, and so they stood out to sea once more, receiving as they went the fire of the batteries at Brenton's Reef and Castle Hill. These engagements occupied eight days, and the Americans escaped with but one man wounded. The bay was thus left for the first time in many months entirely free from British cruisers. About this time thirteen cannon taken at Nassau were mounted on the new fort on the Point, old Fort George was reconstructed and another work was erected, and these defended the harbor through the remainder of the war.

On the eighteenth of July the General Assembly in session at Newport approved the Declaration of Independence and solemnly engaged to support the General Congress with their lives and fortunes. This action was proclaimed with military honors and a national salute of thirteen guns at Newport. The records of this Assembly close with the words, "God save the *United States*." During this summer the town was free from active hostilities, but its people took a lively part in the warfare elsewhere. Within a few months a number of privateers were fitted out at Newport and Providence, which captured nearly a hundred valuable prizes and sent them to Providence, New London and other places.

Rhode Island now became the theatre of war. Near the close of the year two British fleets, comprising seven ships of the line, four frigates and seventy transports, with an army of six thousand troops, arrived off Newport, under command of Sir Peter Parker. The American force in the town was too small to cope with this large body of the enemy, and retreated from the island. Many of the inhabitants also left, and the terror of

the people was great. The fleet ran up the west side of Conanicut, crossed to Rhode Island, and landed troops in Middletown, about four and a half miles from Newport. They consisted of English and Hessians in about equal numbers, commanded by General Clinton and Lord Percy. The larger portion camped on Gould's and Weaver's Hills; but a few landed at Coddington Point, marched into Newport, plundered the inhabitants and quartered men in the houses of the people until the following May, when they returned to the camp.

But though compelled to retreat from the island, the American troops were vigilant and active; and early in the year 1777 the British frigate *Cerberus* at Fogland Ferry in the east passage was driven from her moorings by the cannon of the American troops at Little Compton across Seaconnet river. Six of her crew were killed and many wounded, and her hull was badly damaged. This led the British to erect batteries soon after on the heights on the east side of the island near Fogland Ferry, and also at the north on Butt's Hill, which commanded both shores and both passages.



From Loesing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution."  
Harper & Brothers.

GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE.

by the people of Newport, who did not hesitate in many ways, as far as they dared, to show their dislike and ridicule his pompous manners. He had two headquarters during his stay on the island, one in Newport at the corner of Spring and Pelham Streets, the residence now known as the Sayer house, and the other in Portsmouth in the old Overing house, ever since then and to-day com-

monly called the Prescott house or Prescott's headquarters.

On the tenth of July, Colonel Barton of Providence executed one of the boldest and most hazardous enterprises of the Revolution, effecting the capture of this redoubtable British general, Prescott. With forty men, he set out at nine o'clock at night, in boats from Warwick Neck, some fifteen miles up the bay from Newport, and

rowed with muffled oars between Prudence and Patience Islands to the Rhode Island shore. On the east side of the island of Prudence were lying three British



TUCKERMAN HOUSE.  
HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

In May, Lord Percy returned to England, and General Prescott assumed command. He was haughty, tyrannical and oppressive, and was heartily hated





So great were the sufferings of the refugees from the town, that an appeal on their behalf was made to the country through the press. There were at the beginning of the year two hundred and fifty of these unfortunate exiles from home in Providence with no means of support. In March the American frigate *Columbus*, Captain Hacker, met with disaster in attempting to go out to sea. She was chased on shore at Point Judith and burned by the British. A few weeks later a new horror came, when the small-pox broke out and raged with such violence that the prison ships in the harbor were filled with the victims.

But the twenty-ninth of July brought a ray of hope to the hearts of the despairing inhabitants. On that day a French fleet of twelve ships of line and four frigates, with transports, under command of Count D'Estaing, an able and noted ally of the American forces, appeared off the harbor, anchored near Brenton's Reef, and blockaded the enemy, to the great joy of the loyal citizens of the town. Two ships ran up the west side of Conanicut Island and anchored off the north end, and the British garrison on that island at once withdrew to Newport. The disasters of the British fleet and forces then began. Three of their frigates, which were anchored on the east side of Prudence Island, tried to escape, but were cut off by a French ship, and ran aground on the west side of Rhode Island, five or six miles from Newport. The crews, hard pressed, cut away the vessels' masts and set the ships on fire, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and then escaped to the shore in the small boats. Several British vessels at Coddington Cove and in the outer harbor were also fired by their crews, and two were sunk in the harbor, their commanders preferring to sacrifice them rather than have them added to the equipment and strength of the American allies.

The French fleet in a few days ran up under the fire of the British batteries, silenced them, and anchored off Gould Island. The British, driven to desperation, burned many houses on Rhode



From Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution"  
Harper & Brothers.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE IN 1777.

Island, some two miles from Newport, and also sent out parties, which destroyed vehicles and edged tools, filled up wells, and secured all the stock of the island. Then the British withdrew from the north end of the island and took up their position near the town, the line extending from Coddington Cove to Easton's Beach. Breastworks and redoubts were erected the entire distance, and another line was formed nearer the town. The next day the American army under General Sullivan, which had been driven over to the mainland some months before, recrossed to the island, landing at the north end; and at the same time the French troops disembarked on Conanicut island. General Sullivan took possession of the heights abandoned by the enemy. The forces consisted of militia, Continental troops and volunteers under command of Generals Sullivan, Greene, Glover and Lafayette.

Before night of this same day a British fleet of thirty-six sail was seen coming in off Point Judith. The French troops at once embarked again, and the next morning D'Estaing went out with his squadron; but the fleets became separated by a storm, which continued for several days and effectually prevented any action between the forces. Both

fleets were damaged by the storm, and the American troops at the north end of the island also suffered severely. The wind and rain destroyed the tents, killed horses and soldiers, and spoiled the ammunition.

On the fifteenth the American army marched in three divisions, one by the east road, one by the west road, and the

tinued cannonading between the two lines of fortifications. The French fleet returned on the twentieth, but left again immediately for Boston, being disabled. This departure caused disheartenment in the American camp, and desertions became numerous, until only 5,450 men were left within the lines. The officers soon saw that the sailing of the allied French fleet left nothing for the American army but retreat, and at midnight of the twenty-eighth the troops began to move toward the north end of the island.

The British at daylight of the following day discovered that the enemy was in retreat, and started in pursuit. Then followed one of the most severe battles of the Revolution. About seven o'clock in the morning, at a point about six miles from Newport, where now is Union Street, an engagement occurred between the advance guard of the pursuing British and the rear picket guard of the retreating Americans, the latter being in ambush. The result was disastrous to the English, the slaughter being fearful. The main body of the Americans took possession of Butt's Hill. The British advanced, but were repulsed by the left wing of the American army under General Glover, and fell back to Quaker Hill, about a mile distant. At nine o'clock heavy cannonading began, and continued through the day, from the batteries on the two adjacent hills. For two long days the conflict waged. Frequent skirmishing and much hard fighting filled up the hours of daylight. Whole regiments were in action at the same time, and so stubbornly fought was the battle that the same spot was gained and lost repeatedly.

The last effort of the British was an attack on the American redoubt. Twice the charge was made, and the enemy almost gained possession. It seemed as if the Americans must yield to another onslaught; but just as the British made a third desperate effort to win the point, reinforcements joined the Americans and saved the spot, the British being repulsed with great loss. A company of blacks under General Greene fought on the right of the line, and did valiant service. The English again retreated and took up



TRINITY CHURCH.

third through the centre of the island, and took the heights about two miles from the British lines. The English had built a fort on Bliss Road, just outside the town, and about a mile away the Americans had a fort on Honeyman's Hill. On the twentieth the latter had two four-gun batteries, and three days later this equipment was increased to seventeen pieces of heavy artillery, two ten-inch mortars, and three five and one half inch howitzers; and there was con-



FORT DUMPLING.

their position once more on Quaker Hill. During these days of sharp fighting on the hills, the baggage, stores and heavy artillery of the Americans were being removed to the mainland, as the news was received that the British fleet was coming, and retreat was therefore imperative.

The sentries of the two armies were not more than seventy rods from each other when on the night of the thirtieth the tents were erected and fires built in the camp of the Americans to cover the retreat, while the troops marched silently to the shore and were ferried safely across to the mainland on the east before daylight broke. When the sun rose that morning, not a man of the American forces was left behind on the island, and not a single loss had been sustained in the manœuvre, which is pronounced one of the most brilliant retreats in the history of the world's wars. The loss of the Americans in the two days of fighting was thirty killed, one hundred and thirty-seven wounded, and forty-seven missing, a total of two hundred and eleven; while the full British loss was one thousand and twenty-three. Nearly twelve thousand Americans were engaged in the battle, but only fifteen hundred of them had ever been under fire before, while the British forces were well disciplined and had seen service. Lafayette said of this battle of Rhode Island, that it was "the best fought battle of the war."

The next day Sir Henry Clinton arrived in Newport harbor with four thousand

British soldiers; but the wily Americans were beyond reach on the Little Compton shore. Soon after Admiral Byram reached this country with part of a new squadron to operate against America; and before the close of the month of September the command of the British enemy on Rhode Island was left again in the hands of General Prescott. The seat of war was now transferred, and the two armies rested quietly on Rhode Island soil while the struggles were taking place far away to the south. But both forces were alert



INTERIOR OF FORT DUMPLING.

and ready to secure any advantage one against the other which chance or fate might offer. In October such an opportunity came to Major Silas Talbot, who in the small sloop *Hawk*, equipped with two three pounders and seventy-five men,



FORT GREENE.

boarded and captured the British galley *Pigot* in the east passage. For this exploit Congress advanced the gallant major to the rank of lieutenant colonel.

In November Lord Byram returned to Newport with twelve British ships of line, and remained one month to refit, and then sailed for the South. Near the last of December a severe snow storm and extreme cold weather caused great suffering to the British at Newport. Some of the sentinels were frozen to death at their posts and many in buildings without fire, while so many Hessians perished that it was long known as "the Hessian storm." Meanwhile the sufferings of the inhabitants continued, and in January of the following year, 1779, the General Assembly granted five hundred pounds for the relief of the distressed people of the town, and large contributions followed for the same object throughout the state and in adjoining ones.

The time passed quietly this year until October, when the British evacuated Rhode Island, an attack on New York by the Americans and French being anticipated and all the troops in the vicinity being needed to meet this force. Fifty-two transports arrived at Newport to take away the garrison and the Tories who desired to go with them, of whom

there were nearly fifty. On the twenty-fifth of the month, from the south end of the island at Brenton's Point, the troops embarked. The British feared some disturbance or exhibitions of joy from the inhabitants of the town at their departure, and issued orders that the people should all, on pain of death, keep within their houses while the soldiers were passing through Thames Street. Before leaving, they took the precaution to burn the barracks at Brenton's Reef, the lighthouse at Beaver Tail, and the North Battery, thus crippling the Americans, should they take possession of the town and harbor; but they spared the old fort on Goat Island. They also carried away the town records, which were sunk in a vessel near Hell Gate, New York, but were recovered a few hours later. They were in a damaged condition when thus rescued, but in a fair state of preservation. They were kept in New York for three years, and then were returned to the town and restored to the archives.

The British sailed away at sunset, and the people of Newport came out of their houses and rejoiced at the departure of the hated foes. But the town was in a sad state and the inhabitants in a pitiable condition. The possession of the island by the British for three years had reduced

the people to the greatest poverty and distress. All the groves of forest trees had been cut down, and many orchards and shade trees as well, leaving the residents utterly destitute of fuel. Wells in Portsmouth had been filled up, houses in Middletown burned, and wharves in Newport torn up for fuel. It is estimated that nine hundred dwellings beside many warehouses were burned in the three years of British occupancy, inflicting a loss of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. The State House had been used as a hospital, the churches had been occupied as barracks and their pulpits and furniture had been demolished. Trinity Church alone of the sacred edifices of the town escaped the desecration of the English; and this was fostered because of the royal crown on its spire and other emblems of royalty it bore. A few days after the evacuation of the island by the British, the loyal citizens despoiled the church of most of these reminders of the English throne; but some it bears even to this day.

The Jews, who had been the most active and prosperous business men of the town before the war began, had left the place, and the commerce, which had been its pride and stay, had been effectually destroyed. The town indeed presented a scene of desolation; and to the devastation wrought by the Revolution is due in large measure its failure to recover its former marked prosperity; for though the return of peace gave once more the promise of prosperity, commerce again became active and the deserted wharves were once more thronged, the blow had been so heavy that it required almost superhuman energy to rise again from the ashes of ruined prosperity.

On the morning after the evacuation, the American troops crossed over from Tiverton and occupied Newport. The ferries to South Kingstown were repaired and re-established, the estates of the Tories who had left were taken possession of by the sheriff, and donations of wood were made by the towns of the state to relieve the distress caused by its lack. But this still proved one of the most serious difficulties in the town, and the garrison was soon reduced to five hun-

dred men, and a month later to one hundred and eighty, on account of the scarcity of this article of comfort and necessity. The remainder of the troops were then again quartered on the mainland at Tiverton. The latter part of 1779 and the first half of 1780 were occupied in the struggle for existence and recuperation in the little town. When the British took possession of the island, the Newport *Mercury*, a weekly publication, was removed to Rehoboth, and the English published a paper, the Newport *Gazette*. In February, 1780, after an absence of three years, the *Mercury* plant was restored, and the publication revived in the town. In June the work of raising the British vessels, which were sunk in the harbor two years before, was begun.

On the tenth of July the French fleet of forty-four sail, with an army of six thousand men, arrived at Newport, to the great joy of the people. The fleet was commanded by Chevalier de Tournay, and the army by Count de Rochambeau. The town was illuminated in their honor, complimentary addresses were made by a committee of the General Assembly, which was in session in the place, and great demonstrations of popular joy attested the warm welcome of the people for the allied officers and their commands. Ten days later a British fleet of sixteen ships hove in sight, but sailed away in a few days. Then it appeared again, but again withdrew after about a week spent off the harbor. In November the island forts were garrisoned by the French, and their protection of the island and the state was made complete.

About the middle of December the town was stirred with sympathy and sorrow by the death of Admiral de Tournay, the Commander of the French fleet. He was held in high esteem and regard by his own men and by the Americans, and his funeral attested the feeling of the populace for their distinguished ally and protector. He was buried with military honors in Trinity churchyard, where five years later a slab was erected by the King of France to mark his resting place. His grave is on the north side of the old church, and the slab still stands, on which

one may read to-day the brief story of the life and death of the great French commander. The funeral cortège was a notable one. The French army and navy performed the sad escort duty, and the citizens of the town turned out to honor the dead. The long procession extended from the admiral's headquarters on Washington Street to the churchyard, and the whole town mourned his death.

The sixth of March, 1781, brought to Newport the distinguished presence of General George Washington, the commander-in-chief of the American forces engaged in the Revolution. He went over from the mainland by the Conanicut ferry, and landed at Long Wharf. As he passed the French fleet at anchor in the harbor, a salute was fired from the vessels in his honor and an army of seven thousand men with the French officers at their front was drawn up to receive him at the head of Long Wharf. General Washington proceeded through the crowded streets to the State House, and thence to the headquarters of Count Rochambeau in the Vernon House, on the corner of Mary and Clarke Streets, which is still standing in a state of excellent preservation, and upon the windows of which can still be deciphered, on the small, old-fashioned panes of glass, the names and initials of the gallant French officers who made it their abode or place of frequent visitation in those days of French occupancy of the town.

Every resident was eager to see and welcome the great American general, and they thronged the streets and crowded the places of public assembly. A committee of citizens waited upon him and presented him with an official address of welcome and eulogy, to which he appreciatively replied. The address was signed by Christopher Ellery, William Channing, William Taggart and Solomon Southwick, names honored then in the life and honored now in the history of the town. In the evening the whole place was brilliantly illuminated, and Count Rochambeau gave a grand ball in honor of Washington, which was attended by all the high officials of the French army and by all the leading families of the town.

It was at this fête that the gallant Frenchmen took the instruments from the hands of the musicians and played while Washington danced.

On the ninth of June a sergeant of the French artillery was executed a little below the present location of the Ocean House for an attempt to murder his superior officer, whom he stabbed and threw into an old cellar on the corner of Dennison and Spring Streets. About the same time Chevalier de Fayette, aid-de-camp to Marquis de Lafayette, died and was buried with military honors in Trinity churchyard. Soon after the French troops were withdrawn from Newport and proceeded to New York. In August Sir Henry Clinton formed a plan to make a British attack on Rhode Island, but learned that the fleet had sailed. During the whole period of the French occupancy of the town and island the rights and property of the inhabitants were strictly regarded, and the officers mingled freely in the best society, finding much pleasure in the companionship of the beautiful and accomplished daughters of the citizens.

The time passed quietly at Newport during the two closing years of the war; but the news of the cessation of hostilities was received with pleasure and gratitude by the people, and on the twenty-fifth of April the event was celebrated by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, processions, sermons, orations, reading of the proclamation, public dinners, salutes, illuminations and fireworks. In the midst of the rejoicing an effigy of Benedict Arnold, the traitor, was hung. In November Major General Nathaniel Greene arrived at his residence in Newport, and a committee of the town waited upon him with an address of welcome, to which he gracefully replied. A month later the General Assembly adopted an address of congratulation to General Greene upon his return to his native state, which with his response was entered upon the records of the Assembly. On the twenty-second of September, 1784, a French squadron of seven ships from the West Indies touched at Newport and received a cordial welcome from the grateful people. A grand ball was given

to the officers, and the feelings of the citizens were shown in an emphatic manner. Two days later Lafayette visited the town as the guest of General Greene and was given a warm reception by the townspeople.

Newport furnished for the Revolution a number of distinguished naval commanders and a greater number of marines perhaps than any other town in New England in proportion to its size and population. It is estimated that it gave to the naval service one thousand men, and that one half of the number fell into the hands of the enemy and died on board men-of-war, in a prison in England, or on the old *Jersey* prison-ship. No less than twenty names of commanders from Newport have come down, among which are found the familiar ones

of Price, Gardiner, Dennis, Simmons, Stacy, Read, Coggeshall, Finch, Burroughs, Freeborne and Sheffield.

The scenes enacted on the island of Rhode Island during this struggle for American independence invest it with a peculiar interest, and should remind those of to-day of the sufferings which their fathers endured to bequeath to their children the rich legacy of liberty and independence. The island is consecrated by the blood of patriots; and as the present generation walk over the fields of carnage, now covered with the products of peaceful industry, they should be reminded of the value of the American Union and imbued with new feelings of patriotism and love for this great country whose freedom and maintenance have cost so much.



## A SANCTUARY.

*By Eva Channing.*

WITHIN us all there is a secret shrine,  
 Close locked, that none its mysteries may know;  
 We deck it with the fairest flowers that grow,  
 And wreaths immortal for its altar twine.  
 It always holds some radiant form benign,—  
 Perchance a breathing soul, with life's warm glow,  
 Perchance some marble image, pure as snow,—  
 To lead us to the hope of the divine.

Ah, let me strive to keep this holy place  
 All swept and garnished with untiring hand,  
 A tabernacle worthy of my love!  
 Then, as I gaze upon that calm, sweet face,  
 And humbly glad before my dear one stand,  
 No passion turns my thoughts from things above.



## A PURITAN MAIDEN'S DIARY.

*By Adeline E. H. Slicer.*



INDING myself not long ago in a part of Rhode Island full of historical interest in connection with early colonial life, I set about collecting facts and traditions pertaining to my immediate neighborhood. I drove over the broad roads surveyed by Miles Standish, noted the old stone walls laid by the Indians in their enforced labor, their wavering lines bearing witness to the frosts of more than two hundred winters. Here is the field in the swamp where Awa Saunks, the Indian queen, was found by the redoubtable Benjamin Church, dancing and in a great sweat, as Capt. Church reports it, when he outwitted the messengers of Philip and made a treaty of peace with Queen Awa, after much gentle persuasion, accompanied by good New England rum. In this search there came to light the diary of a young girl, which supplies the local color which has somewhat faded from these distant scenes by the lapse of time.

The first entry in this diary is on December 5, 1675, and is as follows:

"I am fifteen years old to-day, and while sitting with my stitchery in my hand, there came a man in all wet with the salt spray, he having just landed by the boat from Sandwich, which had much ado to land by reason of the surf. I myself had been down to the shore and saw the great waves breaking, and the high tide running up as far as the hillocks of dead grass. The man George, an Indian, brings word of much sickness in Boston, and great trouble with the Quakers and Baptists; that many of the children throughout the country be not baptised, and without *that* religion comes to nothing. My mother hath bid me this day put on a fresh kirtle and wimple, though it be not the Lord's day, and my Aunt Alice coming in did chide me and

say that to pay attention to a birthday was putting myself with the world's people. It happens from this that my kirtle and wimple are not longer pleasing to me, and what with this and the bad news from Boston my birthday has ended in sorrow.

"December 25. My Cousin Jane coming to-day has told me much of the merry ways of England upon this day, of the yule log, and plum puddings, till I was fain to say that I would be glad to see those merry doings; but she told me it was far better to be in a state of grace and not given over to popish practices. But I thought she looked sad herself and almost unhappy as she reminded of the coming of John Baily who is to preach to-morrow all day. If those things are so bad why did she tell me of them? She asked me to help her get the fore-room in order and lend her our fermity pot for there would be a mort of people come to the meeting and she would need twice as much fermity as she had ever made before.

"January 1. Yesterday was a day indeed. The preaching began at ten in the morning, and held until twelve, when a strong prayer was made and I was, I hope, much built up. But when the sermon was preached in the afternoon I would fain sleep, and lost much I fear me of the discourse, and this weighed heavily on my conscience, so that when I went home and found that brother Stephen had received word that he was to be bound to Mr. Bates of Plymouth for five years I wept sore and felt to murmur greatly.

"February 2. Brother Stephen's letter cheers me, though the sad news of the Indian disturbance fills me with fear. Uncle Benjamin Church hath this day set out to fight Philip, if it may be that he finds him. Yesterday our Indian, George, betrayed much uneasiness after father had read the account of the burning of

Sodom and Gomorrah. He has learned to understand English, and sometimes I tremble lest he should betray to the wandering Indians of the Narragansets, who sometimes are found prowling about, what we speak of in the family. Father has determined to join Uncle Benjamin's company. We hear that as many as two thousand men have been raised in Massachusetts to fight this terrible sachem Philip. Mother after much fearful anxiety has submitted to the will of the Lord, whose strong right arm has gotten us the victory in many sore straits in the past. Mother has counseled Father about many things, and when Father said that women knew naught about such matters she told him how Capt. Underhill's wife saved him in his expedition against the Block Islanders, in 1636, when our country had more straits to pass through than even now when Philip is breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

The allusion here is to a quaint letter written by Capt. Underhill, which I quote, thinking it may be of interest, on account of the remarkable appreciation of women in these early New England days. He says: "Myself received an arrow through my coat sleeve, a second against my helmet on the forehead, so as if God in his providence had not moved the heart of my wife to persuade me to carry it along with me (which I was unwilling to do) I had been slain. Give me leave to observe two things from hence: first, when the hour of death is not yet come, you see God useth weak means to keep his purpose inviolated: secondly, let no man despise advice and counsel of his wife, though she be a woman. It was strange to nature to think a man should be bound to fulfil the humor of a woman, what arms he should carry: but you see God will have it so, that a woman should overcome a man. What with Delilah's flattery, and her mournful tears they must and will have their way, when the hand of God goes along with the matter. Therefore let the claim be quenched. I daily hear in my ears, that New England men userp over their wives, and keep them in servile subjection. The country

is wronged in this matter, as in many things else. Let this precedent satisfy the doubtful, for that comes from the example of a rude soldier. If they be so courteous to their wives as to take their advice in warlike matters, how much more kind is the tender, affectionate husband to honor his wife as the weaker vessel. Yet mistake me not. I say not that they are bound to take their private advice (so far as they see it make for their advantage and their good) instance Abraham." I resume quoting from the diary:

"March 5. A very disgraceful thing has happened in our meeting, and much scandal hath been caused. Hannah Smith is married with her husband's brother, and it is declared null by the court of assistants and she hath been commanded not to entertain him further; and she did appear before the congregation on lecture day and make a full confession. A lesson this is to all young women, Mother says, not to act hastily or allow our minds to wander into by or forbidden ways.

"March 12. Although it has been pointed out to me that in times of danger I ought not to be merry, I could not help laughing at the periwig of Elder Jones, which had gone awry. The periwig has been greatly censured as encouraging worldly fashions, not suitable to the wearing of a minister of the gospel, and it has been preached about by Mr. Mather and many think he is not severe enough in the matter, but rather doth find excuse for it on account of health.

"March 16. At afternoon discourse on 'I am afraid of thy judgments' Mr. Moody prayed an hour, sung the Fifty-first psalm.

"March 20. This day had a private fast. Mr. Willard spoke to the second commandment. Mr. Elliot prayed. While we were ceasing for half an hour, I saw Samuel Checkly and smiled; this was not the time to trifle, and I repented, especially as he looked at me so many times after that I found my mind wandering from the psalm. And afterwards when the Biskets, Beer, Cider and Wine were distributed he whispered to me that he would rather serve me than the elders,

which was a wicked thing to say, and I felt myself to blame.

"April 2. As Nathaniel Southworth was crossing Nunaquohqet Neck brook he saw several Indians who immediately disappeared. He thought they were Narragansetts.

"April 5. There cometh sad news from Plymouth. William Clark left his garrison house on Eel river with every man to attend Sunday morning service. They left the gate of the garrison open. Totoson and his savages rushed in and killed Mistress Clark and ten other women and children. One boy was not quite dead, and the doctors have mended his skull with a piece of silver. All this happened on March 22nd, almost at the time that Mr. Southworth saw the Indians at Nunaquohqet Neck. Mother and father would fain send me to Aunt Mehitable in Boston for safety. But surely I am none too good to share the fate of my dear mother: and my faith in God sustains me, as surely as does my dependence upon my Uncle Benjamin Church, who hath great skill in Indian fighting and is a mighty warrior before the Lord.

"June 1. Stephen hath gotten a letter to us by the hand of a friendly Indian, in which he tells us of a burning of a part of Plymouth in May: but, through the blessing of God, none of the people were hurt. Uncle Benjamin hath been made Captain, though they were so stingy with him it maketh it hard to fight.

"June 12. Not a day passeth but something maketh our heart faint within us. Yesterday George, our faithful Indian, while laying a stone wall in the south pasture, saw two strange Indians skulking through the swamp.

"June 19. My heart longeth sore for the ocean, and all day am I weary of staying in the house. The wind blows from the South. Last night I heard the surf rushing up on the shingle, and I can no longer wander among the rocks for fear. No letter cometh from Aunt Mehitable, and Boston may be burned ere this. Samuel Checkly hath given in his testimony, hath witnessed a good confession, and become a Freeman;

when I beg Stephen to unite with God's people, he doth always say, that the great Miles Standish was not a member, and cared not to go to meeting on the Lord's day: yet he subdued our enemies, laid out our goodly roads, and everybody had respect for him. It is surely hard to understand these things.

"June 30. Jane Almy's baby died of fits this morning.

"August 10. Captain Church, for so I must call him, though he be my uncle, for he is now a great man, hath made friends with the Saconet Indians, though he came nigh to losing his life when he went into their camp, and hath gone with twenty-two friendly Indians and eighteen white men on the trail of the Narragansetts. Jabez Howland and Nathaniel Southworth have gone with him. The same love that the noble Captain hath roused in us he seemeth ever to find, even among the Indians, and though they be hostile and deceitful they go with him.

"August 24, 1676. Great and glorious news have come. The wily Philip hath been killed. Jacob Cook missed him, but a Saconet Indian named Alderman shot him, so that he bounded into the air and fell with his face in the mire. Thus doth the Lord deliver us from our enemies. Captain Church called him, 'a doleful dirty beast,' so ill-favored and filthy was he, and yet, if it be not a sin, I can but feel pity for this miserable wretch, who hath committed so many crimes. Father prayed an hour last night, after he had read Exodus Seventeen where it is written how Amalek fought with the People of God in Rephidim: 'And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men and go out and fight with Amalek. To-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill, with the rod of God in mine hand.' So did God lead Captain Church in the hill called Mount Hope, where Philip was wont to stay.

"September 15. There is not hope that Uncle Benjamin will return to his new house here in Saconet; for Anawan, Philip's captain, hath been surprised, and has surrendered with all his band. Aunt Alice hath suffered much, and longs for

his presence: for though he waits not to strike when it be necessary, he is a tender-hearted, peaceful man, and loveth his home.

"October 2. Mistress Pabodie came to see us to-day. She hath had news of her father and her mother, John and Priscilla Alden, that by the first sloop they shall come from Duxbury to visit her. To-day I plucked some yellow and purple flowers, and have opened the windows in the fore-room; I can but rejoice and be glad. Samuel Checkly, coming through the swamp at the same time, did point out the very place where Awa Saunks, the Sachem squaw, was found, by Uncle Benjamin, dancing, and in a great sweat, when he got the upper hand of Philip's men, who had come from Merry Mount to gain her to their cause. Samuel would fain have brought my flowers for me, but that seemed to me not maidenly or proper to allow, so he returned by the way he came.

"October 16. The thatch is to be mended on the roof, and some new oiled paper hath come for the windows.

"October 30. Mother hath gone to the fast at Jabez Howland's. I would fain cook the pumpkin for the morrow, but, though I do not go to the service, I must keep the fast at home. It is weary doing nothing; Samuel Checkly's mother is too sick to go, and surely Samuel will stay at home with her.

"October 6. There is much talk about Philip's son, a boy of nine years, who was taken prisoner with his mother. They know not what to do with him. The ministers are bitter against him and would have him sold into slavery or even worse. How can so tender a child be held accountable? But perhaps it is a sin to feel this."

Judge Davis gives an interesting account of the discussion that took place in the colony in regard to the disposition to be made of Philip's son. The court seems, as it often did on questions concerning which it had any doubt, more especially when those questions were of a moral nature, to have consulted the principal reverend elders. Samuel Arnold, pastor of the church in Marshfield, and John Cotton, of Plymouth, son of

the great Boston minister, write, 7th September, 1676, thus: "upon serious consideration, we humbly conceive that the children of notorious traitors, rebels and murderers, especially of such as has bin principal leaders and actors in such horrid villainies, and that against a whole nation, yea the whole Israel of God, may be involved in the guilt of their parents, and may, *salva republica*, be adjudged to death, as to us it seems evident by the scripture instances of Saul, Achan and Haman, the children of whom were cut off by the sword of Justice for the transgression of their parents, although, concerning some of those children, it be manifested that they were not capable of being coactors therein." Increase Mather, of Boston, wrote to Mr. Cotton, 30th October, 1676: "It is necessary that some effectual course should be taken about him (Philip's son). He makes me think of Hadad, who was a little child when his father (the chief sachem of the Edomites) was killed by Joab, and, had not others fled away with him, I am apt to think, that David would have taken a course that Hadad should never prove a scourge to the next generation." Rev. James Keith, of Bridgewater, also wrote to Mr. Cotton, 30th October, 1676, as follows: "I long to hear what becomes of Philip's son. I know there is some difficulty in that Psalm, cxxxvii: 8, 9, though I think it may be considered, whether there be not some specialty and somewhat extraordinary in it. That law, Deut. xxiv: 16, compared with the commended example of Amaziah, 2 Chron. xxv: 4, doth sway much with me in the case under consideration. I hope God will direct those whom it doth concern to a good issue, etc., etc." By a letter from Mr. Cotton to Dr. Mather, 20th March, 1677, which contains this passing remark, "Philip's boy goes now to be sold," it is made almost certain that, with his mother, he shared the fate of so many of his nation, and went to spend his life in Cadiz, or the Bermudas. We return again to the diary:

"November 1. Father has bought two Indians for farm labor and paid for them two fathoms of wampum."

The next entry in the diary is written in Boston. I was disappointed to find no allusion to the manner of getting there—no account of the journey or mode of travel in those days. Travel by water was preferred on account of the danger from stray Indians on land, though Philip's war was over, and also on account of the scarcity of inns, the state of the roads, and the long distances through the woods, which made travel tedious and dangerous. There were no wagons or post chaises at this time; nearly all travel by land was done on horseback.

"January 2. The weather is bitter cold. Went to meeting this Lord's-Day morning, and listened to a discourse by Elder Increase Mather from Zephaniah, iii, 7: 'I said, Surely thou wilt fear me, thou wilt receive correction: so her dwelling should not be cut off, according to all that I have appointed concerning her: but they rose early and corrupted all their doings.' I shed many bitter tears over my sins. I fear that I shall go to hell for all my corrupt doings. Aunt Mehitable bade me dry my eyes and fast all day to-morrow, saying the Lord would have mercy on me, for he would not allow the daughter of my good mother to be lost. Oh! what becomes of those girls who have not good mothers?"

"January 14. An inflammation of the throat was cured by taking the inside of a swallow's nest, stamped and applied to the throat externally.

"January 30. I saw on the street to-day a man standing in the pillory, for counterfeiting a lease and making false bargains. I was fain to look another way.

"February 3. Went to the meeting house, but could not sit with Uncle John, because he had been voted to the first seat, while Aunt Mehitable was voted into the third. This seems to me not according to justice, but Aunt Mehitable bade me consider the judgment of the Elders and the tithing-man as above mine own. The pews are larger than I ever saw, being square with balustrades around them. A chair in the centre for the aged. One corner pew was lifted high above the stairs almost to the ceiling, and was sat in by the blacks.

"March 4. Through all my life have I never seen such array of fashion and splendor as I have seen here in Boston. Silken hoods, scarlet petticoats, with silver lace, white sarconett plaited gowns, bone lace and silken scarfs. The men with periwigs, ruffles and ribbons.

"April 2. Mother had writ that Samuel Checkly's mother was buried in March. There was a fine funeral, but she says she had tasted better funeral meats. The napkins were good but sadly stained by the saffron in the meat. Poor Samuel! I like not this habit of putting saffron in the meat. My fingers were stained all the week after Mistress Adam's funeral.

"May 7. There hath been a sad case. A woman and man hath been fined for playing cards. They lived very near the meeting house. The fine was five pounds, but Uncle John says it should be more for so grave a matter.

"June 6. There is to be a training and I am to go. I slept not last night for thinking of it. This is a sin. I repented at morning prayers with many tears. Why am I so prone to sin? The devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

"June 7. There was a mort of men at the training. Foot and artillery. Elder Mather prayed at the beginning and at the end. The streets were full of people, and all seemed merry.

"June 30. A letter hath come from mother setting forth the sore sickness of Experience Chapin. Aunt Mehitable hath bid me write out a choice receipt, which she hath by her: 'To ease the passions of the heart take damask roses half-blown, cut off their whites, and stamp them very fine and strain out the juice very strong: moisten it in the stamping with a little Damask rose water, then put thereto fine powder sugar, and boyl it gently to a fine syrup, then take the powder of Amber, Pearls and Rubies, of each half a dram, Amber greese one scruple, and mingle them with the said syrup till it be somewhat thick, and take a little thereof on a knife's point morning and evening.'

Mrs. Earle says, in speaking of the expensive receipts of the time: "I can

now understand the reason for the unceasing, the incurable melancholy that hung like a heavy black shadow over so many Puritan divines in the early days of New England, as their gloomy letters plainly show. These poor ministers had no chance to use such receipts and thus get cured of 'worms in the brain,' with annual salaries of sixty pounds, which they had to take in corn, wheat, codfish or bearskins, in any kind of country pay, or even in wampum, in order to get it all. Rubies, pearls and gold were scarce in clerical circles in Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth plantations. Even amber and ivory were far from plentiful. Cleopatra drinks were out of fashion in the new world. So Mather and Hooker and Warham were condemned to die with uncheered spirits and unjewelled stomachs." This seems to have been, to some extent, the experience of Hetty Shepard's uncle. She says:

"August 4. In the pay of Uncle

Shepard's salary, there is much disappointment, although he would fain take what the people give him with thankfulness. But he has corn and beef more than he can use which he must needs barter for wool and wood, and even wampum hath been sent in, which is now hard to 'rate,' it having mostly passed out of use."

There is but one more entry in the diary worth quoting, which is as follows:

"November 16, 1677. A letter hath come from Samuel Checkly by the hand of Eliphilet Tichmond, which hath set my heart in a flutter. Since good Mistress Checkly hath entered into her Rest, poor Samuel hath been very lonely."

Here the diary abruptly ends. But there are traditions of sober, self-restrained festivities on the occasion of the wedding of Hetty Shepard and Samuel Checkly; though this sobriety did not always mark such an event in the old Puritan times.

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## THE AFTERMATH.

*J. Torrey Connor.*

**I**N sunny fields the ripened grain  
Sways with the passing of the wind;  
Blithe harvesters the golden wheat  
And poppies gay together bind.  
Musing and silent my love stands  
'Mong the tall poppies; she is fair  
As lilies are, and sunshine pales  
Beside the brightness of her hair.

Dear heart! I read the thought untold  
In the sweet sadness of your eyes.  
That sun-kissed blossom, once undimmed,  
Now trampled low and withered lies.  
Wooded by the breeze, refreshed by dew,  
It bloomed, a thing of beauty rare;  
Its one brief hour, its little span,  
A ruthless gleaner would not spare!

A year is numbered with the past.  
Where once we roamed alone I stand.  
The barren fields of stubble lie,  
Rain-sodden, drear, on either hand.  
As severed flower your head lies low;  
Alike in vain my grief, my prayer.  
Ah, love, your youth and beauty bright,  
Death, the grim gleaner, would not spare!

## ONE AFTERNOON.

*By Lucian Child.*



THE afternoon was clear and bright, with a frosty touch in the October air that warned the park workmen it was time to take up the plants for the winter. Far across the park the work had already begun in the borders on the southern side, but here by the lake the beds were still undisturbed. In the lake itself the low-hanging foliage was reflected in the dull hues of autumn, with here and there a leaf falling bright as a drop of blood on the still surface of the water.

Close by the bank stood a rustic bench with back of iron filigree, and in this retired corner the two girls were deep in conversation. They had not met for two years; but the younger was talking with an impetuosity that was capable of bridging an even longer space in a few moments' time. She said of herself, always, that no lapse of years could change her.

"My friends have resigned themselves to the inevitable," she declared. "They have learned to know that just as my hair will be nearly blown away when there isn't a leaf stirring, so it is with me all over. I *must* talk and breathe and live faster than any other known person. Well, the comfort is, it will be the sooner over, and that"—she broke off with a laugh—"isn't any comfort at all."

Her form was slight even to fragility; her delicate hair was blown in waves against her hat; she had eyes that shone blue when the color came under her skin as she talked, and lips that were strangely grave and vividly smiling by turns.

Her companion listened to her with unflagging interest and undisturbed composure. She was "used to Milly," and delighted in her. It never occurred to her to talk of herself, though her part

in the two years' separation had been spent in the most varied scenes that Europe could furnish, while Milly had scarcely left her native town. It would have seemed unnatural to her if Milly had had nothing to confide, for in every difficulty in the past it had been to her that Milly had turned, with implicit faith in her power to aid. She had disentangled her from seemingly hopeless confusion over her allowance, and had even stood forward as religious adviser when Milly became a convert to Christian Science,—a conversion which had lasted just long enough to allow her to contract an attack of pleurisy after walking a block in January with feet shod in satin slippers and the preparation of the gospel of faith.

The confidences were all on Milly's side; for in Anna's previous visits to the city, the younger girl, not yet launched into society, had looked half adoringly for guidance to the superior experience of her one-time schoolfellow. So it was that Anna listened with particular interest to the story of Milly's first year "out."

"Even if you only laugh at me, it will do me all the good in the world—that delicious laugh of yours that the old fogies here used to say was 'Miss Sargeant's distinguishing charm.' You want me to begin at the beginning? I don't know where that is, nor how it all happened. Why he liked me I don't know either;—I think it was always against his better judgment. For myself, all that I know is that when he is here I am happy, and when he is gone everything is colorless. I am angry with him sometimes, and decide that we were never made for one another, and that we ought to part. And then again—Anna, I would not let him tell any one we were engaged, because I felt I must have time to think the matter over. I hope some day to be able to look at it apart from this wild feeling that comes whenever I

think of life without him, — this feeling that makes me say that if we care for one another, nothing else matters."

"Don't you think that is so?" Anna asked quietly.

"It might be in some cases; but if he won't think for himself, I must think for him. I think he has always meant to break loose from things here and go out west to his uncle. I once heard his father say, before I knew him well, that life there would exactly suit him; that he would never amount to anything if he didn't take some such step, — for here in the East conventionality would always hamper him. And I know he thinks I couldn't stand a life like that; that it would be perfectly useless even to think of transplanting me. And perhaps he is right. But imagine feeling that I am thwarting his development! Oh! don't smile like that. He doesn't trust me; he never talks to me of his plans, and when I bring up anything of the sort he simply looks at me in that sleepy way of his and changes the subject. You remember that way? You know Ted Larrabee, — of course you know him."

Ted Larrabee! Anna had ceased to hear her. Her eyes were fixed on the plant before her. Ted Larrabee was the man of whom she had been talking! When Anna left the United States two years before, no one dreamed that, apart from the temptations of European travel, there had been an inducement for her to leave the country in the belief that this same Ted Larrabee was exerting over her life an influence stronger than she approved. They were intimate friends without there being a particle of sentiment in the friendship. They not infrequently agreed to differ — and never did. They hesitated to criticise one another. Anna was a girl of many friends. Her faculty of enjoying life from divers points of view was strong; so that it was little to her pleasure to discover that any one interest was growing so prominent as to give all others a secondary place, — especially when she had no reason to suppose that she was exerting a corresponding influence over Edward Larrabee. She did not imagine herself to be in that vague condition commonly described as

"in love;" but she objected to finding her poise disturbed on all occasions by an instinctive reference in thought to the judgment of one particular individual.

It must be admitted, also, that if she had been called on for a candid opinion of the views and general trend of mind of Mr. Edward Larrabee, she would have had to acknowledge that she considered these as pernicious in tendency; for never had she encountered such a mixture of cynicism with what she was pleased to term the revolutionary spirit. Beneath the gentle ridicule which he was wont to bestow on the existing order of things, including many things dear to Anna, there lurked, she had discovered, such surprising and, as she thought, erratic ideas of the remedies to be applied to modern evils, that she was constrained to bring to bear her entire battery of criticism in order to hold her own against her opponent. Larrabee would pathetically entreat her to give his young ideas time to grow and develop before deluging them with such very cold water; and the argument would end without either side being able to claim the victory, — certainly not Larrabee, who would have found it hard to detect the growing dislike Anna had to disagreeing with him; for the suspicion of such a weakness on her part was often enough to lead her to provoke just such a discussion as she dreaded, and for which she always appeared to be ready armed.

So it had come to pass that she had very succinctly told herself that if she had no more mind of her own than to be always wondering what some one else would think, she had better make haste and get some. Wherefore she had found herself welcoming the idea of a complete change of surroundings. If she had ever regretted her step, no one knew it. She had returned more herself than ever, to be greeted at the outset by the story of Milly's perplexities, and to find them caused by the author of her own sometime difficulty.

"You must picture to yourself my state of mind," Milly was continuing, "for no one knows better than you how I behave when I don't know how I ought to act. Things went on in an unsatisfactory



way until one evening when Archie Frazier came to see me. Ted was there, too. Archie is a kind of a cousin, and the dearest boy I ever knew. He never seems to be worried about anything, or even to dream of such a possession as a conscience. He told me once all his family had those troublesome things, — the regular Puritan kind that they were obliged to sit up all night with, — and he never meant to suffer from such an infliction. The very sight of him always makes me feel like a little girl again; and this special evening I soon found myself in the wildest spirits. We were very silly, I have no doubt; but I did enjoy it so much, having some one to tease me and blarney me like old times. All this time, you must know, Ted didn't seem to take any particular interest in us. He joined in our conversation only just enough so that his silence wouldn't be remarked; but still he stayed on, — and Archie, finding he evidently meant to 'sit him out,' finally took his leave. Ted got up and walked across the room to look at one of the pictures. As soon as Archie was out of the house, he came back, sat down, and said he had something to tell me. Then he proceeded to say that during the last week a business opening had been found for him, which he thought would prove rather a nice thing, as his work would keep him in the city. It appears some unpleasant relative of his had started a queer kind of business enterprise, partly philanthropic, but also meant for a commercial success. I can't describe it, for I don't half understand about it. At any rate, he was being persuaded to invest all his time and money in it. He was sure, he said, I would agree with him in thinking he had been idle long enough, and that he had better take this opportunity to get to work. Oh, how disappointed I was! I had been hoping all the time that something would turn up to justify my being engaged to him, — that he could find something, I don't know what, but different from that dreary hard kind of business work. He watched me, I think, though I didn't look at him while he was telling me this; but he couldn't have seen much response in

my face. When he finished all I could find to say was, 'If things were different — if you were not engaged to me — would you not go west?' 'Of course circumstances make a difference,' he said. 'If, for instance, I had been born a Mormon, I should probably feel called upon to start out as a Latter Day evangelist.' Then breaking off short, he turned on me with, '*Milly, what do you think of this proposition?*' 'Oh! I don't know,' I said, — and then he looked at me! Anna, I pray that no one may ever look at you in that way; I feel that look at this moment scorching me. '*Well—*' he said, — and that was all. I ought to have realized, to have known, how my silence would seem to him, — but I did not. Presently he said, in a bored kind of voice, as if he were not specially interested in what he was saying, 'It has struck me sometimes that you have been pretty miserable very nearly ever since I first spoke to you. You know no one knows of our engagement, so that it would be an easy matter for you to end it at any time — if you liked.' I scarcely breathed; I felt as if some one must have struck me, for I couldn't seem to feel anything. I had wondered if I ought to nerve myself to break our engagement; but I know now I had never really meant it, — for I couldn't realize he was speaking of such a thing. I didn't think of how my whole conduct must have appeared to him, and that it must have seemed a climax when I had that evening been so radiant with Archie, and then changed completely after he had gone. I only knew he was trying to break with me, — and how could I hold back or make it harder for him if he wanted to be free? I don't know now what I said, except that I agreed with him that we had made a mistake, and that I was glad he saw it. He jumped up instantly, said good night, and walked straight out of the house — and — Anna — Anna," cried Milly, shutting both her hands together. Then she spoke no farther.

"Surely you have heard something since?"

"Not a word. One moment after he had gone, I would have given up anything,

have cared for nothing, if I could have called him back; but it was too late. How could he go like that, without anything more being said?"

"Perhaps he thought nothing more *could* be said, when you had answered him like that."

"How else could I have answered him? Perhaps he *is* tired of me, and is glad to be free. Sometimes I think that is surely so; then again—" she checked herself. Not even to Anna could she speak of the possibilities of her lover's feeling, though she could readily enough talk of her own.

The tranquillity in the air which marks the approach of twilight recalled Anna from her contemplation of Milly's griefs to other thoughts, and she rose reluctantly.

"Milly, I have to go. You remember Mrs. Ransom's tea is this afternoon. You are not going? I wish I could stay with you, but I am afraid my not going would be misunderstood, as I haven't had a chance to see my friends before. But, Milly dear,"—and she stooped to kiss the listless face,—“I want you to believe that all this difficulty is going to smooth itself out. I *know* it is. Believe me, won't you?"

"I never can help believing everything you say," she responded, already feeling a little comforted; "I only wish you may one day know what it is to love and believe in any one as I do in you."

With a little laugh and bow of acknowledgment, Anna turned away; and Milly watched her take her way back across the park as erect and joyous as when she came. Little in need did she seem of anything in life beyond what she already possessed.

We are often told that life is a battlefield. It is easy for a man to remember this when he is engaged in work that calls for all his strength. There is a kind of grim pleasure in rising of an early morning in bitter weather, and noting the difficulties that are likely to come up during the day. The soldier rejoices in the strength of the enemy, because it is the test of his own power. But there are other times and scenes where this

potent fact is hid from view,—to which one coming suddenly with high thoughts of duty feels a shock of contrast, which yet it is not possible to ascribe to the sudden entering of a lower atmosphere; for who owns the moral barometer to gauge precisely in what atmosphere it is most healthful that he should live?

This contrast Anna felt as, coming from that sober autumn twilight to Mrs. Ransom's house, she caught in approaching the sounds of violin music, while through the half-opened door came a rush of warm, perfumed air, bearing with it the subdued murmur of voices and laughter, adapted to the demands of a "tea musicale." Social life in her own country—what a delightful thing it was after all! Nowhere else was there just such sympathetic ease joined with such unexpected originality as was to be found in America. She felt an absurd pleasure in every detail of the artistic rooms she was entering, the massing of palms in the wide hallway, the profusion of colors shown in the chrysanthemums that everywhere abounded. But more than that, it was satisfying to mix once more with her friends of years. She felt she had never before known how much she liked these people, nor how charming they were.

"What quantities of new people you seem to have here. I must know who every one is," she said to Mrs. Ransom laughingly.

"Then I must refer you to some one else," said her hostess, "for—dare I whisper it?—I don't half know myself, so many people have brought cousins and distinguished *protégés*. You know Miss Fanning, the daughter of the architect? You must meet her,—that tall girl in gray talking to Mr. Larrabee. She is a genius in her way."

But where Miss Fanning's power lay Anna failed to learn; for Mr. Larrabee had turned at the sound of his name, and with a word to his companion was to be seen steering his way toward Miss Sargeant.

"That was a feat to accomplish, but I feel rewarded," he said, shaking hands with a grasp that gave emphasis to his words.

"I trembled for you when I saw that determined youth with the *frappée* bearing down upon you," said Anna; "there was such fell purpose in his eye that I dared not hope you could escape a deluge."

"To avoid farther dangers, suppose we seek a safe retreat in the next room," suggested Mr. Larrabee, — which was scarcely said before Anna found herself in a haven of cushions in a corner wedged in between two rooms and curtained off by tall ferns.

"What have you been doing of late?" she asked.

"Thinking of you," he replied immediately.

Anna remembered his habit of saying things that, coming from another man, would have been a little startling, but which his directness and unconsciousness rendered quite matter-of-fact.

"I think I should have ventured to write to you had not Mrs. Terry promised a speedy sight of you; for there were some things I wanted to discuss with you."

He stopped, and Anna thought swiftly, "He knows of my friendship with Milly. I am probably the only person who can advise him, — but what shall I say?"

When listening to Milly it had been possible to conceive of Ted Larrabee as her lover — a remembrance of a certain intensity she had seen shadowed forth in him at times helping her to fill in the picture of the man who had gone away hard and bitter at being misunderstood and lightly treated. But now he looked so natural, so like his every-day self, that look of amusement with himself and all the world, which had always attracted her even while she resented it, was still so strongly marked, that she could not place him as a man who was in the midst of an "affair."

"To discuss with me?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said. "To tell you the truth, during the last year I have rather given up thinking and have taken to acting, — which is doubtless a desirable change, but which has led to some unexpected results. It used to be a maxim of yours that thought and action should go together. Now as I am beginning late in life — you know all the Larrabees are

characteristically — well — indolent, did you say? — thank you; I prefer to call it philosophic; so when I started out to act, I felt I was coming to grief from incapacity for doing more than one thing at a time. I remembered that you were ever a generous soul, ready to supply ideas and motives to all desirous —"

"Oh, what a description! Am I a quack doctress?"

"Not at all. I assure you, you were the only person to whom I could look for advice. I seriously thought of making an appeal. Perhaps, however, I was wise in not doing so."

"No, you were not, indeed you were not," said Anna, stung by the idea that her sympathy could be doubted, and struck by this voluntary confession from a man unused to speaking of himself. "Only try me, and see if I can be of any help."

Her rapid walk through the clear air had heightened her complexion and lent additional color and light to the brown of her eyes. Something of unusual simplicity and girlishness in her manner to-day made its impression on her companion, and he answered her in evident good faith: —

"My affairs are beautifully mixed, I can tell you. I might tell you of one matter —" He paused for a moment, while Anna wondered whether the disclosure would prove what she expected. "You will not misunderstand me if I give you only the skeleton of my difficulty? Conceive of me then as having undertaken the responsibility of another person's career. That is about the most foolish thing a man can do, you know; because you can't actually go on as if you were acting for yourself, and yet the decision may rest entirely with you. I am purposely vague, because I want your unprejudiced advice on the moral aspects of the case, which I fancy I can get better by not enlarging on the subject. In a word, having taken up this idea that this other person's happiness depended on my action, I must needs take it on myself to plan out a career for this individual."

"I see it all," thought Anna; "Milly's life appealed to him as pathetic, as it so

often has to me, and he was drawn into this by pity. Oh, my poor Milly!—and so perhaps he does not care for her! Could they ever be happy together?"

"One fine day I awoke to the fact that my plan was a minus quantity. My friend would have none of it. So you see there are just two things left for me to do: one to go my own way and think no more about the matter—"

"And the other?" asked Anna, as he paused, as if considering this idea.

"Well, Miss Sargeant, when you once begin to dabble in little altruistic schemes of this sort, the fact is they gain a hold over you; and I am wondering whether I ought not to go ahead, insist on having my own way, carry out my ideas, and persuade my friend, in spite of all disinclinations,—for I have a decided idea that that is what would bring about most happiness in the end,—to my friend, at any rate. To do this I should have to take a great deal of trouble,—exert myself in a lot of different ways,—with always the chance of failure thrown in. I don't know whether you can form any judgment on such an imperfect statement as this,—but I should like to know how the case strikes you. You can see everything turns on the question whether the other person concerned really wishes the thing that has been declined,—and of course I can't answer for that."

"I could enlighten you there," was Anna's mental comment. "I suppose there is something fine in this balancing of considerations, but it seems rather cold-blooded when I think of Milly."

Larrabee, a little surprised by her silence, altered his position, that he might better see her. She was struggling for the moment between her fear of appearing too feminine, too intense in eyes that always appeared to her critics personified, and her desire to help Milly at any cost; and, also, to aid this other friend to be true to his better self.

"Mr. Larrabee," she said, with cheeks glowing and eyes shining brilliantly, "I am glad to be able to tell you what I think about this matter, and I can do so without any uncertainty. As far as I can see, you have done right as far as you have gone; but here is the crucial

point. If you hesitate here, everything that you have done so far is worse than useless. As you say, by interfering at all in another person's life you have become responsible for that life. I know you may find the next step hard, but I hope you may yet be rewarded by finding that you will one day receive in return what is worth more than gratitude, more than respect, in short, a feeling—"

She broke off; surely she was going too far. Mr. Larrabee drew a long breath—perhaps he was astonished.

"I don't think I can imagine any one taking the trouble to care for me like that," he said, answering her look more than her words, for his eyes had never left her face as she spoke.

"Don't think that," she said more rapidly still. "You have perhaps never thought it worth while to show that you cared enough for anything to call out such answering feeling." Oh, to show him how Milly cares, without betraying her, she thought. "But don't think such things don't exist. They do exist. There is nothing in all this wide earth that is equal in power to the force there is in simple caring for people, nor anything like the finding that another is ready to live for you, as you on your side are for that other."

Ted Larrabee bent forward, and all the intensity she had ever imagined in him seemed compressed into the words:—

"*Could you do that for me?*"

"Mr. Larrabee, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Anna might be pardoned for starting. Mrs. Ransom's voice was proceeding from the other side of the screen of ferns. She put them aside and looked in.

"Every one is asking what has become of Miss Sargeant. I can't allow this monopoly any longer."

"Dear me! I never thought to be called a monopolist," said Mr. Larrabee, rising and standing back to let Miss Sargeant pass. "I thought my well-known anarchist views would at least protect me from that sort of misunderstanding."

Was he the same man who had been speaking an instant before? Could Anna believe her ears? Oh! far rather would

she have believed they had deceived her ; rather would she have retained her belief in man's nature. Was it possible a man could be so fickle, so inconstant? No—it was her own fault. He had entirely misunderstood. How could he know the knowledge she had of his affairs? She could suspect, though even she could not fully calculate the effect her unusual, her unaccounted-for emotion must have produced. But what to do now? Wounded pride, self-questioning, grief for Milly, disappointment in Edward Larrabee, possessed her by turns ; — and was there not, worst of all, a wish not to be stifled, that things might have been different? Habit led her to move with her usual imperious carriage, to speak to Mrs. Ransom and smile as if nothing had happened ; but the air of the room seemed to grow too hot, and she wished that it were possible to get away. “ Anywhere, out of this ! ” she thought.

“ Miss Fanning is going to sing, and the fascinating Theodore is to accompany her,” said Mrs. Ransom to Mr. Larrabee. “ Positively, I am so angry with that man that I am hardly able to speak. You know I never could see his charms, — but this afternoon he has excelled himself. He didn't seem to know whether he would bestir himself to play at all, though Miss Fanning never allows any one else to accompany her when he is present, — said he couldn't answer for himself this afternoon, or something. Such affectation ! ”

“ Very sorry, Mrs. Ransom, — I can assure you that he really has not been himself for some time past. The Larrabee family seem to be in disgrace with you this afternoon, — first my cousin, and then myself.”

He glanced at Anna, at whom he had not looked since Mrs. Ransom's coming. It is hard to tell how it was, but probably Anna had been obliged to take in so many new ideas that afternoon, that one more needed but a moment for assimilation. As there passed before her eyes a dark man with a languid air, leading Miss Fanning to the piano, she turned on Mr. Larrabee, speaking impetuously for the second time that afternoon.

“ Is your cousin Theodore a friend of Milly Craig's? ” she asked.

“ More's the pity, he is, — or was.”

Mrs. Ransom had moved on.

“ I don't know her ; but I see that you do — and a good deal besides, do you not ! ”

“ And you know? ”

She had not a very clear idea of what she was saying, her chief thought being that though the unexpected happens, the impossible cannot, and that she should have known that for these two friends of hers to care for one another was among the impossibilities.

“ I? Oh ! I suppose I am the most intimate friend he has. He is such a reserved fellow, no one gets very near.” Then, in a lower tone, “ But you did not guess that it was of him I was speaking just now? ”

“ Hush, every one, please ! Miss Fanning is going to begin,” begged Mrs. Ransom from the next room. A bar of the prelude was struck on the piano, sounding with the mellow resonant tone that marks control of the instrument ; then a sweet voice rose in the most entreating and appealing of Jensen's Lieds.

“ Mr. Larrabee's playing always sounds as if he were stretching out after the unattainable — as if he could never be satisfied ! ” said a lady next to Anna, as the last note resolved itself into stillness. Every one was applauding ; conversation, pierced by little jets of laughter and occasional high tones, was rising again on all sides. There surged into Anna's mind a memory of her constant belief that the longing we have for the so-called unattainable is a token that satisfaction awaits us — in this sphere or some other. But what she said was, “ Is it not fortunate that Miss Fanning didn't discover the unattainable in that last high note? ” She was looking at Theodore Larrabee, whose face and playing both hinted to her that Milly had not suffered alone.

His cousin had stood by quietly during the music ; but at this point the philosophy of the Larrabees deserted him.

“ Will you let me take you home? ” he said to Anna, in a tone that would have no denial. “ Now, before the crowd leaves ! ”



## DIANA'S BATHS.

INTERVALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*By Edward W. Barnard.*

**W**HERE Kearsarge towers, and gray Moat Mountain makes  
Through seas of mist toward Heaven's changeless blue,  
A crystal torrent born of shower and dew  
Comes tumbling through the thick of birchen brakes  
To fill the silvern pool where Dian takes  
Her midnight plunge, unseen of men's wide view: —  
As chaste, as wanton still, as when she drew  
Her bow in Latmos woods, by Ida's lakes.

In the dim light of stars, when no moon beams,  
Here, who has aught of poet's sight may see,  
Stretched on the torrent bank, seamed, glacier-worn,  
Half waking and half lost in pensive dreams,  
Grown tristful at his mistress' truantry,  
The shade of young Endymion, pale and lorn.



THE HARBOR.

## DAMARISCOVE.

*By Winfield Thompson.*

THE traveller to the Kennebec, standing in the flush of dawn on the deck of the steamer which has brought him during the night from Boston may see through his field glass a few miles east of Seguin, that rugged sentinel of the deep, a long, low strip of land, which through the sweet haze of the summer morning seems a dull brown windrow against the evergreen coast line. Closer to the eye, if the steamer were to keep on to Boothbay Harbor instead of plunging into the verdant depths of the Kennebec valley, the outlines of this dun brown windrow would resolve themselves into the rocky shores and barren uplands of a long island, lying like a great pair of elongated spectacles outside the Harbor of Boothbay, the connecting piece of ground between its brown ends a giant dyke of sea-swept boulders.

From this now barren island the Pilgrims when starving at Plymouth drew sustenance. If early chroniclers are to be relied upon, this island was one of the first spots in New England to be touched by the foot of white man. Who visited

it first is not clearly set forth by historians. It is asserted, and there seems to be ground for the statement, that the French landed upon its shores nearly a century before the Pilgrims planted their colony at Plymouth. It is certain that Capt. John Weymouth landed on the island from his ship "The Archangel" in May 1605, and remained in its neighborhood several weeks. The historian of the voyage described the island and related many incidents about the stay there, the most important of which was the kidnapping of five Indian chieftains from Pemaquid, who were lured from their canoes by offers of beads and knives. This act caused Weymouth to leave the vicinity of the island in haste.

A few years after Weymouth's visit, Capt. John Smith the famous, came to Damariscove from Virginia to fish for cod. After returning to England he fitted out another expedition and again visited the island in 1614. He realized \$7000 on this trip, by trading trinkets with the Indians for beaver skins.

In Smith's narrative of this voyage the island and those near it were spoken of

as "Damarill's Isles." The group included what are now called Squirrel Island, Fisherman's Island, the outer and inner Heron Islands, and the big and little White Islands.

This group stretches westward from the mouth of the Damariscotta river. At first thought it would appear that Damariscove took its name from that of the river. Such however appears not to have been the case, as Damariscotta is derived from Indian words while Damariscove, authorities agree, is a word of English construction purely.\*

In 1622, history relates, thirty English vessels arrived at Damariscove for the purpose of fishing. One of them, the "Swallow," sent her shallop to Plymouth to visit the Pilgrims. The visitors found the colony in sad straits. Governor Winslow a little later went down to

Damariscove for supplies for his famishing colonists. He wrote: "I found kind entertainment and good respect,



AT THE HEAD OF THE HARBOR.

with a willingness to supply our wants, which was done so far as was able, and would not take any bills for the same, but did what they could freely."

It was off this island, and so near it that the shot whistled over its low hills or buried themselves in the earth, that the American brig "Enterprise" and the British brig "Boxer" fought their famous thirty-five minute battle on the 5th of September, 1814. The captains of both ships were killed, and lie side by side in a burial ground at Portland. The "Boxer" lost forty-six men in killed and wounded, and the "Enterprise" only two.

In few spots along the coast of Maine, rich as the region is in historical legends and quaint folk-lore, does a more unique

\* Damariscotta is called *Tamascot* in Heylin and other early writers. The Indians called the river *Matamas-kontee*. The analysis of the word denotes that alewives were plenty in the river. The component parts of the word are *Mahdamas*, alewives, and *kontee*, plenty. *Tamascot* seems to have been the first and most natural corruption of the word, while to the English Damariscotta appeared more agreeable, and gradually gained ground. The final *kontee* or *contee* appears elsewhere in Indian names in Maine, notably in *Cobbessecontee*, the name of a stream flowing into the Kennebec at Gardiner, so called because it was a famous fishing place for sturgeon, the name meaning literally, the place or waters for sturgeon. Smith undoubtedly gave the name "Damarill's Isles" to the group he visited because of their occupancy at times by a tribe whose chief was known to the early voyagers as Damarill, Damaris or Damarin. The name in the latter form has become thoroughly identified with the traditions of the locality, so much so that a steamer which carries tourists through those waters in summer bears the name of Damarin.



BOUND IN.



interest for the tourist center than this island. But for all this, the place is but little known to pleasure seekers. Thousands pass it every summer on steamers and yachts, and go their ways without knowing of the island's picturesque corners or the simple life stories that are being told in the tiny settlement around its harbor.

It is not strange that the people of the outside world should be slow to find their way to the primitive hamlet tucked away in the little pocket of a harbor — practically inaccessible to steamboats and the larger class of yachts, and into which small craft may only venture when an experienced pilot, acquainted with the channel, is at the wheel. The two houses on the island, unpainted and of the bare and angular style of architecture peculiar to the coast, look uninviting enough, and the casual passer on the deep is justified in drawing the inference that the island is what it looks — uninteresting. But bare though it be to the eye from the harbor, the little hamlet hidden behind its rocky shores — its fishing colony — makes the island well worth a long trip to visit. There will be found a Sleepy Hollow of the sea, a

place where contentment and hard work go hand in hand, where the noise of crowds and hum of trade are unknown, and the daily newspaper, courier of the busy hosts, has not penetrated.

A century ago the island was covered with a dense growth of noble ever-green trees. Now there is scarcely a living tree upon it, while its boulder-dotted slopes are strewn with fallen trunks, now little more than brown mold; and here and there a huge forest giant stands alone, dead, its nude limbs sticking out like sabres,

and its top surmounted by a fish-hawk's nest. The wild birds scream over the barren shores, unmolested by the gunner. The grass grows rank among the rocks, and

withers untrampled, except by an occasional party of fishermen's wives and daughters, who come over from Cape Newaggen to gather raspberries, which grow plentifully on the island.

Off the west point of Damariscove lie "The Motions," a group of sunken rocks. Over them the summer sea, warm and gentle, with the purring touch of a playful lion, cockles and churns softly in the sun, casting off wide, pulsing circles of milky foam. In the winter the rocks are terrible in their ragged viciousness. The

green waves tumble over them with thunder boom, and the foam whirls and hisses in fearful activity. The fishermen keep well clear of "The Motions," for they know that in their neighborhood is death. "The Motions" lie just off the harbor, around the head of which the life of the island is centered. The harbor is long and narrow, as if left by a slice cut out of the



ON THE OLD STONE WHARF.



"THE GREEN WAVES TUMBLE OVER THEM WITH THUNDER BOOM."

bold headlands that form its sides. It is hardly big enough to let the little fishing fleet swing freely at anchor, and the skipper is skilled indeed who can bring a boat into it before the wind, and "luff" to his moorings without running foul of his neighbors.

Near the head of the harbor, on the west side, is an old stone wharf, as solid apparently as the shore itself, and like it covered with a growth of slippery seaweed. Up from the wharf a hundred yards or so are the only two dwelling houses on the island. One is old and weather beaten, and has sheltered many

has drawn the curtain on the last scene of their sad lives — lives that ended in sorrow and lonely bitterness made doubly bitter by the hand of charity.

But all that is over now. The last of the sisters lies in a little cemetery at Southport, across the harbor. A young couple live in the old house now, with their flock of chubby children around them; and this couple have charge of the island. The other house is given over to any families that may have the hardihood to come to the island to live; and, strange to relate, it is occupied most of the time.



GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN TAKING ICE AT SOUTHPORT.

families in its time, and at least one romance; the other is of more recent build. In the old house, half a century ago, there lived a family of seven sisters. All were tall and fair, and two of them, the eldest, were engaged to be married to brothers, captains of ships in the West Indian trade. The brothers sailed gayly off one day, and were never heard from again. The sisters looked long, and then dark rumor whispered of a misfortune greater than disappointment that had befallen one of them, — for rumor is wafted even from lonely islands. Time piled up tragedies around this family, and time

Back of the house are some old sheepsheds, that are falling down, sheep-raising long ago having been abandoned on the island. Back of the sheds, about two hundred yards away, is a pond, of which many strange tales are told. It is generally described as "the bottomless pond," and has been alleged to be haunted by a great variety of weird spirits. The pond is in fact from four to ten feet deep. The water is fresh, and a few yellow "cow" lilies grow in it. During severe storms the seagulls, driven from their haunts on the ledges along the shore, settle in the pond in great

numbers, and there safely ride out the gale.

Benny, the king of the island,— Benny Ayres is his full name,— is a young man much given to thought, and is a believer in the solace to be obtained from good tobacco. He can cock his eye up at the clouds and tell how the wind will blow three days hence; and he always knows when rain is due. He supports himself by fishing and catching lobsters, and extracts his amusement from trying out oil from an occasional seal-skin and going over to his home at Cape Newagen, Southport, once in a while, to see the folks. But Benny does not find things dull on Damariscove by any means. He has the company of an ever-changing colony of fishermen, who make the harbor their headquarters. Their shanties surround the old stone wharf. Mere make-shifts are these shanties, not more than a dozen in number, and most of them are part and parcel of a scow on which they may be floated back and forth between the island and the owner's home on the main land or on some other island, as the changes of the fishing season may demand. The furnishings consist of a "bunk" built against the wall, containing a thick home-made quilt, a bed sack of straw, and a feather pillow, a keg or a box in place of chairs, and a stove, just big enough to heat a kettle and a teapot at once. Each shanty has its "diddy-box"—the fisherman's grip, in which he keeps spare hooks and fish knives, a file, "ter-backer," an extra clay pipe, and other necessary properties as essential to the owner's wellbeing as the tooth

and hair brush, whisk broom and brandy flask are to the comfort of the commercial traveller.

The whole colony at the island does not live on shore. Some of the fishermen stay on board their boats in the harbor, the little cabins, or "cuddies" as they call them, affording snug quarters. The population at the harbor is a migratory one. In the winter it is made up of a few "outside" lobster fishermen—those who fish in the deep water around this and other outlying islands further east. In the summer, the colony is augmented by the arrival of boats engaged in the cod fishery to supply the demand of the various summer resorts up the harbor. In the early fall, when hake and pollock begin to bite freely, as they always do after the first touch of frost in the air, boats come from the coves and watery by-ways of Boothbay Harbor, and stay for a couple of weeks and sometimes for a month. Two or three fishermen set a mackerel trap along the north shore in summer; while another branch of industry is represented by the herring netters who come to the island in the fall for an occasional cast.

There are none among this quaint little colony of fisher folks who let the sun find them in bed. They are up with the light, and when the sun rises above the dead level of the sea their boats are bobbing at anchor on the fishing grounds half a dozen miles or more away. The lobster catchers are not behind the "shore" fishermen, and as soon as they can discern the buoys of their traps in the morning light they begin the day's "draw." It is a tedious task, and



THE PERMANENT RESIDENT.

usually lasts until the sun has crossed the meridian. When the last trap has been drawn and freshly baited,—and there may have been one hundred and fifty of them,—the fisherman goes back to the little harbor and puts his lobsters into a floating “car” or cage, to keep them until the smack comes around to buy them. After eating a frugal dinner, the fisherman starts off to catch bait for the next day’s “draw,” in some of the coves along the mainland, where flounders and sculpins are plenty and can be easily speared or caught in a drag net. Sometimes the fishermen use “cunners” or sea perch for bait; these may be caught in great numbers at the harbor, by means of a drop net filled with bait.

It is a dangerous business, this lobster fishing. Many a time when the little boat has been blown off by a fierce winter “norther” does the fisherman give up hope of life and commend his soul to God. But despair begets a wonderful skill at handling a boat; and many men are to be found among these hardy and honest toilers who have more than once succeeded in saving themselves after all hope seemed gone. Once in a while, the sea claims a victim. Ask any of the fishermen at Damariscove about poor old Plummer Nelson, and they will tell you that he went out to his traps one day in a fearful “norther,” and never came back. His boat was seen in the offing by his friends on shore, but a squall heavier than those that had gone before blackened the water for a minute, and the boat was no more. “Never seen hide nor hair o’ him again,” said a kindly faced old man, in telling the story. “He was a good feller, too.”

Similar to this was the case of Thomas Marshal. It was supposed that his boat split open in beating up Boothbay Harbor. He was a dare-devil fellow for carrying sail, and the boat was weak. His motherless boy and girl, aged four and eight, sat on the rocks by his little home on Capitol Island until night-fall, looking out over the bleak March water

“for papa.” In the following July, the writer was strolling around a little cove at the head of Boothbay Harbor, when something white in the gravel attracted his attention. He picked it up. It was a bone from a human arm. Further



A DORY FISHERMAN.

search revealed more of the ghastly relics; and a pair of blue overalls, peculiarly patched, proclaimed the last resting place of poor Tom Marshal.

The denizens of Damariscove recite these sad stories with the matter-of-fact stolidity that comes to them with years of dodging death. With no less solemnity of mien do they go over the old tales of the island, the stories of their fathers and grandfathers. Long ago, tradition has it, the redoubtable Captain Kidd wintered in the harbor at Damariscove. The story is still told of ringbolts that, up to a few years ago, could be seen in the rocks at the harbor’s mouth, from which the bold buccaneer is alleged to have stretched a heavy chain across the harbor to keep possible intruders out. The man who tells you about Kidd is usually honest in reciting the tale, but vague on the point of dates. He will dispose of that point by saying that he “heerd” his father say that the wily old pirate was surely on the island “sometimes or ruther,” and that he deposited a vast amount of treasure in the bottomless pond. This story is told in good faith by the hardy fishermen, and new zest is added to the portrayal on dark nights, when the wood fire shines fitfully through the cracked front of the little stove, and the breakers moan around

"The Motions" and tumble with sullen roar over the brown rocks of the point.

On nights like these, too, tales are related of the horrible and ensanguined scenes that have harrowed the souls of good fishermen gone before. Perhaps the most trying experience fell to the lot of James Morey, of Westport. According to the stories of Mr. Morey, faithfully preserved in the memories of his fellows; headless men, their ruddy life blood flowing over their persons, have stalked the island on many a dark night, circling the bottomless pond with silent strides. Women with flowing hair and knives buried in their breasts have been seen,

dark and windy nights were the most propitious for frequent passing of the bottle, this description may be relied upon merely as approximate.

The tales of other days are not often recited now at Damariscove. The old race of fishermen is dying out, and the fishing business gives too little return in these days to attract the younger men. They prefer to go to Gloucester or Portland, or ship in coasting vessels or "three masters" in the South American trade. As the old life dies out at Damariscove, a new life is springing up all around it. The islands up Boothbay Harbor—Squirrel, Capitol and Mouse—are peopled



"THE SEA'S SULLEN ROAR CHANGES ONLY IN ITS INTENSITY."

so the worthy Mr. Morey has been known to assert, to come over the ridge from the shore and walk plump into the bottomless pond. Strange noises, too, have been heard upon Wood End, the northern portion of the island, sweeping down the lonely waste before keen northeasters, whirling by the lights of the little settlement at the harbor, and dying out with a shriek among the combing breakers of "The Motions." What phonetic semblance these sounds took nobody has been able to tell. The sturdy old fellow who heard them defined them as such as might emanate from "a lost critter," but inasmuch as

with summer colonists; while Boothbay village, Southport, Ocean Point and a number of places around Linekin's Bay, to the eastward of Boothbay Harbor, are fast building up as summer resorts. Damariscove, which is two miles long, is six miles from Boothbay village, but it will never become a summer resort, as it is too far out to sea and too difficult of access to invite more than an occasional yachting party when the sea is smooth. These fleeting visits of the summer colonists from up the bay help break the monotony of the year for the residents of the island—for summer is their only cheerful time. Spring and fall are

sombre enough to them, and winter, stern and bitter, brings no changing sights and sounds but the passing of vessels all around that never come near and the hoarse groans of the whistling buoys on the "Bantam" shoals off shore, rolling over the water like the death moan of a giant.

All is of minor tone at Damariscove. The people speak in the subdued and even way that comes to lives unstirred by exciting events. The sea's sullen roar

changes only in its intensity. The fog bells along the shore and the whistling buoys send always the same sounds out over the water. There is no apparent change as the years go on. And yet the warp and woof of life is being spun there as on the main; joys and sorrows, and loves too, there are born and have their being, flicker out and are known only in memory. But all goes on slowly, slowly, and not as in the towns. Nature in its power there dwarfs the force of man.



GOING TO MAKE A "SET."

## THE BREAKERS.

*Edward Payson Jackson.*

**A** BATTLE-LINE, with tossing, snow-white crests  
 And crystal spears that in the sunlight flash,  
 With reckless, suicidal fury dash  
 Upon the rocky beach their shining breasts,

Then baffled flee away with dying roar; —  
 But other crested hosts come charging on!  
 Thus endlessly hath raged from Nature's dawn  
 The war between the breakers and the shore.

Not doubtful is the issue. Slow but sure  
 Will fall the doom of idle, rock-mailed strength:  
 Its foes shall charge, until the shore, at length,  
 Shall yield, despite its rocky armature.

Despair not, O thou striving human sea,  
 Though Wrong still reigns upon his granite throne;  
 Each charge, though ending with thy baffled moan,  
 Brings nearer certain final victory.

## GENERAL JOHN PATERSON.\*

A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

*By Bulkeley Booth.*



IN the early annals of the town of Wethersfield, Conn., the name of Paterson is of frequent and honorable mention. On the 28th of June, 1731, a descendant of this prominent family, named John, was married to Ruth Bird, of Farmington, Conn., and removed his residence to that town. The farm which he owned and occupied is now included in the town of New Britain. It extended northerly nearly to the present crossing of the New York and New England railroad; and East Street, which was then the heart of the parish, ran directly through the farm. Mr. Paterson's house was situated on the west side of East Street, and was standing as late as 1863.

Mr. Paterson was a man of ability and refinement, liberally educated, with sound religious views. He was a large landowner, and, according to the custom of the times, was also a slaveholder. Of decided military inclinations, he enlisted and served the Crown for many years. He rose to the rank of major, and died in service, of yellow fever, while stationed at Havana, September 5, 1762. He was one of the most brilliant of the colonial officers.

Of his five children, John, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest, and was born at New Britain, in 1744. He was a noble boy, magnificently formed, and generously equipped with brain and brawn, that should stand him in good stead in that day of his need which the future held. It is easy to imagine how this son of a brave ancestry, accustomed almost from infancy to the sight of

brilliantly accoutred officers, grew to love the flash of a shining epaulet and all the trappings of war with their glitter and jingle. As he grew in years, he listened, fascinated, to thrilling tales of battle and campaign, and early learned that only by valiant conduct was the epaulet won, that courage and loyalty were wonderful words, to be pondered over, to be dreamed over, until they became as the warp and woof of his ardent nature. It is easy to imagine the lad, lithe, quick of motion, fertile in ingenuity, a leader among his comrades, planning mimic battles, drilling his lilliputian troops, and leading them to gallant action. It is easy to understand how this lad, quick to comprehend, learned almost intuitively the tactics of war. And it must be believed that his unfolding intellect kept pace with his physical development, for at the age of fourteen he entered Yale, and at eighteen, graduated with high honors. His classmates were John H. Livingston, Joseph Huntington and others who became eminent men. Oliver Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, and Nathaniel Emmons, who became a distinguished theologian, were the intimate associates of Paterson in his early manhood.

While still in the flush of youth, a heavy cloud of sorrow cast its shadow upon him. His father, his ideal of all that was brave and loyal and noble, died far from home and loved ones. The prop, protector, adviser gone, it was John, the son and namesake of his father, who stepped into the breach that death had made, and proved the sterling qualities ingrained in his character. He promptly decided to remain with his mother and young sister, Ruth, and at once assumed the care of his father's family, its duties and its responsibilities, superintending the settlement of his father's estate,

\* The compiler of this sketch acknowledges indebtedness for valuable information, to Mr. William Henry Lee of New York; Prof. David N. Camp of New Britain; Prof. Thomas Egleston of Columbia College, New York; Mrs. Jeannette Kilborn Davis of Boston, and Miss Marie Paterson Kilborn of Spencerport, N. Y.

meanwhile pursuing the study of law, the profession of his choice. For several seasons he taught school in his native town, devoting his leisure to his legal studies, until in due time he was admitted to the bar, and began practice. Soon after he was made justice of the peace, an office of dignity in those times.

The personal appearance of the young barrister was such as to arrest the glance and to favorably impress the beholder. He was six feet one and a half inches in height, and well-proportioned. "His bearing was that of manly freedom and unconventional grace, and yet it was that of absolute dignity—a manner that is a birthright, and is only found in the intrinsically noble, wholly simple and wholly true." He was an active man, fond of walking, considering a walk of eighteen or twenty miles but a pleasant exercise. Naturally retiring in habits, he was never importunate for position. Duty was first with him, and whether praised or censured for doing it, it always had the force of law with him. In all relations he maintained the strictest interpretation of integrity and honor, and he never forgot that he was a gentleman. Of large scholarly attainments, he became eminent in his profession, and although not seeking them, was appointed to many offices of trust. In the social life of those times, he was as prominent and popular as in public life.

Directly south of the Paterson homestead, upon the same street and about half a mile distant, was the residence of Josiah Lee, Esq. This house (still standing and known as the Skinner house) was for those times an elegant structure, and its owner was a man of wealth and influence. Indeed, the Lees were of ancient lineage, honorable mention of one, William Lee, being recorded as early as 1486. That was a charming stretch of road between the Paterson homestead and the Lee house, in the sweet springtime, with the wild roses in bloom, here and there a giant tree which had escaped the fate of the primeval forest, and a tripping, silvery brook

dancing onward to the sea, its music forming a fitting accompaniment to the wild-bird's song. Yet a deeper motive than a love of nature led the young barrister so frequently to cover, with his swift strides, the distance between his home and that of his neighbor. Josiah Lee, Esq., was the father of a charming daughter, Elizabeth, the only one of his large family to reach maturity. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel, neither



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN PATERSON.  
FROM THE BAS-RELIEF AT FREEHOLD, N. J.

tall nor short, almost idolized by her father, and deservedly so, if tradition has any weight. Strong in her affections, self-forgetful, with a fine and carefully cultivated mind, she possessed every quality to attract the young barrister. It was a happy wooing; and their wedding, on the second day of June, 1766, was a social event of extraordinary interest. It was solemnized by the Rev. John Smalley, D.D., at the home of the bride, in the presence of a large and distinguished company of guests.

Mr. Paterson continued his residence



in New Britain until 1774, when he removed with his family to Lenox, in Berkshire County, Mass., believing that a wider and more promising field for pro-

ected the following year. The settlers of Berkshire County were a shrewd and hardy race, coming from Eastern Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.



THE LEE HOUSE, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

fessional effort and advancement awaited him there. He became at once identified with the interests of the town, and his ability as a leader of men won instant recognition. His home (the old colonial house is still standing, just opposite the Curtiss House) soon became known as a center of pure and elevating social influences, where intelligence and refinement found strong attractions in intercourse with the dignified host and his accomplished wife, who presided over its elegant hospitalities with a grace and charm which tradition has transmitted to the present day.

Almost immediately Mr. Paterson was chosen Clerk of the Proprietary; and when the town was formed he was made a selectman and assessor, and was re-

They were well-educated for those days, accustomed to think for themselves, but withal, having a great deference for authority, paying respect to rank as well as official position. They had a charter; they respected it; they demanded that it should be respected. When they had grievances, to them the proper manner to find redress was to carry these matters to the throne, and there they carried them. It was only when they began fully to appreciate that remonstrances did not bring redress, but that encroachments were constantly being made on their chartered rights, and when they saw them going, little by little, that they began to realize that their charter might disappear altogether. Discontent arose.

On the 18th day of December, 1773, the tea was thrown from Boston harbor. Up to this time the colonists had been loyal subjects of King George the Third, none more so than John Paterson. The son of a Christian gentleman and loyal British officer, submission to the will of his Maker and loyalty to the king, had been the first principles of his education. When his study of law showed him that, unless resisted, oppression became slavery, his principles of loyalty were brought into direct conflict with his knowledge of law, and with thousands of others, he began to reflect that if he continued to be loyal he could no longer be a free-man. But no open demonstration was made. Then followed in 1774, as a retaliation for the "tea-party," first, the "Boston Port Bill," by which Boston ceased to be a port of entry; second, the alteration of the charter, making counselors, judges and magistrates appointed by the Crown and to hold office during royal pleasure; and third, the provision that any person indicted for

murder or other capital offence, committed while aiding the magistracy, might be sent to some other colony, or to England, for trial. Town meetings were forbidden except for the balloting for municipal offices and representatives to the General Court. All discussions were prohibited.

The news of these enactments of Parliament did not reach Berkshire until May, 1774, and it changed the whole face of affairs; for practically all the liberties of the people were placed in the hands of the governor. The majority of the people were moved as if by inspiration to one feeling—resentment and determination to resist. The Boston Port Bill went into effect June 1, 1774. The day was observed throughout the whole country as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer. The counties held congresses of deputies sent from their various towns to consider "the alarming state of public affairs" and resolved to "preserve their chartered rights against the aggressions of the acts of Parliament for the



COUNCIL OF WAR AT HOPEWELL, NEW JERSEY.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF AT FREEHOLD, N. J.

better regulation of the government of Massachusetts Bay and the impartial administration of justice in the same."

Among the first of these was the Berkshire Convention, which met at Stockbridge, July 6, 1774, and continued in session two days. It adopted the "Solemn League and Covenant," which was signed everywhere and rigorously adhered to. John Paterson was sent as a delegate to the Berkshire Convention from Lenox. He not only signed the "Solemn

the above measures, have proceeded to block up the harbor of Boston; also have vacated or are about to vacate the charter and repeal certain laws of this province heretofore enacted by the General Court and confirmed by the King and his predecessors; therefore as a means to obtain a speedy redress of the aforesaid grievance we do solemnly and in good faith, covenant and engage with each other:

"I. That we will not import, purchase, or consume, or suffer in any manner whatever, any goods, wares, or merchandise which shall arrive in America from Great Britain from and after the 1st day of October, 1774, or such time as shall be agreed upon by the American Congress, nor any



THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

FROM THE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL.

League and Covenant" himself, but was one of the most active in procuring signatures to it. One hundred and ten citizens of Lenox signed the resolution adopted by the Berkshire Convention. These resolutions, with the "Solemn League and Covenant," were the basis of principles upon which the Revolution was begun, and they became in a few weeks as familiar as household words to all the people.

#### SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

"Whereas the Parliament of Great Britain have of late undertaken to give and grant away our money without our knowledge and consent; and in order to compel us to a servile submission to

goods which shall be ordered from thence, after this day, until chartered and constitutional rights shall be restored, or until it shall be determined by the major part of our brethren in this and neighboring colonies that a non-importation and non-consumption agreement will not have a tendency to effect the desired end, or until it shall be apparent that a non-importation and non-consumption agreement will not be entered into by a majority of this and neighboring colonies; except such articles as the said General Congress of North America shall agree to import, purchase or consume.

"II. We do further covenant and agree that we will observe the most strict obedience to all constitutional laws and authority, and will at all times exert ourselves to the utmost for the discouragement of all licentiousness and suppression of all mobs and riots.



THE PATERSON MONUMENT, LENOX, MASS.

"III. We will all exert ourselves, as far as in us lies, in prompting love, peace and unanimity among each other, and for that end we engage to avoid all unnecessary law-suits.

"IV. As a strict and proper adherence to the present agreement, will if not seasonably provided against, involve us in many difficulties and inconveniences; we do promise and agree that we will take the most prudent care for the raising of flax and manufacturing of linens. Further, that we will, by every prudent method, endeavor to guard against all those inconveniences which may otherwise arise from the foregoing agreement.

"V. That, if any person shall refuse to sign this, or a similar covenant, or if, after signing it, shall not adhere to the real intent and meaning thereof, he or they shall be treated with the neglect justly deserved.

"VI. That if this, or a similar covenant, shall after the 1st day of August next be offered to any trader or shopkeeper in this country, and

he or they shall refuse to sign the same for the space of forty-eight hours, that we will not, from thenceforth, purchase any article of British manufacture, from him or them, until such time as he or they shall sign this or a similar covenant."

On September 1, 1774, Thomas Gage, the royal governor of Massachusetts, issued his precept to every town in the colony, commanding them to send their representatives to the General Court to be convened at Salem, October 5, 1774; but on September 28, this precept was revoked and the members were notified not to come, on account of "the disordered and unhappy state of the province, the extraordinary resolves which had been passed in many of the counties, and the instruction by the town of Boston and some other towns to their representatives." This revocation, with other arbitrary acts of the Crown and Parliament, intensified the bitter feeling existing between the colonies and the mother country. All the towns had elected their representatives to the General Court, and their representatives were the best and ablest men in the province.

The towns unanimously decided that their representatives should pay no attention to the counter-proclamation, but should proceed to Salem, notwithstanding the governor's revocation. It was now that the wider field for effort and advancement revealed itself to John Paterson; and those who had placed their faith in him felt they had done wisely. As the representative of the town of Lenox, he was sent to this Congress, and took a most active part in it. He had received his instructions from the town,—and he was bold and brave enough to follow them:—  
 "if the governor, whose presence in the General Court was necessary to its legal organization, presented himself, to proceed to find if possible a remedy for the disordered and unhappy state of the province; but that if he should refuse to

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the government and the impartiality in the same. These were the Berrys, which met at Stockport, and continued here and rigorously. Paterson was sent to the Berkshire Convention from which he signed the "Sole



"Covenant" him- most active in pro- One hundred an signed the resolu Berkshire Conventi on, with the "Sole" were the bas h the Revolution me in a few y old words to

LEAGUE A as the Parliam dertaken to h our kno out compel us



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to heavy blurring and low contrast. It appears to be a large block of text, possibly a letter or a long article, but the individual words and sentences cannot be discerned.]

organized a regiment. Between the sessions of Congress he equipped and drilled it for field service. Trusting him thoroughly, admiration fast merging into love, the regiment chose him unanimously as its colonel. This choice was ratified by the Colonial Committee of Safety, from which he received his commission. The County of Berkshire furnished five of the companies; four were from other parts of Massachusetts, and one from the State of New York. Splendidly drilled and in excellent discipline, Col. Paterson's regiment was ready for instant action; and when that messenger, with relay of horse — their flying feet followed by a fiery trail in that mad gallop over the Berkshire hills — brought the news of the battle of Lexington and the encounter on the bridge at Concord, Colonel Paterson, within eighteen hours of the receipt of the news, was leading his regiment to Cambridge, and was first on the ground after the news of the battle.

Colonel Paterson's regiment, enlarged and re-organized, was transferred to the Continental service the 15th of June, 1775, and was known as the 15th Foot in the Continental Infantry service. It was stationed about a mile and a half beyond Cambridge, and threw up the first redoubt along the lines around Boston, which placed that city in a state of siege by blockading the highways and fortifying the country around. It built and garrisoned Fort No. 3, at Prospect Hill, on Charlestown Heights, directly west of Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1775, to prevent the British troops landing and getting in the rear of our army. On the 9th of November, 1775, Colonel Paterson's regiment was engaged with others in resisting an attack of the British at Lechmere's Point. Its superb conduct was mentioned in the general orders by Washington, the next day. The tide was high, so that it covered the land end of the point and converted the point into an island. "The men," General Washington wrote to the president of Congress, "gallantly waded through the water up to their necks in order to make the attack, and soon obliged the enemy to embark under cover of a man-of-war, a floating battery, and the fire of a battery on Charlestown

Neck." Colonel Paterson's regiment was afterward praised for its ability in resisting the attack of a marauding party at the same place, who were supported by the guns of a frigate. The regiment was constantly engaged in the siege of Boston until it was evacuated. The three regiments commanded by Ward, Putnam and Paterson were declared to be, "the flower of the Continental Army."

On August 13, November 15 and 17, 1775, and February 3, 1776, Colonel Paterson was president of courts-martial. March 13, 1776, he was one of the field officers. On the 18th of March, 1776, the day after the British had evacuated Boston, Colonel Paterson and his regiment marched with General Washington, and were stationed for a short time on Staten Island, for the defense of New York. April 13, 1776, Washington sent four battalions, Colonel Paterson's regiment among them, to the relief of the army in Canada. Early in May there was great suffering in the regiment from small-pox, and on June 8, there were but six men fit for duty. In the battle of Cedars, the last of June, the regiment showed great valor, but lost heavily. While the army was retreating from Canada by way of Crown Point, Colonel Paterson's regiment occupied and strongly fortified Mount Independence, on the other side of the bay and opposite Ticonderoga, and remained there during the summer.

Sept. 22, 1776, Colonel Paterson was ordered to Fort George. Sept. 30, 1776, he was recommended to Congress by General Gates for promotion, he having already been doing the work of a general. Nov. 26, 1776, he received orders to reinforce Washington. He joined Washington's army at Newton, on the west bank of the Delaware, Dec. 20, 1776, reporting two hundred and twenty men out of the six hundred men in the well-appointed regiment, with which he left New York, April 21, for the northern campaign.

He crossed the Delaware with Washington, in that violent storm of Christmas eve — their counter-sign, "Victory or Death." Jan. 3, 1777, in the battle of Princeton, Colonel Paterson and his regiment acted with distinguished bravery.

On the 21st of February, 1777, Congress promoted the colonel to the rank of Brigadier-General, and assigned him to the northern department. During the winter of '77-78, General Paterson was at Valley Forge and was one of the ablest advisers of Washington.

On June 24, 1778, while the army was encamped at Hopewell, N. J., a second council of war was held by Washington, to determine whether it would be advisable to hazard a general engagement. Paterson, with the other generals, desired to send forward at once two thousand five hundred to three thousand men. In both councils held previous to the battle of Monmouth, he was one of the most earnest advocates of the plan which proved so successful. The State of New Jersey erected a monument in 1884, at Freehold, to commemorate this battle. On one of the bas-reliefs General Paterson is represented, by the artist Kelly, as seated by the table, his hand resting upon a scroll, while he appears intently listening to the argument of Lafayette who is addressing the council. Much credit was given to General Paterson for his valor and efficient service in the battle of Monmouth. A celebrated painting of this battle by the famous artist, John Trumbull, has been presented to the New Britain Institute by Mr. Wm. H. Lee of New York. The mounted officer displaying such spirit and intrepidity as he leads his troops to victory or death is supposed to be General Paterson.

In the last week of October, 1778, the city of Hartford tendered a dinner, with every possible patriotic demonstration, to General Gates and his officers, of whom General Paterson was not the least prominent. When the army went into winter quarters, General Paterson's brigade was stationed at West Point, which had become from a strategic point of view the most important post of the north. General Paterson was in command at West Point until April, 1780.

When the brilliant young British officer, Major André, was arrested in our lines and tried as a spy, the court was composed of all the generals in the vicinity. It included six major-generals

and eight brigadier-generals, embracing, as Lossing says, "the very flower of the American army." General Paterson was the youngest member of the court, with the exception of the Marquis de Lafayette, and was selected undoubtedly not only on account of his rank and character as a soldier, but because of his superior knowledge of law and his ability to apply its principles in questions of evidence and other legal technicalities which might arise on the trial. His selection to serve on this tribunal was another signal proof of the high estimation in which he was held by his commander-in-chief, who knew full well that the proceedings of this trial would be subjected to the most searching scrutiny of every civilized government.

General Paterson remained at West Point until June, 1781. The following winter of 1781-1782 was a period of inactivity, and was spent mostly at West Point. On April 28, 1781, General Paterson's brigade was reviewed by Washington, and again at Newburgh, June 8th and 10th, and was complimented in general orders. During June, July and August of 1782, General Paterson's brigade was still at West Point. On the 31st of August, it moved down to Verplanck's Point, and remained there until October. While there the brigade was put into General Howe's division on the left wing, under General Heath.

Oct. 28th, the army broke camp and went to New Windsor and Newburgh; the encampment was called the "Newburgh encampment," or the "New Windsor Cantonment." This was the last winter encampment of the Revolutionary army; and it was during this encampment that the famous "Society of the Cincinnati" was organized, General Paterson being one of the prime movers. The officers met for the purpose of organization in a large room in the Verplanck House, the headquarters of Baron Steuben. One article of the society read as follows: "The officers of the American army, having been taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and being

resolved to follow his example by returning to their citizenship, they think they may well denominate themselves the 'Society of the Cincinnati.' " General Paterson's name stood second on the list, after General Washington's.

The Revolutionary army was mustered out the 20th of June, 1783, with the exception of the four Massachusetts regiments under General Paterson, which were retained some months longer. On September 30, 1783, General Paterson received the commission of Major General. In December, 1783, after eight and a half years of active and continuous service, General Paterson, with his faithful soldiers, retired together to private life. During his connection with the army, he was on terms of intimacy with many of the foreign officers, especially with General Kosciusko, the Polish hero, their friendship enduring through life.

After the general's return to Lenox, he again became actively engaged in promoting the best interests of the town. In 1786, at the request of the Governor of Massachusetts, he took command of the Berkshire militia in the suppression of Shay's Rebellion. In 1791, he removed with his family to Broome County, N.Y. His home was at Lisle, now known as Whitney's Point. Here, as elsewhere, his ability as a statesman was at once recognized, and he was chosen as representative of Tioga County for four years, 1792, 1793, 1798, 1801, in the state legislature. On March 27, 1798, he was appointed to the bench, and was presiding judge of Broome County—his term of service ending with his life. In 1801 he was a member of the convention called to amend the constitution of the State of New York. In 1802 he was elected to the United States Congress, from Tioga County, and served until March 3, 1805.

In Congress, always active, untiring, efficient, he was a member of some of the most important committees of the House, supporting and defending the claims of the Revolutionary soldiers, endeavoring to put the currency on a sound basis, studying and advocating the best way to establish and regulate the mints

and coinage of the country, looking after the construction of the public buildings, and trying to bring some order into the commercial affairs of the nation by the passing of a proper bankrupt law, and to do away with imprisonment for debt. He never forgot that the country he had served so long both before and during the war, needed the best service he could render after the war, and he rendered it only as a patriot of his convictions and ability could.

General Paterson died very suddenly at Lisle, July 19, 1808, aged sixty-four. He was the father of seven children, to whom he left an inheritance whose value is past computation—the example of a noble life and a reputation brilliant and unsullied. He died in the vigor of his manhood, in the pursuit of duty, and with a profound love for the country he had so ably defended. His widow survived him many years. She removed to the home of her son-in-law, Samuel Kilborn, in Ogden, N.Y., where she died July 8, 1841, at the advanced age of ninety-two years.

The remains of General Paterson were interred at Lisle; those of Mrs. Paterson, at Spencerport, N. Y.—separated by many miles for more than half a century. In 1887, Professor Egleston, a grandson of General Paterson, placed in Trinity Church, Lenox, a memorial tablet to General Paterson, with appropriate inscription. On the 30th of May, 1892, the remains of General Paterson and those of his wife were removed to Lenox, for burial in the family lot in the hill top cemetery, by the quaint old church. In the old home in Lenox, where, a century ago, the general and his beautiful wife had lived so happily, the coffins remained for three days, visited by hundreds of people. From the protection of that ancient roof, they were borne to their last resting-place. Upon the same day a magnificent monument to the memory of General Paterson was unveiled and presented to the town by Professor Egleston. It stands in the heart of the town; it is of enduring granite, beautiful in design and in finish, with an appropriate inscription in honor of this noble "aid and adviser to Washington."



## ROBERT HABERSHAM: A YOUNG HARVARD POET.

*By Lloyd McKim Garrison.*

ONE reason why Gray's "Elegy" is, perhaps, the most popular single poem in our language, is the solace it contains for those who mourn—as who does not?—some youth, the idol of his little circle of relatives and friends, about whose brow the laurels seemed already to be bending, when, without an hour's warning, in the midst of his brilliant promise, he died and left the final test of greatness untried. Such a one was Robert Habersham. In 1831, a graduate of Harvard College, admired and beloved as few young men have the fortune to be, trying many arts in a tentative way with a mind strong and versatile enough, it would seem, to have grappled successfully with any, and then, a year later, dead, at the age of twenty, leaving behind him the most pathetic of memories, the possibility of achievement denied.

Untimely death is always sad; but most poignant where it strikes one apparently destined for great things. Virgil's lament for the young Marcellus is for that reason the most tender and touching thing in profane poetry; and there are few who do not thrill at Dryden's paraphrase, who, too, have suffered

"By Fates unjust and Providence's crime."

Consternation followed the announcement of this boy's death wherever he was known; and there are those living to-day who mourn him, after a lapse of sixty years, as they mourn no other of their dead.

Who was he, that people expected so much of his life and so lamented his death; and how does it happen that this sketch of him should be prepared after such an interval of years?

Some months ago I was reading (for a certain purpose which forbade omission or skipping) the secretaries' records of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard College,—precious volumes of close

manuscript, dating back almost a hundred years. These fortnightly records—partly in prose, partly in verse, as suited each secretary—were nominally minutes of preceding meetings, but really consisted of a sort of literary part, serio-comic or wholly burlesque, which the secretary (apparently with great approval) read before the "brethren" had sat down to their "coarse fare" of hasty pudding and milk. Edward Everett kept these records, John G. Palfrey, Washington Allston, George Bancroft, Benjamin R. Curtis, James Freeman Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, and many more, afterwards the lights of learning and letters in our country, whose youthful essays are now replete with interest, if not for intrinsic worth, at least in retrospect. Long gaps of years, however, were stopped by others whose undergraduate *ignis fatuus* long since went out unnoticed of the world, but still flickers up to lead the reader of those seldom-opened tomes over the most tedious of quagmires.

I had plunged up to my middle after certain of these gentry, and had followed them for hours through a brambly handwriting over a ground in places piled with maudlin verse and quaking with puns, when suddenly out of this Slough of Despond I came forth upon pages of the most delightful script, clear as print, yet individual, and, delightful to find, summaries of the accomplished business of each meeting printed in bold letters above the literary entertainment below, epitomizing in striking and diverting manner, like the headlines of a newspaper, the facts I was searching for, and subordinating "literature" to recorded history.

Here, at last, after all that crowd of laboring poetasters and punsters, was one original and facile hand. To my delight

I found the "literary" part of his records as individual as their unique headlines promised them to be. In short, their humor and vitality so struck me that I was impelled to follow further for the delightful personality which breathed out from them. In the course of this inquiry I made the acquaintance of Mr. William Neyle Habersham (Harv. Coll. '35), of Savannah, Ga., the writer's brother, who not only furnished me with many personal reminiscences of him, but courteously loaned me his brother's diary and such of his letters and writings as were in his possession, which alone enabled me to prepare this sketch.

Robert Habersham was born at Savannah, Ga., March 15, 1812. He came of distinguished stock. His great-grandfather, the Hon. James Habersham, was from the time of his immigration to Georgia with Whitefield the evangelist, in 1738, to his demise in 1775, one of the most distinguished men in the province; at one time acting governor, and founder (in 1744) of the great commercial house — the first in the province — which still survives in the hands of his descendants. In the Revolution, which broke out just after he had died, his sons were as ardent for independence as he, staunch loyalist, would have been, had he lived, for the Crown. Major John Habersham, the youngest son, distinguished himself as an officer during the war, subsequently became a member of the Continental Congress, and held many high positions of trust and honor in his state. The second son, Joseph, a graduate of Princeton College, made himself known during the war by his deeds of daring as a member of the Council of Safety, in which capacity he broke open the king's magazine in Savannah and bore away six hundred pounds of powder, seized a British store-ship in the Savannah River, and finally captured the British governor (Wright) himself, thus destroying the last vestige of British authority in Georgia. He was a major and colonel in the Continental army, twice speaker of the Assembly of Georgia, a member of the Continental Congress, a maker of the Federal Constitution, mayor of Savannah, and Postmaster General of

the United States under John Adams. Jefferson tendered him the office of Treasurer of the United States, but he declined it, and ended his distinguished career in private life, in 1815, when his grandson, Robert Habersham, the subject of this sketch, was three years old.

Ten years afterwards (he was then thirteen) this grandson Robert emerged from the quiet of home to become a pupil at Dr. Rudd's school, where he remained till 1827, when he was transferred to the celebrated Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass. He had already shown marked strength of character; and such confidence did his parents have in his prudence and sagacity, that they not only permitted this boy of fifteen to make the long journey from Savannah without the protection of an older person, but even charged him with the care of his brother William, a child of ten, who was to accompany him to school, without feeling anxiety concerning his fitness for so grave a trust. He not only brought his charge safely through the perils of the journey, but during their two years' stay at school watched over him like a mother, choosing to room with him rather than with a boy of his own age, teaching him, and even inventing stories with which to talk him to sleep at night, leaving upon his mind a vivid and fascinating remembrance not dimmed in sixty years. "Knowing him then," writes this brother, "was like the Arabian Nights."

The Round Hill School, a novel departure in American education, was begun in 1823 by the historian Bancroft and Joseph Green Cogswell, the correspondent of Goethe, as a sort of German *gymnasium*, modified by American opportunities and necessities. With a healthy and beautiful site, a good equipment and fine patronage, the school should have lasted longer than it did; but its founders were more erudite than practical, and after much financial loss to them it finally went under. While it survived, however, the school had qualities that impressed and attracted boys, and had boys of the best strain of blood and breeding to respond to the attraction. The high pine-clad hills all

about them and the deep serpentine valley of the Connecticut were never out of their ken; they took long walks with sympathetic teachers; mingled outdoor work with study; and, best of all, were tenants and sole rulers of "Cronyville," that delightful boys' Utopia, where, on a piece of land especially allotted to them, each boy built his shanty, in which he could spend his evening, roasting apples in the embers on his own hearth, and listening in the firelight to the ghost stories of his own company. No wonder that such a school should impress a boy's imagination, nor that thirty years after its dissolution its surviving alumni should honor their venerable master with a banquet in grateful recognition of its early influence on them.

Its influence certainly was not lost on Robert Habersham. Beginning as an *improvisatore* at his brother's bedside, he soon craved a larger audience. So, a year and a half after his advent at Round Hill, he made himself editor of a little four-page sheet of quarto size called *Literary Recreations*, whose first number appeared Jan. 24, 1829,—perhaps the first instance of school journalism (since so prolific) in America. Habersham was not only the founder of the paper, but filled with his versatile pen the bulk of its ten numbers, contributing to them impartially poetry and prose, that ranged all the way from sentiment to satire, from farce to tragedy, from facetiæ to solemn essays. It was the editors' purpose, said the Prospectus, written by Habersham, "at this time, when papers of every description—daily gazettes, weekly miscellanies, monthly pamphlets, and annual souvenirs, tokens, and what not—are springing up, to add fresh laurels to our just dawning literature." This is the period, as this droll catalogue of almost extinct names recalls, when the romantic school's American Orlandos went about hanging their "garlands" and "posies" upon every tree; a period of calm and slumber, between the conflict past and that to come, when the American novel was a dilution of Walter Scott, the American oration a dilution of Tully, and the American poem a Byronic syllabus; and, notwithstanding all this feeble

achievement, an era of immense national self-complacency.

The young editor was in many ways a child of the age. He belonged almost wholly to the romantic school; but a sense of humor, catholicity of reading, and keen observation so tempered his adaptation of the current style, that even as a boy of seventeen his writings had far more literary value than the cold heroics his master (not yet the great historian) was then putting into print. In his editorial capacity Habersham extended a welcome to all the schools. The Prospectus announced that "our pages are open for—

"TALES of imagination and those founded upon historical facts, and in these we mean chiefly to deal, though certainly

"ESSAYS and DISSERTATIONS will occasionally find a column or two devoted to them.

"RHYMING we will sometimes insert . . . for the purpose of filling up our pages, as it serves no other purpose whatsoever. But

"POETRY will always be gladly received, though we fear it is a tree which does not bear good fruit in the winter season. And any

"MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES will be acceptable, if amusing.

"We intend to keep as much as possible in the dark about POLITICS, fearing a repetition of such another battle as occurred upon Shinnystick Plain in November. . . . However, . . . we acknowledge our allegiance to the ruling party, whatever it may be."

The eclectic policy thus outlined was pursued while the paper lived, the editor's own contributions including a tragic "Tale of Old Virginia," an "Indian Tale," imaginary Dialogues of the "Literary Club," "The Hilliad," a *bouffe* epic of the school in five cantos and as many metres, and lastly the editorial "Writing Desk," which commented reflectively upon such diverse topics as "Credulity and Superstition," "Letter Writing," "Chivalry," "Travelling," "Antiquity," "Slavery," "Botany," "Horace," and "The Earl of Leicester"! A wide range for a boy of seventeen! Yet he touched each subject almost equally well; for he had read omnivorously and understandingly, coloring what he read with a restless and romantic imagination that took pleasure in every new impression. "I love variety in everything," he wrote of himself in "The Hilliad"; and just before his death he

recorded in his diary how full of exquisite if exaggerated sensation his boyhood had been:—

“How pleasant is the sound of rain! Its soft, monotonous pattering on the roof and windows is soothing and puts me in a meditative humor. I do not remember when I did not love a rainy day to read in. To take a book into the carriage-house, and hear the rain, and revel in the interest and fancy of a tale, was the delight of my boyish days. I always had a spice of the romantic in my disposition. Before I went to boarding-school I loved to take walks in the pine woods; to sit under an oak at Beverly when I was reading; to watch the stars and falling fires of night; and how often have I climbed a tree to nestle in its branches and read or think!

“My adoration for the softer sex was so extreme that I never was in a steamboat or a stage without dreaming of some pretty adventure I was to have with them. I used to run off from school on purpose to have adventures, and any girl I met I turned into a damsel in distress. How many torturing, anxious, pleasing moments I have had in those young affections for girls! . . . I was constantly falling in love, and I do not think I ever can think more about a lady in future than I have at ten or twelve years of age.”

An early devouring of the verse and fiction of the romantic school had given Habersham these dreamy ideals; and birth had given him other and sturdier ones. He was born an American, at a time coincident with the birth of the national feeling, which never was more exultant than during his adolescence. His family was of national reputation, of grave traditions of honorable service to their country; and the children of the house, as soon as they began to understand language, learned of public life, its duties and its honors, and were encouraged to be studious that they might some day be ready to play their part. With such a stimulus, it is no wonder that so eager a mind as Robert Habersham's, naturally serious and at times even a little melancholy, ardently pursued whatever promised information and power; for he felt assured of success, even though he could not yet say from what direction it was to come. So he gave his imagination a loose rein all through his boyhood, craving knowledge, romance and distinction; he read whatever came to hand, wrote, sighed over the imaginary woes of imaginary damsels, and played the flute,—instrument of sentiment then so highly esteemed,—suggestive of the moonlight,

fountains, whispers and white hands of his favorite poems.

The *Literary Recreations* he probably intended as the first step in his career; and it served at least to compel practice and reward labor. From the partial list above given of his contributions to that paper, his versatility is apparent; and a close reading of them gives a pleasant picture of the boy, and an interesting view of the period,—of the boy, when he relates how, in voyaging from Savannah, he played his flute to the dolphins, till disconcerted by a lady who rudely remarked that “he was not Arion”; and of the period when this boy of the period advises his mates on the difficult art of letter writing, or admonishes them against credulity and superstition, with a gravity that in a youngster of nowadays would seem almost priggish. But the boy lived in a period when athletics did not occupy the youthful mind to the exclusion of everything else. Habersham was still close enough to the Revolution to remember the boys of Boston and Gen. Gage. As an American boy he hoped to attain glory in letters, in the field or on the forum, and serious thought was necessary and natural to him. Accordingly, in his editorial capacity, he also made an essay at political discussion, a serious and temperate letter deprecating the anti-slavery talk that he occasionally heard in the school, citing, with undoubted sincerity, the contented state of the negroes in his own humane neighborhood; and he wrote other grave articles on kindred topics, as if to practise a little in controversy. But the bulk of his writing was naturally light.

A bit from his diary of April, 1832, is quite a little picture: “Paid a visit of congratulation upon the Overseer's bride, who appeared very free and saucy. A brown-faced girl with large glass earrings, deep pink gown and saffron colored shawl, together with a ghostish, cadaverous, Georgia-like figure, completed the group.” Such assurance of touch promised original things; and had the writer lived, he might have anticipated Longstreet and Harris in making Georgian idiosyncrasies famous. His dra-

matic stories are not quotable. They have the boyish vice of being overstrained. Habersham drew best only what he saw, not what he imagined; and his lighter writing was his best, for his life had been full of light. He wrote verse with little more effort than prose, and sometimes (perhaps oftener than not) the verse was hurt by this facility; but it retained, for that reason, a pleasant spontaneity that labor might have destroyed. As stories, essays and controversy followed each other from his tentative pen, he made the five cantos of "The Hilliad," a burlesque epic of the school, serve him as a like experiment in versification (for each canto differed widely from the next) and as the vehicle for much jaunty, if immature, satire on life at the school and elsewhere. This, for instance, of the summer migration of the period, — the days when Saratoga was without rival, and the summer hotel in its most baleful form flourished like the upas-tree, and dyspepsia was a national ailment: —

"For this the time in Yankee clime  
The belles are on the go;  
From Boston town the beaux come down  
And travel, puff and blow.

"And to the springs with spreading wings  
In blue, and red, and green,  
Our city ladies now must stray,  
To see and to be seen.

"The clerk, and judge, and client trudge  
Along the dusty way;  
And there the pink of fashion drink  
Full sixteen quarts a day."

Each canto of "The Hilliad" was prefaced by a few comprehensive and amusing headlines, like the following preface to Canto IV. (June): —

"Spring, continued — a few preparatory remarks — reasons for changing his verse — a solemn and general invocation of womankind to the Hill — a very pleasing description, indeed, of the present month — a spice of egotism."

"A very pleasing description," indeed. In spite of the ever-present fault of "fine writing" and other obvious faults, these verses are musical and full of genuine feeling and appreciation of nature. The age of the author will not, of course, be forgotten.

"And here now is the most delightful shade,  
And prettiest imaginable dells,  
In which one may repose, and nut-brown glade,  
And softly rising, soft declining swells,  
And banks resounding from the serenade  
Of songsters warbling from their leafy cells,  
And little pathways winding through the grove,  
With flowers wild and climbing woodbine wove.

"The little springs have just begun to flow,  
The little rills are leaping in their course,  
The brooks run clear and pebbly bottoms show,  
With grassy edges to their very source,  
Befring'd with flow'rets of the spring that blow  
And drop their honey in the streamlet hoarse;  
The small pine grove is prettier than before,  
The fields are now with daisies covered o'er."

Habersham's school life ended with his reputation fully established as a leader; and when, together with the late George Cheyne Shattuck of Boston, and Frederick W. Brune of Baltimore, he entered Harvard College, in September, 1829, as a junior, he brought some name with him; and, contrary to the common experience of one who enters college after friendships have crystallized, he at once won a prominent position in his class, which, besides his friend Shattuck, numbered on its list Wendell Phillips, John Lothrop Motley, Thomas Gold Appleton and Francis Gardner.

The Porcellian Club, then, as now, small, reserved unto itself, and proud of its distinguished membership, was opened to him; the larger Hasty Pudding, more simple and democratic (at that time a literary society), made him equally welcome; and he was chosen president of the delightful Med. Fac., then in its prime. In addition to this appreciation by his classmates, he was given the freedom of President Quincy's house, and obtained an immediate *entrée* into Boston society.

His literary tastes were not subordinated to other pleasures. He began at once a series of new ventures, for literature was after all his first vocation. It may have been at his suggestion (coming, flushed as he was, from the success of the *Literary Recreations*) that *The Collegian*, which he helped to found, was issued in February, 1830, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, then but six months graduated, one of its editorial staff and its chief contributor. At any rate, Hab-

ersham labored on it diligently, writing under the fanciful pseudonym "F. Airy," and leaving in the editors' columns some droll imaginary "dialogues of the sanctum" in verse. But his more ambitious poems, of which he wrote several, were conscious and over-elaborated in sentiment and in language, and did not do justice to his talent.

In the small circle of the Pudding, where he wrote carelessly *en gaieté de cœur*, he made a marked impression, and had, indeed, no rival. A song of his for the Pudding dinner, to the forgotten air of "Paul Pry," first introduces him to us on the records, which inform us that "Brother Habersham's song was much applauded." The verses tell of Daniel Webster, how he "seizes his opponent with his claws," and wins, "in spite of judge and state, and lawyers and the laws"; of Sam Patch, then at the height of his saltatory fame (the Med. Fac. at this time, by the way, made him a doctor in their delightful Latin parody of The Quinquennial, along with the Siamese Twins and the Sea Serpent!), and scoff at the steam engine as a chimerical machine.

Mild as the fooling of this song is, it may have sung very well (if it did, there was no lack of verses), and apparently it was approved, for Habersham was soon after chosen poet for the Fourth of July, the greatest honor in the club's gift. Twice a year, from the beginning of things, it had been its custom to hold a public "exhibition," after the manner of the times, *consule Quincy*; and, since the club had begun as a patriotic association, devoted to the country and to Washington, his birthday and the Fourth were its festal days. On these occasions the club, two by two (there were some twenty members in all), in full dress, with their silver medals in the form of a Maltese cross hung across their breasts by a slender silver chain, walked solemnly into University Hall and took seats in the chapel, where the president and many of the faculty were, by invitation, awaiting them. The college public filed in, on tiptoe with expectation; and then the young orator (usually, alas, of the school of the famous Mr. Jefferson Brick)

hurled round invective at the effete and crumbling dynasties of Europe; and the young poet, in verse equally sonorous, declaimed against the misery of "Avarice," or the blighting canker of "Insensibility"; and the affair ended with congratulations and prophecies of great things for the speakers.

What Habersham's poem was about or was like we do not know. The Pudding's records say that he "delighted our ears by his humor both of conception and style, and by the harmony of his verses"; but the records always spoke with a kindly tongue!

Again, however, his work must have been to the taste of his mates, for the secretaryship for the ensuing term — then the principal office in the club — became his in consequence; and here he left those pages of headlined minutes in his handsome script that first attracted me to him. He unfortunately wrote but twenty pages as secretary; for a division arose early in the term between the Porcellians in the club and the others, which at last became bad tempered. The clubs had not then grown so far apart as to have no clashing ambitions or cause for jealousy; so the trouble culminated in a stormy debate, in which it is recorded that Wendell Phillips, of the Porcellian faction, was requested to take his seat on account of his too vivacious language, and which ended by angering every one and convincing no one. Each side entered an account of the trouble on the minutes, Habersham presenting the Porcellian's case in a reasonable and temperate manner. The four Porcellians, Habersham, Phillips, Shattuck and Brune, resigned from the Pudding; and the latter society in a pique forbade, for a few years, the dual membership. This subsequent feud kept Habersham from obtaining the class poem, which he much coveted; but the Pudding suffered retributive reverses for some years afterwards.

The interest of Habersham's brief records is great, in spite of their substance being, with the exception of the two scraps of personal allusion which follow, intensely local. It had been the custom from time immemorial on "Pudding

night," the club being then nomadic, to send as a peace-offering to the proctor of the entry, who, for that evening, had to endure the club's laughter and songs, a large bowl of hasty pudding and molasses. Tutor Felton, afterwards president, and once himself a member of the club, was base enough, it seems, "to interrupt its meeting," which thereupon before adjourning decreed "that he should have no pudding, as a punishment,"—a decree that for severity recalls some of the edicts of Lilliput! "Brother Phillips stroked his chin as was his wont," is another allusion to which retrospect lends value. It is a pity that the records have not more of such things; but Tutor Felton and Brother Phillips were not yet great people, and our scribe chose other themes to amuse his hearers with. His minutes open with a metrical prologue describing the reluctant return to Cambridge after a short summer vacation,—for Harvard boys, *consule Quincy*, were half-fed, overworked young animals, who were sulky and rebellious by fits, put bombs in chapel, and had periodic revolutions, like those of South American republics. In our time the return is eager, not reluctant: but the "gentlemanly and urbane porter" at least spares us returning to such a horrid mess as this:—

"Each homesick student's chill and cheerless room,  
As yet untouched by Goody or her broom,—  
The books besmeared with mould, the tongs  
with rust,—  
Appears the throne of cobwebs, dirt and dust!  
The lonely youth beholds his ink turned red,  
The lamps untrimmed beneath his unmade bed,  
The shelves disordered, closets full of woes,  
And floor strewed o'er with trunks and dirty  
clothes,—  
Then damns the study-bell's unceasing dong,  
And swears 'that every cursed thing goes  
wrong.'  
The Rake, the Dig, the Student, and the Bard,  
Like cream-faced ghosts stalk through the college  
yard,  
And whether at meals, at prayers, or on the  
green,  
Their thoughts seem wrapt up in some distant  
scene."

The moderns, rising unhurried by the chapel bell, undisturbed by the evening study bell, their nerves in calm order and their faces well browned from the long

summer, merely unpack their trunks with a fervent grunt of satisfaction at being back, pull straight a picture or two, and go forthwith to Jarvis Field with thoughts solely "wrapt up" in the Eleven. This abstraction may be less noble than that pervading the minds of Mr. Quincy's scholars, but the modern animal is vastly more peaceable and contented.

The Pudding men, at this non-athletic period, had one athletic custom among their rites, namely, to carry suspended from the centre of a pole, borne on the shoulders of the two "providers," all the way from Madam Stimson's on Church Street to the top of Stoughton or Hollis, the huge, steaming pot of hasty pudding, which was to conclude the evening's entertainment.

Now, Habersham relates, Prof. Farrar was once inconsiderate enough to give the seniors their astronomy lesson on Friday night, sacred to the Pudding. So the telescope was set up on the green in front of Harvard Hall, and the lecture began, one student after another putting his eye to the tube as the discourse went on. The Pudding men chafed as the evening waned, and finally a daring few slipped away through the dark, made ready the room and sought the kettle. The subsequent proceedings at the astronomy lecture can be left to Habersham's narrative:—

"The startled crowd turn round their eyes,  
When, sure enough, the broad street o'er  
They saw a bright round body rise  
Moonlike, from Madam Stimson's door!  
One fearful glance from sage and bard,  
One dreadful pause— one stifled cry—  
And through the street and college yard,  
Like frightened rats the seniors fly.  
One little figure still remained  
Upon the lone deserted spot;  
His eyeballs on the appearance strained,  
He took these notes as quick as shot!  
'A disk of light— thin clouds around—  
Appearing for a time at rest—  
Then moving slowly o'er the ground—  
Direction near sou'west by west!—  
In motion, swinging to and back  
With equal easy oscillation—  
Penumbra pretty large and black—  
Sometimes the cause of occultation!—  
Mean range along the carriage-rut—  
Circumference nineteen times an apple—  
Elliptical nutation,'— but  
It disappeared near Holden Chapel.  
And Jack goes home, digests the sight,  
But still in such a zeal and heat is,

That he's determined all to write  
 Within a philosophic treatise.  
 The wondering students tell afar  
 About the moon as bright as day,  
 But Puddings knew their guardian-star  
 And followed where it led the way."

In the year 1830, Mr. Pickwick had not yet had that famous adventure with a dark lantern that so puzzled a certain scientist some years later; nor was it much drollier than this imaginary rout of the astronomers by the Pudding's kettle.

One more metrical contribution by Habersham went into the secretaries' records before the fatal schism between "Porc." and "Pud." It was, like most of the secretaries' verse, not particularly relevant to anything, but it is interesting as showing the increasing strength and suppleness of Habersham's versification:—

"October, yielding up his reign,  
 Retreats into the past,  
 And chill November comes again,  
 Drops patter on the window-pane,  
 And in the wood and in the lane  
 The yellow leaves fall fast.

"Hushed is the reaper's autumn song  
 In fields where late it rose;  
 The satchelled schoolboy hastes along  
 And sighs that all the birds are gone,—  
 And snuffling—ever and anon—  
 He wipes his cold blue nose!"

Unconsciousness always made Habersham's writings original. Of course "the reaper's song" was a pure loan from romantic verse; for if reapers ever *do* sing in the stubble, it is not in America. But the schoolboy wiping his "cold blue nose" is a happy drollery which was wholly the writer's own, and would have been thought quite shocking by the editor of any "Garland" of the period.

With the schism in the Pudding ends any connected account of Habersham's last days at Harvard, though we know that they were full and joyful. He had as intimate friends Phillips, Shattuck, Appleton and Brune, the leaders of his class in social and intellectual prominence, and, in spite of the silly feud which cost him the class poem, he was much admired by his classmates. He cared little for the rank that can be won by mere "grinding," and studied as he chose,—making an elective system unto himself,

without knowing what an anachronism he was guilty of. He thus finished his senior year, working hard, but outside the routine of the college more than in it; enjoying the close social intimacy of his club, the favor and freedom of the president's household, and the parties in Boston where he was a favorite.

Some time in June, 1831, just as his academic glass was run, he began to keep a diary; and here we get a few glimpses of the closing incidents of his college life. The class poem, which he could not have helped hearing with a sense of criticism sharpened by the consciousness of injustice done himself, he declares to be "not near so good as I expected"; "nothing new, nothing of wit, nothing of feeling"; and he goes on to sketch a poem as he would have delivered it, the very gravity of whose fun shows how far different from those of to-day were the boys of the republic, *consule Quincy*,—Quincy, whom we see to-day in Sanders Theatre, wrapped in a marble toga, reminiscent of the days of Latin orations, when the republic "rang Roman," and the president's inaugural teemed with *proconsuls* and *curule aediles*!

The poet is supposed to have fallen asleep in the library, and been locked in by "Paddy" Cannon (bell-ringer and predecessor of the perennial Jones), where in a dream he sees "all the volumes marching slowly from their places with little wigs on and black gowns, and taking their seats around these tables with pen, ink and paper before them. Now comes a speech from the oldest book in the library, who is at the head of the table; he tells of the object of their coming together, according to their custom at every graduating class, to draw out the fates and lives of each one. All the books then give in their verdict as they have been treated well or badly by these students," of whom "some are made poets, some philosophers, some statesmen, some merchants, some lawyers, some doctors, some parsons, some soldiers, some farmers, etc., but not before a great deal of debating had passed about their separate merits, which would give an opportunity for much satire and



reflection on the probable condition of the class after twenty years, etc."

The laureate of '94, even if he introduced a horoscope into his scheme, would look on the idea of involving Gore Hall in a class poem as simply funereal. The deserted benches on Jarvis would speak much more thrilling prophecy to him!

Although robbed of the coveted poem, Habersham was asked at little more than a moment's notice to write a class ode to be sung in chapel; so he rose early on the morning of Class Day and wrote one to be sung a few hours later. "It wasn't worth anything,—only smooth words," he writes of it himself, truly enough; yet there was feeling in it, too, and it must have sung well. This is Habersham's last recorded appearance at Harvard College.

He remained several weeks in Boston after the close of the term, visiting friends and enjoying the pleasures that the town afforded. It was a pleasant place in summer, and so it is still if people would believe it, and, instead of running away on the 1st of each May, remain and reconquer the Mall and the Public Garden from the lounge and the nurse-girl. At that time the May exodus was unknown, and Habersham's diary gives an idea of what a summer evening still might be in Boston, if only the very wise were wise enough to make the experiment of spending a summer evening there!

"July 4. Caught a sight of S— on Mrs. R.'s balcony. Marched up there and listened with them to the music, etc. Accompanied S— home and persuaded her to listen to the music on the Common, which was delicious. We walked under the trees and about the Mall, conversing and listening to the most beautiful airs until long after ten. The band played 'Home, Sweet Home,' and stopt. . . . We took one more turn in the Mall."

The churches were still open, he records, to receive their congregations. "July 10. Went to Dr. Channing's in the morning and sat in Mr. W.'s pew. Sermon on the Mind." In the afternoon he changed back to his own denomination by attending Trinity, where he heard the Rev. Mr. Doane (later, bishop of New Jersey) preach; but he forgets to record the subject of his discourse, hav-

ing been evidently distracted by sitting where he could see "one of S.'s beautiful hazel eyes." It is creditable to S.'s devoutness to know that he did not see them both, for he was a magnet to bright eyes.

At this time he was in person about five feet ten inches tall, slender, a fine dancer and horseman. He had brown hair, a high color, and hazel eyes, which he half shut when amused, and he smiled frequently, with a smile that was irresistibly winning. In dress he admits to having been something of a dandy, but his manners were simple, modest and unaffected. He was very deferential to ladies, but he was quite as much of a "men's man" as a "ladies' man." His interest in the ladies at this period of his life was, however, unusually strong, and his diary is full of entries like the following:—

"The long-expected Misses H— appear enthusiastic in everything, though the elder is quiet in her admiration, while the younger and prettier is wild, laughing, quick, arch and witty. They both seemed to be great lovers of nature, poetry and music, for all which I liked and admired them.

"I wish her sweet low voice and pretty hands were here again. I love a heart that has some feeling. S— was as affectionate a little creature as I have ever met."

On the 11th of July his diary has this laconic but joyous entry: "Had a kiss from a pretty girl to-day."

At the end of July, 1831, Habersham left Boston, not without many promises to return, and filling a page of his diary with addresses. At five o'clock on the morning of the 30th he mounted his horse, and rode all the way to Providence that day, getting "very much tanned and sunburnt," but enjoying his long journey. From Providence he went to Newport, and thence, on the 2d of August, to Albany, on board the ship "Constellation,"—a pleasant trip, though the journey overland by stage from Albany to Saratoga was "horrid," his eagerness to rejoin his family, from whom he had been four years separated, making him doubly impatient with the lagging coach and the midsummer sun.

He counts this reunion "one of the happiest days I ever spent," and notes

with simple delight the growth of his brothers and sisters, while he declares the youngest girl, whom he had not seen since she was a baby, "the most beautiful little child I have ever seen," and he doubly delights in her pretty mimicry of his habit of closing his eyes in smiling. "I wish," he writes, "that I could have time now to write some poetry for the editor of that souvenir that asked me to; if I had, I would write about twenty pages, which would be \$40. I would put this in the savings bank for that dear little Maria, and let it accumulate till she had grown up, — not much of a present, but it would be the first gains of my own self."

There are many pages of the diary at this time which show him in a beautiful light of devotion to an invalid mother, such as at school he showed for his younger brother.

The month of August was passed by Habersham at Saratoga. He resumed his versification once more, in the woods (where he says he "walked contemplatively" and cut his name, Orlando-like, on trees), and by moonlight. He must have achieved the twenty pages he contemplated offering "the editor," for on the 27th of August he chronicles the completion of a poem of four hundred and thirty lines on "Knowledge." Our younger Parnassians to-day would spend the same time over a quatrain; but these were the days of "Manfred" and "Lalla Rookh." He makes no allusion, however, to his disposition of this *magnum opus*, so that we do not know whether it earned its pious fee or not.

August ended, Habersham's family went from Saratoga to Niagara, and he returned to Boston, presumably for Commencement Day, which was then at the beginning of the September term. He duly received his degree with the class of 1831, though his diary gives no account of his Boston visit, and is only resumed after a gap of six months, in February, 1832, at his home in Beverly, near Savannah, Ga.

The resumed narrative of the diary shows Habersham full of enthusiasm for work, though still wavering as to his ultimate profession. This diary is an un-

usual book. Its daily entries, indeed, are like those of other diaries, though rather more copious than most, but the summary of the day's events, minutely epitomized in eight parallel columns, contains in its compact notes, made in his clear script (which I think, at its best, almost the most beautiful writing I ever saw), an index of the depth of the character now ripening into manhood. The first of these columns contains the day of the month; the second, that of the week; the third, the state of the weather and any event just happened at home or abroad that struck the writer; the fourth, the company with whom, and the place to which he rode (for he now rode horse-back daily); the fifth column kept a tally of the miles thus covered; the sixth, noted his social calls and pleasures; the seventh, the state of his health and his enjoyment of the day; and the eighth and last, the sum of the day's reading and writing. Some of the entries under the title of "Events" are striking even to-day: the settlement of the Maine boundary is recorded in March; the death of Goethe, in May; the resignation and recall of the Grey ministry in June, 1832; and events of less importance, — the transfer of the Creeks to Mississippi (May); and things now quite forgotten, — the poisoning of wells in Paris (May), fall of buildings in New York (May), and Cherokee troubles (March); and above all, during the summer months, continual entries concerning the ravages of the cholera, — "ten thousand dead in Paris" (June), "cholera in Liverpool," "in New York" (June), "in Philadelphia" (July), "prayers against cholera through Georgia" (July), "fasting and prayer against cholera" (July).

Habersham, however, went about his work the same as in ordinary times. He was incessantly active, physically as well as mentally, rising before breakfast to ride or read or hunt, taking long paddles on the river, coursing deer and hunting birds, fishing, transplanting trees, and doing all sorts of healthy outdoor things. At the same time he was taking part in the social gayeties of Savannah and Beverly, keeping up his music enough to

play in a concert, and attending all the balls and parties, where his success is appreciable from his enjoyment. His serious occupations were as diverse as his lighter ones. He read the lessons in church, and the Bible to his black man; he began the study of law, and also of botany; he joined a debating society; and above all continued his general reading and writing.

"How many books do you think I read in three months?" asked the modish Mrs. Fitzpatrick of her ingenuous cousin, Miss Western. "I can't guess, indeed, cousin," answered Sophia, "perhaps half a score?" "Half a score! half a thousand, child," answered the other. "I read a good deal in Daniel's 'English History of France'; a good deal in Plutarch's 'Lives,' 'The Atalantis,' Pope's 'Homer,' Dryden's 'Plays,' 'Chillingworth,' 'The Countess D'Anois,' and Locke's 'Human Understandings.'"

Habersham's reading was wider in range and quantity than Mrs. Fitzpatrick's. He notes having read Shakespeare ("Troilus and Cressida," "Lear," "Hamlet"), Massinger ("The Very Woman"), Byron ("Childe Harold," "Manfred"), Moore ("Songs"), Pope ("Rape of the Lock," "Essay on Criticism"), Drummond, Hood ("Eugene Aram"), Churchill ("Rosciad"), Horace and Virgil ("Georgics," "Bucolics"), "Gil Blas," "Ivanhoe," "Inheritance" and "Vivian Grey," St. Pierre ("Studies in Nature"), Chesterfield ("Christian Character," "Letters"), Walpole ("Reminiscences"), Liancourt ("Travels through South Carolina"), "Grammon's Memoirs," Mme. de Genlis ("Memoirs"), Mme. de Staël ("Prince de Ligne"), Pepys's "Diary," "Various Sermons," King James's "Demonology," Fox's "Martyrs," Cicero ("de Natura Deorum"), and the Bible. *The Spectator* and *The Rambler*; and the *Edinburgh Review*, *National Intelligencer*, *Littell's Museum*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *New York Courier*, regularly; and with all this, Hume's "England," Smollett's "George II.," Bassett's "George III.," some "French History," Blackstone, "Fractions," and five works on botany—all in six months! He read discrim-

inatingly, too, as this letter to his cousin, Elliott Habersham, will evidence:—

"Do you ever read or have you ever read Chaucer? You would like him very much. His verses you would at first suppose inharmonious, but . . . you will very soon become accustomed to his style and the meaning of his obsolete phrases, and then it is as if you were working a new-found mine, to read his beautifully natural descriptions and narrations. The old poets and writers are always the best—in any one country—because they have so much more nature. I am sure that your mind, style, delicacy of sentiment, and appropriateness of imagery, besides the better feelings, would be improved by the cultivation of a taste for good sterling old poetical writers."

This love of what was "natural" and artless, which was at the bottom of Habersham's nature, combined with his humor and powers of observation and description, were at this time giving his writings a more valuable bent. A paragraph from one of his letters will illustrate this happy admixture of vivacity and sincerity. This is an account of his appearance at a fancy ball in the neighborhood, which if only as a reminiscence of the days of Brummel is worth preserving:—

"I send you with this letter a *Georgian* dated May 1, in which there is a poetical account of a fancy ball we had here, written by 'yours obsequiously and affectionately.' It was written to James Williams, but grew so under my hand that after getting on to the third sheet, I thought it would be as advisable to publish it in his paper, and thus save him a heavy postage! Considerate young man. My character you will find under the description of a London Dandy. I wanted to go in an original dress and character,—and for that reason chose his Buckship. I made my dress a caricature of the fashion,—immense sleeves, checked bosom, gills and tights, turned-up shoes, immensely little hat, gold quizzing glass hanging with a gold chain to my knees, etc. I refined upon the delicacy of common exquisites by not allowing a toothpick or a watch, a handkerchief or a penknife, to disturb the equanimity and rectitude of my vest and coat pockets, which were all sewed up. A boy behind me carried these 'utensils' in a dressing box with a looking glass, brush, etc. Instead of wearing in my head the usual quota of stale compliments, my boy carried *them*, too, written on pink paper and selected from the most beautiful passages of old English poetry. The advantage of my dress was that, though I might support my character the whole evening, I could do it without effort and in a natural, easy, impudent manner."

To his cousin Elliott, of whom he was very fond, he wrote with unrestraint. Only a few of these letters are preserved; but they are all entertaining and spark-

ling after half a century past. Though the subjects of their lively anecdote are now as unknown to us as characters in fiction, the epistles bubble with merriment, are full of gossip, and skip from one to another drollery with a nimbleness little usual in this time of frequent letters of few words and serious import.

"A great stir has been lately excited in town by the news that E—— H—— had finally jilted Mr. LeC——, which you'll allow rather dirty, considering that she had engaged herself to him positively. It seemed so heartless in her, so say all the ladies. You see how the world turns. But one short week ago, not a petticoat in town but vowed Miss H—— a great goose for putting up with so singular a Major, so strange a devotee, so superstitious a lover, a man who 'dreamed dreams and saw visions.' Miss E—— probably bearing those rumors, and wishing to please everybody, gave the gallant Major his passport. . . . What is the consequence? Why, said petticoats open their mouths and eyes (of course) in unfeigned astonishment at her refined cruelty! How true La Fontaine's story about the Old Man and the Ass."

"Cooper is here playing to houses as thin as gauze. L—— B—— looks well in a new bonnet and (new) curls. . . . Your mother had a delightful party the other night, given to Mrs. Hamilton. Fenwick Kollock was there in a dress made of leopard's skin and sang divinely. C—— A——, also there, laughed at one of my jokes for one hour twenty-three minutes seventeen seconds and a quarter by my stop watch. M—— S—— was dull,—you see Colonel N—— is expected, and you know 'coming events fling their shadows before.' . . . E—— W—— has dashed out in a pink hat and green gown, which is execrable! Give me a simple taste! . . . Miss B—— is here, that merry lady. She is really the comfort of my declining years. . . . Elliott, I am going to shoot some snipe to-morrow, and so must bid you good night, premising that I am your aff. Cousin Bob, and that I shall ardently expect a deliberate, portentous and voluminous answer."

This is a good example of his irrepressible gayety and enjoyment of life; but, just as the criticism of Chaucer in the midst of such another letter as this last was a natural relapsing into an underlying seriousness, so his other letters all have the ring of gravity beneath the jingle of fun.

His closing days seemed unconsciously prescient of their imminent end, in the serious endeavor that marked his employment of them. In the early morning, in the dead of night, his eager mind was filled with question and conjecture. He read and thought more and

wrote less than of old; so his writing showed corresponding maturity. It was at this time that he wrote what is by far the best of all his preserved writings, "The Village Church. Meditations in an Early Morning's Walk," a piece of unequal merit and too great length, but full of real feeling, fine imagery, and felicity of language:—

"The morning star, bright herald of the day,  
Now lifts her torch, and bares her burning  
breast.

Now sinks the moon, now fade the stars away,  
Wrapped in the sable shadows of the west.

"Not yet sweet morning's softened murmurs rise;  
Not yet the deer starts at the hunter's horn;  
Not yet the pathways of the eastern skies  
Are printed with the rosy step of Morn.

"Not yet the flowers their thousand odors fling;  
Not yet low-warbled notes the green woods  
hear;—

Not yet the wild birds stretch the grateful wing,  
And float their bosoms on the sweet-breathed  
air.

"Fresh-bursting beauties smile around unseen;  
Blue waters sweep their crescent shores un-  
heard;

No steps but mine now tread the village green,  
No tongue wakes echo with a careless word.

"Unlistened to by other ears than these,  
The matin clock chimes forth its mellow  
sound;

Unheeded but by me, 'mid yon dark trees  
The village church breathes sanctity around.

"Dim twilight sleeps upon its ancient eaves,  
Its moss-grown roof with dewdrops is im-  
pearled;

Its pure white sides peep through the gloomy  
leaves,  
Like Hope amid the sorrows of the world.

"Full many a loftier dome, a nobler aisle,  
And walls more beautiful than these may rise;  
Full many a statelier roof, a grander pile,  
May rear their splendid structure to the skies.

"Temples there may be built with rarer art,  
Perfumed with sweeter incense from the bowl:  
But *thine*, the richer temple of the heart,—  
*Thine* is the purer incense from the soul!

"Can fluted shaft or marble columned hall,  
Or gilded galleries, and the arches smooth,  
Answer to Him who reigns the Lord of all,  
In place of worship, humbleness and truth?

"Can He to whom globes are but grains of sand,  
Who with one nod can crush the starry  
crowds,  
Who holds the roaring oceans in his hand  
And robes his form in lightning and in  
clouds,—

- "Who dwells where seraphs and winged angels  
hark  
To the rich music of the planets' tones,  
And whose breath lit the sun's red lamp, remark  
On earth the difference of a few rude stones?"
- "The Indian's hut, who through the wild wood  
roams,  
Though it be built of reeds, if free from sin,  
He far prefers to vast cathedral domes  
With pomp and pride and luxury within.
- "No pomp, no pride, no city's show is yours;  
No lipping priest here hurries through his  
task;  
No heedless crowds pass through these sacred  
doors,  
To cheat their follies with a sacred mask.
- "No actress, wearied from the midnight stage,  
Here chants, for hire, the great Eternal's  
praise;  
Choirs of young lips as fresh in heart as age  
Swell here to Heaven their consecrated lays.
- "No listless audience lolls upon your seats;  
No courteous tongue wings prayers without a  
thought;  
The hum and buzzing of the bustling streets  
Break not the worship of this peaceful spot.
- "Farewell, sweet scene! Day's toils have come  
again;  
The sky's red blush now tints the rippling  
shore;  
I hear faint bleating in the far-off plain,  
And catch the splashing of the boatman's oar.
- "Farewell! be my last rest from life's alarm,  
Not in the thundering surges of the seas;  
Not in the city's din, but midst the calm  
And sacred silence of such shades as these."<sup>1</sup>

The piece is some eight stanzas longer, but they rather detract from the splendid vigor and feeling of the whole. True, it may be called an echo of Gray, and it doubtless was suggested by him; but originality of thought and phrase bears bravely off the beautiful clothing of the borrowed metre. For pure decorative fancy the two opening verses are the best; while the verse beginning,

"Can He to whom globes are but grains of sand,"

has an Omar-like sonorousness; and the whole poem, which a maturer hand would only have made more compact, shows a quality of mind and a nobility of expression that promised great works to follow.

The "Village Church" was Habersham's first and, alas! his last real poetic

<sup>1</sup> In "A Southern Winter Wreath." Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1866.

achievement. He wrote a poem about this time called "The City Sleeps," which he thought his best; but it has unfortunately been lost. "The Village Church," however, entitled him to be considered seriously as a poet, who would only grow finer and more powerful as time curbed the exuberance of his youthful fancy: but his circle was nearing to its close.

He had been greatly interested in botany for some time past; and, during the summer of 1832, this study became a serious object with him, followed more and more systematically, while he continued, with his indomitable will, to follow all his other quests, though he kept himself awake half the night and arose before the day to do so.

"My pursuits are the same as when you were here," he wrote Elliott Habersham on July 29. "Before breakfast I ride, and hunt for flowers, having latterly paid some attention to botany. After breakfast I read Virgil, and then take up law and history. After dinner a nap, history and light works until six, when I ride on Thunderbolt. After tea I visit or walk until toward ten, at which hour I generally write until I go to bed, sometimes till two o'clock. . . . Botany is a delightful study, and there is such a beautiful field for it in this state that I must require you to pay some attention to it. I cannot walk or ride in the woods without feeling more as though I were in a manner acquainted with the pretty flowers and green shrubs whose names and histories I have found and examined. I am never at a loss now for employment; even in the most solitary walk, in the rice-field, on the commons, in the roads, or in the midst of the woods, I can always find a multitude of objects to amuse and interest me."

His simple habits of life and his regular and great exercise had sufficed to counteract till now his loss of sleep, and the inevitable nervous strain of such a life; but there is not the slightest intimation that he feared any illness even from these excesses. Life was full to the brim of wonder and delight for him, and he would have done altogether without sleep if he could have; nor did he

dream that that pursuit which of all others he deemed most innocent and gentle—the study of flowers—would do him injury. And so, in the middle of August, 1832, he started off, with the keenest anticipations of delight, on a botanizing trip of some days. While thus engaged he was caught in a rainstorm, wet through, and had a severe chill, which he took no thought of till it was too late. Typhoid fever followed the exposure, and on the 30th of August he died.

The news of his death caused universal mourning among the youth of three cities, Savannah, Charleston and Boston, where his acquaintance had been extraordinary in number and quality. His family mourned him as the devoted son and brother, and as the greatest hope of a distinguished line. His college class passed resolutions of affection and sympathy, and Wendell Phillips wrote for the Class Report, — probably his first recorded writing: —

“Distinguished in early youth for fine talents, his warm and kind heart, his manly and generous disposition, made him even then the idol of his companions. None ever knew him without loving him. He was remarkable for the eagerness with which he pursued any science which attracted his attention, especially for the power of fastening his mind fixedly on a subject which interested him and exhausting all its details; and, with his ardent ambition and such control over his well-developed and disciplined faculties, was soon distinguished for the richness and variety of his

knowledge. In early life and at the University he was ever first at all those literary enterprises which call for that cultivated taste and maturity of mind seldom gained but in later years. But while such a character gained in the highest degree the respect of those about him, his frank-heartedness, his kind regard and interest for the feelings of others, made every one peculiarly his friend; and his friendship was an honor, for his intimates were always chosen from the best of those around him, both in intellect and heart. For him the promises for future distinction and usefulness were most flattering. When he left us, in the fulness of health, with his cultivated mind, his engaging manners, his rich and varied acquisitions, we thought in a few years to have hailed him one of the brightest ornaments of his native state. But death has changed the whole scene, and we are called to offer sorrowfully the last full testimonial of our affection and his worth. The delight of every circle, we can never forget him; but to his bosom friends and his kindred the remembrance of one so loved must come back at every moment and at every pursuit. . . . His best praise in life was the honorable part which every one said he was destined to fill; his best eulogy now, the feeling of melancholy bereavement with which each one hears he is no more.”<sup>1</sup>

“Thy leaf has perished in the green,  
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been.

“So here shall silence guard thy fame;  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.”

<sup>1</sup> Class of 1831, First Class Report.



## AMERICA THROUGH THE SPECTACLES OF THE OLD ENGLISH POTTER.

*By Edwin Atlee Barber.*

THAT was a most happy inspiration of English potters, which resulted in the printing of local scenery, portraits and patriotic devices on china intended for the American market, for the purpose of increasing their foreign shipments; and, judging from the great number of subjects treated, and the abundance of such pieces which have been gathered together into collections, it is

evident that the purchasers of crockery in the time of our great-grandmothers largely selected those wares whose decorations were characteristically American. We know of fully three hundred and fifty designs relating to America, which found their way to this country between 1790 and 1840, and there are doubtless others which some day will emerge from their hiding places.



THE LA FAYETTE AND WASHINGTON PLATE.

We must pass by, for the present, the early Liverpool cream ware, with black overglaze prints, which was sent to the United States after the Revolutionary war until well into the present century. To this era belong the numerous Washington and Masonic pitchers, bowls and mugs, and pieces bearing pictures of various sailing vessels from different ports in the States, so often ordered abroad by sea captains, — such as a jug decorated with an engraving of the "Astrea of Wiscasset," which was a ship of 458 tons burthen, built by General Abiel Wood, of Wiscasset, Maine, in 1793, and lost at sea in 1802. In the brief limits of this paper we are compelled to confine ourselves to the Staffordshire wares which first appeared in black designs and later in dark blue underglaze prints, which were followed in turn by pink, purple, brown, black, light blue and various shades of coloring.

Shortly after the second war with England, many pieces with black portraits of Perry, Decatur, Hull, Pike and other gallant defenders of the Union, accompanied by eulogistic lines, were executed at the Staffordshire potteries, forming a connecting link between the earlier Liverpool cream ware and the deep blue prints which followed a few years later. Thomas or John Turner printed the first blue table ware, at Caughley in Salop, as early as 1780, but it was not until some time after 1812 that the art of underglaze printing came into such general use in the Staffordshire district as to be applied to goods made especially for the States. It is difficult to assign an exact date to the first appearance of the dark blue prints on this side of the Atlantic. Among the earliest were, probably, several designs relating to the naval engagements on the lakes and to the heroes who participated therein. These included such subjects as "Commodore MacDonnough's Victory" on Lake Cham-



AN ENGLISH IDEA OF THE ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

plain, by Enoch Wood, and a memorial device of a monument and weeping willow, by Clews, inscribed "The Temple of Fame as Introduced in a Print to the Memory of Commodore Perry." This latter furnishes a clue to the approximate date of the best period of underglaze blue printing, since it must have been produced after the death of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, which occurred in August of 1819.

After the excitement of war had subsided, and the tastes of the people demanded new subjects for entertainment and instruction, the English manufacturers, seeking to hold the advantage of trade which they had gained, were forced to look elsewhere for decorative themes to attract the people. In a few years they succeeded in establishing an extensive business in "American Views," for our own potteries were producing nothing of the kind in competition. The most prominent establishments in Staffordshire engaged in this branch of the foreign trade, and some of them prepared many special designs, of a similar nature, for other countries as well, — France, Africa, Italy and India. This was the period when the British potters shared with the far East the ceramic markets of the world, and largely controlled the supply of the cheaper grades of ware. For, while the coloring of their transfer printing was exceedingly attractive, the





VIEW OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

decorative designs of a popular, and often artistic, character, and the body of the ware light and strong, it was sold at such prices as placed it within the reach of the humblest housekeeper. Before 1830 these designs had increased to such an extent that scarcely a familiar section of the Atlantic States remained unrepresented.

It is a remarkable fact that but few of these "American Views" were circulated in England. The present proprietors of the various works where these wares were produced disclaim all knowledge of them and are unable to find any of the old copper-plate engravings from which the prints were made. The public museums of England are also surprisingly deficient in such pieces, only a few being known to English collectors, and publications relating to British pottery are singularly silent on this subject. They were made solely for American consumption, and do not seem to have been sold to any extent in Great Britain or on the continent. Natural scenery, summer resorts, public buildings and works, dwellings and

country seats of prominent men, Arms of the different States, and illustrations of current events were some of the subjects treated by engravers connected with the works where Anglo-American china was produced; and the purchaser must have been hard to please who could not select from this varied assortment something to suit the fancy or instruct the household.

As has been intimated, however, India and China furnished much of the finer ware for the wealthier consumers in this country during the Revolutionary period and the first decade or so of the present century; and we find considerable hard paste porcelain among the best china of our ancestors, which is generally known as "Lowestoft," but which, in nine cases out of ten, proves to be of Oriental production. Indeed it is extremely doubtful if any pieces have yet been found in the United States which have been clearly shown to be the product of the town of that name at the eastern land's end of England. Near the commencement of the late Civil war, a lot of china, which had probably belonged to a prominent

southern family, was brought to a well-known firm of decorators in New York city by a dealer, who ordered it to be redecorated in such a manner as was evidently intended to disguise the pieces to prevent them from being recognized. It is supposed that they had been a portion of the plunder of some of the soldiery in the South. Among them were several examples of the so-called "Lowestoft" and old Chinese pieces, embellished with

in whose hearts the great Frenchman occupied so firm a place. Not only were many ceramic memorials of his return to the United States disseminated throughout the land, but prints were executed with special reference to his previous services as Major General in the American Revolution. In some of these his portrait occurs in conjunction with that of Washington, emblematic of the close friendship which existed between the two



NEWBURGH ON THE HUDSON.

patriotic emblems, arms and monograms. They had evidently been under water or under ground for some time, as a number of them exploded in the decorating-kiln, and were thus destroyed. Should any of the surviving pieces of this lot ever turn up in collections, they will doubtless puzzle experts to decide their origin, and they may give rise to another learned and profitless controversy on "Lowestoft" porcelain.

Many designs relating to Lafayette were prepared for the American people,

as in a plate owned by Mr. George H. Danner, of Manheim, Pa., which bears printed medallion heads of both, over which the American eagle spreads his protecting wings. The nineteen stars above the eagle, representing states, show that the design appeared after 1816.

The siege of Yorktown was commemorated in a pair of black prints on copper-lustre pitchers and mugs, which were among the earlier of Staffordshire historical designs relating to America. On one

side is a representation of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, in 1781, while opposite is a portrait of General Lafayette, who took such a prominent part in this closing scene of the Revolution. It is said that the English general, in accepting the inevitable, asked the favor of treating with, and surrendering his army to, Lafayette alone, whose bravery and honorable deportment had excited Cornwallis's admiration. This request, however, was not granted, as General Lincoln

"Republics are not always ungrateful."  
 "Welcome, Lafayette, the Nation's Guest and  
 our Country's Glory."

The exceedingly misty ideas of American history, geography and symbolism entertained by the average Englishman of that day were reflected in much of the pottery sent to this country from ninety to sixty years ago. The potters were not generally close observers of current events, particularly at so great a distance from home, and it is not surprising, there-



"BOSTON, FROM THE DORCHESTER HEIGHTS."

was appointed to carry out the terms of capitulation. In the same year Lafayette returned to France; and it is gratifying to know that he ever continued to occupy a foremost place in the affections of the people whose cause he had espoused. Forty-three years afterward, when he revisited the scenes of his former triumphs, he received an enthusiastic reception, and his tour through the country was one continued ovation. The sentiments of the people were aptly expressed in the inscriptions on the pottery, made in England, and sent to the United States to commemorate the event:

fore, that many remarkable and, in some instances, ludicrous errors in chronology, topography or design should have been perpetuated by them. Two points which seem to have been strongly impressed upon their minds were that a bird of some sort figured as an important national emblem, and that the United States standard was composed of stars and stripes of indefinite numbers. The eagle was often portrayed in the most dejected of attitudes, more closely resembling the goose than the proud bird which adorns the Arms of the United States. The Staffordshire pitcher here shown,

which was published about 1820 or earlier, will convey a fair idea of the English notion of our national symbols. In this print the curtailed flag is represented with fifteen stripes, and the liver-like bird is bowed in imbecile submission.

In a number of old Liverpool prints, General Washington is mentioned as "Marshal of France," and on a certain pitcher his portrait is surrounded by a scroll containing the names of fifteen states, including "Tennessee." Boston was sometimes named as one of the original states, the number of which, careless about the thirteen, varies in different designs, from eleven to sixteen.



THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

It was not an infrequent occurrence for the decorators to place the wrong titles on views, which carelessness has sometimes led to confusion in the identification of designs. The Catskill Mountain House, of Enoch Wood, was often labelled, "*Trenton Falls*;" and a view of the United States Capitol has been known to bear the inscription, "*Mount Vernon, Seat of the Late Gen. Geo. Washington.*"

Some of the more ambitious potters attempted the presentation of American cities, which were usually engraved from old prints, showing, in the majority of instances, a water front and shipping in the foreground. The earliest



PLAQUE. CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES.



A RARE "STATES" DESIGN.

of such views was probably that shown on a small, dark blue plate, which was evidently copied from an engraving by William Birch, published in the year 1800, entitled "The City and Port of Philadelphia on the River Delaware, from Kensington," wherein may be recognized the steeple of old Christ Church and other ancient structures, and in the foreground the famous Penn Treaty Tree.

Baltimore was pictured on a large platter, with the handsome *Convolvulus* and *Nasturtium* border pattern, which characterized the American prints of Thomas Godwin, of Burslem Wharf. The city is represented by a compact mass of buildings, through which loom several tall monuments, crowding the bank of the Patapsco River, in which may be seen sailing craft and a small side-wheel steamboat.

Clews' series of Hudson River scenes, with their marginal design of birds and flowers, are among the best of those which do not appear in the dark blue

color. Among the rarer of these is a platter, depicting the town of Newburgh, nestling among the hills, with its factories and churches. New York was pictured by several different manufacturers, — a pink print of the city, by the celebrated potter, William Adams, being, perhaps, the most satisfactory. "Boston from the Dorchester Heights" is a view of that city which has recently been unearthed by Mr. W. H. Whitmore, an enthusiastic collector of "Boston Views." The uniforms of the soldiers in the foreground would seem to point to 1840 as about the date of production. The Bunker Hill monument is unfinished.

As might be expected, the British potteries did not entirely neglect the British possessions in America; and we find in collections of old china a view of Quebec, and a representation of the "Fall of Montmorenci," in dark blue, by Wood. Some of the finest ceramic engraving is exhibited in the productions of the Davenport's of Longport, in rich,

dark blue, issued early in the century, and, at a later date, in other colors. Among the latter is a carefully drawn design in brown, and possibly other tints, showing a view of the city of Montreal as it appeared about 1835. In the foreground is a stretch of water, on which are to be seen sailing vessels, an Indian birch-bark canoe and a side-wheel steamboat floating the British flag and bearing along her side, in large letters, the name, "British America."

Good old Enoch Wood of Burslem, who has been called "the father of pottery," — the people's potter, — was perhaps the most prolific producer of print-decorated designs among the English manufacturers. His subjects were taken from every corner of the globe, and covered classical architecture, American landscapes and buildings, French chateaus, English edifices, Scriptural designs, and illustrations of the most celebrated literary works of his time. The brothers, John and William Ridgway, of Hanley, became famous as makers of a series of engravings of prominent structures in the

various cities of the eastern States, which they called "Beauties of America." One of the best known of this set is the "Capitol at Washington" platter, with its sunken gravy well at one end. This view was also printed on a large circular plaque, evidently intended for decoration rather than use, an example of which may be seen in the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia. Another of the gravy-guttered platters of this series was decorated with a view of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, the old building which is still standing in the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth and Spruce

and Pine Streets, which was completed in 1805, the corner stone of the eastern or older wing having been laid in 1755. The colossal statue of William Penn, which stands in the grounds, facing Pine Street, was presented by John Penn, a grandson of the first Governor of Pennsylvania, in the year 1804. The "Beauties of America" may always be recognized by the border design, which is the same in all, — a set pattern consisting of rose-leaf medallions enclosing alternately a primrose (?) and a six-petaled blossom.

Joseph Stubbs of Burslem made a speciality of landscapes and is, perhaps,



BOSTON ALMSHOUSE, SOUP TUREEN.

best known through his series of views along the Schuylkill river, while J. & R. Clews of Cobridge achieved distinction through their "States" designs, which were issued in several varieties, and by their table and toilet services embellished with an engraving representing the landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden, commemorative of the second visit of the Marquis to this country in 1824. The deep, brilliant, satisfying blue of these earlier and most popular productions of the Clews brothers was not surpassed by any potters of their time. At a more recent date, the same firm

executed a series of "Picturesque Views" on the Hudson River, in various colors, — black, brown, pink and light blue. James Clews was one of the few master potters who relinquished a well-established business in England to engage in a similar venture in the United States. In 1837, he took charge of a pottery at Troy, Indiana; but it is a singular fact that he produced nothing in his new field of labor similar to the American designs which he had made in England.

The ancient town of Boston received particular attention from the English potters, no less than twenty-five distinct views relating to the "Hub" and its environs being known to collectors at the present time. Among the more prominent of the many Boston buildings depicted on old china were the old State House, the Almshouse, the Octagon Church and the historic Hancock house, which was erected in 1729 by Thomas Hancock, on Beacon Street, and after-

wards occupied (until 1793) by his nephew, John Hancock. This structure, which was a model of colonial architecture, was torn down in 1863. Several different views of Harvard College are also found, and a fine, large platter bearing one of these designs may be seen in the College library. A large soup tureen, with cover and ladle, embellished with a representation of the old Boston Almshouse, as it appeared about 1830, is exhibited in the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia; and a graceful fruit dish with handles, in the same collection, is decorated with a view of the Octagon Church.

Nor were the children entirely overlooked by the old engraver of pottery designs. Diminutive mugs, with blue prints representing childish sports and games, inscribed, "A Present from Boston," were made for Boston crockery dealers, and parents returning from the city were wont to bring back with them



OCTAGON CHURCH, BOSTON

NEW YORK, N. Y., 1855

one of these souvenirs as a gift to the good child who had remained at home.

Joseph Stubbs, as has been stated, displayed a partiality for views along the picturesque Schuylkill; and many of the bridges and ferries, the dams, and country seats of wealthy citizens in the vicinity of Philadelphia were pictured on his wares. All of his designs, so far as we know, were finished with a border of flowers and scroll-work, broken into sections by representations of the American eagle. This design was not em-

painted by Thomas Birch, the landscape painter, in the early part of the present century, which were subsequently reproduced by American copper-plate engravers; and some of these were, doubtless, copied by Mr. Stubbs and other English potters. Among the rarer ceramic views of Stubbs is that of Mendenhall Ferry, which is occasionally found on platters. This ferry was situated on the Schuylkill, two miles below the Falls, at a point between North and South Laurel Hill cemeteries, just above the



MENDENHALL FERRY.

ployed by any other potter, and pieces in which this is present, whether marked or not, may safely be attributed to him. Most familiar to collectors is his Fairmount view, in which may be seen a portion of Fairmount Park, showing the Schuylkill river and dam from the western bank, Lemon Hill mansion on the eastern side, the seat of Henry Pratt, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and a portion of Fairmount water-works. A number of Schuylkill river views were

city of Philadelphia. It received its name soon after the beginning of the present century, having been known as Garrigue's Ferry previous to the Revolution. The ferry consisted of a cable stretched across the stream, by which the small flat boat could be drawn from one side to the other.

The Fairmount water-works, on the same river, were figured by several manufacturers, both in dark blue and in brown. In some of the earlier prints, a





THE RICHARD JORDAN PLATE.

side-wheel steamboat is shown, while in others the boat has a double stern wheel. These works were not completed until 1822, the water having been previously forced from the Schuylkill, for distribution over the city, through pipes into a building in Centre, or Penn, Square, at Broad and Market Streets, where the public buildings now stand. Two views of this structure were made, one in dark blue and another, by Jackson, in black or light blue. It was a low, square, one-storied marble building with two pillars in front and an arched window at each side, surmounted by a large dome with circular chimney in the centre. Near the structure was a fountain surrounded by a circular railing, and the grounds were enclosed by a fence.

This curious piece of architecture, erected in the year 1800, was irreverently called the "Pepper Box," on account of its shape. In 1818, a steam engine at Fairmount was used to raise the water from the river, and in 1828, the Centre Square works were torn down. The design was probably engraved after the original painting by Thomas Birch, though Cornelius Tiebout engraved a similar view from a drawing by Barralett. The handsome oak leaf and acorn border of Ridgway, Son & Wear surrounds the dark blue view.

One of the most beautiful illustrations of American country seats is the view of "Woodlands" near Philadelphia. This is an excellent representation of William Hamilton's residence, the Woodlands,

where now is the cemetery of that name. This edifice was built in the last century, some time before the Revolution, on the west bank of the river Schuylkill, south of Chestnut Street, then four miles from the city, but now in the heart of West Philadelphia. It was one of the most imposing country seats in the vicinity of the city, in its time, and the grounds were celebrated for the great number of rare trees and plants which adorned them. William Hamilton was a nephew of Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania, and was a patron of the arts and one of the first collectors of paintings in the State. This property was purchased in 1840 for a cemetery, and the house is still standing in almost its original condition. The bright yellow coloring of its walls renders it a picturesque and conspicuous object on its eminence overlooking the river and the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. William Groombridge, a Baltimore artist, made a painting of the Woodlands in 1811.

The Upper Ferry Bridge over the River Schuylkill was another effective design by Stubbs, which was taken from an engraving after the original painting by Thomas Birch. This is a view of the covered bridge which, previous to 1838, when it was destroyed by fire, crossed the river at Callowhill Street. It was designed by Lewis Wernwag, and was opened for travel in 1813. This consisted of a single arch, without a central pier, and it was claimed that the span at that time was the longest in the world, being four hundred feet.

The historic Brandywine creek also figures among the ceramic illustrations of Enoch Wood. Joshua and Thomas Gilpin had extensive paper mills at Kentmere, on the Brandywine, in Delaware, as early as 1787, which they continued

to operate for half a century. As they were the first to introduce improved machinery in the manufacture of paper, their factories became widely known throughout the country, and were considered sufficiently important to form the subject of one of the dark blue ceramic engravings, "Gilpin's Mills on the Brandywine Creek." Not many miles from here was fought, on September 11, 1777, the battle of the Brandywine, where General Lafayette was wounded. The American landscape designs of wood were finished with a border device of sea-shells, and are readily recognized. Each series of his engravings had their characteristic border, his French prints, including the view of La Grange, the residence of Lafayette, being distinguished by a margin of hollyhocks, grape-vines and the Iris, while a set of beautifully engraved Scriptural scenes, in dark blue, are characterized by a floral pattern, interspersed with groups of Biblical emblems, — an altar, a cross, a lamb, and an open book.

It is highly amusing to read some of the statements of dealers and auctioneers describing certain printed designs which they offer for sale, and the absurd



THE LOG CABIN TEAPOT.

claims they advance to a great antiquity. A plate bearing a view of the "Residence of the Late Richard Jordan, New Jersey," has been described in a printed catalogue as "the first ware made that illustrated American Homes;" and the



HARRISON BOWL.

further information (?) is volunteered that "Jordan was a magistrate under the reign of King William, and *these plates never sell for less than \$25.*" The date of manufacture, 1765, is also given with great exactness. We cannot repress a smile at the positiveness of the cataloguer in claiming for a variety of transfer work in lilac, mulberry and pink, which was not produced much before 1830, an antiquity of nearly one hundred and thirty years. How envious must this dealer have been could he have seen, as we have, fine plates of this design sell time and

again for one tenth the price he quotes, and a superb, large pink platter go at four dollars.

History shows us that Richard Jordan was an eminent Quaker preacher during the first quarter of the present century. He was born in Virginia in 1756, and in 1809, after a residence of five years in Hartford, Conn., settled at Newton, Gloucester County, New Jersey, where, in 1811, he built a house on a small farm adjoining the meeting-house, in which he resided until his death, in 1826. In appearance he was "broad of beam and short of thigh," and the figure in the view is said to bear some resemblance to him. Mr. Thomas Stewardson, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, is authority for the statement that his uncle, the late Dr. Stewardson, was instrumental in having this copper-plate engraving made, from which the transfer prints were produced by an English firm, presumably Messrs. Joseph Heath & Co., of Tunstall. The



PORTRAIT FROM INTERIOR OF HARRISON BOWL.

original drawing was made by Mr. W. Mason, a prominent drawing teacher of Philadelphia, and the design was engraved by Mr. F. Kearney, after Friend Jordan's death, the print being first used about 1835. The house itself was not sufficiently pretentious to warrant its selection as a subject of general interest, but the engraving was made for private circulation, as a memorial of the man. Nevertheless, a large number of pieces containing this view must have been produced, as they are still quite common in New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania. The copper-plate engraving is believed to be yet in existence, and the old building was occupied as late as two years ago, and may still be standing. Mr. Jordan was well known throughout Pennsylvania, as well as New Jersey, and was

of the Jordan house used here was made from a dinner set in the collection of Mr. George H. Danner.

The English potters were not slow to seize the opportunity for furnishing patriotic china for the American trade presented by the exciting presidential elections in the forties. After the stirring events of the Van Buren and Harrison campaign, several engravings for ceramic decoration were executed in England, in which the Log Cabin and Hard Cider Barrel figured prominently. John Ridgway, of Hanley, issued souvenir tea-services, bearing, in light blue, pink and other colors, the Log Cabin view, with a bordering of large stars set in a firmament of smaller ones, each piece being inscribed, "Columbian Star, October 28th, 1840." This device must have appealed strongly to popular favor in the States, since many pieces so ornamented, including plates of several sizes, bowls and tea-pots, still survive.

The same subject was treated in a somewhat similar manner by at least one other Staffordshire manufacturer, whose name, however, does not appear. In this view the side of the cabin is shown, and an attenuated United States flag, bearing thirteen stars, floats from a pole at the rear. In the foreground is a barrel labelled, "Hard Cider," and two travellers are approaching by the roadway. The engraver, with characteristic ignorance of



GEN. W. H. HARRISON PLATE.

greatly beloved by the members of the Society of Friends to which he belonged. He was a frequent and welcome visitor at many of the old Philadelphia houses, and was a conspicuous figure at the "Quarterly Meetings." The illustration

American scenery, has introduced in the background a series of abrupt, volcano-like peaks, which seem to rise from a stretch of water. This view occurs on a bowl in the collection of Rev. Frederic E. Snow, of Guilford, Conn. In the



HENRY CLAY PLATE.

interior, at opposite points, are two medallions, each containing the bust of an officer surrounded by the name Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

Belonging to the same period is a ceramic portrait of General Harrison, which is printed on plates in light blue, surrounded by stars, thirteen on each side, and over it occurs the inscription, "Hero of the Thames, 1813." A companion plate, bearing the portrait of Henry Clay, above which are twenty-six stars, and below it the words "Star of the West," was also made to order in England, for Mr. John Price Wetherill, of Philadelphia, the occasion being a barbecue at his country place at Walnut Hill, Montgomery County, Pa., in honor of Henry Clay's nomination, in 1844; and it is said that Clay was present at the entertainment. The importers were James Tams & Co., Philadelphia, whose name is printed on the back of each piece. Mrs. Francis D. Wetherill and Mrs. Herman Burgin, grand-daughters of Mr. Wetherill, have in their possession a number of these plates, and examples

may be seen in the Pennsylvania Museum. The name of the manufacturer is not given, but it is probable that they were made by one of the Tams brothers, who was a potter at Longton at that time.

It does not seem probable that the local features of these campaigns were familiar to the English potter or engraver, and it is safe to assume that the designs were either drawn by enterprising dealers in this country and forwarded to England for execution, or that descriptive suggestions for the desired devices were furnished with orders

for pottery. The "log cabin" and "hard cider" slogans, which originated with the political adversaries of General Harrison, in a spirit of derision aimed at his habitation at North Bend, Ohio, the eastern end of which was originally a log cabin, and his favorite beverage, with which his table was supplied, instead of with wines or liquors, were promptly taken up by his followers, from one end of the land to the other, as campaign cries leading on to victory.

Our dear old friend, Benjamin Franklin, whose memory is especially revered by the people of Boston and Philadelphia, seems to have been a shining mark for the English potters. Among many designs, relating in some manner to himself or his work, were two engravings ostensibly intended to show his tomb. One of these, produced by Enoch Wood in large quantities, is a dark blue print with a central device, consisting of a square pedestal with oval panel containing the name FRANKLIN, surmounted by a large urn bearing an illegible inscription. At the right is the seated

figure of a young man reclining against a tree and holding in his hand a book. In the centre of the background is a circular pavilion or summer house on an island, and to the right appears a small ship under full sail, behind which is a setting sun. This print is sometimes called "Lafayette at the Tomb of Franklin," on account of a fancied but, of course, entirely accidental resemblance of the solitary figure to the Marquis, who, when visiting the United States in 1824, was sixty-seven years of age. Dr. Franklin died in 1790, but this view was probably not issued until after 1815. The treatment of the subject was purely ideal, and was, perhaps, a combination of details from other ceramic prints. The same pavilion against a setting sun is found in another engraving by the same designer.

The second tomb design reveals an urn-shaped monument in a cemetery, with a building, evidently a church, in the background. Close by are standing a man and woman. On the broad side of the urn is the word FRANKLIN, in large capital letters. Mrs. Mary E. Nealy, of Washington, D. C., possesses a sugar bowl of this description, on the bottom of which is the mark of the manufacturers, "F. & G. Phillips, Longport," with the Staffordshire knot below, and a crest above. Very amusing is the inventive genius of the artist, whose elaborate conception was in such marked contrast to the unassuming slab which covers the Philosopher's last resting-place in the quiet burial ground of Christ Church, at Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

Franklin's proverbs and sayings have been printed on Staffordshire china for seventy years or more. The earliest pieces of this character were a series of plates in dark blue, entitled "*Franklin's Morals*," with texts, accompanied by elucidative illustrations, such as "The Used Key is Always Bright," "Many a Little Makes a Mickle." Then came the "*Maxims*" plates, in black, green and other colored prints on white, usually with an embossed margin. On one of these we find an inscription which seems to explain the nature and purpose of this entire series:—

"The Way to Wealth, or Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard Illustrated. Being lessons for you and I on Industry Temperance Frugality."

Among the maxims we find the following:—

"What maintains one vice would bring up two children."

"If you would know the value of money try to borrow some."

"When the well is dry they know the worth of water."

"Now I have a sheep and a cow everybody bids me good morning."

"Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

There is also a series of "*Franklin's Proverbs*," of similar design, from the works of Messrs. J. & G. Meakin, Hanley, about 1852. Even to the present day, the *Maxims* designs continue to be used as trade prints at several of the Staffordshire potteries.

In more recent days, designs have been made to order in England for enterprising dealers in the United States. Among these may be named, as worthy of a place beside the older print-decorated pieces, the Longfellow pitcher and the Roger Williams jug, by Messrs. J. Wedgwood & Sons, successors to the great Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, which some day will be as eagerly sought for as many earlier examples which are now scarce. On one side of the latter is an engraving of Roger Williams, in the act of making his covenant with the Indians, while the opposite side shows a full length portrait of the founder of Rhode Island, himself. Between the two designs is printed the following legend:—"I having made covenant of peaceable neighborhood with all the Sachems and natives round about us; and having in a sense of God's merciful providence unto me in my distress, called the place Providence. Roger Williams."

While transfer-printing is generally looked upon as a declension in decorative art, it must be acknowledged that the American designs have served a useful purpose in familiarizing the people with many of the most important events in our country's history, in perpetuating the names and deeds of departed worthies, and in furnishing numerous

accurate representations of ancient edifices, some of which are the only views that now survive of once famous structures which have long since disappeared. And by gathering these illustrative relics of the past into public museums for permanent preservation, we shall confer a benefit upon the future student of ceramic art, as well as the historian, by placing at his command

the means for investigating a curious phase of the potter's art, now practically obsolete. Many an old china closet has yet concealed in its depths historical pieces which have never yet been seen by collectors. Some day they will yield forth their treasures and enable us to complete the list of American views produced by the old English potters.



## LOVE AND LIFE.

*By Charles Gordon Rogers.*


SWEET! we were happy, you and I,  
 Ere words of warfare came between;  
 Ere storms of passion swept our sky,  
 That all so blue and bright had been.  
 But like a mad stream dashing,  
 Its vernal banks o'erwashing,  
 Our sword-like speech came flashing,  
 And sundered all between.

Love! it was as the heavens are  
 Upon a clear and cloudless night,  
 When every golden, gleaming star  
 That earthward smiles is shining bright.  
 But peace afar was driven,  
 By jealous doubtings riven,  
 Till love's serenest heaven  
 Was turned to darkest night.

Life! it was sweet and free from care,  
 For love, and faith in you, were life;  
 And both in you seemed doubly fair,  
 Who were with double fairness rife.  
 But from the wordy shower  
 Of doubt and anger's hour  
 Sprang forth a bitter flower  
 To poison love and life.

## A COMPATRIOT.

By *Ida M. Tarbell.*

 HE Americans had gone up to drink their after-dinner coffee with Mrs. Ford. It was a habit they had fallen into Sunday nights. The Fords' cosy little *salon*, with its stars and stripes over the book-shelves, the unframed engravings pinned on the walls, the latest books and reviews on the table, its fragrant coffee, and its Bohemian atmosphere, was a capital place for lounging. It was here that the crowd repeated all the good things they had heard, and described all the peculiar things they had seen since they last met; discussed the latest news from the United States; analyzed French art, literature and morals; and sometimes, in moments of expansiveness, told each other experiences of their past lives.

It was a jolly crowd on the surface, though serious enough at heart. They had drifted together that winter by chance, as Americans will in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and after two or three months of non-committal intercourse, had become friends of the most satisfactory kind.

This particular Sunday evening there were but four of them together,—Jameson Ford and his wife, Hopkins and Larkins. Fullerton had not come up yet. They were talking rather seriously, and the subject was a little irritating, one could see from their faces. It was an American girl they were discussing. She had appeared for the first time that day at the Pension Montesquieu, and Fullerton had announced to Mrs. Ford that he had asked her up to take coffee with them. To her question, "Who is she?" he had replied, "Oh, a journalist from New York, just come and all alone."

In repeating this conversation to her friends, Mrs. Ford's pretty face had taken a stern and implacable expression, which one never saw there save when it

was a question of social identification and verification.

"I am very cross at Mr. Fullerton," she was saying. "He doesn't know who she is. What right has he to introduce her to me? Without even asking permission, either!"

"Oh, she's a compatriot!" said Hopkins.

"But all our compatriots are not knowable, unfortunately."

"True, but the girl is bright and evidently respectable. She has the 'American voice,' but that won't do you any harm."

"If I receive her, everybody will class me with her. And what awful French! Did you notice? It makes me shiver."

"Yes," said Larkins, "me too. It is dreadful, the rawness of people when they first come."

Everybody was silent for a moment: they were thinking of the time when they had "first come."

"Yes, but after all, my dear," said Ford, "the girl is alone, and you could be of great service to her. Give her some 'pointers,' you know. It's pretty tough for a woman to be alone in Paris."

Mrs. Ford's lips set a little tighter.

"No," she said, "it is not my duty to give my time to women who run around Europe alone, doing journalism. I don't know who she is, and I can't afford to form relations with people who are *déclassé*."

"But, my dear Mrs. Ford," broke in Larkins, "you did not know who I was when Ford first brought me up; and what do you know about Hopkins here, other than that he's a mighty good fellow—and a dig? Are you going to turn us out if we do not present our certificates?"

"That's different. You are men; and it's always different, and Jameson knows you, and that's enough. As for this girl,—Mr. Fullerton may bring her up,



and I shall be polite to her, but I shall not return her visit."

The young men were none of them thoroughly practised in feminine reasoning processes,—not even Ford, who, though he had been married six months, often said to himself that he wasn't really very well acquainted yet with Mrs. Ford; but they felt the tone of finality in the last remark, and kept silent. The pause was broken by Fullerton's usual announcement, a bang and a rat-ta-too on the door; and in another instant he was introducing gayly to the company,—

"Helen Walters, journalist, you know; authoress and all that sort of thing, from New York."

Miss Walters was a girl of twenty-five, perhaps, small, alert, and resolute looking. She was not at all pretty; her face was too worn, and there were too many hard lines about her mouth; but she was smart in a gown of excellent fit and style; she had an air of frank independence, and just now she was in the gayest of spirits. The excitement of her new surroundings, the joy of finding compatriots, who, to judge from Mr. Fullerton's cordiality, were going to be agreeable, had loosened all her habitual reserve, and she entered the *salon* with the freedom of a *habitué*.

This frank confidence in the welcome she would receive irritated Mrs. Ford. "The manners of a newspaper office," she told herself; and she greeted the newcomer with exaggerated politeness. Miss Walters did not at first realize the restraint. She laughed merrily, talked freely, told the story of her passage—of such absorbing interest the first time—and confided freely all her plans.

There is nothing more curious than the state of dilation of the American when he first sets foot in Europe. Reserve is broken, discretion is forgotten, sentiment glows. He returns for a period to the naïve expansiveness of his childhood. Sometimes weeks pass before he recovers his normal attitude of mind, or he is shocked into a realization of his condition. Once over this period, he is sure, if he is in the habit of taking account of his own mental states, to look back with a certain irritation on what

appears to him as his weak-headedness, and almost as sure not to have much sympathy for future victims. The Fords and their friends had passed through this experience,—all save Fullerton. Fullerton, they often told each other, would never get over his satisfaction in having come abroad. Europe for him was one long, unbroken lark. He had come over to study art; but being convinced that half, at least, of the work of a profession is "making relations," he was spending more time in *salons* than in *ateliers*, and attending more *soirées* than painting pictures. Fullerton had one other end in view in Europe. It was to "polish" himself. Not having been born to the graces of fashionable life, and believing that success depends in a large measure upon the impression of elegance one makes, he was cultivating with ardor all that seemed to him particularly distinctive of refined life as he saw it in Paris. Not a day passed that he did not present some new *fad*. Now it was a matter of the toilet, again of etiquette. He cultivated graceful and luxurious habits; he adopted every new wrinkle of the tailor; he picked up the expressions of the *salons* which he frequented. Fullerton was in fact a made-up man; but no one could despise him for his artificiality. He enjoyed the process of "cultivation," as he called it so frankly; he believed in it so thoroughly, was so naïve in explaining his theories, that no one but a person destitute of a sense of humor and insensible to the value of a good heart could have scorned him.

He had a good heart,—this big blonde man of forty, with his soft, effeminate hands, his exquisite barbering, his "latest cuts," his phrases culled from a dozen different sets, his adoration of "chic," his cult of the Parisian. He took all the world into his confidence; he delighted in generosity to waiters, coachmen and beggars; in buying flowers for Mrs. Ford; in stirring up the "digs," as he called Ford and his friends.

Naturally, Fullerton never hesitated to take up a compatriot. In fact nothing opened his heart like Americans just arrived. He helped them to settle,

initiated them into the mysteries of the omnibus and *pourboire* system, introduced them right and left, — “started” them as he called it. Ardent devotee of Elegance that he was, Fullerton had never learned that her first principle is to hold yourself aloof from your fellow-men.

At the sight of a new American girl, who had style, audacity and wit, he was interested; when he found that she was alone, he was sympathetic; when he discovered that she was a journalist, writing for the *Earth* and the *Moon*, he was filled with admiration: for Fullerton, like many inexperienced and innocent people, held the press in veneration. He was at once enlisted to serve her; and his first step was to present her to Mrs. Ford. That Mrs. Ford, with her gentle devotion to her friends and her tenderness for the poor and the suffering, would object, he never conjectured.

Of course he did not notice the restraint in the welcome given to Miss Walters. Fullerton's elation had become so chronic, that a lack of response from others had really no influence upon him. Miss Walters, however, was another sort of person; and it was only a little time before she detected the forced politeness of Mrs. Ford and the uncertain attitude of her husband. The discovery aroused a quick resentment. Like many young women who follow the hard path of journalism alone, Helen Walters had grown suspicious and acutely sensitive to slights. She could endure overwork, grumbling editors, loss of position; she could make her way out of tight places with cat-like agility. What she could not support was the critical stare of women of assured position, the questioning regard of a society which felt itself superior to her. A suspicious look stung her like a blow. She might support it with an appearance of indifference; but once alone, she had a feminine crisis of bitterness, of tears, of humiliation.

When now she detected, in the midst of her laughing and adventure-telling, that Mrs. Ford was enveloped in an impenetrable mantle of courteous toleration; that Ford and Hopkins and Larkins were casting occasional uneasy

glances at madame, and half amused ones at one another; and she began to realize that Fullerton had presumed on his footing in the *salon* to present her without asking permission, — she felt a cold rush of mortification. Indignation at herself followed. How could she have forgotten so utterly her maxim of trusting nobody? Why should she have believed that people were kinder in Paris to a girl alone and earning her way than they were in New York?

There was a shadow of what was passing written on her face. Her merriment became a little more pronounced, and her voice a little harsh; but there was no air of embarrassment. The sting made her defiant. She drank her coffee leisurely, flinging herself back in her chair and crossing her feet with an audacious Bohemian air. She felt a hateful desire to shock the pretty woman who treated her with such distinguished politeness. She succeeded admirably.

The visit was not long now, for with the plea that she must work, Helen soon rose to go. She made her adieux leisurely and with perfect coolness, stopping long enough at the table to turn over the journals carelessly and to remark, as she picked up a well-known book review: “Ah, the *So-and-So*. Do you read *that*, Mr. Ford? Are they still writing puffs for their advertisement?” At the door she turned back to say: “Oh, come up to my room some evening, Mr. Fullerton, and I'll show you those photographs we were talking about. Ta-ta and *à bientôt!*”; and she was gone.

Even Fullerton felt vaguely queer after this parting, observing that Mrs. Ford was perhaps a little shocked; but he kept quiet. Fullerton's social policy in a case of misunderstanding was always *laissez faire*.

As for Helen, she mounted the stairs hastily to her room, closed the door, and turned the key with a sharp click. For a moment she stood rigid, her face convulsed with rage, her hands clinched. “Oh,” she cried, “it is cruel, cruel — I — I — hate her.” Then, with a quick relaxation of nerves, her anger turned to humiliation, and she threw herself across her bed sobbing, “It is unjust to treat

me so — when I am alone ; and they might do so much to help me, — and I try so hard — I try so hard !”

But when a woman earns her bread, tears are luxuries of which she can afford but few. Helen did not cry it out. She soon choked her sobs, dried her eyes, and sat down to arrange her notes and papers. But though her face was calm, her heart was bitter, and the hard lines around her mouth, which had almost disappeared in her anticipation of finding a friendly welcome, had come back, more rigid than ever.

Mrs. Ford did not return Helen's visit. Mrs. Ford was one of the gentlest of women. For a friend, no sacrifice was too great. Her devotion to her family was unmeasured. She was the providence of the poor and the sick and the miserable of her Massachusetts village. The members of her own set found in her a comforter and adviser. Those out of her set who appealed to her for help were received with infinite sympathy and comprehension ; but when it came to a question of social distinction, she was rigid as a Puritan. She would no more extend the boundaries of her circle than she would broaden her religious creed. A woman, she said, must take care of her reputation ; and one could not afford to know people of whose antecedents and relations you were not sure. It was against her principles to receive such ; and Mrs. Ford's heart had no chance when her principles were aroused.

Experience certainly justified her to a degree in Miss Walters's case, for the girl, smarting with resentment, took a reckless delight in doing what she instinctively felt would shock Mrs. Ford. She laughed loudly at the table ; she flirted openly with Fullerton ; she lit her cigarettes in the *salon* ; she played the audacious American with a daring which frightened herself a little. It was not a part which pleased her ; but she intended Mrs. Ford should see that she was perfectly independent.

Mrs. Ford said triumphantly several times to her friends : “ You see I was right. I consider it my duty to show that if there are such Americans I do not approve of them.” Mr. Ford never

said anything in reply. He was a little ashamed to tell his wife that, in spite of her ways, which he admitted were a little “ loud,” he liked the girl. There was something about her so frank, so honest, so courageous.

A month after her appearance at the Pension Montesquieu, Helen fell sick. Acclimation, the difficulty of doing her work in unfamiliar surroundings, a desperate fear that she might not succeed — an inexplicable discouragement new to her and which she was forced to fight constantly, her loneliness, combined with the humiliation and defiance she felt towards her compatriots, — all had worked on her none too strong system, until she had been obliged to succumb.

The fear of that unequalled calamity to a journalist abroad, paying his way as he goes, — a loss of position, — drove her to work. When she could no longer sit up, she propped herself up in bed and wrote her weekly fashion letters from the notes she could pick out of the newspapers ; and Fullerton, when he once understood that she was worrying over her position and her inability to go out after material, haunted the fashionable quarters and quizzed all his society friends to get hold of new and interesting points. His devotion was so genuine, and his pleasure in assisting so sincere, that even Helen's suspicions were disarmed, and she availed herself freely of his aid. Fullerton was, in fact, highly flattered at the idea that he was serving the press. But even with this help the strain was too great ; and after two or three weeks Helen gave out completely.

The two or three weeks in which Miss Walters had been ill had been trying ones for Mrs. Ford. When she missed the girl from the pension table and was told she was ill, her first impulse was to go at once to her room ; but she hesitated. She felt she would not be welcome. She wrote a note asking if she might call. Miss Walters begged to be excused. Mrs. Ford told herself she had done all she could ; but she felt uncomfortable ; and when one morning the *bonne* came hurrying to her *salon*, begging her to come quickly, that Miss

Walters was *tout à fait folle*, her heart stood still for a moment. She had been guilty of a cruel neglect. She felt a sudden comprehension of the desperate loneliness of the girl's position. The word "compatriot" took an importance which she had never before admitted. She must atone; and she gathered up her bottles and medicine chest and flew to Helen's room.

The poor girl was in a violent fever, tossing fretfully and talking incoherently. She had sufficient consciousness to recognize Mrs. Ford, but not strength enough to control the hysterical anger which possessed her when she saw the person who, it seemed to her in her delirium, was the cause of all her woes.

"My poor little girl," said Mrs. Ford tenderly, leaning over her, "I have come to take care of you."

The girl raised herself up from her pillow, and, supporting herself on her elbow, glared at Mrs. Ford. She was a distressing sight. Her dingy flannel dressing-gown was open at the throat. Her black hair hung in disorder about her face. Tear stains were on her cheeks, and her eyes were furious.

"You take care of me!" she cried, — "you take care of me! You, who despised me because I was alone! Do you suppose I would accept help from a woman who thinks herself better than me because she is loved and cared for and supported; who scorns me because I earn my bread; who, when I come friendless into the same house with her in a strange land, turns her back on me! Take care of me! No, no!"

She dropped exhausted on her pillow. All the wounded pride, the resentment, the sense of injustice, which had stung her during these weeks, she had flung into her furious words.

It was the first time in her life that Mrs. Ford had ever been accused of unkindness. That it was possible for her to be cruel was an idea that she had never before entertained. Yet she felt that the bitter reproach of the sick girl was just. She had a swift, new view of herself: a harsh, uncharitable woman, a woman sheltered on every side, wounding a woman exposed on every side.

The cruelty of her neglect frightened her. She burst into tears and fled to her room, where she cried out all her shame and penitence on her bewildered husband's bosom. Why such penitence and humiliation should follow an application of principles, Mr. Ford did not understand; but he liked the change, and consoled his wife with the assurance that they would "see Miss Walters through."

There was nothing to be done for the moment, however. The girl's fever was so serious that before night she had been removed to a hospital. Fullerton, who had occupied himself with all the details of the transfer, came up after dinner, at Mrs. Ford's request, to tell them the particulars. He was very much cast down.

"She's awfully sick," he said, "and raving crazy; but the worst of it is going to be when she gets better and begins to worry about her position. Of course she will lose it. If we could only fix it up with her editor, or make her believe we had, until she's well! But I don't believe we can. Such work has to be done on time."

"We ought to be able to," said Ford. "It cannot be so very important what she writes."

There was a slight disdain in his voice. Ford was a college man, and had a feeling of classical superiority in the presence of journalism.

"I don't know about that," said Fullerton. "It's published at any rate, actually printed. I've seen the articles, and it is something to be printed."

Ford looked sharply at Fullerton. He wrote himself, but he was not often "printed." He felt a slight sarcasm in the remark.

"But why can we not write the letters ourselves?" suddenly cried Mrs. Ford. "We can do it. You can direct, Mr. Fullerton; Jameson can write. I can copy, or—or—do something."

Her pretty face was eager. If she could only save the position, then she felt she could atone. Fullerton regarded Mrs. Ford for a moment in amazed admiration. He had had an idea that she did not like Miss Walters. It must have been his imagination.

"You've got a head, Mrs. Ford," he cried enthusiastically. "Why, I should never have thought of that. Of course we can do it, — of course we can. We'll get up the chicest letter ever sent out from this town! Let me show you how she does it!"

Fullerton disappeared in search of the secrets of Miss Walters's trade. He returned in a moment bearing a file of the *Moon*, a box of clippings, a package of notes, and a quantity of French journals, which he arranged in a businesslike way on the table.

"Now," he said, handing copies of Miss Walters's letters to his friends, "you see she always chooses a subject for her letters and writes a connected article. It isn't mere notes."

Mrs. Ford saw she did; for the letter she had before her bore the title of "The Toilet of the American Woman Abroad," and opened with a saucy description of the woman who goes abroad to wear out her old clothes. Mrs. Ford had not come abroad for that; but it was what she was doing, and she flushed as she saw that her last season's walking-dress, her ancient tea-gown, her shabby Derby hat, served as models for Miss Walters's amusing introduction. She was too humble to resent the picture. She tucked the paper out of sight, and swallowed her mortification bravely, — perhaps with a little satisfaction. Punishment was the only ointment for her wound.

"Her subjects," continued Fullerton, "are always chosen in advance, and she collects notes on several at the same time. When she has enough material she makes a letter."

"Humph!" said Ford, looking interested, "that's system." He had not supposed there was anything in fashion writing so worthy of the attention of a college man as system.

"She gathers all sorts of things, — personals, history of fashions, jokes about new styles, descriptions of big weddings and balls. Only everything must bear on the subject."

"Personals? But how can she get personals? She does not know anybody. She never goes out."

"That's easy enough," said Fullerton. "There's the *Figaro*, with

accounts of everybody's entertainments and who was there, and what they wore. Then she goes to all the big weddings; that is, she hangs around, and sees the party go in and out the church, you know; and she knows who has *loges* at the Opera and Français on subscribers' nights. Personals are easy if you're careful. I've been getting them for her while she has been sick. I did get Queen Isabella mixed up with somebody else at the Rococo wedding; but I never told her. It will pass all the same in America."

"Yes," assented Ford. "It probably won't make any difference in America; but we mustn't make any blunders if we can help it. Still, I don't see the use of this sort of thing. I thought fashion letters were supposed to be practical, to tell women what to wear and how to make it."

"Oh, of course," said Fullerton. "The gossip and history and anecdote are only to give tone, you know, — decoration, all that sort of thing. She's practical. She makes it a rule never to describe anything but what can be made, actually made, you know."

"But do you know how to be practical in writing on fashions? I think I could manage the personal and historical part, but the — the terminology — the — the — technic is what gets me."

"But Mrs. Ford can do that part, you know," said Fullerton cheerfully. "You can put on the pedals and manage the swells, and I'll fetch in the material. Here are subjects enough for three weeks, and some notes to start on."

And so it was arranged. That night Ford sat up to study Miss Walters's method; and when he went to bed he told his wife that he was amazed to find that the girl followed a plan which approached the scientific. Ford confessed to himself, when he began to digest the copious notes which his wife and Fullerton brought him for the first letter, that even his Commencement oration had not cost him more work. He spared no pains, however; and when he read the result to his friends, the chorus of praises which arose filled his heart with honest pride. Mrs. Ford was so pleased that she cried.

Getting off the first manuscript was a great occasion. Fullerton insisted on copying the whole thing, and pointed out with pride to his friends where he had inserted *stet*, *lead*, *l. c.*, *tr.*, etc. "She told me that," he said; and Miss Walters's star took a still more respectable place. College bred or not, they had a proper consideration for the person who could handle expertly the vocabulary of the printers' trade.

The work was soon well systematized, and Mr. Fullerton and Mrs. Ford found that between them they could manage it comfortably. The facility which Mrs. Ford developed for making copy was something remarkable. "Another proof," said Ford to himself, "that a woman can do anything if she has a personal interest in it."

The little *salon* soon took on a professional look. Voluminous files of papers decorated the tables; hooks, heavy with clippings, hung on the walls; a bulletin board, where Fullerton registered each day the "official report" of Miss Walters's condition, was prominent; and across the top of the mantel mirror hung a sign contributed by Hopkins and Larbins:—

"TEMPORARY BUREAU OF SCIENTIFIC  
FASHION WRITING."

All of Miss Walters's letters in business envelopes they opened boldly, replying to them in her name. When, some four weeks after the first article had gone off, a letter came, in which the editor expressed himself as highly gratified at the article on "Stunning Seaside Effects," and congratulated her on the "bright and stepping" style she had adopted, the entire company went out to dinner at a "swell" restaurant and drank to "Miss Walters and the Scientific Method of Fashion Writing."

Some six weeks after the installation of the Temporary Bureau, Fullerton came bounding in one night, and, without even a good-evening, wrote on the bulletin board, in as large capitals as space would permit, the following "latest":—

"Mr. Horatio Fullerton, reporter of the T. B. S. F. W., has been requested by

Dr. Farfournoux to call Wednesday (tomorrow) afternoon, to interview Miss Helen Walters."

Fullerton's excitement was so excessive that even a "good heart" was an insufficient explanation.

"It seems to me," said Ford to his wife, after the reporter had gone out, "that Fullerton's interest in Miss Walters is rather extraordinary."

"I do not see why," she replied. "The case is extraordinary; and then she is a compatriot, and you always said Gredly was Quixotic in his devotion to compatriots."

"Yes, but even Quixotic goodness does not keep up its enthusiasm for two months."

Mrs. Ford made no answer. Expiation had blotted out her sense of the proportion of things, and for the moment deadened her feminine instincts. Just now, too, she was plunged into despair lest, after all, Miss Walters might not regard her atonement as sincere and sufficient.

The next day Fullerton presented himself promptly at the hospital.

"There is no danger in your seeing her," the doctor told him. "If possible arouse her, excite her a little. She has no interest in getting well. I do not understand it."

"Oh," said Fullerton cheerfully, "we'll soon brace her up"; and confident and beaming, he presented himself.

The little journalist was only a ghost of herself; but more touching than her pallor, more pathetic than her weakness, was her apathy.

"Ah," said Fullerton, "this begins to look like getting well. Now you are going to get on."

"Yes, I am afraid so," she answered.

"Come, come! what an idea!"

"What's the use of getting well? I have lost everything. I would rather die than start over."

Mrs. Ford had cautioned Fullerton about how and when he divulged the story of the Temporary Bureau, assuring him that Miss Walters was not strong enough to bear it yet; but he felt that for such discouragement as this nothing else was sufficient, and in a moment he was in

the midst of his revelation. At first Miss Walters regarded him wonderingly; then her eyes began to brighten; and when finally Fullerton laid before her two or three recent letters of her editor, checks enclosed, she cried brokenly: "And you have done all this for me—you and Mrs. Ford"; and she began to sob weakly.

"Oh!" cried the nurse, coming up, "this will never do"; and Fullerton was hurried away.

The next day Miss Walters sent for Mrs. Ford. A few incoherent words of penitence from the one, remonstrance and thanks from the other, a good cry together, and the two women were friends for life.

But convalescence was slow. The little journalist chafed under it. It irritated her to think of the lasting obligation she had incurred. It fretted her to know that she must lie still for some weeks. The extraordinary situation could not, must not go on, she told herself; she must either do her work, or give it up and go back to America. It was one day when she was wrestling with her irritation, helplessness and pride that Fullerton came in and saw she was worrying.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Miss Walters told him.

"Well," he said, "do you know I have been thinking, too, that it is best to give it up?"

"I should think you would," she said bitterly, turning her eyes away to hide the tears. They had grown tired then, in spite of their protests; and what wonder! What friendship could endure such a strain?

"You see, Helen," said Fullerton a little confusedly, "I—I—should like to have you try another position. Give up your editor. I want you to—marry me—and go home."

The girl did not reply. She kept her face turned away. The immense weariness that had never left her since she began to recover, the distaste she felt at the idea of returning to work, the devotion Fullerton had shown her,—all these things passed before her mind. Why not? It was such an easy solu-

tion of things! She slowly turned her head.

"No, no," she said suddenly, realizing that she was going to say, "yes,"—"I must not. Why, I never thought of loving you. Only—only—when I feel as I do to-day—I want a million dollars and somebody to take care of me."

"Oh, you'll love me all right," exclaimed Fullerton with cheerful conviction; "I haven't the million dollars, you know, but I have enough; and I do not ask anything better than to take care of you."

"I don't know," she said wearily, "I have no judgment left. I suppose that if it were anybody else who had been kind to me and asked me I should say 'yes.' I don't think it is you in particular. It is simply that you offer to look after me, and—I should love anybody who would do that."

Fullerton looked dazed. But the thin white hand of the little journalist had gone up to her eyes, and tears were following.

"There—there," he said soothingly, "those are simply vain subtleties."

Fullerton always called things he did not understand "vain subtleties." It was a convenient expression and sounded well.

"Do not worry about those things," he added quickly, "but marry me."

"Well," she said, "I really think it is the best thing I can do,—if you want"; and when Fullerton took her hand from her face and wiped away the tears, he discovered a look of such joy in her eyes that he bent enthusiastically to kiss her.

"No, no," she cried, "I could not endure it. Do you know,"—and her eyes were full of the pain of a bitter memory,— "it is ten years since anybody kissed me because he loved me, ten years since I've—belonged to anybody!" And in her weakness she sobbed again.

"Hush," said Fullerton. "That is over. You belong to me now, and all you have to do is to get well. Then we'll have a French wedding."

And they did, the whole crowd going to the *mairie*,—Miss Walters in white veil and orange blossoms,—and from the

*mairie* to the church, and from there to dinner in a *salon des noces*, and then for a drive in the *Bois*.

It certainly was "unique," that wedding, as Fullerton said; and "a fitting climax to the whole extraordinary business," as Hopkins wrote home.

The Fullertons are living in Pennsylvania now; and in introducing his wife Fullerton often says with pride:—

"I found her in Paris, you know. She was writing for the American press. I dabbled a little in literature myself at that time."

## BOB.

By *Mary L. Blanchard*.



MISS MARGARET was reading the evening paper. It was not often that she had such a privilege. Neighbor Brown's people were away for a day, so Miss Margaret could have the first reading of the news. Usually she took it a day old.

Someway the good things of life had always come a day late to Miss Margaret, or else not at all. Perhaps that was the reason why her face, which had been handsome once and full of promise, had such sharp lines about the mouth. It was a thin, angular face, and the scant, straight hair above it, which used to be so black, was streaked with gray.

At the other side of the small, round table sat Miss Margaret's sister Harriet, placidly knitting. If her face bore fewer traces of disappointment than Margaret's, it was not because she had had more of the joys of life. Perhaps it was because she had expected less. Harriet Staples had been called a very plain girl; but now hers was a pleasant face to look upon, round and peaceful, the touch of rose-color in the cheeks contrasting prettily with the snowy whiteness of her soft, heavy hair. The eyes were pleasant and friendly; at the corners of the mouth were the little wrinkles that come from smiles, and altogether the face was very lovable.

Yet these two sisters had lived their lives, and grown old, together. For forty years they had not been separated for a single night. For forty years and more they had had the same things to worry over, and to be glad about, the

same sorrows and the same simple pleasures.

Suddenly the paper dropped from Miss Margaret's hands, and she looked up at Harriet, her pale face almost ghastly.

"What is it, sister?"

"Bob Barton's dead!"

"You don't say!"

Even Miss Harriet's calm face showed signs of agitation, and her hand shook as she reached for the paper.

There were only two lines of it. Robert Barton had been found dead that morning, in the little room which was the only home he had known for forty years.

The paper had lost all attractions for Miss Margaret, and Harriet's stocking fell to the floor unheeded. The room was very still,—only the little old clock ticking in the corner, and the purring of the great gray cat on his cushion. Outside in the street people were passing to and fro. Sometimes their voices were loud and penetrating, but the sisters did not hear them. They were back in the long ago, when handsome Bob Barton used to spend an evening, now and then, in this same sitting-room, which in all these years had never quite lost the glory of his presence.

By and by two tears forced themselves from Harriet's eyes. She wiped them away hastily, and glanced furtively at her sister. Margaret had not seen the tears, and her face wore such a softened look that Harriet ventured to speak.

"Father used to set such store by him!" she said softly. "'Twas you he always used to come to see. I always knew that."



"Me? 'T want neither! Everybody knew he wanted you,— if it hadn't been for his miserable father!"

"Oh, sister, don't say that," pleaded Miss Harriet, her pretty old cheeks wet with tears which now she did not try to hide. "I'm sure we all thought 'twas you. He always looked at you the whole evening."

"But he talked to you, and didn't he give you that shell box?"

"But he brought you flowers."

Poor women! For the first time in all their lives they spoke the one thought that had meant more to them than everything else. Even Bob Barton's name had never passed their lips since that day when the news came that it was disgraced forever by his father's crime. The A knew in a way what had come to him,— that he had felt the disgrace as only a sensitive soul can feel; that with hopes and ambitions blighted he had passed the fifteen years of his father's imprisonment in bitter loneliness; and that his life since then had been devoted to the broken old man, who came out from the prison walls enfeebled in mind and body and helpless as a child.

"He must 'a' been awful poor!" Miss Harriet spoke again after a long silence.

"Yes,— I s'pose he was."

"I don't believe there's enough for a decent buryin'."

"I don't believe there is."

There was silence again. The gray cat wakened, yawned, and stretched himself; then he jumped down from his cushion and rubbed his sleek sides against Miss Harriet. She did not notice him, and he, surprised at such unusual neglect, stalked to the door and requested, after his fashion, to be let out. Miss Harriet rose mechanically, picked up her knitting, and opened the door. She sat down again and slipped the yarn over her finger, but at the first stitch her hands dropped idly in her lap. The old clock ticked on. The noises in the street had ceased. The fire was out and the room cold; but still the sisters sat there, unmindful of all save the past. Finally, after much fidgeting in her chair, and many uneasy glances at her sister, after opening her mouth several

times only to close it again, Miss Harriet broke the silence.

"Sister!"

Her voice had a half-frightened quaver in it.

"Well?"

Miss Margaret's tone was so much less sharp than usual, that Harriet took courage and went on.

"Why, you know that money we've saved, in case we should get sick or anything?"

Harriet paused to note the effect of her words.

"Well?"

There was no surprise in the tone, no change in the pale face.

"Why, seems to me we could get on; it only took us ten years to save it, and we ain't very old,— and — and — we're pretty healthy — and we can be more savin' if we try. We don't need that carpet much; and we can get along without them new dresses,— mine hain't been turned but once."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

Miss Margaret's tones were sharp enough now. It irritated her to have Harriet so long in coming to a point which had been evident to her from the beginning. But it was something that she did not exclaim at once against the spending of their carefully hoarded fund, and Harriet went on bravely:

"Why, I'd thought mebby we could take that money and bury him decent — and —"

"And what?"

"And get a little headstone." Harriet's voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "Father thought so much of him, you know."

Again there was silence. Miss Margaret rose, folded and laid by her work, locked the door, wound the clock, and took up the lamp.

"Come to bed," she said. "It's half past ten."

They put out the light and went to bed. If they slept or waked, if they shed tears in the darkness, if their poor hearts ached with the pain of forty years ago, they did not tell each other of it.

They were astir early next morning. The September sun had hardly begun to

warm the world when their scanty breakfast was over, the dishes washed and put away, the old carpet swept, and the room dusted.

Miss Margaret came out of the tiny bedroom with her bonnet on.

"Where are you going?"

Harriet looked up surprised; she usually did the errands.

"I'm going to ask Mr. Morgan to see to things for the funeral. I'm the oldest, and it's proper I should do it. You'd better put on your other dress, an' go an' get that money out of the bank."

And so the matter was settled; and poor old Bob Barton, who had died alone, and left not a relative in the world, nor a cent of money, instead of being laid in a pauper's grave, was decently buried, and followed to his last resting-place by two sincere mourners.

When the expenses were all paid, the sisters found their little sum reduced more than they had anticipated.

"We can go without our roast beef Sundays," Harriet suggested timidly.

"Yes,—and tea once a day's enough for anybody," Margaret answered.

So without a word of regret or a thought of yielding their project, the sisters made their little sacrifices, and then they went to give their order. After all, their money would procure only the simplest of simple stones; but they were satisfied.

"What's the inscription?" asked the man in attendance, when the stone had been selected.

Harriet turned helplessly to Margaret, and Margaret looked blankly at Harriet. Neither of them had thought of that.

"Why—his name—I suppose," Miss Margaret began.

"No, sister, don't," pleaded Harriet. "Let's wait and talk it over and come again."

And so they walked slowly home. They had a way—these sisters—of not speaking until they had thought a thing out, each for herself. Miss Harriet lighted the fire when they reached home, and made the tea, while her sister set the cups and plates on the table, sliced the bread and put on the wee bit of butter. It was a chilly evening, but they put on their shawls and let the fire go

down. There was no paper to read to-night, so they both knitted. Margaret worked steadily, but Harriet stopped now and then in an absent-minded way, and she passed over more than one dropped stitch without seeing it. It was she, of course, who finally broke the silence.

"I can't bear to have that name go on," she said, "even if it was his. He never disgraced it."

"But who ever heard of a tombstone without any name on it?"

"Well, we could put on his first name, — and — and — a verse of poetry, mebbly, or somethin' from the Scriptures."

"Harriet Staples! Poetry! The idea! It ain't befitting — and you know it. Nor yet Scripture. He was a good man, but we don't know nothin' about his religion. It don't suit, somehow. I guess it'll have to be jest the name — Robert."

"That sounds kind o' cold like." Miss Harriet hesitated. "Nobody ever called him that. Couldn't we have the other — *Bob* — you know?"

"No, we couldn't," snapped Miss Margaret. "We ain't goin' to have no nicknames on that stone."

Harriet said no more; and the next day they gave their order. Miss Margaret was even more quiet than usual during the remainder of the day, and when night came she went to bed earlier than was her custom. In the morning, when Harriet awoke, she was startled to find her sister gone. She kindled the fire, wondering what could have taken Margaret out so early. By the time breakfast was ready, her anxiety had increased to such an extent that she was in the act of putting on her own bonnet to go in search of her, when the door opened and Margaret appeared. She looked cold and blue, and her thin lips were shut tightly together.

"Is anything the matter, sister?" Harriet asked. "Where have you been?"

"Of course there ain't anything the matter. Can't I go out for a little without you're gettin' riled up?"

"I was afraid somethin' had happened to you."

"Guess I can take care of myself. Seems to me I smell somethin' burnin'."

"It's the toast!"

Harriet turned meekly to the stove. She asked no more questions, Margaret kept her own counsel, and life in the little cottage went on as monotonously as ever.

It was a cold, bleak day in early November. There was not a bit of greenness left anywhere; the frosts had been early and severe. Even the bright-tinted leaves had fallen from the trees, and the whole landscape was brown and dreary. In the old cemetery, where the hill slopes gently to the south, stood two women, looking down upon a grave. The wind blew Miss Margaret's scant skirts about her ankles, and puffed out Miss Harriet's shawl behind, like a balloon. Miss Margaret's face looked cold and pinched, with the thin wisps of hair blowing about it; and Harriet's bonnet was askew and her nose reddened by the wind. Some people were passing. A pretty girl in the party giggled and said something to the others about the

"two old maids." But the sisters were alike unconscious of the grotesqueness of their appearance and the pathos of the white stone that marked an old man's grave with its one word:

*Bob.*

"Why, sister!" Miss Harriet looked alarmed. "Why, he's made a mistake; we told him *Robert*."

"No, 'tain't a mistake," Margaret answered. "I told him to change it,— you were so set against *Robert*. And it does look more natural," she added, after a moment. "We always called him that."

Nothing more was said; and presently they turned away. They walked home silently. Once Harriet spoke. There were tears on her cheeks; Margaret had seen them—and Harriet's tones were apologetic.

"I always knew 'twas you he come to see, sister,— I always knew it."

"I want no such thing, Harriet Staples."

"Well, I'm glad we did it, anyway. "Father thought so much of him!"

## IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS WITH FRANCIS PARKMAN IN 1841.

*By Daniel Denison Slade.*

**I**N the volume of the *Knickerbocker* for 1845 appear two separate semi-historical sketches by Francis Parkman. Both of these were written in his early life, and both are strongly marked by those delineations of mountain, forest and lake scenery which characterize the entire series of his historical narratives, in which, as actors in the drama, roam whites and savages, passing before us with poetical fascination. These classics were the successful result of a long and laborious career, perfection under physical obstacles, the presence of which was scarcely recognized even by those who knew the historian well.

It was in the summer of 1841 that I made my first journey to the White Hills

and upper New Hampshire, in company with Parkman, who was my classmate at Harvard. I kept a diary of our daily exploits and adventures, the perusal of which has often in after years afforded us intense amusement. We reached the lake district by various modes of travel, passed around Winnipiseogee, pursued our course through the valley of the Saco, the heart of the mountains and the Notch, and then crossed to the Franconia Range, where we spent several delightful days.

A small, unpretending inn with the necessary clearing about it, for the accommodation of the passing teamsters and for the few sight-seeing travellers like ourselves, constituted the only in-road that had at this time been made upon the beauty and wild grandeur of

this incomparable pass. The Old Man of the Mountains, wearing the fixed and severe countenance which he had worn for untold centuries, and still wears to-day, looked out through storm and sunshine, day and night, upon the bold and rugged cliffs, while the lovely tarn directly beneath, upon whose shores we stood and gazed upward in silence upon the marvellous outline, lay calm and unruffled in the morning sun.

Continuing down the valley over the then unfrequented public road, which pursued a circuitous course through the forest, close to the rapid mountain stream, which sparkled, roared and tumbled in innumerable cascades, we arrived at the Basin. Here we lingered, not only to admire the pellucid waters, but to draw from their eddying depths, by the rude means at our command, several of the speckled denizens whose equals in size and beauty no disciple of Sir Izaak Walton at the present day, however skilful in the art, or however scientific his tackle, could land upon its banks. The deep, gloomy Pool, now visited every summer by thousands, who pass over an easy forest path, was then almost inaccessible, and had been seen by few, if any, travellers before ourselves; its existence even was scarcely known to the most hardy woodsman. The Flume had acquired some notoriety, having been seen and described by a comparatively large number of visitors. It presented the same attractions which always marked the spot until the recent landslide, which has sadly marred the beauty of its surroundings and removed the huge boulder which was held suspended between the walls of the perpendicular cliffs,—a marvel to so many.

Throughout the entire length of the valley, the unlimited forests clothed the mountain sides to their very peaks. The solitude was unbroken save by the occasional notes of some transitory wood bird. Flocks of wild pigeon frequently passed over us, while coveys of part-ridges, disturbed by our approach, were often seen quietly dusting themselves in the road-bed. There was an indescribable charm in the scenes thus presented to our boyish spirits, which in the flight

of years was never forgotten, and which was often recalled in our intercourse.

Since this early visit to these fair regions, vast changes have occurred, but none greater or more to be lamented than those which I have lately witnessed. Immense hostelries, with the necessary accompaniments, the result of the easy and speedy access to the Franconia ranges by rail, were to be expected; but the denudation of the primeval forest, begun during the past year or two, and still continuing, with all its serious consequences, such as diminished streams, barren mountain sides, districts rendered unsightly, immense uncouth saw-mills, and the public highways made almost impassable by the teaming of heavy lumber, seems an unwise and uncalled for evil. If the forest commissioners and the proprietors of inns and lodging houses, whose interests are most at stake in the preservation of these regions in their pristine beauty, are powerless to prevent such vandalism, what can be done?

From these fair regions retracing our steps, and striking the valley of the Connecticut we followed it up as far as Colebrook, leaving which place we passed through the Dixville Notch, and ascended with Indian guides the Magalloway River, upon the banks of which we camped for several days, and entered into the savage life with the greatest enthusiasm. The entire journey was a delight to us, and in Parkman especially it augmented the love for the wild and picturesque, with which he had become enamored, and upon which he expatiated most fully in his diary. Henceforth his various schemes for reciting the story of the old French wars, and in fact the entire course of the American conflict between France and England, were to be perfected. In his own words, "My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night." The incidents upon which was founded the second sketch from his pen in the *Knickerbocker*, to which I have alluded, and which was entitled "The Scalp Hunter," were in great measure connected with a thrilling event which befell him, the particulars of which he afterward

related to me, and which were also entered fully in his diary, now in my possession.

It was during our sojourn of several days at Crawford's Inn, then situated in the very Notch of the White Mountains, that one day, suddenly and unknown to me, Parkman left early in the morning, and did not return until evening. The condition which he presented betokened the perilous adventure of the day. His clothing was badly torn, his fingers were lacerated, and his legs showed injuries which had been caused in almost superhuman exertions in the preservation of his life. After walking down the Saco Valley as far as the Willey House, he entered upon an exploration of the chasm which had been produced by the slide which had come down from the Willey Mountain, directly behind the cottage, at this time in good preservation. Climbing over the vast amount of *débris*, consisting of rocky fragments and enormous boulders, brought down at the time when the Willey family was swept away, he arrived at the entrance of the defile with its precipitous sides. Glancing upward, he determined without much forethought to gratify his strong desire to overcome such natural obstacles, and so to test his physical powers, as well as his moral courage. In his diary he says:—

"I began to climb, and with considerable difficulty and danger I surmounted both precipices. I climbed on, but finding that I was becoming drenched by the scanty stream, and seeing moreover a huge cloud not far up settling slowly towards me, I bethought me of retracing my steps. So I began to descend the ravine, nothing doubting that I should find some means of getting out before reaching the critical point. But it was impossible, and I found myself at the top of the precipice, with no alternative but to slide down or to clamber the perpendicular and decaying walls to the surface of the mountain. The former was certain destruction, and the other method was scarcely less dangerous; but it was my only chance, so I braced my nerves and began to climb. . . . I had got half way up, and was clinging to the face of

the precipice, when the two stones which supported my feet loosened and leaped down the ravine. My finger ends among the disintegrated rock were all which sustained me, and they of course would have failed, had I not thought on the instant of lowering my body gradually, and so diminishing its weight until my feet found new supports. I sank the length of my arms, and then hung for the time in tolerable safety, with one foot resting on a projecting stone. Loosening the hold of one hand, I took my large jack-knife from my pocket, opened it with the assistance of my teeth, and dug with it a hollow among the decayed rock, large enough to receive and support one foot. Then thrusting the knife as far as possible into the wall to assist my hold, I grasped it and the stones with the unoccupied hand, and raised my foot to the hollow prepared for it. Thus foot by foot I made my ascent, and in ten minutes, as time seemed to me, I seized a projecting root at the top and drew myself up. During the entire time of climbing I felt perfectly cool, but when fairly up I confess I shuddered as I looked down at the gulf I had escaped."

Although little reference was afterwards made to the perils which he had undergone, the remembrance of the event was always carefully cherished by him, until it had found expression, a few years afterwards, in the story above mentioned. This is written with such truthfulness, with such strong associations with the mountainous districts which he loved, and which he was able to depict so powerfully even in his early life, that for the pleasure of his admirers I have here prepared an outline of his sketch, while extracts are made from those portions in which he described his personal experiences.

A party of the St. Francis tribe came down from Canada in July, 1724, to work their usual butcheries upon the back settlers of New Hampshire. Eight white men undertook to chastise them and secure the bounty for the scalps, which was for each about ten dollars. The savages were now retiring. The whites

tracked them into the recesses of the White Mountains, and at last came upon them, and counted eleven Indians sleeping about their camp fire. One arose, awakened apparently by the cold, and stirred the embers with a stick. At that instant the white men poured upon the sleepers a deadly fire. Of the number all but two were killed at or near the camp. One of these bounded into the dark woods and escaped, while the other was soon traced to a neighboring "wind-fall," into which the dogs soon penetrated and killed the wounded wretch. Thus was the deed achieved. The actors themselves felt well satisfied. They ate and drank with the spirit of a successful party of hunters; and when they lay down they slept the sound sleep of health and toil. But the next morning they grumbled over their bad luck. One savage had escaped. An old man of their party was venting his wrath through his toothless jaws. He was eager for gain, and was desirous to exhibit his superiority to his fellow sportsmen, and therefore resolved to set out alone and not rest till he had taken the scalp from the head of the remaining Indian. So, calling his dogs and shouldering his gun, without a word of leave-taking on either side, he marched away. His companions returned with great glory to the settlements.

For four days the huntsman tracked the game northward through forests and over mountains. His hardened muscles were never fatigued. His course lay always through the obscurity and dampness of the dense wood, except when he could hear the noise of a stream below him and emerge from the forest darkness into a beautiful sun-lit vista of trees and glancing waters. He could then see that the mountains grew wilder and higher and closed gradually around him. Late one afternoon he heard again the sound of water, and by the screen of maple saplings before him he knew the opening was near at hand. In a moment he put aside the slender boughs and stepped out into the broad stony bed of the Saco, just where it emerges from the Notch of the White Mountains. It was a beautiful scene. "The tumbling

waters, the long lines of birch trees, maples and beeches that reached their branches over it, the stiff pines that shot up into the air above them, the great pile of granite crags that rose from the woods, bristling with firs three thousand feet sheer upward; all were tinged with the crimson of approaching evening; all lay in the quiet of the wilderness, which the ripple and murmur of the stream only made more impressive."

The old man did not trouble himself with the scenery. His feelings were those of bitter vexation; for he knew himself close upon his game, and here the savage had taken to the water and thrown his dogs off the scent. He dashed into the wide and shallow stream, and the very first angle he turned showed him his prey, wading naked and unarmed. The old hunter did not repress a cry of fierce exultation, which the sleeping mountains prolonged; then as the unhappy savage leaped splashing to the bank he followed close and set the dogs again on the track. They made the woods resound with their fearful baying, and the three dashed on at a pace at which that tangled wood was never traversed before or since. He often tripped and fell; the thorns and branches tore away fragments of clothing and bared his gray head. At length, suddenly and unexpectedly, he broke from the woods out upon a broad surface of rocks, stones and gravel, interspersed with stunted bushes. All around towered high mountains, half clothed with shaggy forests; and their precipitous crags, old weather stains and scars of avalanches gave them the aspect of savage desolation. The old hunter scarcely saw them. All that met his eye was the slender figure of the Indian, leaping like a frightened deer toward the base of the mountain on the left. He dashed after him at full speed, over piles of rock and stone, strewn by an ancient avalanche over the narrow valley, where none but such a frantic sportsman could have passed in safety. It was in the Notch, close to the place where the unfortunate Willeys afterward met their fate.

The game soon began to ascend the mountain, choosing the place where the avalanche had come down and cut itself a pathway, resembling, in all but its depth, the bed of a torrent. The Indian bounded up; the hunter and dogs followed. The sides of the ravine rapidly approached each other and grew more abrupt and high, the ascent became steeper and more perilous. The little stream that trickled down the narrow and steep passage-way and spread itself over the



FROM AN EARLY DAGUERRETYPE.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

smooth rocks made the foot-hold very precarious. The dogs were soon brought up. They stopped at the foot of a deep pitch of the rock, against which they pawed in vain efforts to ascend, and made the rocks echo with their cries. The eager old man climbed on. The sides of the ravine now towered over his head, leaving only a strip of the darkening sky visible between their opposite edges. His efforts soon brought him to a height whence the baying of the dogs sounded up the passage faint and distant. He caught frequent glimpses of the Indian scrambling

on before him, and once, getting a fair sight, he fired. The mountains bellowed back the report, but the Indian climbed on unhurt. Still the old man gained rapidly on him, clinching his jaw together with eagerness and longing. At length, however, a long reach of the ravine stretched upward in the obscurity before him. He looked and saw nothing of his prey. Furious with anger and disappointment at the renewed activity of the savage, he pressed on faster than before. A

smooth rock, nearly perpendicular, soon arrested his progress. He did not dream of pausing, but began to work his way up the dangerous precipice, with his mind occupied by the sole thought of overtaking and slaying the Indian. With every faculty at its utmost tension, availing himself of every little point and crevice, he did what no man else could have done: he climbed half way up the steep wet face of the rock. But here he was obliged to pause, and for the first time his blood cooled and he was conscious of the peril of his situation. "He moved his hand to the right and to the left, over the rock, clammy with the spreading water of the little streamlet, and found scarcely a crevice large enough to thrust a finger into, or a projection that a foot could rest against. He looked up; the edge of the precipice was twenty feet above his head. He looked down; there were the sharp projecting angles of the rocky sides of the ravine and below all lay in deep blackness, like a bottomless gulf. He tried to descend, but his foot moved vainly from side to side, searching for the place where it had last rested when he was climbing up. To ascend was perilous enough; to descend, impossible. His hair began to bristle. He listened, and heard from below the faint baying of the hounds. Hitherto he had clung to his gun by a sort of instinct; but now he let it drop. The oaken stock struck at the foot of the cliff with a dull shock, and splintered to pieces. There was a pause for an instant, and then came the clanging rattle of the barrel as it

bounded from side to side of the ravine, down the mountain. The old man thought that he must soon follow it,— and the thought gave him desperation. His alternative was to be dashed to pieces or to gain the top of the rock; and to this fearful task he applied himself. His success was almost miraculous, as those who have seen the place will confess. He reached the top, but all his limbs were aching with the strong and continued strain of every muscle; the ends of his fingers were worn to the bone; the flesh was rubbed from the knees; and his heart throbbed with a violence that, though unfelt while he was climbing, almost choked him when he laid himself down at the top. Poor wretch! It would have been better for him had he fallen. The level rock he had attained was not eight feet across. Beyond it rose another precipice, full sixty feet high, perpendicular, smooth, and wet, while on each side the loftier walls of the ravine destroyed every chance of escape. The old scalp-hunter was caught in his own trap."

The Indian had escaped from the ravine at a point where its sides were less precipitous than elsewhere, and the long, tough root of a spruce, hanging several yards from the top, helped him in the most dangerous part. He was now safe in the woods, on the surface of the mountain. The eager hunter had passed on, without dreaming that the game had given him the slip. It is useless to

dwell on his fate. In the morning he looked down the frightful gorge in front, and on the cliffs that imprisoned him, to see if any possibility of escape offered,— for till then his hardy spirit had not quite despaired. The daylight dispelled every shadow of hope. At the edge of the ravine, a hundred feet over him, his startled eye encountered a human face, peering down upon him from behind a stunted pine that projected over the gulf. It was the Indian who had seated himself there to exult in the fate of his enemy.

The old man spent two days in his prison. The afternoon of the second day was peculiarly beautiful; the atmosphere had a softness not common in New England; and while the western mountains seemed enveloped in a blue, transparent haze, the warm sunlight poured full on the rugged slopes to the east. The desolate valley wore the mildest aspect its savage features could put on, like a sleeping warrior dreaming of his home. The evening brought a change. A thunder gust came up, and in a few moments filled every gully and ravine with foaming waters and drift logs driving down to the valley. The old man was swept from his place in an instant; but the watchful Indian found him next morning wedged under a rock,— and a week after, his gray hairs were fluttering in the wind from the top of a cabin in the Indian village of St. Francis by the side of the St. Lawrence.

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## ALONG THE SAND.

*By A. C.*

**A**LONG the sand the quiet waters sleep;  
 A noontide silence rests on all the land;  
 And drowsy, cedar-scented breezes creep  
 Along the sand.

Brown seaweeds shrivel on the quivering strand,  
 Torn from their cool sea caverns, still and deep,  
 By the slow tide, with soft, resistless hand.

The white-winged ships their trackless pathway keep,  
 By sudden breezes from the low clouds fanned,  
 Whose silent shadows pass with changeeful sweep  
 Along the sand.



## QUAINT ESSEX.

*By Frank T. Robinson.*



WHEN we look back into the history of New England for a couple of centuries or more, the lives of our fore-fathers and mothers are very interesting. The former were endowed with a grim religious zeal; the latter with simplicity, virtue and peasant-like patience. The Puritans need no flattery for their efforts in establishing themselves on our shores. They would not quite understand the ideals which have been made of them by the writers of the nineteenth century. Those independent refugees, the Pilgrims, who were driven from England, in Elizabeth's reign, to Holland and thence migrated to Plymouth, though poor men and artisans, adventurously opened the way for the Puritans, who, out of the failure of their struggles for constitutional liberty and a likelihood of an invasion of their godly sanctity at home, saw peace and hope in the new west. Quiet and stern was the enthusiasm in every Puritan house over

the idea of the gentry and traders establishing a great colony in New England. Slowly and surely the response to the scheme accumulated, until, almost simultaneously with Eliot's last vindication of English liberty in the "broken parliament" of 1629, the remarkable exodus began.

The leaders or rulers of the colonies were for the most part lawyers and scholars, many of them stockholders in the enterprise. The contented, wealthy and powerful did not exile themselves. Saltonstall built a fine house at Ipswich; Craddock, a substantial brick mansion in Medford. Vane, Humphrey and Vassall sought to establish themselves on our wild shores; but they preferred their homes in England to this wilderness, — and who can blame them?

It was the god-fearing farmers from Lincolnshire and the eastern counties, mixed with the lower class, those dependent on their labor for their food, who formed the bulk of the emigrants who sought equality of social claims and political rights in New England. They came from a land overwhelmed in schism, religious and political, where all was confusion. These reformers, followers of Calvin, were imbued with the invincible power of truth, or what they held as such, and, buoyed up by the spirit of adventure, the charm of independence, guided by the clergy and the land agents, settled upon our shores with the avowed purpose of worshipping God as they chose and getting a living. Cut off as they were from all sources of supply, — and compared with the present over-abundance of human comforts, those of their native heaths were meagre enough, — they were obliged to exert their faculties to the utmost for an ordinary existence. Then, too, the gentle savage was in their way. He was a creature whom they knew nothing of; and to circumvent his ways and means was a problem which their

religion seemed powerless to effect, despite the worthy efforts and teachings of the elders, and, later on, of Eliot, Mayhew and Sargent.

To correctly understand the true character of the colonists, as represented in Massachusetts, one must tread the war-paths of the Puritan and savage, read carefully the church and town records, study the meagre accounts of the school system, look into the doings of the militia, and lastly, live in the taverns and homes which they occupied, and glean from descendants traditions which are both hearable and believable.

The Puritans here, naturally enough, adopted as near as possible the laws and customs of England. They had lived in a country where it was the habit to crop the ears of the offender, slit his nose, brand his cheek, whip him at the cart's tail, set him into the stocks, and inflict like punishments. They viewed the red cross in the English flag as "a relic of popery insufferable in a Puritan community," and made civil government subordinate to Calvinism. They would not harbor persons whose religious views were dangerous, and no man was a freeman who was not a churchman.

This average, thrifty peasantry, somewhat above those who lived in mud houses in rural England at the time, respected learning; and as it ever has been in ecclesiastical countries, the clergy held the power largely in its own hands. It was the minister who gave certificates to freemen, provided they were "correct in doctrine and conduct;" if they were not church members or freemen and had excused themselves from voluntary contributions to help the church, they were still obliged to pay their proportion of all expenses, and at one period the minister was the authorized collector. Civil and ecclesiastical relations were interwoven so closely that the civil part of them was almost lost sight of, the government was adjusted to fit the religion, and no community could be formed unless there were enough members of it to compose a congregation of true disciples. It was the church which caused to be punished any who neglected public worship; who

behaved contemptuously toward the ministry, the preaching or the ordinances; who attempted to subvert the Christian faith by broaching dangerous heresies or speaking contemptuously of "the holy penmen." The while, to listen to the divine words of the beloved pastor one was obliged to be seated by a "committee to dignify the seats." The first in dignity were those who paid the greatest taxes or held offices of trust. Indeed, there were set rules for seating "age, state and dignity" in the meeting-house; and on many town records will be found something like the following regarding this curious custom: "Agreed and voted that the fore seat in the front gallery shall be equal in dignity with ye second seat in ye body of ye meeting-house. The fore seats in side gallery shall be equal in dignity to the fourth seat in ye body of meeting-house, the second seat in side gallery shall be esteemed equal in dignity to ye seventh seat in ye body of meeting-house," and so on. No doubt this matter disturbed many a person of quality and good breeding, also the very ignorant, neither one nor the other caring to be lowered into a social pit or forced to perch on a religious poultry roost.

The "dignity" of church customs pervaded the military affairs of the times. The captain and his wife hobnobbed with the parson and men of estate on Sunday or lecture day; the sergeant and his wife could not associate with the corporal and his wife; and the corporal kept his balance on the social scale by avoiding the privates' associations.

The administration of social and domestic affairs received due attention from the potent ministry. They decreed that cakes and buns should be reserved for burial and marriages; yet the Rev. Thomas Corbett's obsequies were without them, no records of these sweets being found; instead, we read that six pounds shall be expended for black gloves and twelve pounds for rum, wine, cider, ale and spices. No wonder the legislature presently "forbid healths to be drunk." If the colonists had drunk more chocolate and less rum and wine, or if tea had been used, which it was not until



THE RIVER, IPSWICH.

1720, their hardships would have been very much alleviated and the church benefited.

We note the domestic disturbance in the good family of Mr. Nicholas Noyes of Newbury, also in Hugh Marsh's and Wm. Chandler's, wherein it is disclosed that the wives of these men were "presented" for wearing silk hoods and scarfs, — but proving that their husbands were worth two hundred pounds, they were discharged. One John Hutchings' wife, for the same crime, escaped the ten shillings fine by proving that she was "brought up above the ordinary rank."

Here again do we find the omnipresent hand of the church. The whale driven

ashore was supposed to be cut for the benefit of the finder, but the court said it was "a thing very commendable and beneficent to the towns where God's providence shall cast whales, if they should agree to set apart some portion of every such fish or oil for the encouragement of an able godly ministry," so that the county would obtain a hogshead of oil, the minister a portion — and the workers were to divide the remainder. The records show that the whale contributed no little amount to the religious welfare of the colonists, while the profits from the codfish went to "train up children to reading and writing."

Laws were made as they were needed, and consequently were used. "Shuffleboards" (cards), dice, cross and pile, lotteries, and overcharging for merchandise were objectionable matters; immediately upon the discovery of an offender, the town clerk was set to work to draft a law upon a new or special case, and the "victim" was quickly "presented." If a man repented a bargain and made complaint, backed by an elder, that he was cheated, the unfortunate vender was straightway punished. Here is one "Tom C.," who sold a pair of boots and spurs for fifteen shillings. It was somehow proved that they were worth but ten. "Tom C." is fined thirty shillings, and loses his boots and spurs besides, the useful apparel going to swell the revenues of the town. Stephen H. is taken ado for selling beer at two pence the quart, while some good judge of beer pronounces it worth but a penny. Stephen is obliged to contribute to the support of the magistrate. "Drinking tobacco" on the highway is the target of a statute, — along with "him who shall shoot off any gun on any unnecessary occasion or at any *game* whatsoever, except at an Indian or a wolf;" he "shall forfeit five shillings for every offence till further liberty shall be given."

There can be no doubt about the earnestness of the clergy in the cause of education. They saw the necessity of establishing schools that children might read the Bible for their souls' sake, gain a respect for its expounders, and grow up to be pure-minded Puritans and obedient citizens. For some years the Latin grammar was viewed with suspicion, Apollo, Venus, Bacchus and Mars being at variance with the imagery of the Old Testament models. Jangling music, *bal masque* poetry and the fine arts of the court were not tolerated. The minister preached against such unholy things, denounced those who used Romish names for the months, as well as those who were trying to learn how to use a fork.

All was not sinful, nor was all war and religion. Our forefathers were industrious as were also the mothers and daughters. The rope-makers, carpenters, gunsmiths,

coopers, wheelwrights, glovers, soap-makers, fishermen, tailors, shipbuilders, tanners and curriers filled an important part in the daily life of the times. Mothers admonished their daughters to avoid the fine by spinning monthly three pounds of flax, three of wool and three of cotton. The travelling shoemaker who cut and fitted shoes was licensed so to do and no more; the making of the shoes must be performed by some member of the family. The Puritans knew what hard work meant, and were it not for their wars of extermination or being exterminated, they would have made greater commercial strides. But for all their hardships they were possessed, after thirty years, of mills, factories and shops, and could boast a fair and regular crop at each harvesting.

So they grew in their might with years. Experiments, often costly, were abandoned. Fanatics and illusionists multiplied for a space, and were finally banished. Gradually civilization extended its quieting hand.

Nowhere did Massachusetts Puritanism have a completer field or find better illustration than in Essex County. Whittier did not need to travel beyond his own bailiwick to find subjects for all the ballads he cared to write upon any feature of the old colonial life. We lately journeyed in these pages through many of the North Shore places — Lynn, Salem, Marblehead, Gloucester, Newburyport — to observe their quaint remains from the earlier time.\* Let us here pilgrimage together to others of the Essex towns, beginning with old Ipswich, one of the most Puritan of all the Puritan places.

Did ye know, O modern denizens of Ipswich, that Dame Nature was in a curious mood when she portioned off thy precincts? She must have anticipated that the future surveyor would attempt to deform her works with geometrical lines and for a pastime set a puzzle for the pathmakers who were to climb thy rock and wood-bound surface. Let us not attempt to follow too closely the capricious dame: she will surely lead

\* See article on "The Quaint North Shore," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, August, 1894.



A BIT OF IPSWICH.

us astray. But let us listen to the cadence of the march of years and observe the human procession that has moved along within thy borders, old shire-town near the bay.

For centuries before the Agawam or fishing-station was established, a gentle river wended its way from the sea, kindly dividing its lands, and not without purpose. It prepared for the future inhabitants a source by which they might sustain life and carry out the divine law; it helped to beautify and vary the landscape, and made the locality attractive alike to barbarian and the less barbarous citizen. The picturesque beauty of Ipswich, from an elevated position, or from any locality where the highways and river enter into the composition, is one of the most remarkable imaginable. As one approaches the town from the station, there rises before the vision a charming landscape. On the right and left the roads converge and wind slowly up the hill under shadows of great trees, until the Green is reached, where the citizens congregate in the summer hours, and where the people have erected their religious and patriotic shrines. There are a few traces of brick sidewalks. Here and there a fence marks the domain of proprietorship; and near the base of the Green there is a long seat where the "townies" meet at nightfall and linger until the sound of the "curfew," at nine o'clock.

Here, as elsewhere in the colonial

towns, the remodeller has been at work upon his house and a little more than stopped the leaks. Here and there are models of colonial carpentry, and usually the main portions of the old houses preserve their quaint forms. But there has been a transformation within the past century; and if we were to sit beside one of the old drivers of the Salem and Newburyport stage or baggage wagon, or race over the roads and bridle paths with the post horses, we should be informed, doubtless with gravity and concern, that the horn-

blower could not raise one familiar face, and that a change had been made at every turn. Still to our eyes the old town is quaint enough. To be sure, the "plantations" have been cut up into streets, divided and subdivided into house lots; the white oak, Lombardy poplars and some native trees have disappeared, and with them many of the old ways of the people. Traditions and bits of architectural simplicity and solidity of construction, however, reflect important epochs of the town history.

There is Choate's Bridge, the product of one Col. John Choate's brains, a splendid piece of primitive masonry. It spans the Ipswich river with Norman-like arches of rough-hewn stone, uncemented. They seem to be woven together with wonderful strength—and I doubt not that the Colonel saw every stone placed. The dedication of the bridge (1764) must have been a quiet affair, since there is no record of the same beyond the fact that one Clark, a blind man of Rowley, was present and recited a poem of his own creation, which time hands down to us in the following primitive style:—

"Behold this bridge of lime and stone!  
The like before was never known  
For beauty and magnificence,  
Considering the small expense.

How it excels what was expected,  
Upon the day it was projected!  
When faithful men are put in trust,  
They'll not let all the money rust.

But some advance for public good  
Is by this fabric understood;  
And after this it will be wrote  
In honor of brave Colonel Choate.

It was his wisdom built the same,  
And added lustre to his fame,  
That filled this country with renown,  
And did with honor Ipswich crown."

Among the most conspicuous of the old houses, historically and architecturally, is that erected by Richard Saltonstall, built where it now stands in 1635. For upwards of two hundred and fifty years humanity has found shelter beneath this roof. Its front and sides are bleached by the rains and snows, the suns and the

despite the fact recorded that there were no painted houses in the colonies for nearly a century after their settlement, The paint was used as much for its preserving qualities as for decoration where it could be afforded. The same method of treatment in color was everywhere prevalent, and was continued even in Deerfield and Stockbridge and other western towns. There is a massive beam, which terminates in the front hall; and through its centre has been bored a hole large enough to admit a gun barrel. This was doubtless used by the inmates to protect the main entrance; and woe to the Indian who first showed his grim



SALTONSTALL PORCH, IPSWICH.

winds, but there still remains a sturdy unwithering show of vitality. The construction is quite different from any that I have ever seen. The lower, overlapping beams that traverse the side projections were once modelled like a moulding, and the junctures of cross beams were headed with an ornamental capital or bracket. The house was originally painted with white lead, the corner strips being decorated with red paint, as were also the projecting beams. There can be no doubt about these colors having been applied when the house was finished,

visage in this vicinity. The partitions are filled with clay and bricks, being made arrow- and bullet-proof, as well as to keep out the winds and cold of winter. The house as it originally stood was in the open field and commanded a considerable view, so that any one who approached within musket shot could be distinctly seen.

The Corbett house is noticeable for its massive chimney, one of the best preserved in the country. The house is less pretentious in construction and is more of the carpenter's architecture than that

of Saltonstall. Were its low-studded rooms able to tell us a few stories of what had transpired in them, this chapter would require lengthening. Here were received the potentates of the colonies; here the Rev. Mr. Corbett wrote some of his best themes and books, and thought out the problem concerning the baptism of infants; young Corbett, after his release from Indian captivity, was tendered a reception in the house, and the people came from "Lyn" on foot to help out the great rejoicing, while the heating irons, spices for the "syder" and other drinkables were required to do extra duties. The suppressed history of this



CORBETT HOUSE, IPSWICH.

relic would constitute one of the most interesting and typical of colonial life.

The old Foss house, with its pitch roof, now dilapidated and forsaken, stands on the west side of the river, and is the most picturesque in this section. From the shades of the river bank the ground rises gradually to the house, the interval being filled with Japanese-looking apple trees and corn fields, and the sharp outlines of the house against the sky complete the composition.

There are some quaint-looking old sailor-fishermen living near the river bank, whose chief occupation it is to dig clams and let out their boats. If you ask one of these men for a drink of water, he will bring you a pailful, and with an old jelly tumbler dip deep into the water, never minding about wetting his salty fingers, and pass it to you with a smile.

Ipswich, in all seasons, is serenely quiet; nowadays, nothing disturbs its

tranquillity save the elements, the occasional finding of a heap of clam shells, or relics of Indian life or death, the railroad accidents, the excitement at the polls, or centennial celebrations. The seminary girls no longer make the ice lively with their skates, nor the lace factory employees mimic their mistress. Still Ipswich can get along without crutches. Its people are honest, and who can tell what manner of man may yet come from within its borders?

The guide boards of Ipswich point out for the traveller the most direct way to Newburyport, Salem and Rowley, while Essex, the offspring of Ipswich, adjoining it by land and sea to the south-east, needs no sign. The town is quaintly interesting in its very stupidity. There is to the eye of the metropolitan a perpetual Sunday hovering over its streets, and one may expect to be accosted by a blind man to be led to a grocery store or shoe shop, so little need does there seem to be for the use of any faculties. To be sure, there is a little noise near the shipyards, noise of form as seen in the ribs of

the schooners outlined against the sky, noise in the lines of the causeway which leads to Gloucester.

Standing on the roadway and looking toward Essex the view is strange and quaint enough. The ground rises slightly, nature giving the builders of ships a slant toward the creeks. On the right, capping the hill, the Orthodox spire lifts its sombre shape; while on the left and lower sides of the causeway, the Spanish-like tower of the Universalist church lends its picturesque outlines to the artistic composition. The marsh and distant sands of Hog Island, the woods on the outskirts, and the glint of the sunlight on Essex river as it traces its course, make pretty lines and color for the painter and etcher.

Essex is slumbering: the fallen stones in the graveyard, old men, brown-skinned farmers, retired sailors, the rusty bridge, dusty streets, waddling dogs and slow pedestrians betoken a peaceful

serenity and simplicity, which is only disturbed by the jingle of the bells on the baker's cart, the clang of the church bell, the little tumult of the noon hour, the rattle of the caulkers' irons, the vivid circus posters, and the chatter of the sun-bonneted, blue-mouthed, berry-picking children.

Old John Wise, were he alive, would stir up the natives and give them something to talk about. It was he who prayed for his enemies, but wished, if there was no other way for the safety of his friends who were in the hands of his enemies, that they would rise up and

overshadowing the house fronts, owing, very likely, to the drawn curtains and closed blinds of the parlors, where the cob and shell frames, the cabinet work from Manchester's shops, the hair-cloth furniture and home-made tidies rarely see the light, except on occasions when previous notice has been given to the occupants that some one is to call; then the smell of the stove blacking and the cheerful gleam from the solar lamp make a merry change. Essex is a good-natured, staid old seaport town, full of art to the artist, of memories to the natives, of history to the writer.



IN ESSEX.

butcher them. But there is no demand for John Wises; the church anniversary and picnic can be managed very well by the ladies.

The old town has ever been one of patriotic note; on land and sea its citizens have made their mark; and doubtless if a demand were made upon it for men to serve in their country's wars, it would wake up and resound with enthusiastic impulse.

Essex woods are beautiful, and its roads excellent, its morals and politics healthy, its people honest and hospitable. There is, however, a sober atmosphere

Byfield belongs in the air, and hovers on the edges of Georgetown, Newbury and Rowley. Its parish is accessible by the highway from all points and by all modes of transit except stage, steam or horse railroads. Byfield contains a nest of old, decrepit houses, peaceful lines of landscape, a row of white churches, fields, and a general lone aspect of human activity. I doubt if the Algonquin dialect was ever exercised by the Agawams in this vicinity, except, maybe, on the banks of Parker river, or on the paths which led through the town to other more tempting spots near the Merrimack shores.





FROM AN SKETCH BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY.

LOOKING TOWARD ESSEX.

Chas Herbert Woodbury

The every-day male portions of the inhabitants remind one of the poor whites of the South; their hair and beards are long and scraggy, their garments faded and gray. Now and then one meets a landholder, and he is noticeable on account of his shaven upper lip and knowing air. The Sunday male inhabitant is a proper-looking person, a surprise to himself and all churchgoers. He is another man: his Sunday suit makes the transformation, coupled of course with the hair- and whisker-combing and the immaculate white dickey. In several important points, however, do these people differ from the southern whites; the air they breathe is purer, giving them a robust, healthy physique and color, their usual hospitality and inborn civility. The old "towny" will bow you into town with a welcome, and give you a unique reply to all questions. The poor white of the South is sullen and selfish, poor in body and mind.

On the edge of Byfield stands "Tim Jewett's" house. It is all shingled except the front, which is clapboarded. There is a garden, and there is an extensive grapevine in the yard, a pine grove in the background, sloping banks from the side of the house to the road, which twists in serpentine lengths out of sight in the perspective windings. This is a quaint little house, built a century and a half ago, and made roomy by the many doors which open to the outer world. Some one lives in this house — there is a sign of life in and around it; but there are many houses hereabouts which are boarded up at door and window, and no man knows even the date of their boarding up. There is one well-located house, which sits in from the roadside, with two great elms in front. It was once an ordinary or tavern, but fell into decay years and years ago, when the stage roads were changed. The yellow and gray myriapod-like moss clings to the clapboards, the little window panes of glass are iridescent with the tenuous, gaseous bloom of time, and the rank vines encumber the yard and rear approaches. There is still left, however, a majestic appearance to the house, bidding a sort of defiance to the elements

and commanding respect for its once ambitious proprietor and builder.

Not far away there totters another weary woe. This house was "home" once; and home meant life, new life and old. Now the chimney has gone, fallen piece by piece, and ultimately carried away the rafters and ridge pole. The glass and sashes have disappeared from the window frames, which now stare like the eye-sockets of a skull; silence and shadows alone enliven the surroundings, and the cattle never browse among the rank weeds that choke the pathway to the door and crawl or lean against the zigzag fence. Neglect is rampant. Where once the gay voices of children filled the air with innocence and glee; where the thrifty housewife toiled and spun for old and young; where maidens dreamed and sunny hours flew into air with the rose petals; where the sturdy farmer came and went and care made age before its youth had gone, — now, all is quiet. Ambitions, hopes and fears have vanished, sleeping perhaps beneath the slanting slab in the mossy graveyard. Thus the rust of time has unhinged the very gates of paradise. Home is for to-day; to-morrow, we have no home, — so let us appreciate the song, the voice, the forms and all that makes home what it is, a living soul. When it is not this, it is dead, — like this wayside frame on Byfield's road.

We will enliven the record of old Byfield's quaintness, and leave the green-paper curtained windows with pot plants in two rows across them; leave the precincts where the people seem to have gone to a matinee; and talk with the man yonder who is getting his apples ready for the cider press, and massing his pumpkins in such an "out of all drawing and color" heap. He proves to be an interesting citizen; demonstrates that the old house near by once belonged to one Dixon, who was followed in its ownership and occupancy by one Pillsbury, who made the first shoe-pegs, a sample of which is shown to us. The house is located on high ground, and used to be a refuge for the families residing hereabout. Tradition says the house was used as a

garrison; and it is very likely that tradition is correct, for there are no signs in the vicinity of any other building which could be used for such a purpose. Inside and outside it shows signs of age — not yet rickety, but like an octogenarian, who, though wrinkled and bent, still struts about, quite whole but rather serious.

As in all of the colonial towns, for many years before the doctor and his saddle bags climbed the hills or measured the bridle paths by day or night, the native

back is turned will chatter and gossip about you, — perhaps no more so than Woodbury and I did about them, who we thought were not unlike French peasants at work in the fields, except that they were not pretty either in face or the color of their garments. Rowley is and always has been a lively town, sapping the life out of its neighbors by reason of its location near Plum Island sound and the thoroughfare its highways made for the stage or curricule bound to and fro from Boston to Portsmouth with the "Eastern mail" or



THE OLD PILLSBURY HOUSE, BYFIELD.

was his own physician. Here the botanical gardens flourished under the guidance of the goodwife of every household. The lovage, sage, saffron and other herbs, so likely to be needed during sickness, were nourished, the blossoms picked and dried and carefully stowed, along with the memories of pricked fingers, away in the great chest.

There have been many honest shillings earned in Byfield, many hours of concern over the crops, the news of the great world everywhere outside of the quiet hamlet; the place has been sanctified as few other towns have, if the religious zeal of its citizens count for anything; and the demure Puritans, along with their descendants, have found a deal of happiness in the sunny fields, the wide porches and the low ceilings of their modest homes.

The town of Rowley is not far away. The cranberry pickers will all look at you, and all reply in one grand chorus to your questions about distances, and when your

news and passengers from the interior. These routes were changed many times. At first one went by Dummer Academy; then it cut off through another part of the parish, and was shifted again when the Newburyport turnpike was opened; and after many years the railroad took the place of the semi-weekly stage to Charlestown Ferry. But Rowley has always kept its streets open to the world, and has influenced a considerable business from the towns in and about it. I dare say, however, that few indeed are the people in our state to-day who know where Rowley is. Its jolly taverns are now unknown; the strolling wits no longer seek their shillings from its people; Rowley has shrunken into its own shadow, and is silent enough when compared with the cities which lie not far from its borders.

There are some picturesque remnants of Rowley's best days remaining, though Rowley river has become a creek, and its business over the sound is confined to

pleasure boats. One of the most interesting houses in point of color and lines is the "Harris Place" on Hammond street. It shows a stanch sloping roof, with little windows on the sides and front looking like log-house peep-holes. It is located on high ground, and commands a splendid view of the country round about. The outlines of the barns, yard, hay stack and house, as they shape themselves against the sky at twilight, impress one with their vigor and beauty. It is not unlikely that the house may be standing a century hence, and that the future proprietor may celebrate its three hundredth birthday,—for houses have birthdays only when they are old.

There are other old domiciles in the town: Chaplin's, built in 1670, being peculiar in construction, though not of any artistic form, simply useful for shelter, which was what the owner wanted. What cared he for style? Chaplin preferred comfort in his house, in his boots; along with the early Jewetts and other notables, he built a church to save travelling six miles or more to Byfield parish every Sunday. The fine arts, poetry, science and the graphic arts, and the culture usual to the Latin races were not needed in Rowley, at least were never called for. The æsthetic element in the character of the settlers

was obliged to keep; and the regulations about churning and sweeping were particularly essential. The homely laws of self-protection prevailed here as elsewhere. But to us there are some choice subjects left for the painter's skill or the poet's rhythm.

Step into that house near the great elms—read the sign in broad script nailed to the door of the north room, which runs as follows:—

"No vote or act of the town be valid if passed so long after sunset that the clark cannot see to record it."

Then step in a half hour before twilight, and watch the functionary and his clients. Possibly it would make a better etching than painting; for there is no color there,—all is black and white, sombre and serious. The types of our primitive citizens would be fine, and the atmosphere peculiarly tainted with the barn or tannery, but the noise of the quill and *ensemble* of the interior would be exceedingly interesting.

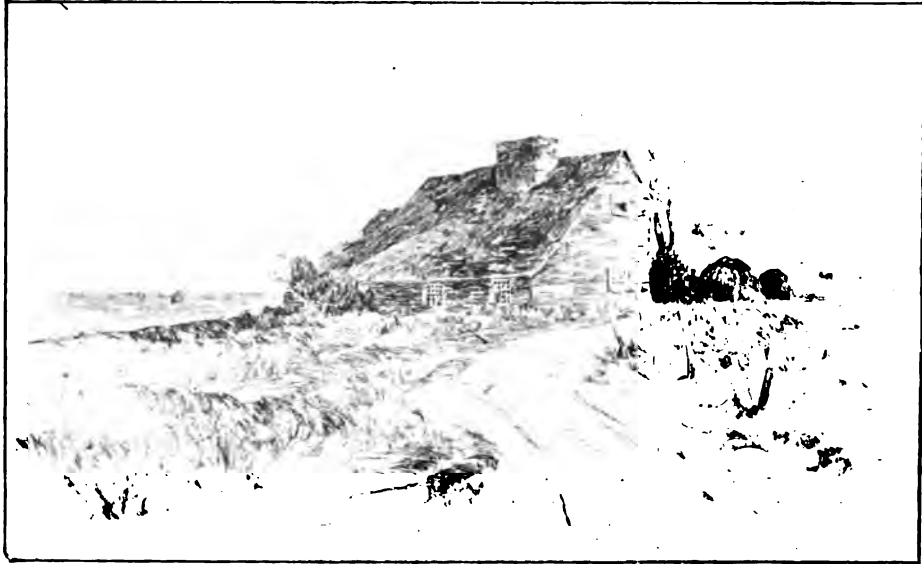
We will pass over the superstitions of the people, say nothing of their connection with the witch events, but record the fact that about one hundred years ago the whole town flocked to Georgetown to see the famous egg which a hen laid, whereon was



slumbered, while the demand for four-foot fences to be "made up & repaired against all manner of cattle" was the one thing needful; so also was the ladder, which every thatched-roof house owner

printed by a freak of nature (?) "Peace to America."

From Rowley hills, where once were set the watch towers of the Indian fighters, one can obtain a comprehensive view of



"SOUTH SHEDDER," ROWLEY.

the surrounding country. The spires of Ipswich, Hamilton, Salem, Reading, Andover, Haverhill, Newbury and Newburyport and other towns loom up among the trees and on the hillsides, while seaward stretch the marsh meadows and the waters of the sound.

It must have shaken the bones of the early settlers to stride their horses and follow the heifer-paths in and around Newbury, or go from town to town and state to state by relays of horses, or later on from stage to stage. The rich felt comfortable enough, despite the tumbling of the old lumbering coach; for one feels comfortable in the mind when he knows how footsore and weary the pedestrian is; there is always recompense for our bodily sufferings if we have a mind to look for it, — and we generally have.

The Puritans or traders who settled this town took to their boats in Ipswich, preferring this easy method of transit, ultimately landing on the banks of Parker river. Here they started their log houses, their routine labors on land and sea; and it was not many months before they were able to reap the fruits of their toil; eat baked pumpkins, "rye and Indian," turnips and parsnips. Like the Japanese, they appropriated the good

ideas of their foes, and were not slow in utilizing the Indian fish weirs, dropping hot stones into water, making baskets from the inner bark of the slippery elm, and pounding their corn in modern mortars.

The meeting-house soon sprang into existence and rights of suffrage were discussed in "tun meeting." Here gathered the worshippers at the sound of the drum; the tuneful lay of the congregation was started with the "pitch pipe;" then came the two hours of lawful solid religious exhortation from the mouth of the godly minister. Here the errors of the Quakers were told to the Lord, and supplications went up to Him in earnest arguments that He might prevent the spread of the "obnoxious heretics, cursed sect, roughs, vagabonds and beggars." How gratified they must have felt when they heard that the "pernicious sect" were being punished in Boston. Yes, the incorrigible Puritan hung the Quaker, — their anarchist, — and in the same spirit sold what Indians were left over from the Pequot extermination to the West Indian planter for thirty pounds each, though the ruling price for a slave was about sixty pounds.

One cannot help thinking of these matters when walking about in Newbury,

Oldtown, Joppa and Newburyport. History rushes to the mind at every footstep. The hollow voices of the savages and the Puritans mingle with the dreadful howl of the elements, the veiled eyes of justice are moistened with the tears of pity, and the cloud of desperation hangs sullen and black over the persecuted persecutors. But let us look into later years, drop into Plummer's tavern, and welcome the "jolly grog," the least of the colonist's evils. Here convene the town magistrates, who squat, saunter, drink punch and rum at the town's expense, while they make laws. In this very tavern might have occurred that choice bit of judicial ruling which comes to us in this shape. It seems that the law required that every licensed ordinary should provide good, wholesome beer, with four bushels of malt to the hogshead, and that two pence should be charged for the ale quart. Now, one Tristram Coffyn's wife, Dionis, was "presented" for selling beer at three pence a quart. There was quite a stir over the matter; but Dionis was a match for her red-nosed law-makers, for she proved that she put six bushels into the hogshead, and reckoned: "As four is to two so is six to three. I'll have better beer than my neighbors, and be paid for it. A fig for the law."

Newbury still contains several interesting old houses and direct descendants from the first settlers. One, who is the sixth in line, informs the welcome visitor to the old mansion that "the house has been fixed up — why, I had twenty cartloads of litter carted away not long ago."

"Yes," we mentally replied, "you carted away some fine old tiles, some excellent hard-wood lentil beams; indeed, you carted away the very character of your father's house. All you have left is a few archives in the bureau drawer and an enthusiasm to read them over for proofs of nobility and correctness of descent."

One can find more pleasure in looking at the houses of the fishermen, which line the shores of Joppa on the Plum Island turnpike, than in lingering in such a remodelled antique. If we want to study the handiwork of the old builders, we

may find an hour well spent at Oldtown, corner of High street and Ocean avenue, and not far from the memorable Green. Here is a fine old brick-ended house, with a rather welcome-looking porch, delicate and invalid like, gathering upon its frame more and more of the little years that seem never able to mature or wreck it. The exterior and interior alike are quaint and story-like in appearance. Here reside the relics of an honored ancestry, two courteous and serious ladies, and with them all of the furniture of "ye very olden date." With what avaricious eyes the curio-hunter gazes on the fine things here preserved. One of the upper rooms is panelled in soft wood, its natural surface never having been painted. It is now toned to a rich brown, and though barren in its general aspect, serves as a model of good standing finish. Here also is a carved oak buffet built into the wall, filled with splendid table furniture of blue Delph and porcelain ware. We note the tiddle-back chairs, Guernsey carved chests, embroidered upholstery, pretty pieces of graceful cabinet-work, pewter dishes and other relics of the stiff age, so valuable and, in our times, so decorative, when interspersed with machine-made furniture. Here, too, is the atmosphere of the last century, the same light and shade, the same porridge-like aroma, the same chill hall and warm living-rooms, cold chambers and narrow stairway. In the front hall ceiling is a ring bolt, which tells us that there was no other way of lowering the rum to the cellar. The trap door is now closed, its uses having vanished with the wise and provident fathers who "rigged it." Adieu, old home! I leave you to the auctioneer of time, who knocks down everything which comes to his notice; he has forgotten you thus far, being busy doubtless with the "Queen Annes" of the last decade.

What is known as the "Little House" in Newbury is the most remarkable garrison house in this country. It is constructed of stone and was built in 1636, by one John Spencer, who was at one time governor of the Newport, R. I., colony. There is unmistakable evidence that this house was built by said Spencer,

## A CASTLE OF ICE.

It has hitherto  
bought the prop-  
erty complete, for the  
house was sold eight  
years ago. He  
was able to con-  
sider it safe to credit  
the architect with its erection.  
The walls within the  
house, including a modern  
porch façade  
are the only one in New  
York showing an artistic sense of  
proportion. One of its  
features is a niche over  
a doorway in which,  
just of some  
the Spencers was to  
be seen. The interior of the  
house, the floors being  
of the same kiln as  
the floor in Norfolk,

Va., which were brought over from Eng-  
land in the early 17th century. The  
interior closely resembles the English  
mansions built in England in the middle  
of the 16th century, being large and  
roomy, capable of holding a great number  
of people seated. The enormous chim-  
ney, with solid beams of white oak, great  
window seats, vast kitchen, and general  
aspect of bigness denote the breeding  
and wealth of its builder. This house  
will stand for centuries to come, and like  
many a structure on the Imperial Island  
will tell of an ancestry who could boast  
of something to begin with. Its present  
occupants, the Littles, are worthy incum-  
bents of such a hospitable home, and will  
see to it that time takes few advantages  
of it. They are doing their best to per-  
petuate the best type of an old English  
rural mansion which is extant in quaint  
Essex.



## A CASTLE OF ICE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

(Continued.)

LILIAN hardly took in at first the defeat of her social aspirations. It was only by degrees that she realized that she had married into very much such a circle as she moved in at home; lower, per-  
haps, for about her parents there still lingered little delicacies of speech and habit, natural or given by early training, which the Mackenzies were without, and the want of which would have made them looked on as of another race by the poor minister's family. Again and again she wondered what made George so different, and then in what the difference lay; — and was ready to conclude that it was in his being a man. This was after a few days spent in the exclusive society of the

female part of the family. Mr. Mackenzie went to his office every morning, and George went with him, and spent the whole day in town. Mrs. Melcher passed much of her time in dogging the footsteps of the "girl," whose personality was so often changed as to require no more particular appellation. The only active pursuit Mrs. Mackenzie had ever known, that of her household duties, having been prematurely taken from her, it seemed to have made the old lady's mind torpid, and she whiled away the hours in knitting herself into short dozes, or reading good little books with passages for every day in the year, always kind and gentle, but saying very little. Lilian made some efforts to amuse her invalid sister-in-law; but Mrs. Melcher was jealous of the only being on whom she was ever known to bestow any warmth of affection, and said

that Hattie must not be tired and excited.

By Sunday Lilian was thankful for the chance of putting on her best walking dress and going to church. George thought it his duty under the circumstances to go too, much to his wife's relief. They appeared to draw much notice from the congregation, a large one, but not, thought Lilian, particularly attractive in appearance; and as she looked around her with a careless ease of manner which she felt marked her superiority to the young women in the neighboring pews, who whispered together as they furtively regarded her, she made up her mind that these were not the people she had come east to know. Never mind! there are others to be known—people she could mix with on equal terms; and if the Mackenzies were to be no social aid to her, she could get on without their help, except such pecuniary assistance as they would doubtless feel it their duty to bestow. The preacher, a smug little man with a rapid delivery that compressed a half-hour's sermon into twenty minutes, came up after the service, and was introduced to her, and was very obsequious in his manner to all the family.

"I hope you admire our church, Mrs. Mackenzie," he wound up by saying.

"Oh, yes," said Lilian, smiling graciously; "it looks as if it might have cost a great deal of money."

"It did," said Mr. Royce, gratified; "it is the most expensive one of our denomination in the state. I suppose you know of your father-in-law's noble gift of a hundred thousand dollars."

"I can well believe it," said Lilian, looking round. Indeed so much gilding had been lavished on the walls and ceiling, that it seemed as if a large part of the gift must have been placed there in evidence.

As she walked back with her husband, the rest of the family going as usual in a carriage hired for the occasion, she said:

"George, do you want very much to go to church there?"

"I? I never go. The truth is," said George, who was beginning to find that there was some relief in unbosoming one's self to a woman, if that woman were a

wife and could understand what one meant, "the truth is I don't like our parson. He's not a bad sort of a fellow, I suppose, but I can't stand his preaching. He calls himself a Liberal-Conservative, so as to please everybody, all round, and he preached a course of sermons, as he said, to reconcile the Bible and science. I heard one. I don't know how much he knows about the Bible, but he don't know anything about science. I thought we ought to go to-day, to please father and mother; but you don't want to go regularly, do you?"

"No, but I think we ought to go somewhere. Would you mind if we took seats at All Souls, where Mr. Brewster is, whom you spoke about?"

"Not at all. They only have one service a week. I should not mind that."

"I suppose your father and mother would rather have us go there than nowhere?"

"I don't think they would. But a man must judge for himself in matters of that sort, and we shall soon be settled in our own house."

The close of his speech sounded so pleasantly that it cheered his wife as she sat through the long Sunday dinner, listening to Mrs. Melcher's *catalogue raisonnée* of the people who had stayed away from church. The family, rather to Lilian's surprise, did not go to church again that afternoon. It was not thought worth carriage-hire; and though Mrs. Melcher hinted strongly that those who did not mind walking ought to feel it their duty to go, she did not long press the point against her brother's silent resistance.

That week was enlivened by a tea-party, which occupied Mrs. Melcher's thoughts and conversation for three days before, and resulted in the "girl" giving warning, though the only guests asked were the Reverend Mr. Royce and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Stitt, near neighbors, and Mrs. Converse and her daughter, Miss Sadie. The latter was spoken of as Hattie's intimate friend, and a sort of consciousness in the manners of the family as they lavished their praises on her was quite enough to hint



to Lilian's quick apprehension that she had been selected by them as a wife for George. Mrs. Melcher said in a marked way that Sadie was "rich," Mrs. Mackenzie, "that she was a sweet girl, and such a cheerful Christian."

"Is she pretty?" daringly asked Lilian, and as Mrs. Melcher replied with an offended air that she was quite as good-looking as any one need to be, Lilian augured plainness, and was not surprised to find Miss Converse a stout, dark, oleaginous-looking girl, with a bad complexion and a perpetual giggle—the first sound of which was enough to show that she could never have had any chance of becoming Mrs. George Mackenzie. Lilian moved serene in the consciousness of superior beauty, and of a charming gown. She saw Mrs. Melcher eyeing it with disapproving curiosity, mentally appraising it, and a warm gush of gratitude to her good friend Captain West rose in her heart, and almost brought tears to her eyes.

The chief burden of the evening's entertainment fell on Mr. Royce, who, while he did full justice to the good things set before him, paid his way with compliments addressed to the whole family in turn, interspersed with jokes chiefly drawn from scriptural sources, drawing forth stifled laughs from Miss Converse, and smiles even from Mrs. Melcher. He talked to Lilian in a deferential but patronizing way about her great good fortune in entering the family of his excellent friend, and the delightful society to which she would be introduced thereby, looking at Miss Converse.

"I hear, Mrs. Mackenzie, you are a minister's daughter. Has your father a large parish?"

"No, very small."

"Oh—many wealthy men in it?"

"No, only Captain West."

"Oh, indeed! My parish has a valuation of over five millions. I believe your good father here is our richest man, and I am sure his noble gifts to our church show that he knows how to make a good use of his riches. But I don't expect all my brethren to be as fortunate as I am. I am glad our friend George has chosen the daughter of one

of them for a wife. I hope we shall see him more regularly at church now."

"Perhaps I ought to let you know," said Lilian, "that Mr. Mackenzie and I have been talking this matter over, and our present views are such as have made us decide to go to All Souls."

"Oh—well—indeed!" stammered Mr. Royce, somewhat taken back, "yes, I am sorry; but perhaps you may find cause to think differently by and by. I hope so."

Here he managed to check himself, and took the unpleasant intelligence, on the whole, as a gentleman should; but his wife, a little, thin, eager woman, reddened angrily as she heard. Later in the evening she was engaged in an earnest conversation with Mrs. Melcher, whose confidante she appeared to be, and who found it difficult to lower her high-pitched voice to the buzzing whisper which came so easily from Mrs. Royce's well-trained lips, so that in a lull of the general talk Lilian caught the words, "And she's not even a Christian!"

"I suppose she thinks she'll get into better society by going to All Souls," said Mrs. Royce.

"Catch them!" replied her friend. "She couldn't get any of that stuck-up set to call—not if they took a pew in the broad aisle and sat there till doomsday!"

Lilian tried to drown their last speeches by asking Miss Converse to play something, and when that young lady, with a frantic giggle, refused, she sat down herself, and sang her best songs, though harassed by the necessity of having to subdue her accompaniment on a piano out of tune. She sang very fairly, considering her want of teaching, and thought still better of her performance than it deserved, so that she had all the support which confidence can give. No one present was in a position to criticise her, and she had the satisfaction of exciting, for the first time, the admiration of her new family. George cared nothing for music, but he liked singing at a party, because while it went on he was left in peace. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie openly applauded, and their example was followed by the silent Stitts. Even Hattie raised

her languid head, while Mrs. Melcher looked astonished, and Mrs. Royce, who grudged losing such a performer for the church assemblies, seemed cross. Miss Converse kept up a running fire of giggles, though none of the songs were comic, and Lilian felt that the honors of the evening were fairly hers.

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"Lilian," said George, as he was getting his papers together in preparation for going to town, a day or two after the party, "don't you think we might take that house?"

"It is such an ugly little house," said Lilian despairingly.

"Is it? It doesn't look so different to me from any other house."

"And it has no fireplaces."

"We have none here."

"It does seem as if we might find something a little better — if you would only take a little time to look about with me."

"I did take time — a whole half day — and we saw nothing else."

"No, nothing that we could afford," said Lilian tentatively. She knew now what George's income was, and began to have some idea of how much it could accomplish; and she threw out this little hint to see if Mr. Mackenzie were likely to give them any help in the matter.

"Just so," said George, taking her remark as a matter of course, and shuffling over his papers with a perplexed expression.

"Are you looking for anything?"

"Yes. I can't find one of my papers. This is the worst house for things to get astray in. I only had them out in the sitting-room last evening for a little while. I wish they would let my things alone."

Lilian ran down stairs to look and ask.

"One of George's papers?" said Mrs. Melcher. "Oh, George is always losing his papers, and then scolding about it."

"But this one seems to be of consequence."

"Those dirty little bits of paper! I can't be expected to look after them. It's more time and trouble to look after

George than would take a dozen women."

"Did you see anything this morning?" asked Lilian pertinaciously.

"I'm sure I can't remember."

"Who cleared up the room?"

"It's no use looking for it, whoever did," said Mrs. Melcher curtly.

A sudden idea had struck Lilian, and she flew out-of-doors, without hat or wrap, to where the loaded ash-cans stood waiting for the scavenger, and in a moment was turning over with her delicate fingers a heap of rather repulsive rubbish. But there it was! A bit of paper, scribbled with characters she could recognize, if she could not understand, caught her quick eye, and she flew back triumphant, meeting George at the foot of the stairs.

"Is this it?"

"Yes, thank you, Lilian — I'm off — good-by."

"But, George, about the house?"

"I thought we had settled about the house. I can't miss this train. Good-by;" — and he was gone. She stood gazing blankly after him, till she was aroused by an inquiry from Mrs. Melcher.

"Where have you been?"

"To look for the paper in the ash-can," said Lilian, "and I found it there. Could you please ask Hannah not to put any more in without showing them to me? I can tell whether George is likely to want them or not."

"And how do you think Hannah will like leaving off her work every minute to run after you with bits of paper? And I won't have them lying about. I made a rule when I took the housekeeping that everything he left round should be thrown away at once; if I hadn't, we should have been buried in his trash by this time."

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George came back earlier than usual, and as soon as he had gone up to his room his wife rushed after him with an eager "Have you done anything about a house, George?"

"Oh, the house — well, Lilian, I missed my train, after all, so I had just time to step into Brown's and secure it."

"I don't believe it will ever do."

"Why not? Brown says it is the best on his list, and an excellent one for the rent."

Lilian was silent, with an ominous twitching of the mouth, which he had not learned to read. But he saw that she was disturbed, and tried, in his way, to pacify her.

"The fact is, Lilian, I want to get away from here as soon as we can. I never can work here to do any good;" then, after a pause: "Father says he'll furnish the house."

"Indeed! I wonder how much it will take. How much do you think he will give you to do it with?"

"I don't know — what he thinks proper — why?"

"Because — don't you think, George, don't you think that he might allow us a little out of it to pay the rent of a better house, and I can save it in the furnishing — I know I can," said Lilian eagerly.

"I don't think he would like that," said George slowly, as if dealing with a new idea. "He thinks the house rather large for us anyhow, as there are but two of us, and thinks we had better have gone boarding, or taken a flat. I can't board, and I hate a flat."

"Board — good heavens, no!"

"If I pay my rent, it is my own affair; but I think this is as large as we ought to pay out of my income. You know what it is. I have never been able to lay up much, even living at home here. I've always paid father my board since I left college, and after we were married I insured my life for your benefit, so that if anything happens to me you will have something."

"Oh, George! don't talk of such a thing!"

"Why not? I don't think I am the least likely to die of any disease, to be sure, but I might be killed in a railroad accident — any one is liable to that; and then," — here George's words grew confused, and he colored as much as his rather thick skin would allow — "I am paying Tom Farquhar's expenses through the Institute. He's such a promising fellow. I thought it would be a loss to the world if he didn't get a first-rate edu-

cation. But that will only last two years more, and then we shall feel a little more free."

"Unless you find some other promising fellow who wants an education!"

"Farquhar will pay me, of course, if he lives," said George stiffly. "And now, my dear, if you wouldn't mind going down stairs, — I'm very busy."

"You are not going to work in this freezing cold room?" said Lilian, shivering as she looked round the fireless north room, unvisited by any gleam of sunshine, and where she had been admonished "not to turn on the furnace register, lest it should draw the heat from the rest of the house," — though judging by the extreme coldness of the air which it emitted when she had once daringly tried the experiment, there did not seem to be much danger of such a result.

"Why not? I never take cold, and the gas heats the room a little, and then the bed is a capital place to lay my papers out on. I have worked in my old room half the evenings in the winter, and that is quite as cold as this."

He was buckling down to his work as he spoke, and Lilian went unwillingly down stairs, provoked, but without the heart to scold him as she thought he deserved. As she entered the sitting-room, she heard Mrs. Melcher's voice, raised to its highest pitch.

"It's very queer, indeed!"

"Very queer!" repeated Mrs. Melcher, with an evident wish to attract attention and inquiry.

"How pretty the sunset looks on the snow!" said Lilian, ignoring the remark, as she sat down by Hattie.

"The sun hurts my head so that I never look at it."

"Hattie's head is worse this evening; and you'd better not talk to her," said Mrs. Melcher. "It is so queer. It was not there this morning, when I dusted the room, for I took everything off the table then — and who has been writing here since?"

No one replied, and her tones grew sharper as she went on, "Do you suppose it can have been George?"

Lilian looked calmly indifferent. Her never knowing when she was talked at

was a trait which exasperated her sister-in-law, who was now forced to ask point blank: "Has George been writing anything in this room to-day?"

"Really, I don't know. Why?"

"There's a great ink spot on the table cover," said Mrs. Melcher, holding up a corner of the article—one of a peculiarly eye-piercing shade of green, which no fading could improve, worked by machine in an equally uncompromising yellow, bought cheap, as "especially suitable to a library." "Do you suppose he could have got it on?" she continued impressively.

"Very likely," replied her sister-in-law serenely, "or perhaps it may have been I—I wrote a letter here to-day."

"I wish whoever did it would have told me at once, and I might have got it out, if I had taken it in time. It is so easy to spread a newspaper down when you write. I have been at it for half an hour, with a sponge!" went on Mrs. Melcher, pausing at every sentence, as an actress does at a point likely to bring down the house, and going on with an effort, as the actress does when no applause results. But only Hattie groaned at intervals, till Lillian, getting tired of waiting for them to stop, answered in her sweet little drawling voice: "Really, Eunice, I think you have been very successful. I can hardly see it at this distance—and do you know, I think it rather an improvement than otherwise!"

"You'll get your own improved to your heart's content, then, if you and George both take to throwing ink about."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm very sorry if it was either of us, and I shall be very glad to work you another."

"I have a better one for this table," said Mrs. Melcher, softening—"one that Sadie Converse worked for the Church Fair—only I don't put it on when we are alone, for of course I don't call you and George company. But if you really want to make something for the house—"

"Of course," said Lillian, smiling.

The tea-bell resounded twice without rousing George, who did not appear till his wife ran upstairs after him. The whole tale of the ink spot was repeated to cheer the family meal; but no hints

could get a word out of him, and Lillian's respect for him increased as she saw that his sister was afraid to make a direct attack upon him. She could not wonder that he longed to be in a house of his own; and she set off with him the next morning to inspect the new one in a more gracious mood. She really thought that her moods seemed to make a little difference in him.

The house was a small French-roofed structure, built to let, and miscalled a cottage; but it had a sunny exposure, and a little patch of ground in front, in which Lillian could fancy herself laying out a garden, if only she could have a fence put up around it. The house, too, might not look so badly if she could have a few things done to it; it had a real chimney, in which grates could be set. She plucked up her courage again, and thought it might be made very tolerable. Only let them once get in by themselves! She had planned her first visit at an hour before Hattie was up, and while Mrs. Melcher was busy with her household affairs. Mrs. Mackenzie could not walk so far; but Lillian could not escape a formal tour of inspection with the whole family, when Mrs. Melcher drove the female portion of it in a carryall, while Mr. Mackenzie and George met them at the door. She soon found any alterations she might propose were looked on with disfavor. Mr. Mackenzie said a fence was an unnecessary expense, and Mrs. Melcher said no one had them now.

"I see a great many here," said Lillian.

"Well, they're going out of style. Mr. Royce says it's a great deal nicer to have none, it makes it seem as if you were living in a park."

"How absurd this house would look in a park! But a pretty little garden might do something for it."

"The other houses in this street have flower beds, and half of them have no fences."

"They have a few budding-out plants stuck in! But I want a real garden, something like that lovely one just round the corner from you."

"The Sandfords'!" said Mrs. Melcher in a high key. "Why, they keep two men, and they're always hiring extra help, and

they are always at it themselves too. I don't see how they get the time. You needn't think that it don't cost money to keep that up."

"I could take most of the care of it myself, if it were small," said Lilian, thinking that she must make a stand somewhere, and a vision of her sister's flowers at home stealing over her.

"I don't think Brown would put up one," said Mr. Mackenzie. "It wouldn't pay the owners; and if you do it yourselves, there would be keeping it in repair, besides first cost, and it would be a dead loss if you wanted to move."

"Mr. O'Day puts out our plants for us very cheap every spring," said Mrs. Melcher, more amiably. "I'll get him to save some for you — you won't want many."

This was a bad beginning, and Lilian asked with less confidence for grates in the chimney. Mr. Mackenzie thought they would be an "unnecessary expense — all the coal, besides first cost — what could she want of them when there was a furnace already?" Mrs. Mackenzie said open fires were very dirty, and bad for furniture and carpets; Mrs. Melcher that it would be a great deal harder to get a girl to stay if she had to look after them; and Hattie wound up the discussion with a groan.

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The same scenes were repeated when choosing the furniture, — a task to which Lilian, in her ignorance, had looked forward as a delight. George left the choice entirely to her; but she was forced to exercise it in the company of her sisters-in-law, for it was thought that the shopping might amuse Hattie, while Mrs. Melcher regarded it as a wild dissipation. Mr. Mackenzie went too, for she found that there was to be no time wasted in looking about. Everything was to be got of a failing concern, who owed Mr. Mackenzie money, and with whom he thought to drive a bargain by getting the amount in goods from the unsalable remnant of their stock at a low rate.

Lilian wondered that a millionaire — and she knew on the unimpeachable authority of the "town report" that her father-in-law was worth at least (words

of deep significance) a million dollars — should look so sharply after a penny here and there. It never occurred to her to ask how the million had been made, or how it was to be kept together. Everything at the shop looked equally ugly to her, and there was so little chance to exercise any choice, that she let her sisters-in-law advise and decide as they pleased. The only effort she could make in selecting carpets and papers was after unobtrusiveness, at least, — resulting in hopeless dinginess. Her dreams of wedding presents faded away; Mrs. Melcher and Hattie gave her the necessary china, of a pattern she particularly disliked, and the "old people" some very thin silver spoons, with plated forks to match. A few gifts came from friends, among them a sofa pillow worked with large raised flowers from Miss Converse, and a pair of vases from Mr. and Mrs. Royce, sent before the startling disclosure of the young Mackenzies' intentions in respect to church-going. Lilian was obliged to use Captain West's check in filling up little unexpected gaps, which increased so rapidly that she was forced to buy the cheapest things she could find, and shut her eyes to all temptations of prettiness; and she sat down at last in her little house with a burning mortification and a dumb anger in her heart — only, for her salvation, not against her husband. She had not lived so long with him under his father's roof without feeling the resentment on his account which he never felt himself; and the tenderness this had gone far to create for him was increased by her experience in packing up and moving his possessions. George, clear-headed, penetrating and far-sighted in brain work, was absent-minded and forgetful in trifles and, deft-handed, quick-witted and exact in demonstration or experiment in the lecture-room, was blundering to awkwardness among his own private belongings. "A regular man!" thought Lilian, — and the thought called out all the woman in her nature. It seemed to her that any woman's heart must have melted at the melancholy sight of so much waste in the way of unmatched gloves and stockings, ink-stained shirt-cuffs and missing buttons.

"I wish you joy of looking after George's things!" said Mrs. Melcher, finding her engaged in the task of sorting the chaotic mass; "It will take more than one woman's time."

"It saves time to mend as you go along," said Lilian quietly.

"Oh, I don't do George's mending. He made such a fuss about my looking after his things, that he got the washer-woman to do it, and of course he never thinks to see how or when she does it."

The idea of any fuss about the matter being on George's side struck Lilian so ludicrously that she almost laughed, and she thought that, were she not a relation, Mrs. Melcher might be found amusing.

It was a simple affair for her to put her husband's clothes in order, and by dint of constant supervision to keep them fairly so; it was an easy thing for her to set her house to rights, and to preserve in it a spotless neatness and graceful arrangement that almost redeemed its ugliness; a matter of course for her, even at the low wages she could pay, to find, train and keep a bright, handy young maid-servant. She listened, with her little fine lifting of the brows, to Mrs. Melcher's maunderings about girls and their vices, and housekeeping and its worries. She gloried in the thought that a woman could be intellectual and practical at once, and she dearly loved to have her sister-in-law catch her in the little parlor of a morning, drawing or embroidering or reading — not playing, because, alas! she had no piano. She would not own, even to herself, that she did these things on purpose to be caught, or that this was the chief satisfaction she found in them; but so it was. Her intellectual and artistic, as well as her social aspirations, had been rudely crushed. The concerts which she had looked forward to with eagerness were beyond her means. Even the Symphony rehearsals, at twenty-five cents, were a snare and a delusion, involving pushing through crowds, and then standing for two hours in what seemed to her a disgracefully conspicuous manner. She knew no one to open to her the classes and clubs with which Boston, as she believed, was teeming. Everything that was public was dear, and everything that was

cheap was exclusive. But there was the Art Museum to go to, and there was a good library in the town with plenty of books. Why could she not read now that she had plenty of time and to spare, with the zest she had known when she devoured a page or two in her cramped little room at Vandalia, late of evenings, or in the odd quarters of hours, which were all she had at home?

Now that George had a house of his own, he seemed determined to stay in it, and worked in his study, which she had taken care should be the most comfortable room there, for many hours of day or evening both. He did not mind her being there with him, and, indeed, seemed to heed her no more than he did the chair on which she sat, after she had left off asking him, as she did in the beginning, a few timid questions about his work, — which had the effect of making him shrink into his shell like a tortoise, with "You would not understand it." She saw he wanted to be let alone, and asked no more; and many an evening she sat with a book open before her, reading not a word, listening to his pen going scratch, scratch, and thinking — thinking — till sometimes she dropped off to sleep, to find him when she woke still bending over his papers.

But little interruption from without varied the monotony of her life. One or two of the Mackenzies' friends called, but they looked rather coldly on her since her secession from their church, and she was cold in return, for she did not see that they could be of any use to her. She had always moved in the highest society of whatever place she lived in, and she was capable of doing without any at all, if she could not get into the best here. To attain this end she saw that she must cut loose from her family and form her own social surroundings; and it did not yet appear how this was to be done. She went regularly to All Souls' Church, even persuading George to go at least every other week. The clergyman was a distinguished literary light, lecturing, writing, discussing every question of the day, paid a high salary for preaching one sermon a week, and excused by his parish from other work, as well as his wife, who

was thought to have enough to do in cherishing his health and looking after her large family. They did not appear to notice the new-comers, nor did any one else, in spite of the gentleman's reputation and the lady's pretty face and pretty clothes. Neither did Lilian's neighbors make any advances. Most of the houses in the street where she lived were older and of a superior class to her own, and she did not know that the building of that row of little cheap houses to let among them by a pushing speculator had been so fiercely resented that the tenants were liable to be as much shunned as if they had the leprosy. The Mackenzies' was at one end; and to the next house beyond much of Lilian's attention and some of her time were given. The air of elegant negligence and disorderly ease which pervaded its premises was new to her experience; and never, surely, was there a house where so much was always going on. All day long and most of the night, Sundays and week days, was the door-bell sounding, and some one was waiting on the porch, or a carriage at the gate, — frequently carriages in double file, — and a caller or a note, or a message, or a parcel, was arriving for Mrs. Harry Foster. At all hours, too, Mrs. Harry herself was coming and going, — more often going, — a fair-haired girlish creature, who looked younger than Lilian, though she could hardly be, for she had four small children, among whom she seemed a child herself. The only person in the establishment who appeared to possess years of gravity was Mr. Harry Foster, who looked grown-up, though young, and on whose brow care sat enthroned. He was a clever, rising young man of business, who had had the misfortune to fall in love with a Pet of society, — and what was a greater misfortune, the Pet had fallen in love with and married him, with a bewitching indifference to all worldly prospects and the better matches she might have made.

The Pet of modern times may be considered the successor of the nearly obsolete Belle of old romance and song, — but with a difference. The Belle was proud and haughty; the Pet is mild and gentle. The Belle made bitter enemies

of her rejected lovers; the Pet keeps hers as useful friends. The Belle was envied and hated by her female friends; the Pet is idolized by hers, who never mind their husbands having been in love with her first. There is this, however, to be said for the Belle, — that after marriage she has often been known to turn about and throw her ferocious energies into ruling and caring for her house and family; while the Pet is, as a rule, incorrigible. Mrs. Harry Foster fondly loved her husband and children; but how could they expect her "to give up to a part what was meant for mankind"?

"How beautifully Helen manages!" exclaimed all her admiring friends and relations. "With Harry's small income, and four little children, and only two servants, and going out and entertaining all the time, and keeping up with everything — how does she do it?"

The secret was simple — she did not manage at all, and found that it worked very well. She left all the work to her servants, without looking after them, — and it was generally done after a fashion; and though her maids often gave warning, they seldom went. She left her children at home, to such care as the nurse could spare them from her other duties; and they were always alive when she got back.

To find fault with Mrs. Harry Foster was an ungracious performance; and when her husband ventured on a question or two as to the possibility of their living so that his bank account would show a credit instead of a deficit at the end of the year, he was met with an appealing sweetness and candor that made him feel himself a brute. "I don't see, dear, how we could get along with less than two servants; I don't know any one else who has fewer than three;" or, "We cannot go without clothes altogether, can we, dear? — and I know no one who dresses so plainly as I do;" or, "I am sure I haven't bought a barrel of flour for the last two months, — and isn't that a great while?" or, "After all, we have only overdrawn a very little, have we dear?" — all of which statements were undeniably true; and if they did not make the balance even, it must be Harry Foster's fault for not providing more cash.

Lilian did not greatly like her own sex, regarded in the abstract or the concrete, and she had never before taken one of those sudden likings or lovings, which some women are so prone to feel for each other. But there was something in the gaze of her lovely neighbor's calm blue eyes and her sweetly dimpled smile which powerfully attracted her, even though, as day after day they met and passed and met again, the gaze and smile took no more note of her than if she had been a post. She knew how things went on at Mrs. Foster's better than Mrs. Foster did herself. She saw the Worcester china dinner-plate set out with the dog's lunch, and the broken cut-glass goblets thrown into the ash barrel, and the damask napkins used for dish towels and left fluttering ragged on the bushes to dry. She knew how dainty was the order in her own house — knew, too, how beautifully finished and perfectly put on were her own clothes, and yet, whenever she met Mrs. Foster in her careless array, she felt a thrill of admiration none the less strong that it was largely mingled with contempt.

There were some of the next-door habits, however, which touched Lilian's maternal instinct, — her tenderest point, — and she worried over the sight of the Foster children's little wet shoes left on for half the day, and the baby's milk souring in the hot sun. How any woman who had given birth, only five short years ago, to that straight, slender little man, with his blue eyes meeting yours so frankly and fearlessly from under a tangle of yellow curls, and the heritage of gentle blood showing itself in his little self-taught, courtly, old-world ways; or in less time than that, even, to that shyer, darker, shrinking creature, with the great, soft, wild eyes and long, flexible limbs and silent tongue, — for all the world, like a baby of prehistoric race swinging on the tall tree fern or nestling in the brake and suggesting legends of elf or pixie, — how any woman could have borne and nursed these, and be able to be happy away from them a moment longer than she could help, or not think of them every moment that she was away, was to Lilian a perplexing and provoking

mystery. She knew that the older boy walked alone to and from his kindergarten, half a mile off, every day, over a railway crossing at grade and two wide, busy streets. His mother never worried herself about it; but Lilian — perhaps because her nerves and temper had been hardly tried of late — dwelt on it constantly, and many and many a time she woke with a start from a dream of that bounding, elastic figure crushed and broken, and those yellow curls dabbled in blood. She was not easy till she had laid out her regular morning plans so as to allow her to go out for her marketing at the time the child went, and see him safely on his way; and when he was coming back, she would watch from her window, and walk a few steps to meet him. To win his friendship and confidence was the simplest thing in the world; and she was even forced to use some discretion, not to hear too much of the private affairs of the Foster family, as he trotted happily by her side.

One bright, cold morning in March, when the grass showed green between lingering patches of snow, and the sun had called the snowdrops out in spite of a wintry chill in the air, Mrs. Harry Foster had gone into town to attend one of her "clubs," of which she belonged to at least one for every day in the week. This particular one was wont to listen to "papers;" and on this especial occasion a lady from New York was eloquently holding forth on the necessity of young married women cutting down their domestic duties as far as possible, that they might keep up with the world of literature, art and society, and the advantages of leaving all household cares to the servants, whose business it was to attend to them, and who would do it better the less they were disturbed by your supervision. "So long as their work is done," she exclaimed, "leave them to do it in their own way and at their own time, — and do you make yourself comfortable!"

Her hearers applauded, and then discussed her ideas over their lunch; and Mrs. Harry Foster smiled, and said it was very nice, and what she should like to do of all things; — "only, you know, with my large family and small means, I cannot



help giving more time than most of you have to."

At home, meanwhile, her servants were actively engaged in putting the lecturer's theories into practice. It suited the nurse so to arrange her work as to go to the village in the morning, to do her own errands, taking the baby with her, and leaving the two intermediate ones — for young Harry was at the kindergarten — to their own devices in the back yard; while it suited the cook to pursue some mysterious occupation in the depths of the cellar; so that Lilian, hearing from her window a loud splash, followed by dismal shrieks, at once divined the situation. She ran down stairs and out of doors, through the Fosters' gate and their small garden, pushed her way through a hole in the palings at the bottom, that was a tight squeeze for her, and, jumping in up to her knees into a muddy water course that was half brook, half surface drain, swelled by spring rains and melting snows, pulled out a limp, spongy, dripping bundle of white frock, red cloak and yellow curls, and carried it, catching its breath between its sobs, into the house, and, finding the back door open and no soul within sight or hearing, proceeded up the back stairs to a pretty, picture-hung, but very battered nursery, and, pulling off its wet clothes, wrapped it up in a shawl. She searched drawers and presses, and, selecting such garments of the proper size as had the most buttons and strings in place, dressed the poor baby, a plump, rosy, little maid, and dried the wet curls. She blew up the fire, saw that the fender was fast, and enjoined on the elder child not to leave the nursery "till mamma came home."

"Mamma will never come home," slowly said the boy. "Mamma goes to eat with other ladies."

Lilian had never heard Master Reginald speak before; but it was now evident that scorn of the human race, and not inability, was the cause of his silence. He looked at her with a lofty pity for her ignorance, and then went on pronouncing every word at length, as if to show a noble disregard of time. "But nurse

will come home to bring baby. Baby eats, too, sometimes."

Lilian had no desire to await nurse's return, but ran home to change her own wet clothes. She could not help hoping and thinking that this must lead to an acquaintance, — that Mrs. Foster must call on her, or at least thank her when they next met; and when no call or message, no slightest sign of recognition came, she had a hurt, angry feeling that she was being treated to "Boston airs," of which she had heard, but could not suppose that they would be exercised toward "really nice people," such as she believed herself to be. Perhaps Mrs. Foster knew about the Mackenzies, and confounded her with them; but surely she ought to know better, — and such a service, no matter from whom, should command thanks at least. In all this Lilian was unjust through ignorance, — the fact being that Mrs. Foster knew nothing of her child's peril or rescue. Even the nurse, though she perceived that the little girl's clothes had been changed, was ignorant of the how and why. She did ask the children; but Master Reggie, as was his wont to impertinent questioners, put out his little lower lip and was silent, and when pressed, had recourse to his usual formula of "Pussy did it." Miss Helen chattered volubly, but her speech was incomprehensible to all but her brothers, who took good care only to translate such portions as they considered conducive to their own peace and comfort, — and the nurse naturally supposed that the cook had done it. She was not on speaking terms with the cook, and the rigorous kitchen etiquette, more binding than Spanish court rule, forbade any inquiry in that quarter; and after all, the children were always getting wet in one way or another.

Lilian could only caution her friend Harry, as she walked with him to school, against "that dangerous brook."

"Oh, the brook's not dangerous!" replied the young gentleman coolly. "This is the second time that Helen's been in, — and she's two-and-a-half; I had tumbled in four times before I was as old as that."

*(To be continued.)*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON Boston's birthday, the 17th of September, the magnificent new building of the Boston Public Library, which has been slowly growing during these last years, will be dedicated. The Boston Public Library is the largest and most important public library in the country, or indeed in the world; and it now finds a fitting temple. The removal marks an epoch not only in its own history, but in the general history of the development of the public library system, which has been one of the most remarkable features of the progress of modern culture and education. This development has been so great that it is hard for most of us to realize how rapid and brief it has been. The doors of the Boston Public Library were first thrown open in 1854—just forty years ago. Before that time there had been no large free lending library in America or in the world. In 1854, the number of volumes in the library was only twenty thousand; to-day the number is over six hundred thousand. The increase in a single year at the present time is greater than the total extent of the library forty years ago. When the building on Boylston Street, from which the library is now to be removed to Copley Square, was erected, it was thought to be sufficient for the accommodation of the books and of the public for a hundred years; but in a dozen years the building was so far outgrown that it was necessary to double the amount of shelving, and for many years there has been no adequate accommodation for the thousands who use the library. The number of persons using Bates Hall, the great upper hall of the library, has much more than doubled in the last fifteen years, being about one hundred and sixty thousand in 1879, and over four hundred thousand the past year. It is perhaps by statistics such as these that the part which the public library has come to play in our education and our general life can best be brought home to us. The dedication of our new Boston library prompts thought upon the important subject.

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DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS has rendered the country great service during his term as Commissioner of Education; but there are few directions in which his service has been greater than that of helping the country realize more clearly that the development of the public library system is an integral and fundamental feature in the development of our general public education. This fact had indeed been already recognized by the Bureau of Education; and the library statistics collected and published by Gen. Eaton in 1876 and 1885 were of the highest value. Under Dr. Harris's administration the Bureau has issued, in a stout volume of six hundred pages, a catalogue of a model library of five thousand volumes, and also a much more important volume of "Statistics of Public Libraries in the United States and Can-

ada." The catalogue is one of a library selected by a committee of the American Library Association, representing substantially the five thousand books which a new public library ought to obtain first. This collection of books was actually made by the Association and exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago last year. The committee who made the selection passed upon the suggestions of about seventy-five librarians and specialists; and the list is therefore a careful one. The committee disclaims the idea that this is "a model library in the sense of being an ideal selection; the wealth of material and the differences of opinion are such that no such selection is possible." But they claim that it is "a good working library, representing the best thought of competent judges in various departments," and that "no board of trustees would make a mistake in ordering the collection as it stands." The library was exhibited at Chicago in complete working order, showing the most approved methods in shelving, cataloguing and issuing books; and at the close of the Exposition it was deposited for permanent exhibition with the Bureau of Education at Washington. The catalogue itself does more than show a desirable list of books; it shows three different systems of classification and cataloguing, and thus becomes a practical guide of the highest value for the librarian and for any person engaged in opening or organizing a new library.

The volume of *Statistics of Public Libraries*, issued by the Bureau of Education last year, is a mine of information concerning the three thousand eight hundred and four public libraries in the country of over one thousand volumes, classifying them according to size, showing how each is supported, what the character of each is, and all else which the student needs to know. Mr. Harrison, in his thorough and comprehensive article on "The Public Library Movement in the United States," in the last number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, made large use of these statistics, and we do not need to repeat. We do wish to direct attention to Dr. Harris's own wise observations in his introduction to the report, upon the new and significant part which the public library must play in the future, and has already come to play, in our general education.

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"ALL persons interested in education," says Dr. Harris, "will note with satisfaction the progress of the library. Next after the school and the daily newspaper comes the library in educative power. These three institutions are the great secular means which our people have to prepare themselves for their singular destiny. The school, for the most part, finds its function in teaching how to read. The newspaper and library furnish what to read. It is clear that one

of the most important interests in education is to be found in connecting closely the common school with the public library. It is common to call a person educated who knows the rudimentary branches—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, etc. By these he is enabled to help himself to the information and wisdom stored up in the library. He is prepared to begin the work of educating himself. To be educated in any true sense of the word he must use the library and master the experience of mankind. The school gives the preliminary preparation for education, and the library gives the means by which the individual completes and accomplishes his education. I have often pointed out that the American school has some sort of justification for its much blamed adherence to the text-book method of instruction. The pedagogues of other nations, and especially those of Germany, condemn our system for its worst features—the slavish use of the book and the frequent acceptance by our teachers of parrot-like repetition of the text in the place of an intelligent understanding of what is set down in the book and a critical investigation of the subject at first hand. This is doubtless the weakest side of our school education. But it has, I repeat, this great good thing to counterbalance in some measure its evil. It has by a happy sort of instinct been guided toward a newer and higher method than that which our critics would put in its place. For they would substitute the oral method, and thereby make the schoolboy more dependent on the living voice of his teacher for what he gets from mankind. The boy who is taught to use the printed page properly—how to weigh its statements and critically test them by such experiments as he can make, or compare them with other authorities by aid of the public library—is a far more shifty boy than the one who has merely received his instruction orally. For it is not usual to receive from the living teacher his words in a critical and questioning attitude. Few teachers are able to encourage in their pupils the spirit of inquiry and independent verification to the extent of letting their own teachings submit to this treatment. There is something too personal in this exclusively oral method, this lecturing method, and it has its weak sides, as weak as those it condemns in the American school. . . . What there is good in our American system points toward this preparation of the pupil for independent study of the book by himself. It points toward acquiring the ability of self-education by means of the library."

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DR. HARRIS discusses in some detail the practical methods or devices by which the school can fit its pupils for the use of the library and the library can cooperate with the school. "The regular reading lesson in the school," he says, "does not and can not occupy much time on the daily programme. Not many pages can be read over, because the pupil must be questioned and cross-questioned on the meaning and use of the words and on the power and effect of the style used and on the near and remote thoughts suggested. No pupil after a good drill on a literary piece ever

reads a similar piece in book or periodical without looking consciously or unconsciously for some of the points that have been brought out in his lesson. He is now of a capacity to get more from his reading than was before possible to him. His vocabulary has been increased, but not so much as his power to increase it. If he would only take home with him a book from the library and read a whole story written by the author whose literary gem he has carefully studied in school, he would be able to increase his higher vocabulary far more rapidly than he will do otherwise. He will, moreover, fix and assimilate this higher vocabulary in such a way that it will always remain his own. Still better, he will become a home reader and a user of the library for life. Let us suppose that he has read for the day with his class at school a charming selection from Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' The teacher has ten copies of 'The Lady of the Lake,' and lets the ten best pupils in the class take home the poem for the week and read it through—a week is sufficient for this. The entire poem is the topic for an hour's conversation on a Friday afternoon. The next week the second ten pupils take this poem to their homes; the third week another set of ten, and so on until all the class has read this poem, which will make a memorable epoch in their lives."

Dr. Harris urges the importance of this work in supplementary reading—and he indicates various useful lines of such reading—as a work of self-help on the part of the pupil, as well as the point that the books are taken home by the pupils into families where there are often but few books, and are there picked up and read by the parents and older brothers and sisters, thus extending the influence of the school in a most important direction. He notes, too, that the library is the most important link in the great movement of university extension, furnishing the chief material for the work. Most of our people have to get most of their education through reading after they leave school. "Few children," as Dr. Harris states, "complete the course even of the primary school; only one in four who enter the high school completes the course." Our great effort, therefore, should be directed to so shaping the influences of the school that the pupils shall be given a love of reading and a knowledge how to read and what to read,—in a word, that they shall be fitted in the school for the library. "The library," says Dr. Harris, "is the storehouse of the aggregate observations of all mankind on the phenomena of the universe—not of what the senses of one single man have perceived, but of what the senses of all men have perceived. More than this, the library holds the reflections of all human brains on these data of observation; and even more than this, the library holds in its works of literary art the portrayal of human nature as it has been lived and is lived by all stages of civilization and by the various races that people the earth. It holds this vast mass of observation, reflection and insight, not in its crude form, but winnowed out; each grain that the library preserves was taken from a mountain of chaff. Doubtless it holds still on its shelves much chaff; but

compared with the crude material of human experience from which it has been saved, it is all precious grain."

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WHAT Dr. Harris observes touching the library in relation to the public school is true of course in its relation to all the higher ranges of education. Emerson says somewhere that the best which the college does for the student is to put him in intelligent possession of the keys of the library. The college opens up to the young man a hundred vistas of truth and beauty—views into science, history, art, literature, politics and philosophy. But it does little more, and can do little more, in its general office, than direct intelligent attention to these various departments of life and thought. It fits the young man to be an independent worker; and if he is to continue to be a student and an intellectual man, his workshop and university thenceforth must be the library. Will not the chief professor in the future, Carlyle asks, be the professor of books—that is, teachers who shall see clearly the commanding place which the book, the library, has come to fill in modern life and education, and shall instruct the student how to use this chiefest tool to best advantage? In truth, every modern professor who is abreast of the times is already a professor of books to an extent which would not have been dreamed of in the college or university thirty years ago. The old college library was a place where books were chiefly imprisoned or enthroned, and the good librarian was he who kept the jail with greatest jealousy and dignity. The library was a place to preserve books, as now it is a place to employ books. The college library to-day is the very centre of the college's activity, its laboratory, its workshop; and the best and most which the professor's lecture does is to send the student there to carry out in completeness and detail the investigation which the lecture has proposed and outlined.

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THE great merit and value of Dr. Harris's words concerning the public library are in their clear and explicit recognition of the fact that the library has suddenly attained a new status as one of the definite educational institutions of society. Until recently it has been in this country almost entirely a New England institution. A few years ago the state of Massachusetts alone contained more than one half of the total number of free public libraries in the United States. To-day the public library is springing up everywhere. In a very few years it will be as regular a feature in every town in the country as the church and the school. It is taking its place with church and school and the newspaper as one of the staple, necessary agencies of life. We have given special prominence to Dr. Harris's words upon the library as an educational institution not only because of their intrinsic worth, but also because he is in many respects our foremost public educator, and his clear and emphatic words have double significance. We wish to return to them for one passage more:—

"I cannot forbear calling attention again and again," he says, "to the cosmopolitan significance of the three educational instrumentalities of our time. The school teaches how to read—how to use the printed page to get out of it all that it contains. The library furnishes the what to read; it opens the storehouse of all human learning. The third great educational appliance of our time is the periodical, and especially the daily newspaper. We are in our time acquiring a sort of new consciousness by aid of this instrument, for it is a spiritual process of manufacturing public opinion out of private observation and reflection. Every morning it is customary for the dweller in the city to take a survey of the entire life of the globe—a brief glance at the nations most remote, a fuller view of those more nearly related to him, and a complete survey of what is in his neighborhood. The correlation of the near and the remote, the custom of carrying in his mind the world affairs, develops a sort of epic consciousness vastly more educative than the former village gossip that prevailed in the tavern or in the shop. It elevates the individual into a higher plane of thinking, substituting the universal for the particular. It would seem as though the world, as a whole, is bound to grow into this newspaper civilization, and that it is a necessity of all newspaper civilizations to be democratic in their form of government. But it is evident that this newspaper species of education needs the coöperation and perfecting influence of the library. . . . The apparatus for higher investigation is to be found in the bibliographic lists in various fields of human learning. The librarians have constructed indexes to periodical literature, subclassified under such heads as the several special sciences, the special departments of history, localities, biographies, etc. . . . The learned librarian leads the newspaper reader to original sources, and offers these sources in a compendious form for his use. Indexes and collections of original sources do wonders to deepen and make accurate the scholarship of a nation. . . . The school, the newspaper and the library, working together, may be each helped by the other, and all may be united into one very potent instrumentality of education for the universal elevation of the people that is on its procession in different parts of the world."

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THIS recognition of the real educative function of the newspaper shows true insight. The newspaper itself constantly fails to recognize its high office and to be true to it; its excesses and abuses are flagrant, demanding constant criticism; a hundred times it makes itself simply a feeder for "the gossip of the tavern or the shop," pandering to the very pettiness and vulgarity which it is its true office to lead men away from. But its general influence goes undeniably to promote a larger and more intelligent view of the world and life and broader and humaner activities. Moreover, it cannot be maintained, as is frequently asserted, that the newspaper and the magazine usurp the place of the book, so that our newspaper age is an age where there is less reading of standard

and substantial literature than in the time preceding it. Many men and women undoubtedly waste much time in reading newspapers; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the same men and women, under the last century conditions, would have spent the same time in reading Shakespeare and Dante. Shakespeare and Dante were probably never before read half so much nor half so carefully as to-day. People are incited to more substantial reading by the newspapers and the magazines a hundred times as often as they are seduced from it by them. These are not the enemies or rivals of the library; they are its friends and allies. The wise and public-spirited librarian to-day is himself a most careful reader of the newspaper and a co-operator with it. Mr. Foster of the Providence Public Library reads in the morning paper of the assassination of Carnot and the political changes in France; and he straightway posts in his library and publishes in the newspapers lists of all the best books and magazine articles about the French republic and contemporary French statesmen. Mr. Greene of Worcester reads of the war between Japan and China; and he publishes lists of everything of value in his library about those countries, that the young people of Worcester and the old people of Worcester may be enabled to possess themselves of the best knowledge and form intelligent opinions. Mr. Poole at Chicago used to have groups of teachers and pupils from the public schools come to him every week, that he might instruct them about the library, its contents and its best uses. These are ways in which the newspaper, the school and the library may unite in the great work of educating the people.

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WE have referred to the admirable article by Mr. Harrison in the last number of this magazine, on "The Public Library Movement in the United States." We have given prominence in the magazine to subjects relating to the library, feeling their great importance. We would refer the special student to the articles on "The Public Libraries of Massachusetts" (October, 1891), "The Harvard University Library" (December, 1893), and "A Model Village Library" (February, 1890). The library described in this last named article is the public library at Woburn, Mass., the most beautiful of the many beautiful libraries designed by Richardson. Richardson's

work as a library architect was notable. The libraries which have been built in America in the last twenty years, in villages and cities and colleges, constitute altogether a noble and a highly original contribution to our architecture. The new needs have been met in many instances in very bold and very beautiful ways. Library organization has received as careful attention as library architecture. Librarianship is now a science, and library schools are springing up in many places in the country, sometimes as special departments of great scientific institutions, as in the case of the Drexel Institute at Philadelphia. Most important of these library schools is that at Albany, under the direction of Melvil Dewey, of which we shall publish an account in one of our early numbers.

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"THE opening of a free public library," said James Russell Lowell, in his address at the opening of the public library in Chelsea, Mass., ten years ago, "is a most important event in the history of any town. A college training is an excellent thing; but, after all, the better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself, and it is for this that a good library should furnish the opportunity and the means. I have sometimes thought that our public schools undertook to teach too much, and that the older system, which taught merely the three R's, and taught them well, leaving natural selection to decide who should go farther, was the better. However this may be, all that is primarily needful in order to use a library is the ability to read."

The public library is the people's university. First becoming common here on New England soil, it is one of New England's best gifts to the nation. We trust the time is not distant when its privileges shall be absolutely universal. The history of the Boston Public Library in these forty years has been great and illustrious. But to the little country town the public library is often a greater boom than to the city. The city in many ways gets its books and touches the great current of intellectual life and the world's affairs. The public library in the country town is the one place often where the young man and young woman feel themselves cosmopolite. It is society, it is friendship, it is the place and instrument of larger, fuller life; and so it is a veritable means of grace.



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## MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

*By Clarence E. Blake.*



MIDDLEBURY College began with the century. The first meeting of the corporation was held November 4, 1800; and November 5, seven students were admitted. At the first commencement, in 1802, Aaron Petty graduated with the degree of A. B., himself carrying all the honors of his class. The second graduating class numbered three; the third, twelve; and the fourth, sixteen. One of these sixteen was subsequently in Congress for eleven years. The class of 1808 numbered twenty-three; that of 1811, nineteen; that of 1812, twenty-six.

Middlebury is a child of Yale. Dr. Timothy Dwight visited the village of Middlebury for the first time in 1798. The charter of the Addison County Grammar School had been granted by the

legislature in 1797, and the building was in process of erection. Dr. Dwight urged the adoption of a scheme for the development of a college, as there was none in operation in the state. It was with great inconvenience that young men were forced to go a long distance to attend college. The worthy president of Yale urged that "the local situation, the sober and religious character of the inhabitants, their manners and various other circumstances" made this "a very desirable seat for such a seminary." Under the inspiration of such an educator and the evident need felt by a large number of the inhabitants of the state, application was made to the legislature for a college charter; and this was granted November 1, 1800.

It was expected at that time that the wild lands of the state would be granted to the new college. The charter of the University of Vermont had antedated that of Middlebury by one or two years,



PAINTER HALL.

and these lands had been given to that prospective institution. But for certain reasons the university had not yet come into active operation. Indeed, it did not start till Middlebury was in full swing. As the latter institution was to be opened at once, it was thought that these lands would be given to it. But this hope was not realized, and the new college was projected without funds.

Upon the recommendation of Dr. Dwight, Rev. Jeremiah Atwater had been secured as principal of the Addison County Grammar School with a view to the presidency of the new college when it became a fact. Mr. Atwater was a graduate of Yale and had been a tutor there for several years. Immediately upon the passage of the act of incorporation, the new college began work with its seven students. The teaching force consisted of President Atwater and Tutor Joel Doolittle of the Yale class of 1799. Dr. Dwight did not by any means lose his interest in the new institution after it had come into being. Twice did the worthy president of Yale visit Middlebury after the college had been started, once in 1806 and once in 1810. A year after his last visit, he wrote: "It has continued to prosper, although its funds have been derived from private dona-

tions, and chiefly, if not wholly, from the inhabitants of the town. The number of students is now one hundred and ten, — probably as virtuous a collection of youths as can be found in any seminary in the world. The faculty consists of a president, a professor of law, a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, who teaches chemistry also, a professor of languages, and two tutors. The inhabitants of Middlebury have lately subscribed \$8,000 for the purpose of erecting another collegiate building. When it is remembered that twenty-five years ago this spot was a wilderness, it must be admitted that these efforts have done the authors of them the highest honor."

At a later day, Prof. Fowler said: "As in other infant institutions, so in this, the advantages enjoyed were very limited; but there was on the part of the students a literary enterprise, a readiness to engage and persevere in literary labor, that compensated in some degree for the deficiencies in means of instruction. The privileges were not numerous; and, as an offset to this, they were not neglected. The strong feeling of individual responsibility produced vigorous intellectual effort. Many of the students were in moderate circumstances and of mature age; and hence there was an economy in

their expenses and a sobriety in their manners that were favorable to the reputation of the college. Besides this, the tone of feeling and conduct on the part of the more considerate had an important influence upon the younger and more volatile in training their minds and their habits."

This was to be expected. The first settlers of Middlebury were thoughtful, high-minded men, men of noble hearts who prized the church and the school. Most of them were from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, where

Vermont, whose first set of inhabitants deserved the appellation of high-minded and worthy, it was Middlebury. Distinguished from their first pitch on the fertile banks of the Otter for enterprise, firmness and intelligence, the early settlers of this town were among the foremost to resist the aggressions of a government which, unwittingly perhaps, had lent itself to aid the unprincipled scheme of a few rapacious land speculators; while the opening scenes of the Revolution found them ready to engage, with the same alacrity and with the best



STARR HALL.

the first colleges of New England had been planted. They had brought with them the high ideals of the *Mayflower* and the early New England colonists. The surrounding community acts on the institution, "giving it," says one, "its character and modifying its influence at home and abroad. Indeed, it may be said that a good literary institution can never find a lodgment, much less a permanent residence and vigorous growth, among a people of limited views and selfish, contracted feelings."

Hon. D. P. Thompson, of the class of 1820, exclaims in his "Green Mountain Boys:" "Oh, if there be a town in

of their means, in the greater work of achieving the independence of the whole country. And scarcely had the storm of war passed over and the sunlight of peace begun to break in on their infant settlement, before they united, with a zeal as extraordinary, considering their means and circumstances, as it was commendable, in rearing, by private munificence alone, a collegiate institution which, for many succeeding years, did more toward elevating the moral and literary character of Vermont than any one cause operating within her borders. And her alumni, now many of them in eminence at the bar and in the pulpit, and found gracing





ATHLETIC GROUNDS. GREEN MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND.

not only every station in their own favored country, from the humble schoolroom to the Senate Chamber of the nation, but nobly dispensing her light among the people of every clime upon the face of the broad earth, whither, in the fearless and enterprising spirit of their fathers, they have scattered themselves, now to teach the arts to the boorish Russ or besotted Turk, now to assist the enslaved Greek or South American in his struggles for freedom, and now to rear the standard of the Cross among the degraded Pagans of the East, — her grateful alumni often, often turn back, in fancy, to their beloved Alma Mater,

'To linger delighted o'er scenes recall'd there,'

and admire and bless the noble and self-sacrificing spirit of Painter, Chipman, Miller, Storrs, Mathews and others of her munificent founders, who made themselves poor in pecuniary estate that they might make the children of their country rich in knowledge."

The self-denial and even distress of founding a new college came upon the people of Vermont at a particularly trying period. Said Hon. William Slade in 1850, "Encompassed by enemies, beset by evils, forsaken by friends, — all this is written on every page of their eventful history. No other state of our Union has sprung into being amidst such a storm of opposition as was encountered by the men who achieved the independence of Vermont. A powerful neighboring state claimed the jurisdiction and the right of soil of the 'New Hampshire Grants,' rightfully claimed by the people of Vermont as their own. The struggle which

followed is familiar to us all. In its progress it developed the character which rendered the name of the 'Green Mountain Boys' immortal."

The story of every such enterprise is a story of struggle. There were not many Rockefellers and Stanfords then in Vermont. We have seen how the hope of securing the public lands had failed. Hon. Daniel Chipman, one of the founders of the college, declared that the attempt to establish it would never have been made except for the confident expectation of receiving this aid. An

obliged to depend in part for the support of her little band of officers and instructors on the annual contribution of wheat collected by the bushel or the peck from the scattered, log-constructed granaries of Massachusetts and Connecticut. And in our time, how all our western literary institutions are obliged to beg and starve, in order to preserve their existence and maintain their position of usefulness and salutary influence on the churches and community in those newly settled regions of our country. It is not strange, therefore, that we find, in the



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

institution without funds was the first result. This threw the college upon the generosity of the public, and the public responded nobly so far as it could. Large gifts could not be expected; yet such was the determination of friends, that expenses were met, though at great sacrifice on the part of some, and generally of many. Dr. Bates once said, "Time was when Harvard University, the mother of all our colleges, rich in funds as she now is, and ample as her means of instruction have become, was

history of Middlebury College, evidence of her being subject to the same law of progress and retardation. She has, indeed, been compelled to struggle hard and beg stoutly; and sometimes, notwithstanding all her efforts and her general success, she has been thrown back in her course." The right to exist was shown by the willingness to struggle and suffer.

Up to 1888, the only aid received from the legislature was \$1,400. In 1810, the trustees petitioned that body



BENJAMIN LABAREE.

PRESIDENT OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, 1840-1866.

for assistance. Among other pressing needs, a new building was a necessity. Gamaliel Painter, a trustee and one of the founders of the college, represented the town of Middlebury in that session of the General Court. He it was who pressed the cause of the petitioners. The history of the petition of 1810, as has been said, is the history of all the various applications made in early years for aid from the legislature. The committee to which the question was referred reported that "the report of the president and fellows of Middlebury College is true; and that the said institution deserves the attention and consideration of the legislature of the state. Without funds or public patronage, it has hitherto flourished in a remarkable degree; and your committee verily believes that the corporation and officers of said college, and those private individuals who have made donations to the same, for their meritorious exertions in the promotion of science and the arts, are highly deserving the applause of this legislature. But at this time your committee can devise no means by which the legislature can expediently afford relief." This was the

way in which early Vermont legislatures aided schemes fraught with the most far-reaching benefit to the whole state. But private benevolence came to the rescue. "Money," says Prof. Wright, "was subscribed for the erection of a new college building, and this was completed about 1815 on the ground deeded to the corporation by Col. Seth Storrs. This land, comprising a little more than thirty acres, and beautifully situated in an elevated part of the village, still continues to form the college campus." In his detailed statement of the private benefactions which enabled the young college to weather the financial storms, Prof. Wright says, "The open-handedness of the citizens of Middlebury calls first for notice. For a number of years the tutors were wholly supported by their contributions. Samuel Miller sustained in part for a time the professorship of mathematics and philosophy. Salaries were from time to time increased by amounts subscribed and guaranteed by the people of the town. The gifts of Painter and Storrs and Chipman are woven into the very history of the college in those days. The community, indeed,



CHARLES J. STARR.

exhausted its liberality on the college to such an extent that the Addison County Grammar School was not adequately endowed, the citizens regarding the college as the more important object for their funds. This interest so conspicuously manifested is to be explained in part by this fact: the college early became, in one sense, the social centre of the community; the younger citizens were trained, in many cases, in the college; and all were early taught to consider it a duty that the institution should be sustained."

A college could not long continue without a fund. Rev. Henry Davis, D. D., came to the presidency in 1809, on the retirement of Dr. Atwater. He was the first to make a strong effort to secure a permanent fund. He began with the hope of raising \$50,000. President Davis was a man of commanding presence and fine address. As head of the college, he subsequently became very popular. His eloquence was convincing, and he used it to good purpose in this campaign of raising a fund. We read that he convened a meeting at the hotel in Middlebury, and "after the citizens had assembled, he addressed them in a most eloquent and persuasive speech. Before the meeting had dispersed, they had subscribed \$20,000 in good faith, although some of the subscribers were scarcely worth the amount of their subscriptions. He met with such success in other towns that by the following spring the whole sum had been subscribed, and he was encouraged to expect that it would be raised to \$100,000. Accordingly in April, 1815, the corporation authorized him to proceed on condition that the addition should reduce the previous subscription proportionally, so that all the subscribers should be held to

pay only \$50,000. No great additions were, however, afterward made; and many who had subscribed began to feel that they had promised more than it was convenient for them to pay. Dr. Davis had such strong confidence in himself and gave such strong assurances respecting the result, that on the prosecution of some of the subscriptions, resistance was made to the collection on the ground



THE CHAPEL.

of fraudulent representations; and it was afterward decided that the subscriptions were invalid on that ground. This placed the corporation in an embarrassed condition." Only about \$14,000 were ever realized on the subscribed amount. "When I entered upon the duties of the office assigned me in this institution in 1818 or soon after," said President Bates,



EZRA BRAINERD.  
PRESIDENT OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

fearful apprehension, that with a debt of nearly \$20,000 hanging over her head, she had no available funds to enable her to meet her liabilities, nor any resources on which her officers could rely for support but public charity and a meagre income derived from the tuition of a small and apparently diminishing number of students. This disappointment arose principally from the failure of the payment of a large and, as I had supposed, *bona fide* subscription which had just been made for the benefit of the funds of the college. This failure, with a long and tedious process of law in establishing the title of the institution and vindicating its claim to the lands given by Gen. Hunt, was enough to produce a feeling of discouragement; and it would probably have led to despair, had not the noble bequest of Judge Painter furnished timely aid and given efficient support."

the successor of Dr. Davis, "I discovered to my great disappointment, not to say

Judge Painter's residuary legatee, and it realized a sum which in those days was



BATTELL HALL.

considered a small fortune. Nine years later the first professorship was endowed by Joseph Burr of Manchester, — the chair being that of chemistry and natural history.

In 1833 another effort was made to raise \$50,000, and with better success.



RUFUS C. FLAGG, CLASS OF 1869.  
PRESIDENT OF RIPON COLLEGE.

By this time another building, a chapel, became necessary. Painter Hall had been finished in 1815. The new chapel was completed in 1836, East College being repaired the same year. During the rest of President Bates's administration, the institution recovered its lost ground and gained material strength, both in funds and in the number of its students.

In 1840 Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D. D., was called to the presidency. His long administration of twenty-six years was characterized by the same energy, wisdom and public approval which had attached to those of the preceding presidents. He was happy, too, in coming at such a time as enabled him to bring to fruition much of the toil and self-sacrifice of former years. During his administration, the permanent fund was largely increased, many endowed

scholarships were created, and still another building, Starr Hall, was built with funds given for this special object. This building, erected in 1861, was burned on Christmas night, 1864. On the morning of December 26 the four stone walls stood out against the sky, a sad spectacle to the eyes of the faculty and the students who had been driven out of shelter in midwinter. Before the opening of the next fall term, however, Starr Hall was rebuilt and ready for occupancy.

The institution was now on a good financial base; and each succeeding administration added to its strength, broadened its policy in keeping with the spirit of the times, and carefully carried out the plan of the founders. Under Dr. Ezra Brainerd there has been larger activity along various lines than has taken place during the same period at



CHARLES S. MURKLAND, CLASS OF 1881.  
PRESIDENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

any other time. President Brainerd has wisely builded on the solid foundation laid by others. He has kept the structure symmetrical, in harmony with the spirit of the day. The Morton professorship was endowed by ex-Vice-President Morton. Two scholarships

were endowed by him, one bearing the name of his father, who was a graduate and trustee of the college. Within the last two years the interest-bearing fund has been largely increased, \$210,000 coming from Mr. Charles J. Starr alone. In 1888, the legislature inaugurated the practice of furnishing scholarships to a certain number of students. The state pays "the tuition and incidental college charges of thirty students, one of whom shall be designated and appointed by each senator in the General Assembly, such appointment to be made by such senator from his respective county, provided any suitable candidate shall apply therefor, otherwise from any county in the state."

The library began with the college. It has grown proportionally with it. Hav-

ing twice outgrown its quarters, it now occupies an entire section of one of the main college buildings, the first floor being devoted to reference works.

Much labor has been bestowed on the scientific department. Middlebury was one of the first colleges to introduce experimental work by students themselves. The physical and chemical laboratories are well equipped with the best appliances. Six hours a week of laboratory work are required of juniors in chemistry. As a senior elective, chemistry is exclusively laboratory work through the entire year. Qualitative analysis, quantitative analysis, mineral analysis, independent investigation, constitute the elective course throughout the senior year. The elective physics is advanced work in heat and light for juniors, electricity and magnetism for seniors. The advanced elective work in zoölogy consists of dissections and other original investigation with the microscope. The number of hours in physics, astronomy and chemistry for the classical course is two hundred and sixty-eight required and two hundred elective.

The cabinets are of exceptional value. There are a working cabinet of minerals; a general collection of fossils representing life of all geological ages; special collection of Champlain Valley fossils; collection of rocks of Vermont from geological survey of the state; representative rocks and fossils of Minnesota, presented by Prof. C. W. Hall of the class of '71; special collection of mollusca of Vermont, complete; flora of the Champlain Valley; representative collection of marine fauna, presented by the Smithsonian Institute.



IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.



EDWARD J. PHELPS.  
CLASS OF 1840.

The graduates of the medical schools of Castleton and Woodstock received their degrees at the college for 1819-27 and 1833-37, though not resident students of Middlebury. Aside from this, the institution has always been strictly a college, having none of the university attachments. She stands with the conservative liberals in regard to electives. Realizing that it is time for the ironbound courses to go, the trustees and faculty have aimed not to run riot among a cloud of easy electives as a bait to lazy students, but have followed the example of other leading institutions which take middle ground. The elective work begins with the junior year and increases in scope till the end of the senior year.

It was not till 1883 that young ladies were admitted to Middlebury. This innovation called for still another building. Battell Hall, so called in honor of Mr. Joseph Battell, the donor, is situated at a considerable distance from the other buildings and the college campus. It is different in architecture, appointments and surroundings from the other college structures, and furnishes as delightful a home as a college girl ought to expect. It was built by President Kitchel and was his residence during the fifth administration. Coeducation has passed the experimental stage with Americans; but we

are still interested in seeing how the two sexes compare. At a certain junior exhibition at Middlebury there were five honors. Four of these were taken by women, and there were only four women in that class, it being soon after women were admitted to the college.

During President Hamlin's administration, Starr Boarding Hall was built. This has met a long-felt need. The president and a committee of students administer its affairs. The institution provides the building and furniture; the students do the rest. By this means, good table board is furnished at reduced rates and within easy reach. Formerly, students were obliged to find boarding places as best they could, sometimes at a long distance.

A college would not be college now without a base-ball nine and a foot-ball team. These organizations at Middlebury are purely non-professional, every member being a *bona fide* student.

The college Young Men's Christian Association is a strong organization.



JOHN G. SAXE.  
CLASS OF 1839.

There is no building devoted exclusively to its use; it occupies rooms in the chapel. The only regular public meeting of the year is on Sunday evening of baccalaureate day, when the association is



addressed by some one from abroad, the occasion being a regular feature of commencement week. Aside from work in the institution, meetings are held by its members in outlying districts. The Philadelphian Society, a religious society, was organized early in the history of the college. It continued in more or less active operation till the general movement toward forming of Young Men's Christian Associations in our colleges, when the association took the place of the society.

The Philomathesian Society, a literary society, was projected at the beginning of the college's life. After the establishment of the several chapters of the fraternities, it was more or less neglected till it ceased to exist. Some have regretted this discontinuance, but more are inclined to take a different view. Much of the work formerly done in the society is now carried on in the class-room under the direction of the faculty; and the fraternities conduct their chapters more or less on the literary plan.

The outside world is usually curious as to the exact position of secret societies in college life. In some of our New England institutions very many students do not enter the secret fraternities; but at Middlebury, the tendency is strongly



JULIUS S. GRINNELL.

CLASS OF 1866.

toward them. For many years there have existed chapters of the well-known fraternities X  $\Psi$   $\Delta$   $\Upsilon$ , and  $\Delta$   $\Kappa$   $E$ . After the admission of women to the privileges of the college, a local secret society,  $\Lambda$   $X$ , was organized by the ladies. Last autumn a chapter of the  $\Pi$   $B$   $\Phi$  was established as another

women's society. About two weeks after the opening of the fall term the electioneering among the freshmen usually begins. At Middlebury this is called "horse-shedding." No politician ever pushed the interests of his pet party more zealously than these disciples of the Greek-letter fraternities push the attractions of their sets. Society feeling runs high; it may not be out of place to say that class feeling is



THE GLEE CLUB.

subordinate to it. At many other institutions classmates are expected to room together, whether of the same society or not; at Middlebury it is the other way. A  $X\psi$  will room with a  $X\psi$  whether of the same or of a different class; a  $\Delta KE$  is sure to "chum" with a  $\Delta KE$ ; and a  $\Delta Y$  with a  $\Delta Y$ . During my college life of four years this rule was broken but once; but a freshman was often found rooming with a junior or senior, or even with the dreaded sophomore. Of the practices among the society women I cannot speak; women have their own ways of doing things.

The town of Middlebury has never lost the distinctive intellectual and social characteristics imparted by its original settlers. It has ever been known as a village of refinement and education. The early establishment of this higher institution brought, in the families of the faculties, a permanent class of inhabitants of exceptional culture and social worth, a class whose influence has naturally been far reaching. In the persons of students, there was an ever-increasing transient population that mingled more or less in the society of the town, infusing its young blood into it. A majority



MIDDLEBURY BASE-BALL TEAM.

The "town girls" take a lively interest in the men's societies, — all the more because they know so little about them.

College life itself is, in a certain sense, a secret society. Few people outside the college walls fully understand the college boy or know how to sympathize with him. He is a class by himself; his terminology is unique, and would often be counted vulgar, judged by the ordinary standards of society. But it serves his purpose well, often better than anything else could. He makes each term to suit the needs of each case as it arises; and to him each represents the kernel of truth.

of these young men had come from the best surroundings. These influences, at work from the first, have tended to make of Middlebury a most desirable place of residence for cultivated people; and reciprocally, such inhabitants make the town a good one for the college.

For the lover of nature there is much to enjoy about Middlebury. The college buildings and grounds are on the hill at the west of the village. Across the valley, about five miles to the east, is the Green Mountain range, rising abruptly out of the level plain with no introductory foot-hills. From the upper windows of

the college buildings there is an unobstructed view of this range for miles. The beautiful village lies in the valley below. At its northern edge is Chipman's Hill, a conical eminence with no connection with any other hill or high ground. It is a natural curiosity. It rises out of the plain to a height of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred feet, with a nearly equal slope each way. Its base is about seven miles in circumference. Its height has been measured by each successive class as each came to use the field instruments. The usual *modus operandi* is to measure off a base line on the railroad and work from that. The height of the chapel tower is also a favorite object for measuring; and the distance from the tower to the top of the hill is often computed.

From the summit of the hill and from the college tower can be seen one of the

fleet may be found buried in the mud of the river. Over the western bluff are seen the Adirondacks. The sunsets are something to be remembered. Never have I seen such magnificent afterglows as I sometimes saw from my college windows, looking out over the western bluff to the distant peaks of the New York mountains and the glory of the western sky. To the southeast, nestled among the mountains, is Lake Dunmore, the Lake Dunmore of Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys." No more charming spot can be found in New England.

But that which most appeals to the student who seeks recreation is the charming river. The banks are ever verdant and inviting, the water deep and still, the bosom broad. Many a restful hour has been spent in one of the college boats; many a party of faithful workers has glided home in the moon-



THE BRIDGE.

finest views in the state. Otter Creek, a river of considerable depth and volume, flows through the plain so placidly that a pleasure steamer once plied upon its waters for many miles, nearly to Rutland. At the mouth of the river, only a few miles to the north as it enters Lake Champlain, Arnold fought his battle with the British; and to-day remains of his

light, with brain rested and powers reinvigorated for the tasks of the coming day. Each of the men's societies has a fine pleasure boat, and several individual students indulge in the luxury of canoes. The beauty and picturesqueness of the river, especially at twilight, cannot be described. The meanderings of the river render it all the more delightful for



ON THE RIVER.

pleasure boating, but prevent racing to any considerable extent.

None of our colleges escaped serious loss of students during the war. When the country called upon its citizens, the young men in our higher institutions responded nobly. The students of Middlebury enlisted in such large numbers that for a time the college suffered seriously. Many never came back; and others did not complete their interrupted courses. But others still returned to take up the work, and graduated after the war closed. Among those who remained a company was formed, uniformed, armed and drilled, and held itself in readiness to respond to a call from the governor in case of an emergency. The call never came. Well do I remember an incident which occurred at the graduation of the class of '62. Aldace F. Walker, a young lieutenant from a distant recruiting camp, came in on commencement morning and delivered his oration in uniform. The large church was packed, and the enthusiasm of the audience was tremendous; for some minutes the young man could not begin.

I remember, too, an interesting coincidence in the case of one of the students who dropped out for a little time to respond to his country's call. He became a captain and was present at the battle of Gettysburg. On the first night his

regiment was detailed to guard some prisoners who had been taken during the day. At the midnight change of guard a relieved guard came to him and said, "There is a fellow in there who wants to know if there are any boys here from Middlebury. He heard this was a Vermont regiment, and says he is a graduate of Middlebury College, and would like to see some one from there if there is any one

here." The captain took some of the "boys" and went into the prisoners' camp. There they found an old friend of the most of their number, a classmate of one of them, formerly one of the most popular men of the college. He was colonel of a Virginia regiment. They spent a large part of the night with him, talking over old times. Not the least hint could have been discerned that they were of two factions, struggling with desperate energy against each other in one of the most terrible battles of history. The colonel inquired with much interest after many of the society people of Middlebury, particularly after certain young ladies. He had been the most popular society man of the college during his time. He had with him the portrait of a certain young lady, whose memory he had cherished all those years and whose photograph he had carried continually, even to the field of battle. Who can tell what unwilling separation had taken place, and with what heartache he heard that she had been married for two years?

At one junior exhibition the director of the College Glee Club came in from the recruiting camp of the Vermont cavalry to direct the music of the evening. It was an unusual sight, this long-booted officer presiding at the piano. In a few days his regiment went to the

front. He served with distinction till the close of the war. Subsequently he completed his course and became a professor in the college.

Nonsense is generally regarded as a necessary element of college life. Hazing no one will openly defend. There have been few serious cases of this college barbarity at Middlebury. It has possibly been due to the fact that a large majority of the students have been, from



LAKE DUNMORE.

the first, young men of limited means, men to whom life meant more than it usually does to the sons of luxury. But there has always been fun of the kind which seldom does harm. A man in the town was told one morning that his old white horse was up in the college belfry. And so it proved. There, a hundred feet from the ground, was Dobbin. The boys had taken him up in the night and painted him green. The old horse had

been allowed to trespass on the campus till he had become a nuisance, and this was the way the boys took to get rid of him.

The principal of the Ladies' Seminary always attended the college public exercises with his pupils. These were guarded with jealous care, in the usual manner of such patriarchs. To see so much beauty wasted was too much. The students wanted to go home with the girls, of course; of course they could not be allowed to do any such thing. The stately principal was escorting his column home one evening from junior exhibition, when a form darted out from behind a tree and broke his lantern. Some effort was made to profit by the act; but it was to no purpose — the girls were too closely guarded.

The most commonly accepted prank is the college "horning." These "hornings" take place about a week after the fall term begins, and are supposed to be for the benefit of the freshmen. The sophomores assemble at midnight, with all kinds of instruments. Stealing up to the door of a freshman, they begin the din. In fifteen minutes every inhabitant of the village is aware that something is going on. This fellow serenaded, the pack start for the next victim. So they go the round. No one is hurt, no doors are broken in, no damage is done; — but the racket! I

shall never forget the "horning" given my own class. I was the one first visited. It would be impossible to describe my first impressions on being suddenly awakened. I was not sure that I had not been suddenly called from earth to meet my final reckoning. The band was equipped with horns, the great gong from the Bardwell House in Rutland, a horse fiddle that was heard two miles away, and a heavy dinner bell that

sounded only like the clank of chains. At first I thought only of the clank of fetters in the Bottomless Pit. After they had blown themselves tired, they stopped to take breath and form plans for the next move. I heard every word distinctly through the door. Their leader is now an honored D. D., in a western city. After paying their respects to all the members of the class who roomed in the college buildings, they went to the house of one of the faculty where a freshman roomed.

These "hornings" seemed to be recognized by all parties, townspeople, constables, faculty and students, as an excusable way to work off the student desire to do something naughty. I never knew of any interference with the sport unless it was carried too far; in that case, we were sure to see some of the faculty.

There is no more perfect democratic community on earth than the American college. Every one is rated for what he is and treated accordingly. No accident of wealth, position or family environment counts for much beyond what his personal worth warrants. Woe be to the man, whether president, professor or student, who appears to stand on an artificial base, or who has any unfortunate peculiarities or mannerisms. Some irreverent fellow is sure to blurt out an appellation that contains some stinging truth; and the victim must carry that as long as his connection with the college lasts. There are few who do not have nicknames, and the nicknames show what the fellows think. "Nervous Quod Subjunctive" was their name for an instructor who could not sit in perfect enjoyment of a bungling student's effort at recitation. "Polly" was one of the best men in the institution, who innocently created the impression in his freshman year that he took a very serious view of life and who had been made, by the circle in which he had been reared, to appear too proper for the spirit of college life. If a Prince of Wales were to enter an American college, the boys would "size him up" in twenty-four hours and put him where he belonged. The college is a small world. Public sentiment is all powerful. Any institution where the majority of the students are of the serious type, who are

not cursed with too much money, who have been reared to the doctrine of hard work and the value of time, who have come from the average New England home, is not likely to present many hard cases for faculty discipline. Public sentiment will be all powerful for right in such circumstances.

The local chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa was established in 1868, as Beta of Vermont. For several years the address before this society was one of the regular features of commencement week. Owing to the number of events which now come within that week, this has been discontinued. On Tuesday evening of commencement week occurs the Merrill-Parkerian prize speaking. The sophomores — not less than eight, nor more than twelve — compete for the Merrill prize. This was established by Rev. Thomas A. Merrill, D. D., who it is said was the valedictorian of Daniel Webster's class. Dr. Merrill was for many years a resident of Middlebury and a trustee of the college. The freshmen compete for the Parker prizes. The contestants for these prizes are elected by ballot by the respective classes, a member of the faculty presiding at the election. At these elections society influence is plainly seen. It is politics on a small scale, and sometimes the election grows quite hot. The rivalry is often keen, though generally friendly. As these contests were established before the admission of women, they are for men alone. Alumni day, commencement day, receptions, students' promenade, fill up the remainder of commencement week.

The most interesting record relating to a college is the record of its personnel. The first president became president of Dickinson College in 1809. President Davis was first tutor at Williams, then at Yale, then professor of Greek at Union, and in 1809 became president of Middlebury. While at the head of Middlebury College he was elected to the presidency of Yale, which he declined. In 1817 he became president of Hamilton College. He was active in the establishment of Auburn Theological Seminary and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Labaree, before

coming to Middlebury, had been president of Jackson College in Tennessee, and had been elected to the presidency of Western Reserve College and to the chair of sacred rhetoric in Lane Theological Seminary, both of which calls he declined. His devotion to his work at Middlebury led him to decline an invitation to a secretaryship of the American Board. Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D., the missionary, teacher, author, statesman, needs no introduction. He founded Robert College, securing permission from the unwilling Turkish government to erect the building. His long life of activity and usefulness in the mission field is too well known to call for even brief outline here. Dr. Ezra Brainerd, the present incumbent, was the second student who was ever appointed as an instructor for the year following his graduation. With the exception of three years spent at Andover Seminary, he has been connected with Middlebury College during the whole of his life since graduation in 1864. In 1887 he was one of three commissioners appointed to revise the school laws of the state of Vermont.

Among the alumni appear the names of many college presidents: Linsley and Smith of Marietta College; Olin of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, twice president of Wesleyan University; Crossitt of Cumberland College, Kentucky; Church of Franklin College, Georgia; Beman of Oglethorpe University; Fitch, first president of Michigan University; Wines of the University of St. Louis; J. J. Owen of the College of the City of New York; Curtis of Knox College; Blanchard of Knox and subsequently of Wheaton; Stone of Kalamazoo; Kitchel of Middlebury; Sherman of Howard College, Alabama; Rankin of Howard University; Boardman of Maryville, Ky.; Hooker of Rollins; White of Lombard University; Flagg of Ripon; Murkland of the New Hampshire Agricultural College. There is no more valuable class of public servants than the presidents of our colleges. Were I asked to nominate a body of men conspicuous for their loyalty to a difficult duty, untiring in their efforts, self-sacrificing in their devotion, persistent in discouragements, I could not do

better than go among the ranks of our college presidents. They guard the avenues of learning, they rescue the waste places of society and cause them to blossom as a garden.

Among the members of the bar who have gone out from Middlebury College are many honored names: Samuel Nelson, Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Silas Wright, Governor of New York and U. S. Senator; Charles Glidden Haines; Solomon Foot, U. S. Senator from Vermont; Daniel O. Morton, brother of Hon. Levi P. Morton; U. S. Judge Lovell of Michigan; ex-Governor Howard of Delaware; Hon. Edward J. Phelps, ex-U. S. Minister to England; Hon. William Slade; Hon. John W. Stewart, M. C.; Stephen A. Walker of New York; Judge Wm. H. Walker of the Vermont Supreme Court; I. E. Knapp, ex-Governor of Alaska; Hon. Aldace F. Walker of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Hon. Julius S. Grinnell, the attorney who conducted the prosecution of the Chicago anarchists; E. H. Bottum of Milwaukee. Other names are those of Rev. D. O. Morton, father of ex-Vice-President Morton; Edwin James, translator of the Indian Bible; Hon. Daniel P. Thompson, author of the "Green Mountain Boys" and other works; Rev. Thos. Conant, D. D., voluminous writer of theological works; Rev. L. B. Peet, who translated the New Testament and much of the Old into Chinese; Prof. R. D. C. Robbins, who assisted in the compilation of Andrew's Latin Lexicon, and edited and translated several educational and theological works; Bishop Wadhams of the Roman Catholic diocese of Ogdensburg; John G. Saxe, the poet; Rev. Henry N. Hudson, the Shakespearian scholar and author; Prof. Geo. N. Boardman, D. D., of Chicago Theological Seminary; Professors Hiram and Charles Mead of Oberlin and Hartford; Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D., of Washington; Rev. Truman M. Post of St. Louis; Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D. D.; and Rev. Henry M. Ladd, D. D., of Cleveland. "It seems to be the happy fortune of Middlebury," one has said, "that good stuff comes to her to be moulded."

## ON THE SHORE.

*Louise Helen Coburn.*

TWO lovers stood on the shore,  
And watched the bright waves dance :  
The sea with the blue of the sky was blue,  
And the lovers' eyes saw heaven's own hue,  
Each in the other's glance ;  
The waves made laughter in their ears,  
And they saw the shining of happy years  
In the smile of the sea.

A widow stood on the shore :  
The gray sea sobbed and sighed ;  
Darkly it lay under darkling sky ;  
Its moan was deep, and its wail rose high  
With the ebb-turn of the tide ;  
And the widow heard the anguish of life,  
The pang of its loss, and the throe of its strife,  
In the moan of the sea.

An artist stood on the shore :  
The sea stretched level and pale,  
With a pearl-tipped crest, and an opal sheen  
In the curve of the ripple that turned between,  
And the gleam of a silver sail ;  
And the artist saw, as a vision faint,  
The light of a picture he might paint,  
In the light of the sea.

A poet stood on the shore :  
The spray on his neck fell wet ;  
White was the foam that edged the waves,  
And loud the voice through the ocean caves  
Of surges shoreward set.  
And the poet heard with kindling eyes  
The rhythm of unsung melodies  
In the song of the sea.

Death hath severed the lovers twain, —  
But the waves on other lovers smile ;  
The years have brought their balm to pain ;  
The ocean moans as it moaned erewhile.  
The lovely picture is still unlimned, —  
But the light that shone meets other eyes ;  
The magic numbers are yet unhymned ;  
The surge repeateth its melodies.  
Other the feet upon the shore ; —  
The sea abideth evermore.



## BRYANT, THE POET OF NATURE.

*By Forrest F. Emerson.*

IN 1793, William Wordsworth, then twenty-three years of age, published his first volume, entitled "Descriptive Sketches." In one of the poems of the book occur these lines: —  
"And, fronting the bright West, the oak entwines  
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger  
lines."

This description of the outlines of an oak tree traced against the bright background of sunset is worthy of note for the comment which Wordsworth himself made upon it more than fifty years afterward. He said: "This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them, and I made a resolution to supply the deficiency." While Wordsworth at the age of twenty-three, as Lowell remarks, could not have been largely acquainted with the poets of "all ages and countries," and was self-deceived in looking back upon that early period, yet the remark shows the tendency of Wordsworth's mind toward the natural style, and toward natural objects as the material for poetical work. It foreshadows the change which was already coming over the poetry of the English-speaking race in its abandonment of what was called "classical" style, the adoption of more simple forms of verse, and the treatment of subject-matter that is nearer akin to nature. The rise of realism in the art of the novelist and the painter is a feature of the same general movement, in which, after the exclusive attention paid to the supernatural in mediæval art and learning had been displaced by the revival of the study of the ancient classical wisdom, this in turn gave way to the modern realism in literature and art;

so that the realism and fidelity to nature which Ruskin has been contending for in his long warfare with the English art critics are now requisites to success in all literary and artistic work.

Of modern poets who have sincerely loved nature and revealed in their work a passionate sympathy with all the aspects of the external world, Bryant is a remarkable example. He was born among the Hampshire hills of Massachusetts, where the opening leaves of spring, the wonderful colors of autumn and the stern grandeur of winter clothe the hillsides and the vistas between them with rapidly successive changes of beauty unknown to constant dwellers by the sea or to those who live upon the level plains of the West. New England people who are susceptible to the influence of landscape miss more than all else, when going to the western plains, the variety and beauty of the hill scenery to which they have been accustomed in childhood. It seems quite clear that, like so many other poets, Bryant was influenced by the surroundings of his youth, and that the poetic work of his later years, although the greater part of his life was spent in the metropolis, reflects images of beauty impressed upon his mind while a youth living among the wild hills of western Massachusetts.\* Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking of this peculiarity of his poems, says: "He is original because he is sincere, — a true painter of the face of this country and of his own people. It is his proper praise that he first, and he only, made known to mankind our northern landscape, its autumn russet, its winter lights and glooms, so that there is no feature of day or night in the country which does not, to a contemplative mind, recall the name of Bryant." This remark, by one who himself was a careful observer of the natural features of New England,

\* See the illustrated article upon "Bryant's New England Home," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for March, 1892.

admirably sums up the marked characteristics of Bryant's poetry. The largeness, the delicacy, the tenderness, the simplicity, the grandeur, the mystery of natural scenery are in turn painted for us in felicitous language, rhythmic grace, breadth of range and the utmost fidelity of portraiture; and the scenery is nearly always that local landscape to which he was accustomed in his youth,—the characteristic and predominant landscape of New England.

While this influence may thus be attributed to his early contact with the landscape of the hills and the rapidly changing aspects of a northern climate, much is due also to the purity and simplicity of his character in producing a sincere lover and faithful delineator of the landscape. He was a true and genuine man, never doing anything for effect, always aiming to present the exact truth concerning that which he undertook to describe. His well-nigh faultless literary taste, the purity of his motives, his dislike of the morbid and unnatural, were all parts of a moral and intellectual character which, when in vital contact with nature, will aim to create only the simplest and most truthful representations of the outward world. Among the public men of America he was one of the purest in character; and a man so honest must needs be honest as a poetic artist, and could paint nature no other than she is. The love of nature with him was no pretence, no shallow and sentimental imitation of others. He made use of what he saw in it, not for the "purple patches" of illustration which it might furnish to lend a meretricious embellishment to his verse; his regard for it was a real and abiding feeling which amounted to a passion, and when he described the object of his love he could be no other-wise than truthful. The highest honor he could pay to nature was to portray its features in truthful outlines. It needed no ornament. He had little patience with exaggeration or pretension of any kind. His opinions of men were affected by this love of simplicity. He is said to have shared little of the popular enthusiasm for Macaulay, and a writer who knew him well says that he never knew

him to quote a line or an opinion from Byron. Some years ago a man came from England with a number of unpublished letters and poems of Byron, for which he sought a publisher in New York. When the matter was presented to Bryant, his only remark was, "I think we have poems enough of Byron already."

It is worthy of note, also, that this poet's love of nature was revealed in the peculiar use he made of that material for poetry which he found in nature. While other poets make use of sights and sounds in nature to adorn their verse, to illustrate their thought, or lend an added charm to romance, Bryant writes of natural scenery for its own sake; it is often his theme and in and of itself the only theme.

This becomes more noticeable by a comparison with other writers. Emerson sees in nature a symbolic spiritual meaning, and with other poets finds in her moods, her days and nights, her calm and storm, her summer and winter, a mysterious correspondence to ethical truth and the intellectual and spiritual life of man. Longfellow paints nature into his pictures as a background of human action. As Charles Egbert Craddock embellishes her stories of the homely life of the Tennessee mountains with charming allusions to the shifting lights of the sky and mountains which overlook the movement of the human drama which she sketches, so Longfellow's "forest primeval," "vast meadows," "fruitful valley," "turbulent tides," "orchards and cornfields" of Acadia are only the beautiful setting for the jewel it enshrines,—the background of the picture of the life and character of Evangeline. The unexpected result of the courtship of Miles Standish, in the marriage of John Alden, comes when

"Down through the golden leaves the sun was  
pouring his splendors,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches  
above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of  
the pine and the fir tree;"

while the "rivers," "the reeds and the rushes," "the singing pine trees," "the rain shower and the snow storm," "the sound of far-off waters," "the

yellow husks of harvest," "the ghastly gleaming forests" of "Hiawatha" are all used to embellish the Indian story of human suffering and love. So Tennyson rarely describes nature for its own sake, though his use of nature is in general different from that of Longfellow. Where Longfellow describes the actual scenery which is the setting and accompaniment of his story, Tennyson supposes some natural object to illustrate his thought. There are no more beautiful similes in the language than those of the "Idyls of the King," where the most exquisite descriptions of natural objects are used as illustrations of human action or of some ethical truth. They are done with a few strokes, sometimes painting a picture in half a dozen words; and though Tennyson's poetry abounds in these similes he never goes astray. His buttercups never blossom in September, nor his wood violets in August, nor his asters in April. So careful and discriminating is he in the use of similes drawn from nature, that a literary review some years ago published an article on Tennyson's scientific knowledge of botany as evidenced by his allusions to flowers in his poems.

But Bryant's use of natural scenery as the material for poetic work is quite different from that of either Emerson or Longfellow or Tennyson. To him the beauty of nature is quite worthy to be sung on its own account. He does not, like some poets, force it to do duty as the embellishment of that which is held to be of more beauty or value, but the natural object itself is worthy of being described, and there an end. Even the titles of many of his poems show how largely the simple descriptions of the scenes and sounds of the natural world occupied his pen and satisfied his heart. Fully one half of Bryant's poems are made up of descriptions, pure and simple, of natural scenery.

Of the influences of nature in giving him ideas, inspiring him with poetic power, teaching him humility, and weaning him from worldliness, we have his own confession. For instance, in the poem entitled "The Rivulet" he acknowledges his love for nature when a boy:—

"And when the days of boyhood came,  
And I had grown in love with fame,  
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried  
My first rude numbers at thy side.  
Words cannot tell how bright and gay  
The scenes of life before me lay.  
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak  
Would bring the blood into my cheek,  
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,  
A name I deemed should never die."

The influence of nature in ennobling the mind and heart by soothing the fever of the busy life of cities is a favorite one with Bryant, and he often refers to his own experience as an illustration of the truth.

"The calm shade  
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze  
That makes the green leaves dance shall waft a  
balm  
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here  
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men  
And made thee loathe thy life."

"While I stood  
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one  
With whom I early grew familiar, one  
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice  
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole  
From cares I loved not, but of which the world  
Deems highest, to converse with her."

Even in those poems where the evident purpose is as far removed as possible from the description of nature, and where the principal thought is concerning things purely human, or historical, some of the best remembered and most eloquent of Bryant's work is his allusion to nature as a kind of muse who inspires him with the thought he wishes to convey. Of these there are three examples more notable than others, two of them perhaps as well known as any of his writings, viz.: "Thanatopsis" and "The Antiquity of Freedom;" while the last is the short piece beginning "The May sun sheds an amber light." "Thanatopsis" was written when Bryant was a mere stripling of eighteen years. As its name implies, it is a vision of death, and aims to bring under one comprehensive vision the perpetual rising and passing away of generation after generation of men. Yet in this poem the inspiration and the lesson are represented as coming from nature. They "come to him who goes forth under the open sky and lists to nature's teachings; while from all around earth, and her waters, and the depths of

air, comes a still voice." And he describes how they come in the opening of the poem, — a passage which prophesies even at this early age of the poet what was to be a marked feature of his poetic teaching : —

"To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language. For his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

"The Antiquity of Freedom" is another case in point. The essence of the poem is found in the passage describing the nature of liberty, beginning with the words : —

"O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs."

And yet this poem on the nature and antiquity of liberty is represented as conceived and inspired in the dark depths of the primeval forest, and the description of this source of inspiration forms the introduction to the poem.

"Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,  
That stream with gray green mosses; here the  
ground  
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers  
spring up  
Unsovn, and die ungathered. It is sweet  
To linger here, among the flitting birds  
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and  
winds  
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass  
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set  
With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful  
shades —  
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —  
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,  
Back to the earliest days of liberty."

The other poem which may be quoted in illustration of the same peculiarity is one of sorrow and regret at the death of a friend; and yet, though the keynote of the poem is one of grief from which the melody of the strain never wanders, the language is wholly a description of the sights and sounds of nature, with the remembrance of which the memory of her is intermingled. As there are only four stanzas, the whole poem may be given : —

"The May sun sheds an amber light  
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;

But she who, with a smile more bright,  
Welcomed and watched the springing green,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood  
In groups beside the pathway stand;  
But one, the gentle and the good,  
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs  
The small bird's mingled notes are flung;  
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs,  
Once bade me listen while they sung,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year  
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;  
My heart aches when the flowers appear;  
For then I think of her who lies  
Within her grave,  
Low in her grave."

If Bryant was so prone to weave into his work beautiful descriptions of nature where the burden of thought was remote from nature, what must be his verse when, as in so many instances, the simple painting of the picture presented by nature is the only purpose he has in view? In such descriptions, the delicate choice of words, the faultless taste, the rhythmic melody, are toned as it were with the very atmosphere of the scene. As in fine painting the careful observer can tell the time of year and the hour of day which the picture presents, so in these poems of nature every familiar characteristic of the scene is given with the utmost fidelity to truth. Take this as a picture of a midsummer noon : —

"The quiet August noon has come;  
A slumberous silence fills the sky;  
The fields are still, the woods are dumb;  
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft, white clouds, that rest  
Above our vale a moveless throng;  
The cattle on the mountain's breast  
Enjoy the grateful shadow long."

Or read this, as a painting of winter sunlight in the woods after an ice-storm, as it is sometimes seen in New England : —

"Come when the rains  
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with  
ice,  
While the slant sun of February pours  
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!  
The encrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,  
And the broad-arching portals of the grove  
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks

Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,  
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,  
Is studded with its trembling water drops,  
That glimmer with an amethystine light.  
But round the parent stem the long low boughs  
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide  
The glassy floor."

Or note this upon the rising of the  
late and waning moon:—

"See where upon the horizon's brim  
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;  
The waning moon, all pale and dim,  
Goes up amid the eternal stars."

Or this upon "The New Moon":—

"When, as the garish day is done,  
Heaven burns with the descended sun,  
'Tis passing sweet to mark,  
Amid that flush of crimson light,  
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,  
As earth and sky grow dark.

The sight of that young crescent brings  
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—  
The hopes of early years  
And childhood's purity and grace,  
And joys that like a rainbow chase  
The passing shower of tears."

Perhaps one of the most faithful pieces  
of sketching in his works may be found  
in the opening passage of the poem  
entitled "Summer Wind," in which the  
summer moon is described before the  
afternoon breeze has sprung up.

"It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk  
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;  
There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint  
And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again  
Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize  
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops  
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,  
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light  
Were but an element they loved. Bright  
clouds,  
Motionless pillars of the brazen heavens—  
Their bases on the mountains, their white  
tops  
Shining in the far ether—fire the air  
With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
The gazer's eye away."

But it must not be forgotten that  
Bryant was a man of religious faith, and  
not infrequently draws some ethical or  
religious lesson from the themes which

he finds in nature. As, for instance, in  
"The Yellow Violet" he finds the lesson  
of humility; in the "Fringed Gentian"  
the lesson of Christian hope; and in  
the "Flight of a Water Fowl" a lesson  
of trust in Divine Providence. This, to  
be sure, is not his professed province; he  
is not in the technical sense of the term  
a religious poet; but still, the work of  
few poets is more deeply imbued with  
the religious spirit. His chief merit is  
that with a remarkable literary force and  
purity of diction, greater than that of  
almost any poet, he compels us to the  
observance of nature and awakens in us a  
quickened apprehension of her beauty.  
We may quote his own words addressed  
to another, and fittingly address them to  
him:—

"For thou hast taught us with delighted eye  
To gaze upon the mountains, to behold  
With deep affection the pure, ample sky,  
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled;  
To love the song of waters, and to hear  
The melody of winds with charmed ear."

This, mainly, has been Bryant's work  
as a poet; but into that work he has  
often infused the deepest and purest  
religious feeling. A few stanzas in illus-  
tration of this may be given from his  
"Lines to a Water Fowl;" and there  
are no better lines to keep in mind as  
we close this brief sketch.

"Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?"

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright."

## AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN WITH THE SECOND NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

*By Francis S. Fiske.*

THE principal battles of the war of the Rebellion have been fought over again on paper so often that every one knows or can learn as much about them as one who fought in them. For a soldier engaged in the fight can see but little how the battle wages away from his immediate vicinity, and it is only from the separate accounts of the several acts of the drama, often simultaneous although far apart, that one can learn the whole story of a battle, with the various incidents, each having more or less influence upon the result.

What I saw of the first battle of Bull Run forms the subject of this article. As what I shall say will relate largely to the movements and behavior of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, to which I belonged, the only regiment from New Hampshire engaged in the battle, but a fair type of all the New Hampshire and indeed of all the New England country regiments, it is appropriate to say a few words describing the men who composed it.

The term "citizen soldiers" cannot be more fitly applied than to these men. They were representative New England men, of every occupation and profession, and from every walk in life. They were engaged in their peaceful vocations, with never a thought of war or bloodshed, until they heard the mutterings of the war-cloud soon to burst upon them, and had never heard and never expected in their lives to hear a shot fired at a human target. Any town meeting or village gathering can furnish counterparts of the volunteers who made up the country regiments from New England. The spirit and character of the general uprising, the prompt and ready taking up of arms by men leading and loving a life of peace and tranquillity, impress themselves on me more and more the oftener I recall them.

As far as I know it has not its parallel in all history. Instances abound of men throwing aside the implements of peaceful labor to take up weapons for mortal combat; there are many such in our own annals. But in earlier times men were familiar with war alarms; tales of battles and of bloody personal combats were told by the actors in them in every hamlet and, at some periods, in every household, so that men grew up from infancy to manhood accustomed to think of them as likely to be more or less frequent incidents in their lives. Without going back to more remote times, look at our own history, during the earlier part of which the war-whoop and the report of the musket often interrupted the lullaby sung by the side of the infant's cradle, and men went to work in the fields and to worship in the meeting-houses with their weapons at their sides. Then came the war of the Revolution, and that of 1812, since when, although the Mexican war gave an opportunity to some men to gratify a liking for military adventure, nothing had occurred to rouse the martial spirit of the people; so that the generation from which our volunteers came was the first in our history of whom it could be said that their ways were ways of pleasantness and all their paths were peace. But the old spirit only slumbered within their hearts, and at their country's call these men took up arms as readily, and bore them as bravely, as did their forefathers in the French and Indian wars, at Bennington and at Lundy's Lane.

They did not volunteer in a fit of momentary enthusiasm; they knew very well what they were undertaking; recent events had set them to thinking of what the outcome of the growing sectional animosities might be, and they were ready, if need be, to uphold by deeds of

arms what they had heretofore maintained with their voices and their votes. There was no singing of a Marseillaise hymn, — or Yankee Doodle either, — little ringing of bells or beating of drums, scarcely any display of military ardor. In enlisting, they went and signed an agreement to risk their limbs and their lives to put down the Rebellion, deliberately, as they would have signed a contract to do any other piece of work necessary to be done. Such were the men of the Granite State who went out in the month of June, 1861, and four weeks later fought in the battle of Bull Run.

It is not my purpose to try to analyze the tactics and manœuvres by which we won a victory and then suffered it to be snatched from us. I shall try simply to tell a plain, unvarnished tale of what came within my own ken, "*quæque ipse misserrima vidi et [parva] pars fui,*" — the unpleasant things I saw and in which I took an unimportant part.

The first accounts of the battle produced the impression of the total rout and panic of the whole Union army. The correspondent of the *London Times* and other newspaper men, together with many congressmen and civilians, who had come out to see the fun and were the first terror-stricken fugitives from the vicinity of the scene of battle, drew pictures of men pale with terror throwing away their guns and equipments, cutting the traces of artillery and baggage horses, and stampeding from the enemy in close pursuit. The effect produced by these accounts has never been done away with, and to-day the common belief is that the whole Union army became a disorderly mob and fled from the field in uncontrollable panic. This, notwithstanding the official reports that many regiments and brigades withdrew from the field in good order, some of them ignorant that there had been anything like a panic.

The *Century Magazine* for May, 1885, contained an article written by General Johnston, who commanded the Rebels in the battle, which of itself alone is a sufficient contradiction of the earlier statements. He says: —

"At twenty minutes before five, when the retreat of the enemy toward Centre-

ville began, I sent orders to General Bonham . . . to march with his own and Longstreet's brigade . . . by the quickest route to the turnpike and to form across it to intercept the retreat of the Federal troops. But he found so little appearance of rout in these troops as to make the execution of his instructions seem impracticable; so the two brigades returned to their camp."

Stuart's cavalry followed our column on the Sudley Springs road; and if we did have to show them our heels, they found them too well shod to venture near them. Our regiment took on to the field seven four-horse baggage wagons: we did not know any better then. Every one of the wagons, with horses and harnesses unharmed, returned safely to camp, — thanks to level-headed Quartermaster Godfrey and his New Hampshire teamsters.

In the report of several Union officers are statements of their ineffectual efforts to rally troops hurrying from the field in disorder, *after* it was known that the day was lost; and there must also have been some foundation for the civilians' stories of panic and flight, — I do not know how much foundation for them, nor can I say how many soldiers, if any, were able to overtake the *London Times* man and other civilians and join them in their flight. The scenes of the panic are described as being on or near the Warrenton turnpike, some miles distant from us, and were limited in extent and duration. I can say that the Second New Hampshire Regiment, from the time it left its bivouac in the morning until after it left the field on its retreat, preserved its organization, and was at all times ready to perform any duty which it was ordered to perform. The same is true of all the other regiments in Burnside's brigade. During the progress of the battle I saw some regiments advance under fire and withdraw in disorderly haste. I saw disorganization and disorder at other times, for which I could see no cause, and the men themselves who were in disorder appeared to be wondering what it all meant. But for myself I did not see on any part of the battle field anything which could be properly described as a panic.

One day, just after the morning drill at our camp in Washington, we received our first order to march to a field of battle. The order contained several instructions as to details, ending with one that the surgeons should take their "amputating instruments." I don't think I ever read any other sentence which made me feel so uncomfortable as that did. It suggested the possible personal consequences of the expedition we were ordered on, and thoughts of wooden legs and empty sleeves would obtrude on my mind. It seems odd to me now that the picture of Captain Cuttle with the iron hook fixed to his elbow should have risen to my mind, and I wondered if I could learn to use the hook as deftly as the Captain did. Fortunately for me, the point of the observation did not lie in the application of it.

All fancies were soon dispelled by the actual business of preparation; and on the 16th of July, with knapsacks packed and haversacks filled with rations, we marched cheerily over the Long Bridge into "Dixie," and for the first time trod the "sacred soil" with hostile feet. We, with the First and Second Rhode Island and the Seventy-first New York, formed a brigade under Colonel Burnside. At night — luckily a pleasant one, barring a slight shower — we turned into a cornfield, and for the first time bivouacked in the field, lying in the soft furrows, with knapsacks and saddles for pillows, not a bad bed, although primitive in its make-up and appointments. One of the men asked the quartermaster to see that the bars were put up, so that we should not take cold.

As we proceeded the next day, we had from time to time to remove trees which had been felled across the road to obstruct our march, and we invaded two or three rebel camps, which were hurriedly abandoned at our approach. Some of us could bear witness to the savoriness of some smoking hot dishes just served, though comments were made on the bad manners of "the Rebs" in not waiting to welcome us to the repast they had cooked for us. The hard streets of Fairfax Court House, upon which we slept — those of us who could — the second night

made us think with regret of the soft furrows of the cornfield. As we entered the town, on the heels of the retreating Rebels, we remarked a want of correctness in the flag which floated from the Court House, and one of the men of the Second Rhode Island Regiment pulled it down and ran up one which had more stars and stripes on it.

On the night of the 18th we made our bivouac a short distance from Centreville, where we remained three nights. Two of New Hampshire's most distinguished men paid us a visit, and of course we gave them our best parlor bedroom, which was the inside of a baggage wagon on the left of the regiment. In the middle of our second night here there was an alarm on the extreme left of the brigade, followed by rapid and continued firing, which raised some commotion. Soon after it began I saw, through the light of the camp fires, our two guests coming at a pace which showed that they were not out for a mere stroll about the camp. They did not return to their luxurious bedroom, but spent the remainder of the night out of doors within our lines. At the beginning of the disturbance the Second New Hampshire was ordered to remain quiet and not to stir without orders. For this we scored our first compliment from the general, who commended our coolness in a night alarm. I never learned the cause of the alarm, but it was supposed to be a rather close reconnoissance by the enemy.

After several orders and counter orders to prepare to march, we at last received one, on Saturday night, to cook rations and to be in column at two o'clock the next morning; so the pots were set to boiling, and about midnight the boiled beef was cut up, the coffee poured into the canteens, and the brigade was promptly in column and on the road. After passing through Centreville, we were brought to a wearisome halt of two or three hours, waiting for some tardy troops in front of us to get out of the way, and the sun had risen and begun to shed uncomfortably warm rays before we resumed our march. Crossing Cub Run, we left the turnpike, turning to the right into an unused path through fields and woods.



I wish I could adequately describe the loveliness of this summer Sabbath morning. In the midst of war we were in peace. There was not a cloud in the sky; a gentle breeze rustled the foliage over our heads, mingling its murmurs with the soft notes of the wood-birds; the thick carpet of leaves under our feet deadened the sound of the artillery wheels and of the tramp of men. Everybody felt the influence of the scene, and the men, marching on their leafy path, spoke in subdued tones. A Rhode Island officer riding beside me quoted some lines from Wordsworth fitting the morning, which I am sorry I cannot recall. Colonel Slocum of the Second Rhode Island rode up and joined in our talk about the peaceful aspect of nature around us. In less than an hour I saw him killed while cheering on his men. At the door of a log hovel stood a woman who so loved the "sacred soil" that she bore much of it on her person; she told us that there were enough Confederates on ahead to wipe us all out, and that her old man was one of them.

Suddenly the stillness of the morning was broken by the sound of two cannon shots, the signal that the brigade which had kept on by the turnpike had reached its position. Men ceased speaking and without orders closed their ranks, and only the sullen rumble of the artillery wheels was to be heard; the influence of our peaceful surroundings was gone, and men were reminded that the time which was to test their manhood had come. An officer from the front came galloping back and asked for Colonel Marston. "Tell him to have his men ready, for we shall soon meet the enemy in large force," he shouted, and continued on his way to other regiments. The Rhode Island regiment in front of us was hurried on, and soon the sound of cannon, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," was heard, mingled with the sharp rattle of musketry. The sergeant of the pioneer squad asked what they should do with their axes and shovels. He was told to throw them down by the roadside, and we would pick them up as we came back. We did not stop to pick them up when we returned.

An aid ordered us forward to support the Rhode Island batteries. We pressed forward, and as we reached the field another aid ordered us off some distance to the right on to an acclivity, where we received our baptism of fire. Here we first became acquainted with the hateful *ping* of bullets. One reads of the frightful crash of bursting shells and roar of cannon balls; but if anything can make the goose-flesh come upon a soldier in his first battle it is the spiteful hiss of a bullet and its dull thud as it buries itself in the ground—or in something else.

A regiment of the enemy was in front of us at rather long range. Our two flank companies were armed with rifles. After one volley, the order was given to fire by companies. One of the flank companies fired, and then the other, with such effect that the enemy withdrew to the shelter of the woods. In the language of the sporting ring, we had won the first round. It was a Georgia regiment from whom we had drawn first blood. A year afterward, at the second battle of Bull Run, the same regiment was halted near where lay one of our wounded men, Charles Taber of Company C. As soon as the Georgians saw the "2d N. H. V." on his cap, they treated him with friendly solicitude, and removed him from where he was lying, exposed to dropping shot and shells, to the shelter of an embankment. They knew all about the career of our regiment and what battles it had fought in, from the first to the second Bull Run. We were the first troops with whom they ever exchanged fire, and they manifested a very hearty good will toward us.

The movement to our position was a mistake, caused by the confusion of staff officers of different generals, whom we were unable to distinguish, and who had not had time to learn to distinguish regiments of different brigades.

Suddenly there appeared, as if they had sprung out of the ground, a large force of Rebels away to our left, in front of the Rhode Island regiments, and we were hurried off to meet them, moving by the flank and exposed as we passed to the fire of the Rebel force in front of us. On our way, two companies, by the

mistake of another aid not on the staff of our brigade, were separated from the regiment, and it was only by the active exertions of our own officers that they were brought back again, — an example of the blunders to which we inexperienced officers and men were subjected. We passed some caissons; just before we reached them a cannon shot took off a hind leg of each of the two wheel horses. I had already seen men wounded and killed, but no such pitiful sight to me as that of those poor horses.

We took our position near the Rhode Island batteries, and soon one who was fond of fighting must have passed a pleasant half hour. Burnside's brigade alone was opposed to the whole Rebel force on that part of the field. Volley after volley was given and received through the thick smoke, and it seemed as if the air was filled with bullets, cannon balls and bursting shells. There was a moment's cessation of firing on our left; a body of men bearing what we thought was the Union flag were advancing toward the First Rhode Island. There were cries of "Don't fire on our own men," when a murderous volley was poured into the Rhode Islanders. The fire was returned and the Rebels fled. My recollections of the details of this part of our fighting are not very distinct. We, with other regiments of the brigade, advanced, climbed over a fence, pushed through an open field, and drove the enemy into the woods beyond; then we were halted; a brigade on our right came up and kept on driving the enemy; and Sherman with his brigade came up on the field quite a distance to our left, and the enemy was driven further and further back, across Warrenton turnpike, through the fields and still further back into the woods beyond.

Colonel Marston was severely wounded in the shoulder and carried to the rear, just as the fighting began. A soldier in Company A had one of the strange escapes from what seemed certain destruction, which sometimes happen in battle. A shell struck between his feet and exploded; he seemed to me to rise a musket length in the air without any will or effort of his own, and I expected to see him fall

dead, but he alighted on his feet with an oath, which showed that he was very much alive and in no fear of immediate judgment. He walked back to Washington that night.

As we stood in line with our brigade, the firing ceased, and there came a stillness over the field which seemed uncanny; we looked at each other as men might do who had been in some great disaster and escaped unharmed. Was the battle ended and the victory won? A riderless horse came out of the woods opposite us; a sleek, glossy creature, looking as if he was some lady's pet. He came whinnying toward us at a gentle canter, until we could see spots of blood on his saddle. Just as he reached us a cannon shot from the woods broke his leg, and a soldier of the Seventy-first New York shot him dead. It seems a trivial incident, but it attracted the attention of the whole brigade, and to me it is one of the most vivid recollections of the day.

A cheer came from away off to the right, and was taken up by us and rolled along to the extreme left. General McDowell rode down our front announcing that we had won a glorious victory. One of our men near me said, pointing to some columns of dust over the trees to the south of us and moving toward us: "It seems to me, Colonel, that if we have whipped them, that dust ought to be moving the other way," — and soon firing began again on our right. In reply to a question by Colonel Burnside, he was answered that the Second New Hampshire was ready to obey any order it received, and we were ordered off to the right, to take a position abandoned by another regiment and to report to General Heintzleman. Just as we were about to start, Colonel Marston came up mounted, with his shoulder bandaged, and said: "Now we New Hampshire boys will have a chance to show what stuff we are made of." He was received with cheers, and accompanied us until repeated entreaties not to take the risk of aggravating his wound induced him to return; but he left the inspiration of his presence with us.

On the way to our new position our two left companies, "B" (Captain, after-

ward Major General Griffin) and "I" (Captain, afterward Colonel Bailey) had a short but sharp exchange of compliments with a Rebel regiment. It required a very peremptory order to bring them back to their place in column. While we were halting a moment, one of the men offered me some water from his canteen, which he had just filled at a pool near by. Upon my declining it, he raised the canteen to his own lips, throwing his head back, when a cannon ball nearly severed his head from his body. Such a sight at home would have made me sick and faint with horror; but now, after only two or three hours of familiarity with battle scenes, my principal feeling was astonishment that a cannon ball could make such a clean, knife-like cut, so quickly does one adjust one's self to one's environment.

Soon after we reached the position which we were ordered to take, and had reported to General Heintzleman that we were waiting his orders, we received an order to take and hold a position further to the front, and advanced to the line indicated. We were fired upon here and suffered some casualties. The enemy in front of us were hidden by the irregularities of the ground and by a clump of trees, with nothing to indicate their presence except the puffs of smoke from their places of shelter. As our orders were only to take the position and hold it, we withdrew just behind the crest of ground we were on and waited for further orders, or for the enemy to attack us.

We saw two of our batteries take a position on the further side of the Warrenton road, where they did great execution on the Rebel artillery and infantry. A Rebel regiment came out of the woods to the right on the flank of the batteries and moved steadily toward them. The guns of the batteries were moved and aimed at the advancing regiment. "Why don't they fire? Why don't they fire?" we exclaimed. When at close range the regiment poured a volley into the batteries, and it seemed as if every man and every horse went down, and in fact every cannoner, with many other men, and most of the horses fell. The Rebels captured the guns, and they were retaken by our men. Three times they were taken and

retaken, sometimes by a single regiment on one side or the other, and sometimes by two or three regiments advancing together, but apparently without concert, until at last our men withdrew, taking three of the pieces with them. It was afterward known that the reason why the batteries did not fire on the advancing regiment was that the commanding officer was told that they were our men. This mistake was one of the principal causes of our defeat. Had the batteries fired, they would have annihilated the Rebel regiment and resumed their destructive fire on the Rebel line.

After this the fighting continued in desultory and spasmodic advances and repulses by one side or the other, — the general effect being adverse to us, — and we saw many men leaving the field in disorder, but not apparently in fear or with any great hurrying. At last an aid came with an order for us to retire to our brigade. When the order was given to march "common time," we retired slowly and in our usual order, although many of us doubtless felt rather queer, — I know that I did when I gave the order. Lieutenant Colonel Rice, then a private in Company A, has since told me that when he heard the order "common time" he felt as if mud turtles were crawling up and down his back; another man said that his knapsack had felt pretty heavy, but when he turned he wished it was made of cast iron; another said that he didn't see why old "Double Quick," as he irreverently called the commanding officer, couldn't put us through as he used to on drill, but he thought if the officers, who were nearest the enemy, could stand it he could.

I relate these things to show the feeling which pervaded us; that is, we wanted to get away from the foe now advancing in considerable force, but with never a thought of moving faster than ordered, — "common time." We halted once, ordered arms, and rested several minutes. Soon after we had resumed our retreat, some of our cavalry came up between us and the enemy. The commanding officer told us to hurry up or we should be cut off. He was thanked for his warning. We closed up our ranks, but did not "hurry up." The cavalry man again told

us in a somewhat more peremptory manner to hurry on or he would not stay to protect us. He was told to go to — and protect himself, and that we could take care of ourselves. I looked around, and saw a body of Rebel cavalry perhaps a quarter of a mile away, coming toward us at a slow trot, which did not look to my inexperienced eye much like a dash to cut us off; and moreover I was willing that they should try it, although I think now that we might have fared badly if they had charged on us. They did not attempt to molest us. I was told only a year or two ago that the cavalry officer who was so solicitous for our safety was Captain Amistad, and that he resigned within a day or two and went over to the Rebels, and was the General Amistad killed at Gettysburg, at the head of Picket's column. He was not the only rebel at heart among those serving that day as officers of the Union troops.

Rice of Company A, whom I mentioned a moment since, was shot through his lung, the bullet passing entirely through his body. He was laid behind a building near by and reported killed by the men who bore him there. We heard no more of him until he came into camp the following November, an exchanged prisoner from Richmond. He had been kindly cared for by a family living near the field, until removed by Rebel surgeons. A few years ago Colonel Rice visited his hosts, who were people of narrow means, and he wished to make them some return for their kindness. They refused his offer for themselves, but said their church was very poor and in debt \$200, which the society was struggling to reduce, and they would be grateful for a dollar or two for that object. When Mr. Rice reached home he related this to the editor of the Springfield *Republican*, who published the story with a request for contributions. Before nightfall \$246 were received. As Mr. Rice's host was on his way to a church meeting, sadly pondering his society's embarrassment, he stopped at the post-office, where he found a letter from Rice with a draft for \$246, with which he entered the meeting. One can picture to one's self the effect. The bloody chasm

between that society and the North was completely obliterated.

We soon reached the field where were our brigade and a large number of men of other brigades without organization or order. There were many hundred men scattered over the ground, some standing in groups, some lying down, some wandering about, searching for bullets and other mementos of the battle. There was no appearance of fear or even uneasiness; they mostly seemed to be dazed and wondering what we were to do next. There were also the nuclei of many regiments. Colonel Burnside proposed that our regiments should rally and resume their places in the brigade. The proposal was received with applause and carried out with spirit, and soon there were, I think, at least two thousand men in column, all of them willing and expecting to resume fighting, and many of them eager to do so, when Colonel Burnside, who had been to see General McDowell, came back and said that the order was to retreat. Strange as it may seem, I then for the first time realized that the Union army was beaten. I could hardly believe that we were ordered to finally abandon the field. Weary and dispirited, we retraced the path by which we had come with such different feelings in the morning. Soon after we entered the woods there was a cry that the Black Horse Cavalry was upon us, — which caused much disorder; and after that there was little regard paid to regimental formations, and companies became more or less mingled. But the alarm was momentary, and the column moved on at a leisurely pace, and those near me were calmly discussing the events of the day.

A squad of men joined our regiment, having with them as a prisoner the Lieutenant Colonel of a Mississippi regiment, captured by the Fifth Minnesota. As we rode along side by side, I had a long conversation with him. He was a Rebel because his state was, and personally did not approve of secession. He was taken to Washington and held there till exchanged.

We kept on until we were near the bridge over Cub Run. The enemy had placed a battery near there, and were

sweeping the turnpike and bridge, which last was covered with the wreck of wagons, among which lay dead men and horses. Lieutenant Platt of Company C asked permission to take some men and capture the battery. As we were in the immediate presence of Colonel Burnside, the permission could not be given. We learned long afterward from rebel prisoners who manned the battery, that a dozen men could easily have taken it.

Our way was completely obstructed. The banks of the Run were steep and rough, and we must reach the other side. All formation was broken, and every one, with or without orders, scrambled across as he could. As Colonel Burnside, with myself and two or three other mounted officers, rode up the hill after crossing the Run, the battery fired three times at us, bringing down upon us a shower of twigs and leaves from the branches above us. Several times during the day I had wished I was at home in New Hampshire, but never more fervently than when riding along that knoll. Some of our regiment joined our colors after crossing, and we returned to the bivouac we had left in the morning, where others of the regiment came, singly and in groups, for an hour or two afterward. We had been marching and fighting eighteen hours, with scarcity of food and water, and were completely overcome by fatigue and exhaustion. We threw ourselves on the ground like overworked oxen, and many of us were instantly sound asleep.

At about ten o'clock Colonel Burnside, who was just across the road, was asked if it were safe to send Colonel Marston to Washington without a guard. The answer was: "Your regiment must be in column in fifteen minutes to march to Washington." It required much rough but kindly meant treatment to arouse the men. The teams were harnessed, the camp kettles and utensils were thrown into the wagons, and we took our places in column. The last sight I saw, as I rode out from the bivouac after the regiment, was Surgeon Hubbard and Assistant Surgeon Sullivan amputating, by the light of a camp fire and a tallow candle, the arm of Private Derby of Company A, afterward lieutenant, who was wounded

at Cub Run while gallantly volunteering to act as one of the color guard. This was the first serious operation in the war on a New Hampshire soldier wounded in battle.

One can fancy what the march that night was to us. On Monday forenoon, July 22, we marched through the city of Washington to our old camp, and the Bull Run campaign was ended. Our regiment had passed through its first war ordeal; and if it had done nothing to win honor, it had also done nothing to bring discredit on itself or on the state which it represented. The men untried in battle, their officers oppressed with a consciousness of their great responsibilities and of their lack of military experience, the regiment was six hours on the field, where was the hardest fighting of the day, taking an active part in much of it. It was more than once under fire which it could not return, — the most trying position for any soldier, veteran or recruit. There were examples of disorder all around it, yet through it all the regiment bore itself steadily and bravely on the battle field from the very beginning of the fight to the very end of it. Although this is not the place to speak of the subsequent career of the regiment, I take leave to say, before dismissing the subject, — I can speak without self-praise, for before it was in another battle General Hooker put me in command of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, and I never rejoined the old Second, — that as in the battle of Bull Run, so through the whole war, from the beginning to the end of it, in Hooker's first brigade, on many battle fields, in victory and defeat, it always bore itself steadily and bravely, and won a high reputation as a fighting regiment.

General Sherman is reported to have said that the battle of Bull Run was one of the best planned and worst fought of the war. It was not fought on any plan at all; it was a number of fights by separate regiments and brigades, without united effort or mutual support, led by their respective commanders without concert in the various movements. The day was one of mistakes and blunders on the Union side from the very beginning. The tardiness of Tyler's division in the

early morning, in leaving its bivouac and getting out of the way, caused the long delay of Hunter's division, prevented the well-planned surprise, and gave the Rebels time to prepare to meet the attack on their left flank. The misdirection of Heintzleman's division, and the delay in placing Porter's brigade, left Burnside's brigade to bear the brunt of the first hour's fighting alone. The advance of the batteries of Griffin and Rickets, before assurance of adequate support, was a fatal mistake, and last of all the failure to bring up the reserves and hold them at Stone Bridge left the retreating columns to face about and protect their rear as best they could.

A man, whom I did not then know, was moving about our part of the field, a civilian, although I have heard that he afterward volunteered, — looking from under the broad brim of his straw hat upon the various manœuvres, like some country farmer on an old-time militia muster-field. Strolling from one point to another with his hands in his pockets, I noticed more than once that he did not seem to mind whether he was under fire or not. A noticeable man anywhere; and when I met him some days afterward I recognized him at once. He told me that he was on the field the whole day, and that if he had been in command of the Union troops he "would have licked the Rebels out of their boots with one hand tied behind him;" a presumptuous thing for a civilian to say, — but I believed then he would have done what he said he would, and I believe so now. The man's name was Joseph Hooker.

I do not wish to say anything unkind or disrespectful of General McDowell, nor could anything which I might say affect the honorable record which he made as a brave soldier and good general; but at the first battle of Bull Run he failed to keep his forces well in hand, and to make movements and combinations, not contemplated in his plan of battle, which unforeseen exigencies of the combat made necessary in order to secure and complete the success we won in the first part of

the day. Officers and men felt the want of a commander-in-chief present to oversee the field of battle and to control and direct his various forces in the shifting vicissitudes of the fight. The want of such a presence was manifest on our part of the field from our first encounter with the enemy until we quit the field. Brigades and regiments appeared to be fighting each "upon its own hook," as the commander of a brigade said to me.

A battle is a game in which, after it is won and lost, the men cannot be set up again to play a back game; but we may for a moment permit ourselves to think of how the game might have been played out from the situation as it was at noon on that day. After driving the enemy from the field, we should not have been left standing an hour or two idly gazing



GILMAN MARSTON.

on the field from which we had driven them, while Johnston and Beauregard reformed their lines and brought up their supports. Our forces, reunited and kept well in hand, flushed with the success already won, would not have given the Rebels time to catch their breath, but would have kept them on the run on which we had started them, and sent them whirling down to and through Manassas as Phil. Sheridan afterward sent them "whirling through Winchester." They had already made good progress in that direction, for at twelve o'clock there

was as great a panic among the Rebel troops as was said to be among our troops at four o'clock. Mr. Davis, coming from Richmond, met a stream of fugitives reaching from the field to Manassas, bringing reports of the disastrous rout of their army. The difference between them and us was that they did not have, as we did, a crowd of terrified civilians to lead them in flight and magnify the effects of it, nor a London newspaper man to publish to the world exaggerated and highly colored accounts of its character and extent. They did have an active and able chief,—two chiefs,—who rallied their beaten troops and led them in person on to the field again. We did *not* have a chief who, riding to the front of battle, planted his colors there and called on his disordered brigades and regiments to rally around them. But if there was one panic, there were two; when they jeer about the one on our side, we can answer back *tu quoque*.

There has been much dispute as to the numbers engaged, each side claiming that the other had the larger number. I think, judging from the official reports of both sides, there were about twenty thousand on each side actually engaged on the field. According to these reports, our loss in killed and wounded was about five hundred less than that of the Rebels; about one thousand four hundred prisoners were taken to Richmond, making our total loss about nine hundred more than that of the Rebels. We also lost twenty-five guns.

The battle derives its importance from the time and circumstances. It was the first conflict which tried the mettle of northern hardihood and southern chivalry, and each side learned there to respect the fighting qualities of the other. Many people, and I am one of them, think it fortunate that we lost the battle. What would have happened if we had won no one can tell; but it is probable that some adjustment would have been patched up, and it would have devolved on a younger generation to renew the "irreconcilable conflict" and fight it out. It was better as it was.

But a battle, with its victory and its defeat, is after all only an incident in

the course of events which make history. It is a result, not a producer, an effect, not a cause of the moral force and strength of a people. In closing, I go back to that part of my subject which I love most to dwell upon, to the spirit and moral force which sent our volunteers to the front and animated them to face the foe they found there, a spirit which no victory can create and which no defeat can extinguish. In the history of our country there is no military record more honorable than that of New Hampshire. The war of the Rebellion put upon her volunteers the task of maintaining the fair fame which their forefathers had won; and gallantly did they do it. They transmit the record to a new generation with added lustre on its fair pages. It is for the younger men to look to it that the spirit which sent their fathers to the field and which their fathers inherited from a long line of ancestors does not fail. Upon the fidelity of these young men to their ancestral traditions depend the safety and endurance of our government,—and, if anarchism continues its dangerous and baneful progress unchecked, it may be of society itself,—of which they will become the support and defence. That spirit of self-devotion and self-sacrifice for the common weal is a traditional and historic characteristic of the race to which we belong, and is the vital principle of self-government; the spirit which leads men when danger threatens the community, to put shoulder to shoulder and go together to meet and quell it; loyalty, not to a symbol, not to King or Kaiser, but to the Commonwealth, whose subjects and rulers are the same. Upon its altars burns the sacred flame which, lighted on the far shores of the Caspian at a time before history was written, has come down to us in this Western World, through many peoples, tended by no vestal virgins, fanned by no priests, but guarded and fostered by the whole virile manhood of our race. It is the flame at which the torch of liberty enlightening the world is lighted. May we not add with pardonable pride that nowhere has it ever burned more steadily or more brightly than among the valleys and on the hills of the old Granite State.



ROCKPORT, MASS.

## THE BUILDING OF A BREAKWATER.

*By Herman Babson.*



**S**TRETCHING boldly into the Atlantic Ocean, forever defying the fury of the gale and storm, the rocky shore of Cape Ann forms the northern promontory of Massachusetts Bay. This promontory is in reality an island bounded on all sides but one by deep navigable water. Toward the west it is separated from the mainland by a narrow canal, which is often entirely dry at low tide. Situated thus, and lying to the eastward of the New England coast line above and below it, Cape Ann becomes a serious hindrance to coast navigation. A glance at the map will at once show this. Starting from Portsmouth, N. H., the shore runs

in a southerly direction. Thence after Ipswich is reached the coast suddenly bends toward the east, forming the cape. Thence it runs southwest and west, for a distance of thirty-five miles, to Boston.

Nor is the cape by virtue of its position alone a dangerous place to pass. Were there a good harbor here, vessels, when caught by a storm in the vicinity of Cape Ann, would find it but little trouble to run in for shelter. Gloucester harbor, at the southwestern end, offers but little practical service, as vessels must needs first double the cape to reach it. Add to this the fact that a dangerous bar extends across the entrance to Gloucester harbor, and we see that this place of refuge amounts to little more than nothing.

It is estimated that more than seventy thousand vessels pass Cape Ann yearly. It is a rare occurrence when, standing on Pigeon Hill, on the northeastern part of the cape, one cannot count on a clear day from twenty-five to one hundred



coasters, bound to or from the ports of Maine, New Hampshire or the Provinces. Then, too, the constant going and coming of the Gloucester fishing craft causes the horizon always to be dotted with white sails. Now and then a wreck occurs. The storm dashes a dismasted coaster upon the foaming rocks; there is a crunching and grinding of timbers; and in a few hours the shore is strewn with floating bits of wood or cargo. Perhaps a man or two is drowned. There is a brief mention made in the daily papers, a passing interest in the event, a settlement of the insurance, — and the vessels sail to and fro as before. Cape Ann has had its share of wrecks. Its pitiless rocks have picked up many an unfortunate craft which, having lost its reckonings, suddenly sees before it the rolling breakers, hears the dull roar of the waves as they pound and crash among the jagged bowlders, and then, borne on by the merciless rush of the tide, dashes itself to destruction. Numerous life-sav-

These painful facts, together with the circumstances touched upon in regard to the geographical position of the cape, have caused the United States Government to undertake the construction of a breakwater at Rockport. Rockport is a town of about five thousand people, situated on the northeastern portion of the promontory. Prior to 1840 it was a part of Gloucester; but at that date the people of Rockport disunited themselves from the older portion of the town, or "The Harbor" as it was commonly called, and formed a separate community. It is a quiet, attractive little place, the northern portion of which, called Pigeon Cove, is a well-known summer resort. Were it not for the stone business, which is carried on by several rich and busily worked quarries, Rockport would be without any particular industry. Fishing, the common vocation of all the early settlers of Cape Ann, has dwindled to a small scale, by reason of the business

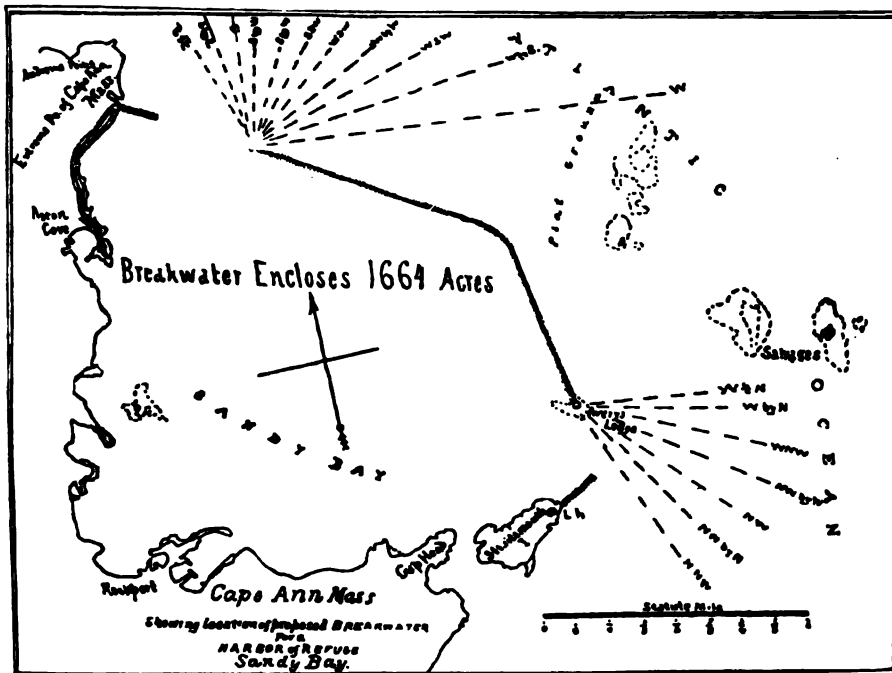


SANDY BAY FROM ANDREWS POINT.

ing stations at prominent places along the shore tell a silent but impressive story of the wrecks so frequent on this rock-bound cape. During the last twenty years there have been no less than one hundred and forty-seven total wrecks, and five hundred and sixty partial disasters.

at Gloucester. Trawling in small 'long-shore boats is the only branch of this industry now carried on to any extent.

The town lies about an indentation of the cape known as Sandy Bay. The southern arm of this bay extends eastward one and a half miles to Gap Head.



Here the island of Straitsmouth, three eighths of a mile in length and but a few rods distant from the "Head," completes the arm. The western arm extends northward two miles, to Andrews Point. Toward the east there is no protection whatever; and during the easterly gales the waves roll in and strike against the shore with unchecked fury. Across this eastern open space the government is now building a breakwater. When completed, it will rank with the already famous works at Cherbourg, France, and Plymouth, England.

Before entering upon any discussion of the breakwater itself and the work now going on, a few words upon the past history of the enterprise will not be out of place. The present work is not the first undertaken at Rockport by the National Government. In 1836, a breakwater was begun at what was known as Long Cove. Work was continued till 1840, when the appropriation was exhausted, with the structure still unfinished. Although somewhat damaged in 1841, the work serves as a shelter from easterly gales. Besides this structure, several minor breakwaters or, more

properly speaking, piers, have been erected at private expense, near the various granite companies' quarries. At the village of Pigeon Cove, also, a lofty mass of stone has been raised, behind which a few large vessels may find a place of safety. But these stone piers are all comparatively small, and their advantages are utilized for the most part by those vessels connected with the granite business. The coasting craft receive no benefit whatever from them.

The practical advantages offered by these minor structures gave rise, as far back as 1830, to the idea that Rockport would be a most desirable place for a national harbor of refuge. The deep water within the bay, the good anchoring ground and, above all, the lack of a large harbor between Portland and Boston, where vessels could find shelter during storms,—these facts and others led to the hope that in time a breakwater would be built across the mouth of the bay. But this hope was entertained by only a few. Like all great projects, it was met with objections and, more than all, with indifference. For years the matter received but little attention. Public

interest was not awake, and the opinion of experienced men was not sought. Finally, in 1879, 1880 and 1881, the interest in the project of a breakwater seemed suddenly to spring up. Discussions became frequent, prominent men opened their ears, and public meetings were held. The hitherto quiet town realized that it had something to work for; and the "Sandy Bay National Harbor of Refuge" became a common topic of conversation.



ROCKPORT GRANITE COMPANY'S QUARRY.

In March, 1881, a committee of twelve was appointed to bring the subject before the public. Numerous circulars were printed and sent throughout the country. The attention of the press was called to the question, and the representatives in Congress were urged to further the undertaking as much as possible. Success followed the efforts of the committee; and in 1882 the surveying was begun. Curious-looking poles and staffs were erected on prominent hills overlooking

the water, and for three years the engineers were busy marking out the course of the proposed breakwater.

The course, as laid out, provided for a V-shaped wall extending one mile north-west by west toward Andrews Point, where a northern passage is left two thousand feet wide. Southerly, the breakwater extends a little less than three quarters of a mile to Avery's Ledge. Here is a southeastern entrance measuring one thousand five hundred feet. The harbor thus enclosed is of more than one thousand six hundred acres, with a depth of sixty feet of water and excellent holding ground.

November 12, 1885, is the time from which the first contract was dated. It extended to March 21, 1887, during which period one hundred and twenty-eight thousand tons of stone were deposited. The second contract was from March 21, 1887, to June 23, 1888, when one hundred and fifteen thousand tons were sunk. The third contract lasted from January 2, 1889, to June 28, 1890; under this appropriation one hundred and ten thousand tons were used. The fourth contract extended from January 1, 1891, to August 31, 1892; by this, one hundred and eighty-five thousand tons were added to the amount. The fifth contract began on October 14, 1892; and up to February 1, 1894, the breakwater had been enlarged by the sinking of one hundred and five thousand tons. The stone thus far deposited amounts to about six hundred and fifty thousand tons. It is estimated that five million tons will be required to complete the breakwater. The total appropriations to the present time reach the neighborhood of \$750,000; and the cost per ton is about \$1.15.

For convenience of classification, breakwaters are divided according to

their construction into three kinds, — vertical or nearly vertical, sloping and composite. The first of these structures is generally built of carefully fitted blocks of granite, the walls extending perpendicularly or nearly so from the bottom to above high water. This kind of breakwater is used to arrest the straight onward course of the waves, as well as to deflect them laterally. As an example of such, we may mention the Dover Admiralty Pier in England. The second class, sloping, is very wide at the base, its walls extending obliquely to and above the surface. The part below low water is generally of loose rubble ; that above is composed of smooth stone or loose rocks as below. The action of this kind is, in the main,



ROCKPORT GRANITE COMPANY'S PIER.



PIGEON HILL GRANITE COMPANY'S PIER.



THE "ARCH," ROCKPORT GRANITE COMPANY'S QUARRY.

similar to that of the first class. Such a breakwater is the work at Plymouth, England. The last form, that known as the composite breakwater, combines the principles of the other two. It is constructed of loose rubble up to low water, upon

which sloping foundation a vertical wall is built. By this means the wave is caused both to break and to turn to one side. The Cherbourg fortified breakwater is the best illustration of this class. To give a more definite idea of the three classes, diagrams are given, with this article, of the breakwaters already mentioned. A section of the work now building at Rockport is also added, for the purpose of comparison.

The American breakwater comes under the second class, that represented by the Plymouth work ; but, unlike the Plymouth, the top is constructed of rubble. When the plans of the Rockport breakwater were being made, it was proposed to make a base of solid rock, with a level top forty feet wide at a depth of twenty-two feet below low water, and to build a finished wall above the surface. But owing to observations made upon the action of the sea, it was decided later on to build a wall both the substructure and the superstructure of which should be loose undressed stone. Thus the cost of the superstructure is greatly diminished, while it is believed that the

NAME.	KIND OF WORK.	GENERAL SLOPE OF OUTER FACE.				INNER FACE.		Top Above High Water.	Width of Base.	Length.	Acres Enclosed.	Cost.
		From Bottom to near Low Water.	Near Low Water.	Up to High Water.	Above High Water.	Above High Water.	Below Low Water.					
PLYMOUTH	Pitched slopes above high water, loose rubble below.	1½ to 1	4 to 1	5 to 1	5 to 1	2 to 1	2 to 1	3 feet	400 feet	Nearly 1 mile	1,182	\$8,500,000
CHERBOURG	Composite breakwater. Slopes of loose rubble, with plumb wall above high water.	2 to 1	7 to 1	7 to 1	7 to 1	7½ to 1	1 to 1	12½ feet	300 feet	Nearly 2½ miles	1,720	\$12,500,000
SANDY BAY	Pitched slopes of loose rubble above and below low water.	¾ to 1	¾ to 1	1 to 1	1 to 1	1½ to 1	1 to 1	9 feet	175 to 300 feet according to depth	Nearly 1½ miles	1,664	\$6,500,000

results of this departure from the usual mode of construction will prove entirely satisfactory.

Although it is not the purpose of this article to enter into minute details, a tabular comparison of the Rockport breakwater with those at Cherbourg and Plymouth will not be lacking in interest. It will be seen that the one now building compares very favorably with its sisters. Indeed, in several particulars it has the advantage in the comparison; and it is evident from an examination of the table that the Sandy Bay Harbor of Refuge is destined to become as well known in the future as have the other two in the past.

The work at Sandy Bay, as now carried on, is confined to two granite companies, — the Rockport Granite Company and the Pigeon Hill Granite Company. The piers of these companies are but a short distance apart, scarcely more than a quarter of a mile. The quarries from which the stone is taken lie to the west of the piers and are connected with them by railways, over which cars are drawn by horses. Next to fishing, the industry of granite quarrying easily ranks second on Cape Ann. Around the entire cape numerous quarries are located, and thousands of tons are annually shipped to the great cities of the East and West. The industry is continually growing. The supply of stone is inexhaustible; and the recent immigration to Cape Ann of numerous Swedes and Finns has caused the

working force of quarymen to be increased by a class of men at once quiet and diligent. Twenty years ago the business was confined almost exclusively to the natives. Now, groups of round-faced, light-haired Finlanders dressed in their red or blue flannel shirts, hammering away, and talking in their own tongue, while they seem strangely out of place on the old cape, are nevertheless common sights.

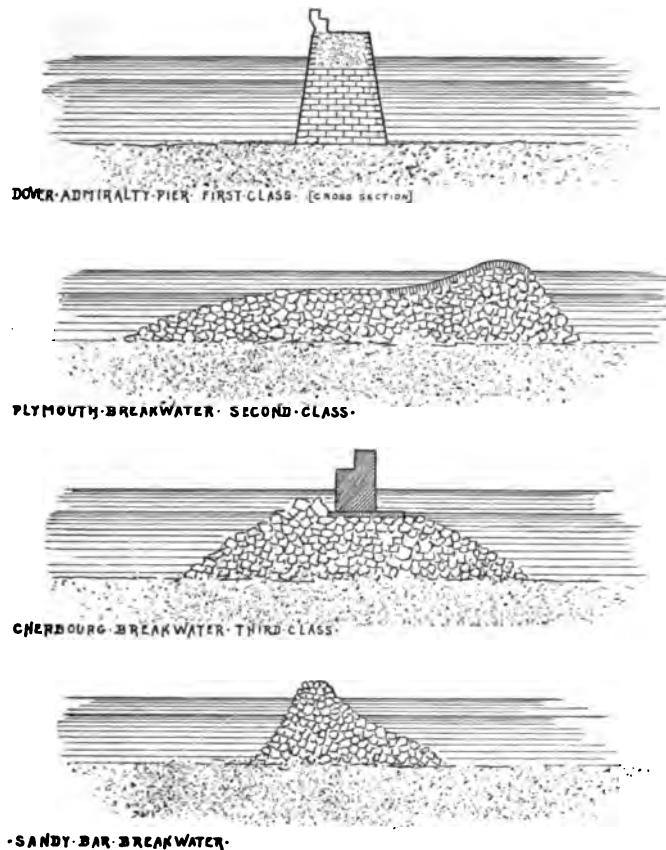
Of the two companies mentioned, the larger and the more interesting is the Rockport Granite Company. This company, besides owning extensive property at Rockport, has recently come into possession of the valuable quarries and works on the western side of the cape, at Bay View.

These latter quarries, however, furnish no stone for the construction of the breakwater, and our interest in them is only cursory. The Rockport quarries, belonging to this company, are among the largest on the cape. One of them, a great, deep hole near the main highway leading to Pigeon Cove, is fully a mile



OX-TEAMS.

in circumference. It varies in depth from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. Rails are laid to every available place



SECTIONS OF BREAKWATERS.

in the quarry, whereon cars loaded with ton after ton of paving run down to the pier, where vessels wait to be loaded. Slow-moving ox-teams also wend their way in and out among the huge piles of cut granite; and at noon or at evening the calm, patient beasts are loosed from their drags and, often without driver, stroll peacefully back to the stable. One of the interesting sights at this quarry is the great stone arch over which the main road runs in its course round the cape.

As you descend into this immense pit and walk among the workers busy with their hammer and drill, you catch sight at various places of large pieces of jagged, irregular masses of granite. You are told that it is rubble — commonly called "grout" — to be used upon the breakwater. This rubble consists of pieces of granite otherwise condemned. From



QUARRYMEN.

their misshapen outlines you see at once that the stones can be put to no other use than that of being sunk into the sea for breakwater purposes; and it is this rough and jagged granite alone that the government demands. No round stone whatever can be used. Thus is a large amount of granite, which otherwise would be fit only for the stone-crusher, made to do a valuable service.

The stone is conveyed from the piers to the breakwater by means of sailing sloops and scows. The method of loading these craft, while very simple, is full of interest. Huge derricks run by machinery lift the stones from the car and carefully lower them into the hold or upon the deck. Sometimes when the smaller rubble is used, seven or eight pieces are transferred from the car to the vessel at once. The loading of the sloops is slow and tedious. Care must be taken so to arrange the heavy masses along the deck that the vessels may list neither to right nor left. As for the scows, the process of loading them is much more rapid. These latter craft are rectangular in shape, and of a decidedly clumsy appearance. They are decked only around the sides and ends. The middle portion consists of two large holds, with patent bottoms, which by means of powerful levers are made to swing open when the occasion demands. Into these holds

the stones are lowered as rapidly as the derrick can perform its work. When about one hundred tons are thus deposited, the scows are ready to proceed to the breakwater. The carrying capacity of the sloops is a little less.

The trip into the bay is the most interesting part of the work now carried on. The slow, lumbering sloops, having received their cargoes in the afternoon, are on their way to the breakwater early the next morning. The scows leave at eight or nine o'clock, in tow of a tug. From the pier to the working ground it is one and three fourths miles; and as the speed is very slow, about twenty-five minutes is required to cover the distance.

It was a beautiful morning in March when, accompanied by an artist, the writer boarded the tug *Cornelia*, lying at the Rockport Granite Company's pier. The air was cool and exhilarating. The waves sparkling beneath a bright sun were as inviting as though it were already midsummer. A few feet away a lighter was anchored, whereon a diver was preparing dynamite cartridges for a submarine blast. To the rear of the tug a large three-masted schooner was moored, loading with paving. A few hundred feet distant lay the scow, her sides deep in the water. The white blocks of granite in the hold rose above the surrounding deck, showing that she

had received her cargo. By nine o'clock all was ready, and, taking the scow in tow, the tug steamed round the end of the pier and headed eastward for a distant pile of rocks just visible from the wheelhouse. As we neared the breakwater we saw the sloop busy at work lowering the stones overboard by means of a derrick attached to the mast. Hardly had the *Cornelia* cast off from the scow, when the sloop hoisted her sail and started for home. She had been at the breakwater for about three hours, and would not make another trip until the following day.

While the scow is getting into position to sink her cargo let us take a look at the breakwater. It is

half tide. The stones rise from the water to the height of fourteen feet, and vary in weight from four to ten tons. They lie closely wedged, their rough, sharp edges jutting out in all directions. Near the water's edge the granite is covered with a dark green slime. At each end the sea ripples and breaks over the top of the

substructure just appearing above the surface. Stretching away to both right and left, buoys raise themselves from the water, marking the course of the wall,



LOADING A SCOW.

which is still too far below to be visible. As we look upon this mass of roughly hewn rocks, with the waves washing among the numerous crevices, the seeming lack of any symmetry causes us for the moment to become prejudiced in favor of the smooth, rounding surface of the Plymouth breakwater in England, or the solid and substantial work at Cherbourg. But when we are told by the captain of the tug that this small bit of completed breakwater has successfully withstood the furious attacks of the winter gales, during which only a few stones were moved from their places, we see that the lack of beauty is more than compensated for by the actual gain in the power to resist the mighty force of the waves. That the breakwater is built for service rather than for beauty is at once evident ;



A LIGHTER.





SCOW GETTING INTO POSITION TO DEPOSIT STONE.

and that this rough, unfinished wall is the one best suited for the purpose, time will doubtless show. Of the superstructure six hundred feet is completed. The substructure has been laid for a distance of four thousand five hundred feet.

The scow meanwhile has been secured in its proper position. By means of cables run to adjacent buoys it is made to float exactly over the place where the stone is to be dropped. Everything is now ready. A man at one end of the scow pulls a lever, which unlooses the bottom. A dull and heavy rumbling strikes the ear as the granite blocks sink into the sea, while the scow, relieved of its hundred tons, springs buoyant upon the waves. The tug steams alongside, the ropes are cast off from the buoys, and the journey homeward is begun.

To oversee this work upon the breakwater, and also to take account of the amount of stone deposited, an officer is appointed, whose title is that of government inspector. His duties, while not especially arduous, seem to be rather monotonous. No stone can be deposited during his absence. Summer and winter alike this inspector goes out to the breakwater, recording the number of each vessel and the amount of stone taken on the trip. Whether this inspector will have the pleasure of recording the last deposit

of stone upon the Rockport breakwater is hard to say. The progress is necessarily slow, owing to the small appropriations; and the most that can now be said is that the work is fairly begun. That it will be finished is without doubt true. At present it is nothing more nor less than a menace to navigation; and



GOING HOME.

the government is in duty bound to make it of some service. Nevertheless, when we remember that it took seventy-four years to build the Cherbourg breakwater,

and twenty-nine years to complete the work at Plymouth, we have as yet no reason to be discouraged.

What will the breakwater do for Rockport? Will it, as some have thought, cause the quiet little town to become a commercial centre? Will the magnificent harbor attract transatlantic steamship companies, and induce them to build piers into the blue waters of Sandy Bay? Will the rocky pastures of

Cape Ann be made into streets, whereon large and costly buildings shall be erected? Will this New England community become in time the metropolis of the region? Probably not. But surely Rockport will become more and more a name dear to all who live upon the sea; for here the sailor will find a haven, a haven where he may lie in safety and laugh at the fury of the storm.



A SECTION OF THE BREAKWATER.

## BITTERSWEET.

*By Annie E. Smiley.*

THAT day in the woods when the birds were calling,  
 And the leaves in a golden rain were falling,  
     You gave me a spray of bittersweet,  
     And I wore it over my heart.  
 And every day in the golden weather  
 We walked in a paradise together.  
     O, why did it happen we two should meet,  
     When we only met to part?

Again in the golden autumn weather  
 I stand in the woods, and wonder whether  
     You have quite forgotten that day.  
     And I think, if we two should meet,  
 I should know by your voice, my name repeating,  
 I should know by your look, and my heart's wild beating;  
     And then I could truly say  
     Whether life is bitter or sweet.



## Mount Wequomps.\*

By Laura Sanderson.

'Tis morning on Mount Wequomps. A chieftain grim and tall  
Has watched his trusty braves descend the jagged western wall,  
And waits the sound of battle; it echoes from below,  
While crimson runs the meadow brook with still and sullen flow;  
And when the setting sun reflects that fearful human flood,  
He shouts with joy: "These cliffs shall yet bathe in the white man's blood."

\* Mount Wequomps, or Sugar Loaf, as it is now commonly called, was the favorite haunt of Metacom (King Philip), chief of the Wampanoags, who, from a jutting rock on the eastern side, could watch unobserved the movements of the colonists along the Connecticut. From this point he despatched his warriors to the battle of Bloody Brook, where the English soldiers, "the very flower of Essex county," fell in such numbers that the stream ran with the blood of the slain. Tradition says that "King Philip swore to massacre the whites until the granite rocks on which he stood were red with blood," and that "the mountain changed its color before night, while the stream since then has flowed without a murmur." The traveller on the Connecticut River Railroad crosses Bloody Brook several rods north of South Deerfield station; and the red sandstone cliffs of Sugar Loaf are a familiar landmark to tourists in the neighborhood.

'Tis evening on Mount Wequomps.

A broken-bearded chief

In darkness climbs the heights, to

seek in silence a relief.

His bronzed face he covers in agony  
and shame.

"The rocks are red," he groans;

"no more the stream repeats my  
name,

While those I love are slaves to-  
night,—in vain do I rebel;"—

And midnight bears a death-song,—  
proud Metacom's farewell.



'Tis noon upon Mount Wequomps.

No dusky owner stands

To watch the bated race, who buy  
his broad ancestral lands.

The flower of Essex slumber beside  
a village street,

All undisturbed by whirr of wheels  
and tramp of busy feet;—

While Wequomps' bloody forehead,  
and the stream forever dumb,

Are God's own silent witnesses  
throughout the years to come.



## ON THE OLD ENGLISH COMMON.

*By Alice D'Alcho.*

**T**HROUGH the purple heather  
And the bracken green and gold,  
We went, dear love, together,  
In that summer sweet of old.  
Through bordering wood the setting sun  
Shot bars of golden light ;  
And twilight fell — yet we lingered on,  
Nor thought of the coming night.  
O heather sweet, O bracken fair !  
O happy feet that wandered there !

Again across the Common  
I went when years had flown ;  
But the wide sea rolled between us,  
I trod the path alone.  
Gone were the summer glories,  
Purple and gold and green ;  
Only the blackened ashes  
Told where they once had been.  
O heather sweet, O bracken fair !  
Gone — like the love that perished there !

Again, through purple heather,  
Through bracken green and gold,  
We pass, dear love, together,  
As we did in days of old ;  
And from the dead have sprung again  
New life, new hopes, like flowers ; —  
So we'll forget the years of pain  
In the joy that now is ours.  
O heather sweet, O bracken fair !  
O happy hearts — one life to share !



## A SUMMER CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

*By George Grantham Bain.*

IF Mr. Nelson Jewett had been a man of great wealth, he would have taken his three daughters abroad and bought counts or princes for them. No one ever appreciated the responsibilities of paternity more strongly than he, and especially as it implied the necessity for making provision for his daughters' future. With the very modern young woman it is sufficient perhaps that her father should provide a comfortable fortune for her. But Mr. Jewett's daughters were not entirely modern. They were just old-fashioned enough to feel the necessity of male protection, and money would have been of no value to them without a home and some one at the head of it. So, as the girls acquired years — in at least one case beyond the limits of discretion — and their father took on age, he began to have increasing anxiety about their future. And his anxiety was shared by two of them and by their mother, who was always a sharer of Mr. Jewett's worries, as she was of many of his delights. Social observances could not be classed among the latter, for Mr. Jewett's tastes were limited almost entirely to two channels — the commercial and the domestic. He revelled in commerce, and he found great pleasure in the quiet comfort of his home life. But his devotion to family interests often called for a sacrifice of personal comfort, and at intervals he buttoned on the armor of society and went to reception or ball, to be elbowed into speechless indignation by a crowd of dapper young men of no commercial standing, or to caper about in breathless unhappiness with one of his daughters, if she lacked a partner.

There was an innate delicacy about Mr. Nelson Jewett, which would have restrained him from speaking aloud his fears about his daughters' future; but there was a tremulous anxiety in his guidance and guardianship of them in the social world, which spoke an unmistakable language to

experienced eyes. Possibly theirs read the story. If so, it could not have been distasteful to them, for they showed no resentment, and it is safe to say that either Dorothy or Charlotte — good, sensible girls — would have considered any reasonable proposition that might come to them through their father's engineering. It is very likely that they used this paternal solicitude surreptitiously to bring about the accomplishment of their own desires. Were any young man of reasonable age and expectations under parental suspicion, they had only to plead that "Mr. Bowles was to be there," or "I promised Charlie that I would come," to combat successfully their father's inclination to choose the society of his cigar and his evening paper in preference to that of Baltimore's fashionable set. It would really have been a pathetic spectacle to see Mr. Nelson Jewett enduring the pangs of social purgatory, if you had not known the matrimonial paradise which he had always in view.

Mrs. Jewett was no less ambitious, and she encouraged her husband's devotion to this worthy object, to the extent of putting the buttons in his dress shirt with her own hands and of feeding the appetite for flattery, in which no man is entirely lacking, by telling him how well he looked in evening dress and how beautifully he danced. Perhaps these conventional compliments were as transparent to him as such compliments usually are to middle-aged men; but no man ever received too much attention from a loving wife — and Mrs. Jewett's interest in his social performances was always a spur to his energy. Both of them lamented the fact that Dorothy had not been a boy — now a young man and in imagination the cavalier of his two sisters. What Dorothy might have done or would have done or could or should have done if she had been Nelson, Jr., furnished food for much parental speculation during the years of her maturity; as

her possible career in that other condition had been the subject of imagining and discussion before she had come upon the scene.

Mr. Nelson Jewett would have been considered a prosperous man as the world goes, and doubtless his success in business quite equalled his earlier expectations and ambition; but in his forecast of the future when he was contemplating matrimony, he had not made himself so generous an allowance of marriageable daughters as Providence had seen fit to provide for him. Their necessities in dress, in carriages, in flowers and in occasional entertainments kept him in constant anticipation of his income during the winter months; and it was only by a rigid system of economy in the summer season that he succeeded in making the twelve months' receipts and expenditures show that balance on the credit side of the account which he had determined to deposit annually in the sinking fund from which his daughters' marriage portions were to be drawn.

I have spoken of all of Mr. Jewett's daughters as being of the marriageable age. Unless you averaged their years, however, this was not strictly true — at least in the contemplation of their parents. Madge, the youngest, was but seventeen; and while the unmarried condition of her two sisters remained unchanged, she was esteemed a mere infant and one not to be encouraged to think of men. Still she was too old to be kept in pinafores and frocks; and when the Jewett family gave one of those periodical "small receptions" which are the mute apologies for a big ball, Madge was one of the receiving party, and not the least attractive member of it either. The growing evidence of Madge's attractiveness was a gathering source of anxiety to her parents; not that they envied or begrudged their child her beauty, but that they feared that her ripening charms would stand in the light of her sisters' graces.

The summer season was always the most difficult for Mr. Nelson Jewett to plan. The winter required so much outlay for dresses and so much for entertainments; it averaged about the same one year as another, now that the elder girls

were grown. But in the summer the expenses of the establishment must be cut down to atone for the comparative extravagances of the winter, and it was much more difficult to plan a summer campaign than a winter one. It was not possible to send the entire family to Bar Harbor, where they would have liked to go, and where they would have felt as though they were almost in a select Baltimore. The Baltimore people at Bar Harbor never by any chance allowed themselves to associate with any one from any other city. But Baltimore at Bar Harbor was enormously expensive compared with Baltimore at home. For the same reason Newport or any other of the expensive northern summer resorts would have been beyond the means of the Jewetts; and even an inexpensive place would have been a strain on the family purse. The case had been compromised for three seasons by sending an envoy from the family to a fashionable resort, and keeping the others at home. The first of these seasons Dorothy had gone to Saratoga with the Dormans, who had a cottage there. They were a New York family transplanted to Baltimore, but preserving enough of their New York traditions to make a summer at Saratoga a yearly *sine qua non*. Fortunately they had connections in the South of unimpeachable social standing; so the fact that they came from New York was not considered an uncompromisable bar to their recognition in Baltimore; and indeed the Jewetts (after investigating, as good Baltimoreans must, the genuineness of this connection) had cultivated the Dormans to such an extent that for a time it would have been hard to say whether the Dorman equipage was the Dormans' or the Jewetts'. Dorothy had spent her summer at Saratoga and made herself very entertaining to all the gilded youth who came to attend the races and incidentally to enjoy a little summer society. But the young men went back to New York heart-whole, and Dorothy returned to Baltimore with the news that Mr. Dorman was going to London to take charge of the agency of a great insurance company there, and that he would only return to Baltimore long

enough to say good by and to pack his personal possessions. His family followed him in a month, and there ended the Jewetts' little plan that Charlotte should spend the next summer at Saratoga. This inducement had been held out to the younger sister, to persuade her to remain at home through the hot months, and she was inclined to feel aggrieved at first. But presently she recognized the philosophy of the situation, and if she did not say "Better luck next time," she thought its equivalent. Her philosophy was amply justified when, ten months later, she received an urgent invitation from an old boarding-school friend in the West to join her and her parents at Mount Desert. Her summer there was full of pleasant things to tell her mother and her sisters when the season was over; but she returned to Baltimore and took up the thread of her home life again with no story to tell of enduring conquest. The third summer Dorothy's claims as the eldest had again been recognized; and while Charlotte and Madge and their mother went out into the country and vegetated for a season, Dorothy became the guest of an old lady to whom she made herself particularly agreeable during the winter months, and put up with her whims and notions through two months at New London. But though she met numberless naval officers, and reported their attentions as desperately earnest, all of them sailed away and left her with her friends and companions to realize the truth of the tradition that the sailor has a sweet-heart in every port.

Now this fourth summer had come; and Charlotte had thought all through the winter months of what use she would make of her time and what plans she should mature for enjoying the family vacation, — when an unexpected obstacle arose. Madge, whose rights and indeed whose existence except as a little girl had never been brought in question before, announced that it was about time that she had an outing. The family opened its eyes, and presently its four mouths, and protested feebly; but Madge was determined, and she had been treated with indulgence as the family "baby" so long

that her father could not find it in his heart to say the ugly negative which the exigency seemed to demand. So he hesitated, and finally acknowledged the justice of the claim. It was not fair that Madge should be sent out into the country to recuperate and get strong every summer, when her sisters really needed the re-enforcement more than she. As there were never any strong differences of opinion in the Jewett family (for they were affectionate and peace-loving), the matter settled itself finally in a determination that the whole family should go away together.

"There is all the more reason for it," said Mrs. Jewett, "for Charles Street is to be torn up for the cable road this summer, and I am sure we should all be down with typhoid or something else that is dreadful before it is over."

Mr. Jewett, whose business cares made it necessary for him to remain in the city almost continuously throughout the year, pictured himself climbing over the cable excavations every night, and felt very uncomfortable. It would have been much pleasanter to have had his family within an hour's ride of the city, where he could join them at night. But it would not do to waste the entire summer. If the family was to go anywhere as a body, it must be to some place which was not altogether without society. Their thoughts turned naturally to the Virginia resorts. They were hotter than Tophet, to be sure. But they were eminently fashionable with the people of the South, and they were inexpensive. The Jewetts were not southern; but they laid claim to consideration at the hands of the people of Baltimore by reason of strong southern alliances in the generation before; so they had no doubt of their reception in the South.

"Anything but the Jersey coast," said Dorothy. "That is a degree worse than Coney Island, and Coney Island is almost the last place on earth."

In her heart Dorothy was not sorry that the change in the family plans was to be made; though she had taken up Charlotte's cause from a sense of duty. She was to be emancipated with Madge, and when conscience had been satisfied



by a vigorous opposition, she began to take a lively interest in the plans and preparations.

"I am sure it makes no difference to me," said Charlotte, not ill-naturedly. "All of the southern places are equally bad, I believe. For my part, I do not see what is to be gained by going South for the summer, when the South is always warmer, and we are supposed to go away in the summer to keep cool."

Charlotte felt the cool breezes of Mount Desert as she spoke. But Madge was quite prepared to prove by statistics that the climate of Virginia was equable in summer and that the extremes of heat were only what might be expected anywhere; and she quoted some remote occasion when the hottest place in the United States on a certain day was a northern summer resort. A remote example is final and indisputable, if those with whom you are arguing have no facts of an equally concrete character to oppose to it. Charlotte was not prepared to quote, and so she remained silent in her opposition. But she held out in the final arrangements for a seaside resort. The sea air, she was quite sure, did her good. As this was her summer, the other members of the family were inclined to defer to her in this matter; so the seashore was finally determined on, provided a satisfactory place could be found. Satisfactory meant more than attractive. The place had to be attractive, and not too expensive; for Mr. Jewett had never had a harder task than to arrange the expenses of a trip for a family of four during the summer months, after a winter which had been particularly trying to his purse. It was not feasible to select a place and trust to its being within the family means; nor to choose a resort on the broad and enticing representations of the hotel circular, without calculating what ordinary expenses might have to be met. "\$3 to \$10 a day" in the circular might mean (as it frequently does) \$3 for rooms which had been taken for the season; and the only available rooms might be those at the maximum charges. No, not only must the hotel circular be consulted, but negotiations must be

opened and carried to a successful conclusion before the Jewett family trusted itself to the tender mercies of the summer resort hotel-keeper. So advertisements were scanned and postal cards were written, and the Jewett family's mail increased ten-fold. There were square envelopes and oblong envelopes, yellow envelopes and white envelopes, envelopes covered with enticing wood-cuts and envelopes cheap and plain. All of them contained responses varying from the printed circular which answered questions unasked to the elaborately written and carelessly spelled communication from the owner of wonderful springs whose distance from the railroad, vaguely described as "a pleasant ride," was found to be from ten to twenty miles. There was such an endless variety of seductions offered that if they had believed all that the circulars said they would have been in a deep quandary. But Mr. Jewett knew something about circulars and their insincerity. He knew that "1,800 feet above the sea level" in the circular usually dwindled to 1,600 in the explanatory letter that followed an application for quarters, and became 1,200 or 1,300 in fact, when exact statistics could be obtained. To be sure, all summer resorts are alike in this respect, and any one who knows "1,800 feet above the sea level" merely by summer resort experience has a standard of comparison for all other summer resorts.

The Jewett family did not want an elevation — unless it might be for Charlotte's spirits. They wanted a depression clear down to the sea level; and their speculation soon brought them to two alternatives — Old Point Comfort and Virginia Beach. Either of these places could be reached almost direct by water, and the transportation problem could thus be very easily and cheaply solved. To be sure, Virginia Beach was described to them as a place where rich northerners paid five dollars a day in the winter season; but that information was supplemented by the statement that it was a place where poor southerners paid three dollars a day in summer. The Jewetts were neither rich northerners nor poor southerners. They lived between the

North and South and between the extremes of riches and poverty. But they were quite willing to practise southern economy during the summer season that they might get a taste of northern luxuries in winter.

Old Point had many charms for the girls, chief of which was the proximity of Fortress Munroe, with its gallant officers and its well-trained band. But army officers were a penniless, flippant tribe, in the eyes of Mr. Jewett, and their presence, in his opinion, was rather a drawback. Besides, there was the surf and the sea against the still water of the bay, and even Charlotte had to admit that if her claims on the sea air and its benefits were serious, the beach was to be preferred. Moreover, there were one or two Baltimore families there, and Mr. Jewett would have company Saturday nights, when he took the boat down the bay to make his weekly visit to his people.

The tedium of preparation may be summed up in a few words. Who that has taken a summer trip does not know its preparatory stages? Old dresses which had been thrown aside as unfit for party use were refurbished up, and bits of finery were made to do duty in unaccustomed places. The family wardrobe as remodelled seemed quite ample for most purposes, and it was with a feeling of a great deal of satisfaction that Mrs. Jewett surveyed the result of their labors the night before their departure.

It was with less satisfaction that she encountered the curious crowd of guests ranged along the little platform behind the hotel, when the wheezy engine with its ramshackle train of cars came to a standstill. A good many of the rich northerners had not gone to their homes or the northern resorts. There was a dressiness about the assemblage which was quite as striking as its intimate interest in the arrivals. There were other travellers on the train, but they were chiefly people who had gone to Norfolk or Old Point Comfort to spend the night before, and who were just returning. There were greetings of a joyful, effusive character for them, an endless chatter over the small things they had seen during their absence. There were messages

to receive and purchases to deliver. There were letters to be read and notes compared with all their friends; and after the first spasm of interest in the Jewetts had subsided, these found themselves quite free to push their way through the chattering throng, preceded by two colored porters bearing their hand-luggage in triumph. A dyspeptic-looking clerk turned the register in Mr. Jewett's direction, and when he had filled in half a page, assigned him and his people to the rooms which had been held in reserve for them and sent them upstairs where they might get the dust of travel from their faces and their hands and their hair.

"Where does one put things?" said Madge when she had surveyed the room which she and Charlotte were to occupy together, and found it just large enough to hold a bed, a washstand, a diminutive dressing-case and two chairs.

"In the hall, my dear, or under the bed chiefly," said Charlotte. "When our trunks come, you will find that they won't half go through that door, and if they would we have no room for them here, and we shall be under the painful necessity of going into the hall whenever we want a change of clothing. Now perhaps you understand the uses and the beauties of those long dressing-gowns that I insisted on."

She surveyed the room critically, like an old general looking over the field of battle and arranging for the disposal of his forces. "Let me see. Only four hooks along the wall, and one against the door. We will have to have six more at least;"—and she dived into her travelling bag and produced presently half a dozen strong wire hooks, which she drove into the woodwork with a shoe-horn and then deftly screwed into place. "There, that will do for both of us, I think. If we need any more, Dolly has a supply which she may not need. I wonder what her room is like."

She whisked out into the hall and into the room adjoining, where her mother and Dorothy had taken possession and sat, still cloaked and hatted, waiting for their trunks. The trunks came up in a few minutes. Five minutes after their arrival, their contents were scattered all

over the hall. It took some time to bring order out of this chaos, but an hour after their arrival Mrs. Jewett and her three daughters sailed downstairs quite prepared to meet the rich northerner and not feel ashamed. Coming from the bustle of an active business city, the lazy atmosphere of this place embarrassed them at first. Then a little group of women yawning over yesterday's newspapers in front of the open fireplace turned and stared at them leisurely while they crossed the broad office and went out upon the piazza that ran the full length of the hotel front. It was almost empty, for this was the "office" hour,—the hour of letter reading and letter writing, the hour of newspaper study. The papers of yesterday were being scanned in a lazy way by the office groups and were passing from hand to hand. How quickly one loses one's interest in the outside world amid the hum-drum of a summer resort! How little sensation even the assassination of a president would create in one of these little groups of idlers. Dorothy's first impulse as they passed through the office had been to buy a Baltimore paper. Then she realized that these papers had probably come down on the boat with her and that she had read them the day before.

"Isn't one out of the world?" she said to her mother, as they sought out a cosy place at the end of the piazza and arranged their chairs in a semicircle, so that they could look out on the water. There was a good wind blowing, and the big waves cast their sun-tipped crests, scattered and broken, on the beach, with a sharp, ringing report. Madge looked out over the broad, glittering expanse of tossing water to the horizon, where a tiny ship sailed away, and wondered. She had never seen the sea before, and its beauty and its majesty filled her with awe.

"There is something so restful about the water!" said Charlotte. "Here it is a drowsy restfulness. In the North it is a relief from fatigue. You seem to forget that you are tired after a long boating trip, when you sit on the beach and look out over the water."

Two young men sat near them and talked. It was one of those aimless, vapid conversations between strangers, in which each finds a weak pleasure in his own thoughts and words. Apparently they had no topic in common, and so they were rehearsing the list of people that they knew.

"Senator Blank's a fine lawyer," one of them said in a spiritless way.

"There's some good lawyers in Washington," said the other, evidently struggling to find some one to match the senator. "There's So-and-so, that's just been appointed District Judge. He's a good lawyer. One of the best of those senators died the other day—Senator Some-one." This with a tone of importance mixed with grief, as though Senator Some-one was a departed friend.

"Let's see; where was he from?" said the other.

"I dunno,—North Carolina or some of those southern states, wasn't he?" said Senator Some-one's friend, embarrassed. "I know a man down in North Carolina that's got a beautiful place in the mountains."

And so the dreary stream of personalities flowed on.

"Is this what we've got to endure?" said Charlotte a little later to the hotel physician, directing his attention to the vapid young men. Mr. Jewett had discovered the doctor and brought him around. He was a smiling, talkative little man, with silky whiskers. It was his duty, as well as his pleasure, he said, smiling unctuously, to know all the ladies in the hotel.

"And to know all about them," Mr. Jewett added in an aside,—for the doctor had already deluged him with questions about himself and his people. When he sat down with the ladies he began immediately to retail the gossip of the hotel. A new-comer was a boon to him, for the day's developments seldom furnished him with conversation for the day; and to a stranger he could repeat the gossip of a season without fear of interruption.

"These young men," he said, looking around with the air of a proprietor, in response to Charlotte's question, "are

not our young men. They are strangers just come down from the boat. Three times a week the Boston boat stops at Norfolk all day, and these strangers run down to take dinner. We have some very delightful young men here, and I shall introduce them to you later."

Evidently, in his capacity as censor, he approved of the Jewetts; for a little later he introduced quite a number of people to them, — and they began to feel more at ease. Dorothy found a chum immediately — Dorothy always did; and after dinner she had the privilege of meeting the most desirable young man at Virginia Beach.

"Who is that young cub with Dolly?" said Mr. Jewett disapprovingly, as he saw them marching up and down the piazza.

"That, my dear, is a most delightful young man," said Mrs. Jewett, — "the most delightful young man here, I am told."

"Not intellectually, if I am any judge of faces," said Mr. Jewett; "and not socially, I should say, for he's got a laugh like a buzz-saw."

"That is nothing, Mr. Jewett," said a worldly-wise old lady, who had struck up a pleasant acquaintance with Mrs. Jewett early in the afternoon. "He has nothing to do and a pony cart. Those are qualifications that would make a polar bear a cheerful companion for young ladies at a summer resort which boasts only three young men. Why, there is a man here from Ohio on his bridal tour, who is accounted most eligible, though his wife describes him as a 'hustler,' and his own language is no more elegant. The bride does not monopolize him, and he and his wife are very kind in escorting large parties of young women into the water or out walking. You should stay here for a week and renew your youth. I have no doubt that you could cut out the 'young cub' who is with your daughter in less time than that."

"That is a feature of my youth that I have no ambition to renew," said Mr. Jewett. "But what *could* a man do in a place like this for a whole week?"

"Listen to personal reminiscences and gossip, or watch the little girls dancing in

the ball-room, all the morning; be a part of a dozen women to jump up and down in the water screaming, at noon; read his paper or take a nap in the afternoon, unless some woman wanted to drag him off for a walk in the woods; tramp up and down the piazza during the early evening; and save some woman from the ignominy of dancing with her little sister at night. If you are dutiful and untiring, you will soon be in high favor."

"And what do people find to talk about?"

"The doctor supplies mental pabulum as well as quinine. There is not a movement made in this hotel which he doesn't know. If you get up in the night for a glass of water, the whole house will know it before ten o'clock in the morning. Odious little man! Still, I don't know what we'd do without him. We might have to talk about science or politics or books, and one half of the people here are hardly equal to that. Besides, we came here to rest, and nothing furnishes more complete rest for the mind than the gossip of a summer hotel."

Mr. Jewett went up to Norfolk on the train that afternoon, and took the boat home. A day or two in the city house at Baltimore made him feel that though even the useless, unchanging life of a summer hotel would be better. He had a card party or two the first week and then spent Sunday doing his usual family. He found that they had fallen into the routine of the place very naturally, and that they were not so restless, if a little hungry, as he had thought. The hotel was perfectly supplied and admirably kept. Only the sea was a little restless and a little tired. The sea no longer expressed its indignation, was tired of salt water, and had heard the repetition of the band so often that it was weary of it.

"People never practise anything," said Mr. Jewett, "and I've gone some of the waltz of *Parade*, which I'm tired of it."

But the sea no longer seemed restless and charmed with the waltz of *Parade*.

place. The second week found Mr. Jewett still more lonely in Baltimore — and toward the end of it came a plaintive letter from Madge. Couldn't they go somewhere away from the monotony of the sea? She had heard of such a jolly place in the interior! It was not far away — and on the way home they could stop at Washington without any extra expense. She had told her mother nothing of the plan, and the suggestion must come from him. And then she added an appeal that he would join them for a few days, and leave his "horrid business" to take care of itself. Mr. Jewett had a very warm spot in his heart for his youngest born. She was not quite perfection, but she was very near it in his eyes, and of late years he had seen more of her than he had of her sisters. He had been thinking that perhaps he might take a week off and join his family. He would think about it, he wrote, and talk with Madge on Sunday.

Madge's correspondence was a subject of much interest to the family; for she seemed to monopolize the mail. But then she had a great many school chums, and one in particular who wrote to her every day, and whose letters were promptly answered. Her mother would have been startled if she could have seen the contents of the envelope addressed to "Miss Lucy Stevenson," which left the hotel the day after their arrival. In an enclosed envelope was a letter which began "My dear Dick" and which said, among things some of which are not for profane eyes: —

"You must not come here. There's a chat-box of a doctor who knows you and all your family, and knows that you are Lucy's cousin and that you've visited there. He saw the address on an envelope I mailed yesterday. I think he goes through the mail every day before it goes out. Anyhow, he came to me and talked about Lucy and even spoke of you. Fortunately mamma wasn't about. But he tells every one everything he knows, and he'd know every time you spoke to me or looked at me. It would be all right, Dick, if I could ever make mamma think that I was anything but a little girl. But yesterday when I said something about finding a beau down here (just to frighten her, Dick — there isn't any such thing here, and if there was I'd run away from it — so don't you worry). Now, where am I? Oh, yes. When I said that to mamma, she looked so worried, and said there would be

plenty of time to talk of that when I came out, and that would be when Dolly was married. Now think of talking that way to a girl that's almost eighteen! Don't you see that I can't do anything? And I don't like this 'surreptitious correspondence' as you call it any more than you do, Dick. But mamma wouldn't think of having me write to you, and you can read all my letters to Lucy, or she can read them, and if that isn't playing propriety I don't know what is. Could you live without hearing from me, Dick? But I can't stay here, and just as soon as I can make the family move, I shall take them somewhere where you can come."

Dick evidently thought that he couldn't live without hearing from Madge, for the surreptitious correspondence continued daily, and Madge watched her chance to transfer the family to some more available spot. On the Sunday following her appeal to her father she laid the plan before him. Some one had described to her the beauties of a new place — Hearthville, an industrial town whose industries, with the exception of a big summer hotel, were all idle from lack of capital.

"But the expense of travelling, my dear," urged Mr. Jewett.

Was not half so great, Madge argued, as the difference in the cost of living. They had had the Hearthville circular before they started south, and the terms were most reasonable.

The other members of the family were somewhat surprised that a proposition for a change should come from Mr. Jewett; and in fact he laid Madge's plan before them rather awkwardly, and explained it only with much prompting. But no one raised any serious opposition. They had come south to see a southern summer resort; and Hearthville promised more of a local flavor than Virginia Beach could furnish. So plans were made for the following Friday, and Mr. Jewett promised to get away from his office for a week and, after acting as escort and seeing them installed, to spend a few days with them at their new stopping place.

It was as well that they had an escort not inexperienced in travelling; for the journey was complicated and tiresome. There was another trip on the little ramshackleroad, hardly longer than the imposing name of the company that owned it, a transfer across the bay, a morning journey on a well-equipped trunk line made

famous by its "Fast Flying Virginia" trains, and a transfer at a local station to another line, more typically Virginian but less famous.

It was two o'clock when the train stopped at the long platform in front of the yellow station at Hearthville. It should have stopped there at noon, but like the majority of trains on the X., Y. and Z. railway it took its own time about making the journey, regardless of the printed schedule. At one station during the forenoon it had stopped for at least ten minutes, with no other object apparently than to give some of the leading citizens of the place an opportunity to make their toilets — so Dorothy suggested when two or three lank Virginians came into the day-car, carefully washed their faces and returned to the station platform. A village maiden with an extensive local acquaintance, who sat in front of Charlotte, afforded her some amusement, as the train slowed up at crossroads and wee towns, by recognizing flamboyantly every one who came within speaking distance of the car and holding signal communications with distant friends in cottage windows; for the "express" train stopped every ten minutes, sometimes where there was neither house nor station but only a sign-post indicating some "Springs" in the vague distance. But study of local coloring and local character is not as interesting an occupation as it might be when your hair is full of cinders and your face is all begrimed, and when the train is crawling to your dinner destination at a pace which seems to be regulated by caprice. The Jewett family collectively and individually broke forth in expressions of joy when the colored brakeman put his head through the door-way and said "Hearthville," — or something as near that word as the ethics of his profession permitted.

"Fairfax House!" cried a blue-coated colored boy on the platform, who took forcible possession of Mr. Jewett's bags and bundles and led the party to the "free bus," which they learned later was one of the attractions of the place. A little group of people whom they recognized afterward as some of the regular boarders, stood about the platform exam-

ining the travellers and their possessions with evident interest. They had come down from the hotel, in accordance with a time-honored custom, for a "free ride;" and, acting under the rules of the house, they had yielded their places to the newcomers, and would have to walk back. But they had had a first look at the new boarders — and that was an exciting incident in the life at a Virginia summer resort.

"What in the name of goodness induced any one to build a summer hotel in this place?" said Charlotte, looking out of the window in the front of the stage and surveying a narrow valley laid out in regular squares, with here and there a brick house and in the distance a long white building with "Carriage Factory" painted on the roof. No smoke came from the chimneys, and some cows wandered down the street unmolested. One small boy was the only sign of human life.

The stage rattled along the half-finished roadway, twisted and turned, seeming to take the most circuitous route to its destination, and presently entered a gate-way, rolled along a rough gravel road, and stopped between the square pillars of a *porte-cochere* in front of a broad porch. Five tired people tumbled down the two steps of the stage, ran the gauntlet of a group of women, old and young, who suspended conversation while they inspected the newcomers, and landed finally in the square office, where the obsequious proprietor stood awaiting their coming. There was another group of women by the office fire; and the girls were painfully conscious, as they stood waiting for their father to register, that they were undergoing another silent inspection.

"I think I shall hate this place," whispered Dorothy to her mother. But Mrs. Jewett was more of a philosopher, and she made allowances for the depression natural after a hot day on the railroad.

The dinner hour was almost over; so the party got what Madge described as "a lick and a promise" for toilet, and made their *entrée* into the dining-room, preceded by the solemn head-waiter, just as the clock struck three.

"There isn't a man in the place," whispered Charlotte as they settled down at the table; "and most of the women are old and uninteresting. I wonder if they are all F. F. V's., and if they will condescend to speak to us."

There was a flutter of anxiety through the whole party on this score. But the looks that they had interpreted as critical and possibly condemnatory were only curious. Before they had finished their dinner, a pleasant-faced, elderly woman came across the dining-room and without any introduction said:

"Are you all going to stay some time?"

Dorothy volunteered as spokesman and said that they might.

"Then I'll be glad to introduce you to everybody," said the stranger. "What's your name? Where are you from?" And she made Dorothy go through a catechism that soon put her in possession of a quantity of valuable information about the new boarders, which she retailed all the afternoon to her own great glory.

But she was sincere in her offer to be of service in making introductions. The Jewetts soon knew everybody in the hotel. And following every introduction they were obliged to answer questions about their home, their friends and their acquaintances. "Where are you from?" "Do you know So-and-so in Baltimore?" were questions that came from every mouth. Most of these Virginia people had friends in Baltimore, and some of these the Jewetts knew; in consideration of which they were established immediately as bosom friends and companions of one half the women in the house. They found that almost the sole occupation of these women was to sit about the office and talk about people they knew. Such a thing as going out of doors to breathe the mountain air never occurred to them.

"Did you know Fairfax Lee?" would start the conversation.

"Oh, yes," would be the reply. "He married Martha Jackson, didn't he?"

"She was his first wife. His second was a cousin of mine — Molly Tazewell."

"Of Randolph County? That's the Tazewell family that — " etc.

The Jewett family was soon lost in the maze of names, but its members sat in silent wonder while their neighbors rattled on. They never spoke of music, of the books or magazines, of subjects literary or scientific. Their chatter was all personal. During the conversation they went so far back in their reminiscences that it happened not infrequently that a sepulchral voice came out of the darkness of the space behind the office desk with "He's dead," or "She's dead," in explanation of the passing of some worthy Virginian whose name had been mentioned. The voice, as it afterward proved, belonged to the proprietor's wife, who was a product of the soil and no less familiar with the history and genealogy of the first, second and third families of Virginia than her guests from Richmond and Petersburg. Sometimes in the course of conversation some speaker would dwell on the magnificence of entertainment in some Virginia home before the war; but this was sure to suggest the comparative magnificence of some other family's entertaining, and thus bring new characters upon the conversational scene and open up a view of another genealogical tree. There were very few young women in the group. It was composed chiefly of elderly married women and disappointed old maids. The old maid has a peculiar status in the South. Though disappointed, she is never piqued nor ashamed of her position; and so long as she has strength to move, she goes to balls and parties, dances with the young men, and trots about the country, feeling rather an added independence from her accession of years. She does not hide her head as does her northern prototype.

Of young men there was a still greater dearth. Dorothy's quick eye caught sight of one standing at the desk speaking to the clerk, and though his tone was low she thought that she could distinguish a northern accent. When this conversation with the clerk was finished, he turned toward the group of women, and after surveying the new-comers, not impertinently, lounged away. Soon afterward the group broke up, and the women went to their rooms for an afternoon nap.

At seven o'clock, when the Jewett family came down to supper, Dorothy was a little amused to find the young man whom she had seen in the office sitting at the table which had been reserved in part for them. He was almost boyish in his appearance, but his manner was manly and suggested an independence beyond his apparent years. He was about her age, Dorothy thought; and she liked the frank, boyish expression in his face no less than the pleasant seriousness of his smile. She thought she saw a purpose in his sitting at their table; for he seemed to be sipping his soup in a listless way when they came in, as though he was trying to kill time, and he brightened up and looked first interested and then embarrassed when the solemn head-waiter showed them to their places. Dorothy saw nothing personal in this — her vanity was fairly under control, and she did not imagine that any admiration of her had moved the young man. He was evidently a northerner, and she thought that possibly he felt out of sympathy with these distinctly southern surroundings. Doubtless, the sight of some of his own people and the prospect of their acquaintance was a pleasant relief. Certainly she could not doubt that their conversation among themselves would be more entertaining to him than the chatter of the people at the other tables — still interminably discussing family history.

Mr. Jewett faced the young man; Dorothy sat beside him. Now, much as Mr. Jewett prized his family, and great as was the interest that he felt in the affairs of each individual member of it, the solitude of domestic conversation had begun to pall upon him. His soul yearned for something more masculine — for some one who could be made to take an interest in politics or commerce or some other of the topics which had no charm for his people except as they affected individual or family interests. Even the sympathy of an untrained mind, provided it possessed a masculine comprehension, would be welcome. Mr. Jewett did not care to instruct or to receive instruction; he liked to argue. But when he lacked some conversational companion who could make an argument,

he was willing to accept one who would stimulate his own logic with occasional questions. Under the proper encouragement of an appreciative audience, Mr. Jewett could present both sides of an argument in an extremely logical way and leave his hearer — and himself — quite uncertain of the conclusion. Detecting, as he thought, an immature but intelligent expression in the face of his *vis-a-vis*, Mr. Jewett opened conversation with him between the courses. He only recognized and adopted the prevailing custom; for since he had been in Virginia no one had hesitated to address him freely without introduction. So he felt no embarrassment in saying to the young man:

"Can you tell me, sir, what the history of this town is? I've been looking at it from my window, and there is much that I cannot understand — the stillness that seems to fill the place, and the emptiness of the streets."

"It is one of Virginia's new industrial towns," said the young man. "I was asking the landlord of the hotel about it today, and he tells me that it was very much alive six months ago; but the development company's money gave out, and as all the factories were running on a common capital, they all had to shut down together. I have been here only a day now, but I have made up my mind to explore the place as soon as possible."

"Vacation?" said Mr. Jewett inquiringly. Personal investigation and individual interests were the prevailing quality of the questions which had greeted him ever since he had arrived. Unconsciously he fell into the local habit.

"I came down from Washington for two weeks of rest," said the young man evasively. "Things are pretty quiet there now that Congress has adjourned."

Mr. Jewett would have set the young man down for a Department clerk, but he had already made up his mind that he was a student.

"It is really worth a little study, this town, they tell me," said the young man, reverting to the original topic. "It was laid out as a model — not of the Pullman variety, but suited to the local conditions. There are banks and stores



and hotels all perfectly equipped and all empty. It is rather pathetic, I should say, from what the landlord tells me, though I think that his chief interest is in some two or three thousand dollars which he lost in the venture. The whole place is for sale now, and he says it is likely to go for almost nothing."

Mr. Jewett pricked up his ears. Here was a chance perhaps for speculation. His firm had been considering seriously of late some southern land investments. It was not a wealthy house, but the organization of a syndicate did not require much capital, and the commission paid for a good share of the stock.

"I'll look into it," he said rather vaguely. "I shall be here for a day or two. My wife and daughters"—he indicated them in a comprehensive nod that was almost equivalent to an introduction—will stay for two or three weeks—perhaps a month, if they don't get tired."

The young man bowed still more comprehensively, and the ladies compromised on a smile. There was an awkward silence. Then Dorothy put out a mental hand to feel her way.

"If you live in Washington, perhaps you know the Grahams," she said.

"I have met them," said the young man with a little awkward hesitation.

"My sister knew one of them very well at school," continued Dorothy. "She has visited them."

"Indeed! My home is not in Washington. I have been staying there only a few months. My home is in the West. But I know the Grahams."

He entered into no discussion of their mutual acquaintances. But the fact that they had mutual acquaintances made smooth the conversational way. Any one who knew the Grahams must be nice; for the Grahams, notwithstanding an immediate ancestor who mended shoes for a living, were classed among the exclusive people of Washington.

"Perhaps you know the Stevensons," Dorothy continued.

"Yes, I know them quite well," was the satisfactory reply.

If the young man was to be taken at his word, his references were unexcep-

tionable. As there was no other young man in sight, Dorothy took him at his word, and struck up an animated conversation with him about Washington, to her father's entire obliteration. Then Charlotte chimed in, and Mrs. Jewett took a minor part occasionally; but Madge sat demurely quiet or exchanged monosyllables with her father.

When the preserved fruit and the home-made cookies had been served, and the party arose from the table, the young man attached himself to the family as a natural appendage, and did it in such a boyish, good-natured way that no one could have questioned the act. No one was inclined to do so; for within the half hour the girls had come to feel very much at home with this strange young man, and they were quite ready to be sisters to him—even elder sisters. In the office, just beyond the dining-room, the group of women still talked incessantly before the blazing log fire—for there was a little chill in the air which gave an excuse for the blaze, and the landlord considered that wood-fire the most striking evidence of the attractiveness of the climate.

The Jewetts had brought their wraps down, and they did not linger in the office. They went outside and tramped up and down the broad porch, with that steady marching tread which is the *bête noir* of the nervous man at the sea-side or mountain resort. Mr. and Mrs. Jewett found a seat in a pretty embrasure, latticed with morning-glory vines, between whose leaves the moon cast a flickering and uncertain light. The girls joined them after a time, and the little group sat very quietly for a few minutes, drinking in the soft night air. Then Madge said that she thought that she would get a drink. As she passed behind the bench on which the young man sat, he jumped to his feet with an "Ouch!" and slapped the back of his neck with his right hand vigorously.

"Caterpillar, I guess," he explained to the startled group, as he sat down again; but if the others could have seen the twinkle in Madge's eye as she went down the piazza toward the office, perhaps they would have had a suspicion that the

caterpillar was an invention of the moment.

When Madge returned she brought glowing accounts of the ball-room and the reading-rooms; and with her came two of their new-found acquaintances, who insisted that the girls should go with them to explore the place. Mr. Jewett and young Mr. Davis (he had identified himself to that extent) had got into a sharp discussion of the silver question, in which Mr. Jewett did most of the talking and Mr. Davis the listening. Mr. Davis had developed a talent as a listener which quite won Mr. Jewett's heart; for the gems of oratory had less value in his eyes than the jewels of attentive silence. The silver question would probably have remained in argumentative suspense for an hour or two, if a porter had not come to ask Mr. Jewett to identify a piece of luggage which had miscarried.

"Wait a minute," he said, breaking off in the thread of his discourse; "I'll be right back." And heedless of the fact that Madge was left without a chaperon, he hurried after the porter. Before he was out of sight, a little hand clasped Davis's hand and a soft voice said:

"You cute boy! You've done just splendidly. But I wanted so much to talk to you, Dick!"

"You must have wanted to hear my voice pretty badly," said Dick with a laugh, as he pressed the little hand between his thumb and forefinger. "You very nearly made me expose the whole thing when you pinched the back of my neck."

"I just couldn't keep my hands off you. It's so long since I've seen you. And I've just bushels of questions to ask."

"If you ever get a chance. I am afraid I've made myself too popular almost with your sisters. They will expect me to be attentive to them—and then what are you and I going to do?"

"I don't mind them, Dick, just so you are here and I can see you every day. And I know papa and mamma like you,—and the girls; and that's a great deal gained, isn't it?"

"What a plotter you are," said Dick, laughing. "Yes, I hope they will like me. I will try to make them, anyway.

Here comes your father,"—and the *tête-à-tête* was broken up for that night, as Mr. Jewett returned and took up the thread of his silver argument.

It was not resumed the next day, nor the next after that; for, though Dick Davis was constantly with the Jewett family, Madge was kept steadily in the background. Dick grew in favor with the family. He charmed Mr. Jewett with his intelligent and appreciative silence; he pleased Mrs. Jewett by taking the responsibility of amusing her daughters off her hands; and he delighted the sisters by organizing the most charming excursions for their entertainment. One day he took the whole family for a drive to some wonderful caverns; another day he suggested and planned a trip to a point not far distant where the railroad ran through a most picturesque and interesting country; and then he got a big three-seated wagon, and drove the family over the mountains for dinner. Even Mr. Jewett, prosaic as absorption in commercial enterprises had made him, said that he felt repaid for the trip when, stopping on a broad level ridge, their guide pointed out to them on the one hand a valley which narrowed to a gorge, with the roofs of Hearthville in the distance, bright in the sunlight, and on the other side a chain of low hills, clearly outlined against the surface of another and a broader valley, on whose plain the winding roads were yellow threads and the huge granaries were like doll-houses.

"When are you going to introduce me?" Dick asked, when another opportunity for a few minutes' conversation with Madge occurred.

"Don't you like being a conspirator?" Madge asked.

"Oh, yes. But I'd rather give more time to you and less to conspiracy. Why don't you confess and tell them who I am?"

"Confess! And be put on bread and water?" cried Madge. "You don't know mamma. You would probably be warned off the premises and I would be sent into permanent exile somewhere."

"It does seem rather hopeless," said Dick. "But you know this can't go on

forever. And what did you bring me down here for, if you did not intend to break the thing to them?"

"Why, to see you, you ungrateful boy, and to let you see me! Isn't this better than being in Washington alone?"

"A thousand times, my dear! And then you know I cannot stay in the East very much longer. I must get back to my business by the end of this month,— and I want to take you back with me."

"Then you'll have to carry me off by force. You'll never get the family consent."

"I'm half inclined to do it," said Dick. "But it seems a pity to spoil all of this good impression that I've been making. Is the case quite hopeless?"

"I sounded mamma again yesterday. I told her that I heard that Lucy was engaged; and it filled her with such horror that I think she hasn't recovered from it yet. No, Dick, I am suffering from suspended social animation until at least one of the girls is out of the way. I sha'n't be admittedly a day older until one of them is married; and you must not expect to marry a school girl."

"Will you go with me, Madge, without their consent?"

Madge drew a quick, sharp breath. She had dreamed of this. She had lived it over and over in imagination. She had wished over and over again that it might be *right* that she should go away without asking her mother's consent. She had not felt that there was any wrong in the little plot up to this point. She had simply trusted to her own judgment instead of her mother's, and where twenty girls perhaps would have been deceived, she had been half right,— not wholly right, because to deceive her mother was intrinsically wrong, but right in her estimate of "Dick." He was what he had seemed to her from the beginning,— an honorable, pure-minded young man. Madge had been walking on the brink of a precipice, and some unseen hand had guided her safely; but now she felt that she had come to the jumping-off place, and she shrank back, afraid. Dick saw her hesitation and saved her from the difficulty himself.

"I take that all back," he said. "I

know you didn't mean what you said, Madge, and I was only half in earnest. I know how you feel. I wish, and so do you, that we could do this and feel that it was right. But nothing would ever make it right, and we mustn't start wrong, must we? So I shall speak to your father to-night."

"To-night?" said Madge, terror-stricken. This prospect seemed even worse than the other. She had never heard an unkind word or felt the humiliation of physical punishment, in all her girlhood; but she felt as fearful as though this had in store for her a beating or, at the best, solitary confinement. "Oh, Dick, I'm so afraid!"

"Do you tell me that I sha'n't speak to him? Come, now."

"N-o-o. But you ought not to put it that way, Dick. Couldn't you wait a day?"

"Not an hour more. I speak to your father to-night."

Mr. Jewett had overstayed his time. He had lengthened his vacation twice on advices from "the office" that everything was going on smoothly and that his presence was not needed. Now he was preparing to go back to Baltimore; and as it was a peculiarity of the north-bound trains that stopped at Hearthville that they left the station at four in the afternoon or four in the morning, Mr. Jewett had arranged to retire at an early hour so as to be called at three o'clock. He was half undressed, therefore, when there was a rap at the door; and in answer to his summons Dick Davis walked in.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said. "I've a little matter to lay before you that is urgent, though."

Mr. Jewett nodded, and sat down with his necktie in his hand, his collar, half unbuttoned, flying open.

"I sha'n't make any bones of it," said Dick, sitting down without an invitation. "I want to marry one of your daughters."

The announcement took Mr. Jewett's breath away. He had waited several years for just such an occasion as this; but the peculiar conditions which surrounded it now embarrassed him. In the first place, he had only one shoe on, and no necktie; so it was quite impossible

for him to assume that air of paternal dignity with which he had always expected to meet an emergency like this. In the second place, he was totally unprepared for an avowal from this particular young man; for he had no suspicion that his attitude toward any member of the Jewett family was one of affectionate devotion. And finally, having had nothing to suggest this to his mind, he was at a loss to choose the particular object of the young man's fancy. So it is not surprising that he was startled into expressing his thoughts with an unexpected and undignified candor.

"Which is it?" he said abruptly.

"Madge," said the suitor calmly. "We've been as good as engaged for six months, sir, though I believe she has said nothing about it to her mother. My cousin, Lucy Stevenson, has known it all along. You may think it wasn't quite manly, sir, to keep it from you and to act a part, as I have done; but the way Madge put it to me, there was nothing else to do unless I wanted to forfeit all my hopes. Lucy has played propriety for us,—I met your daughter at the Stevensons'. I knew that I was in a position to marry, sir, or I would never have carried the matter to this point. I am in business with my father in St. Paul, have a good income, and my mother is very anxious that I shall marry. So you see all the conditions on my side are favorable. Besides, I'm older than I look. I am ready to tell you anything about myself; or you can make any inquiries that you choose. But if you don't mind, I wish you'd hurry about it a little, for my month's leave is pretty nearly up."

Mr. Jewett gasped. He had sat in stupid wonder after the first announcement. He was too much overcome even to formulate the opposition which he blindly felt was appropriate to the occasion. And just as he was beginning to recover the control of his scattered senses and to feel rebellious, this cool young man told him to "hurry up." Mr. Jewett gasped and was speechless.

"You see," said Davis calmly, but in a respectful tone, "I was visiting the Stevensons last winter when Madge came there. She has told me since that she

didn't mention my name, but only spoke in her letters once or twice of Lucy's cousin. Well, we became very much interested in each other, and so Madge stayed on longer than she had intended,—and so did I; and finally I couldn't help telling her. You can't say anything very sentimental in a letter when you've got to wait two or three days for a reply; and I was going west without any chance of returning to Washington, unless Madge gave me some encouragement. So I just came out with it one day. I guess it didn't surprise her much. And when she told me she cared for me, I wanted to run right over to Baltimore and tell you. But Madge wouldn't have it. She said there were family reasons why it wouldn't be wise. You understand, sir, and of course you can't mind my speaking since I'm so nearly one of the family now."

Mr. Jewett grew crimson at this audacity, but Dick rattled right on.

"Of course we're inclined to hustle matters in the West" (like the dreadful young bridegroom from Ohio, thought Mr. Jewett with an inward groan), "and I wanted the matter settled before the summer was over. So Madge suggested that I come east again in August and join you somewhere, so that you could have an opportunity to know me. We kept up a correspondence through Cousin Lucy,—all the letters passed open through her hands,—and when I came to Washington again four weeks ago, it was with the idea that I would meet your family with some explanation which would put matters in the right light. But Madge was afraid, and so we put off telling you until you should know me and have an opportunity, perhaps, to form an unbiassed judgment of me. You'll pardon me, sir, if I say that I like your family immensely, and I sha'n't be at all offended if you tell me what you think of me."

Mr. Jewett had started to take off his other boot and to put his feet into his slippers just after the conversation began; but he stopped in the middle of that business and sat with a slipper hanging on the end of his finger until the recital was finished. The slipper fell to the

floor as Davis stopped, and the noise that it made, more than anything else, roused Mr. Jewett to action. But it was not to that firm and dignified action which he had always planned to take in such a situation. Nor was it to say the peremptory negative which had been on his tongue when Davis made the first announcement. Resolution had died away as the recital continued, and in its place had come a nervous uncertainty. Mr. Jewett felt that he was not at all prepared to cope with the situation single-handed. It had developed unexpected complications, — complications which the maternal mind should consider. So it was with some embarrassment and much hesitancy that he replied that the case was so peculiar — and he might say so entirely unexpected — that he was not prepared to express any opinion. And finally he said that he would probably postpone his departure for a day or two so as to consult with Mrs. Jewett.

"Well, sir, I hope you won't think the worse of me for keeping the preliminaries from you," said Davis; and he held out his hand as he arose to leave the room. Mr. Jewett hesitated a moment, and then took the hand in his own and shook it; but the action carried no encouragement.

There were three persons in the hotel at Hearthville who got very little sleep that night. Dick Davis was one of them; for in spite of his calm exterior, he had been very nervous all through the interview with Mr. Jewett, and the only comfort he carried away with him was the fact that he had not been summarily dismissed. Madge slept but little, for she knew that Dick had interviewed her father, and the morrow had many imaginary terrors for her. And Mr. Jewett, after lying awake until two o'clock considering Davis's story, was roused into a state of hopeless wakefulness at three by the sleepy night watchman; for he had forgotten to notify the clerk that he was not going on that four o'clock train.

Madge did not come to breakfast. She pleaded a headache, and had some coffee and toast in her room. Davis breakfasted alone at an early hour, and left word at the office where Mr. Jewett

could find him if he was wanted. Mr. Jewett came down to breakfast with his astonished family, and then retired to Mrs. Jewett's room for consultation. It was a long consultation, and an earnest one. The first announcement quite overwhelmed Mrs. Jewett. Surprise was succeeded by anxiety, but not by opposition. If Madge had known her mother better, she would have spared herself a great deal of unhappiness. Mrs. Jewett wept silently when she had passed the stage of surprise.

"I did hope to keep Madge with me," she said; "but if she's made her choice, all that you and I have to do is to see that she has chosen wisely, Nelson. I wish it had been one of the other girls first. And the engagement must not be announced this season."

"Announced!" said Mr. Jewett. "Why, he wants to take Madge west with him next week."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Jewett in amazement; and she sent for Madge. Mr. Jewett did not stay for the interview. It was repentant on one side, tearful on both; yet there was a happy revelation in it for Madge. She felt when it was over that she had never known before how tender and how good her mother was; and mingled with the regret that she felt for the deception she had practised, was a glow of thankfulness for the deep, tender heart that forgave her weakness and condoned her offence. Long before Mr. Jewett was summoned to return, she had agreed tearfully to all that her mother suggested of delay.

But Dick Davis had not been taken into account. When the result of the family council was conveyed to him by Mr. Jewett, he objected strongly.

"If Mrs. Jewett's thinking of the others," he said with a directness that made Mr. Jewett wince, "I think it's much better policy to let us get married quietly and go west. There needn't be anything known about it particularly. And don't you think that perhaps Madge would do more harm if she went about with her sisters next winter?"

Mr. Jewett saw the force of the argument, though he would not admit it. Dick was taken into another family council,

which was called especially to consider his objections. And Dorothy, having come in by accident and heard both sides of the situation, took Dick's part so strongly that Mrs. Jewett finally gave in on sentimental, not utilitarian grounds. Mr. Jewett asked for a few days to make inquiries. He wrote to St. Paul and received a telegraphic response; to Washington and had a long reply by mail. Both messages were eminently satisfactory. Then one morning the whole party took the big wagon and drove across the mountains to Tinkling Springs Church. When they came back Mr. and Mrs. Dick Davis took the afternoon train for Washington, where they were to spend a brief honeymoon with the Stevensons before going to their home in the West. So successfully had the secret of the whole affair been kept by the family, that it was not until the tearful partings had been had on the hotel piazza and at the station, that the circle about the office

fire suspected anything. All of them were thrown into such a fever of excitement by the sudden bursting of this romance in their midst, that to this day no two of them can tell the same story about it, and at least twenty widely varying versions of the affair are now current in Virginia.

The Jewetts returned to Baltimore to take up the winter's round of social duties. Their summer campaign in Virginia had brought them only one, and that an unexpected triumph. But before the winter was out both Dorothy and Charlotte had found suitable life companions among the youth of their own city. They were married in the spring, and Madge and her husband came from the West to be present at their double wedding. And though both of the elder sisters were pleased and both well mated, it is safe to say that there was no happier couple at the wedding than Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davis of St. Paul.



## INDIAN SUMMER.

*Alice Katharine Fallows.*

IN barren fields, through sombre death-touched ways,  
 Unseen, the ghost of summer walks again.  
 Perchance we thus shall haunt the saddened days  
 Of friends who think us slipped beyond their ken.

## GLEANINGS IN CARLYLE'S COUNTRY.

*By Henry Charles Shelley.*



IN ECCLEFECHAN.

**A** NATIVE of the village where Carlyle was born, knowing of my intention to visit that spot, offered the forbidding warning, "Don't go to Ecclefechan expecting to find worshippers of Carlyle." The warning was not unneeded: for than Ecclefechan there surely never was a spot where was more literally fulfilled the proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Not once, but many times, while plying the natives with questions, I was greeted with the astonishing query, "*Which Carlyle?*" There is a tradition in the district that an old roadman, now dead, happening to be addressed by a party of Carlyle devotees, ran over the names of the various members of the family and dwelt with special emphasis upon that of Sandy, "who was a grand breeder o' soos." "But there was one called Thomas, you know," rejoined the eager pilgrims. "Ay," retorted the old roadman, "there was 'Tam; he gaed awa' up to London, but I dinna think he ever did muckle guid."

Vain indeed is the search of the man who goes to Ecclefechan on the lookout

for worshippers of Carlyle. And, seemingly, it all arises from the utilitarian way the natives have of regarding the most famous member of the Carlyle family. A mild remonstrance addressed to the hotel-keeper on his lack of appreciation in not at least hanging a portrait of the sage in his public room only elicited the grumbling reply, "What did *he* do for the village?" Annandale people are slow to believe any generosity of Thomas Carlyle. If you remind them that he gave Craigenputtoch to Edinburgh University, they will answer, "It's the only thing he did give away;" and if you tell them of his many private benefactions to struggling authors—such as those £5 notes to Thomas Cooper with the remark, "If you don't pay me again I'll not hang you"—they only stare at you with that hard, unbelieving look of theirs. Gifts of the right hand unknown of the left are not held in honor in Ecclefechan.

Ecclefechan is not an attractive village. In the olden days, when a double row of beech trees grew by the side of the open burn which ran down the middle of the

street, it may have been more picturesque; yet even in those days Burns could describe it as an "unfortunate, wicked little village." The beech trees are gone now, and only a small part of the burn remains uncovered, the latter change being explained by an iron tablet in the village, bearing this inscription:—

" 1875

209 feet of the Burn below this spot was arched over by DR. GEORGE ARNOTT at his own expense."

In approaching Ecclefechan from the railway station, the pilgrim enters the village by the north end; and in that case the house in which Carlyle was born must be looked for on the right hand. The view which accompanies this article was taken from the south end of the village, both because such a standpoint showed the place at its best, and because it gave the camera the fairest chance to secure a good picture. Hence the Carlyle house is seen on the left; and just above it the burn flows from under that archway erected by Dr. George Arnott "at his own expense."

Although built a hundred years ago, the house in which Carlyle was born, called Arch House on account of the wide archway running from front to back, shows no sign of decay. It was built by Carlyle's father, an honest mason, who left off rearing houses when the old taste for substantial buildings went out of fashion. "Nothing that he undertook to do," witnessed Carlyle, "but he did it faithfully and like a true man. I shall look on the houses he built with a certain proud interest. They stand firm and sound to the heart all over his little district. No one that comes after him will say, 'Here was the finger of a hollow eyeservant.'"

The tiny room in which Carlyle was born — it is at the top of the house in the right-hand corner of the picture — is devoted now to the housing of some interesting mementos of the infant who drew his first breath there on December 4, 1795. In one corner an unpretentious

bookcase holds a copy of the familiar brown-covered "People's Edition" of his writings; a recess near by is filled with bits of old china from the house in Cheyne Row; on the mantelpiece are two turned wooden candlesticks, a gift of John Sterling, sent from Rome; a table in the corner provides a resting place for the philosopher's reading-lamp and tea-caddy; and above a framed letter on the south wall two of his hats are hung. More attention is paid to these hats than to any of the other relics. What higher happiness can the hero-worshipper wish than the being able to say he has had his head inside Carlyle's hat? *Inside* it goes, in a quite literal sense. Up to the time of my visit only twenty-nine heads had been found to fit that hat; I regret to add that mine did not make the thirtieth. All this applies especially to one hat — a black, wide-brimmed soft felt, perhaps the identical hat which prompted the immortal dialogue between the passenger and the 'bus driver.

"Queer 'at that old fellow 'ad who just got in."

"Queer 'at! ay, he may wear a queer 'at, but what would you give for the 'ed-piece that's inside of it?"

The other hat, just as broad-brimmed, but straw instead of felt, is none too large



THE ARCH HOUSE.  
CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE.

for an ordinary cranium, — a fact not without its consolatory side.

Not far from the hats there is a frame of portraits of Carlyle and his wife,



somewhat roughly mounted, but of exceptional interest. Of Carlyle there are six portraits; of his wife, four. One of the portraits of Carlyle, that bearing the date 1845, ranks among the earliest likenesses of him extant, and has a considerable resemblance to that crayon drawing by Samuel Lawrence, of which Carlyle thought so highly that he commended it to Emerson as the one most suitable for a frontispiece to the American edition of his works. While all the portraits of Carlyle here have a considerable resemblance to each other and harmonize with most of the portraits that have been made of him, those of his wife which find a place in this frame, while consistent with each other, have little or nothing in common with that graceful and handsome young lady who figures in the second volume of Carlyle's "Early Letters." In these portraits Mrs. Carlyle's face recalls that of George Eliot. The brow is high and massive, the eyes deep-sunk and sad, the mouth large and cynical. If Mrs. Carlyle was ever like her Edinburgh portrait of 1826, she must

Ecclefechan I found abundant evidence that America still takes a zealous interest in the author of "Sartor Resartus." To more than one American name I found the legend appended, "On a pilgrimage to Carlyle's country;" and, as was most appropriate, I noticed that in the room where Carlyle was born signs of that interest were not lacking. On the table there lay a substantial volume of the ledger type, bearing this inscription:—"Visitors' Book at the Birthplace and Grave of Thomas Carlyle. Presented to Mr. Peter Scott, of Ecclefechan, Scotland, by Joseph Cook, of Boston, Massachusetts, March 20, 1881."

In looking at the Arch House from the opposite side of the road, the spire of the United Presbyterian Church is a conspicuous object in the background at the right. On the other side of that spire is the Ecclefechan kirkyard, where Thomas Carlyle lies. So do the beginnings and ends of things meet;—here the room memorable for his birth, there the kirkyard memorable for his grave.

That spire brings to memory a Carlyle story told me in the district. Carlyle's father and the family in general were adherents of a dissenting congregation known as the Seceders or Associate Congregation. But in 1847 these and other dissenters formed themselves into the United Presbyterian Church; and henceforward the Carlyle family were reckoned among its members. By and by



THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

have changed amazingly; if these later portraits represent any physiognomic continuity, the artist of the Edinburgh portrait must have falsified amazingly. One of the photographs of Mrs. Carlyle shows her standing behind a velvet-covered chair, on which her dog "Nero" is reclining at ease; and another photograph of that small quadruped may be seen in a different part of the room.

In the visitors' book at the hotel in

the newly named congregation addressed itself to the erection of a new church; and Carlyle's brother James promised a contribution of £50 to the building. That £50 was never paid. Whether James Carlyle made his promise in good faith none can tell; but it is affirmed that the erection of the spire was made the pretext on his part for declining to keep his promise. So the spire cost £50 more than its contract price. Nor was

that all. The incident terminated by James Carlyle and his family leaving the United Presbyterian Church and becoming members of the Church of Scotland congregation at Middlebie.

Changes take place so slowly in Scottish villages that the Ecclefechan of to-day differs but little from the Ecclefechan of Carlyle's boyhood. Buildings once put to one purpose are now put to another; otherwise they remain now as then. So it happens that the humble building in which Carlyle laid the foundation of his education is still standing, though not now used as a school. One end abuts against the side of the United Presbyterian Church; the other merges into the wall of the kirkyard where Carlyle is buried. Utilized now as a dwelling house, it is easy to recall the days when it was the *academia* of the district,—so close is its likeness to many a building in other Scottish villages still devoted to educational uses. Little is remembered of Carlyle's earliest school days; and indeed it is hardly to be expected that a boy of five would furnish much pabulum for the biographer. A year or two ago there died at Ecclefechan an aged lady who claimed to have attended this school with Carlyle; but her reminiscences did not go beyond that bare fact. The purpose of Carlyle's father in sending him to this school, and afterward to Annan Academy and Edinburgh University, is well known; he had the desire of every Scottish parent to see his son "wag his pow in a pu'pit." Of course the worthy man was wofully disappointed when his son found that such an occupation was impossible for him; but in this, as in so many other unpleasant matters, he consumed his own smoke. "His tolerance for me," says Carlyle, "his trust in me, was great. When I declined going forward into the church (though his heart was set upon it), he respected my scruples, my volition, and patiently let me have my way."

This self-denial becomes more noteworthy in the light of an anecdote



THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

related to me in Ecclefechan. It had become known in the village that "Tom Carlyle" was destined for the kirk, and the village gossips were always pressing old James Carlyle with the awkward question, "Why is not Tom coming out for the kirk?" Now the old man was too proud to own his disappointment to the village gossips, and so one day, when the question was more pointedly put than usual, he rejoined, "Do you think oor Tam is going to stand up and be criticised by a man like Matthie Latimer?"—the said Matthie Latimer being an argumentative theologian of the meeting-house, who was always ready with his remarks upon the pulpit performances gone through there.

The fate which has befallen the school-house has also overtaken the old meeting-house where in the early years of this century the young Carlyle heard many an orthodox and long-winded discourse. He never forgot those childish experiences. "Poor temple of my childhood," he wrote sixty years after, "to me more sacred at this moment than perhaps the biggest cathedral then extant could have been; rude, rustic, bare,—no temple in the world was more so,—but there were sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic flame from heaven which kindled what was best in one, what has not yet gone out!" It is marvellous to note how vivid Carlyle's recollections were of the serious-faced peasants who used to frequent that old meeting-house; even when his own long life was drawing to a close he could

paint their portraits down to the smallest detail of dress. Even given such a remarkable eye as he had for grasping the minutest idiosyncrasies of personal appearance, he must have enjoyed some favorable coign of vantage from which to view those old Seceders, Sunday by Sunday. And such he had; for I learned that the Carlyle seat was in the gallery of the meeting-house, from whence the bulk of the worshippers could be carefully surveyed.

Strongly attached as old James Carlyle was to the Seceders, a trivial incident in the history of the congregation cut him adrift from them for a time.

It happened that a new manse was to be built for the minister, and there arose a division of opinion as to the number of rooms it should contain,— James Carlyle voting in favor of such a minimum as seemed consistent with a creed which laid more emphasis on the next world than on this. His views, however, were not those of the majority; and to mark his disapproval of such a worldly policy as was implied in the erection of too spacious a manse, he left the communion for a time. With characteristic Scottish forethought, the old Seceders had several flues placed in their meeting-house at the time of its erection, in anticipation of the day when the congregation should either dwindle away or by the erection of a new building should find it necessary to dispose of the old one. It was the latter contingency which arose, and the old meeting-house, by reason of its flues, was easily transformed into a number of tenements.

Whatever may have been Carlyle's opinion of ministers in general, he cherished very affectionately the memory of that aged minister of the meeting-house who baptized him, preached to him, visited his father's house, and taught him Latin. "John Johnstone," he said, "was the

priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look upon. . . . He sleeps not far from my father in the Ecclefechan churchyard; the teacher

and the taught. 'Blessed,' I again say, 'are the dead that die in the Lord. They do rest from their labors; their works follow them.'" The monument over the grave of this worthy man was built by Carlyle's father, and it is an admirable example of the sterling honesty of his work as a mason. It is generally believed in Ecclefechan that the inscription on the monument was composed by Carlyle himself, and even if that were not the case it is



MONUMENT TO REV. JOHN JOHNSTONE.

worth preserving for the picture it gives of a remarkable man:—

"All that was mortal of  
THE REV. JOHN JOHNSTONE,  
Minister of the Associate Congregation,  
Ecclefechan,  
rests here in hope of the resurrection of life.  
He was born A. D. 1730,  
He was ordained A. D. 1760,  
He died May 28th, A. D. 1812,  
in the 82nd year of his age and the 52nd of his  
ministry.  
Endowed with strong natural talents  
Which were  
cultivated by a liberal education  
And sanctified by Divine influence  
He was  
As a scholar respectable  
As a theologian learned  
And as a minister able, faithful and laborious."

When the mason trade deteriorated to such an extent that honest work went out of fashion, James Carlyle turned to the occupation of farming, "that so he might keep all his family about him." The first farm he took was that known as Mainhill, situated on the great north road, about two miles from Ecclefechan. Here the Carlyles lived from 1815 to 1826. It was not a desirable farm at that time; "a wet, clayey spot," Carlyle describes it, "a place of horrid drudgery;" and in 1825

he writes to his brother Alexander: "I hope my father will not think of burdening himself further with Mainhill and its plashy soil when the lease has expired."

An anecdote of the Mainhill days, told me in the district, throws a little light upon the domestic history of the family at that period. An old man, Peter Scott by name, who served on the farm at Mainhill as a lad, told my informant that when his day's work was done he took a seat by the kitchen fire and "held my head down, for fear ane o' them wad begin on me." All the Carlyles alike, with the possible exception of the mother, were noted and feared and hated in Ecclefechan for their caustic tongues; and this incident of the serving lad holding his head down for fear one of the family would begin on him throws that hatred into sharp relief.

The wife of the present tenant of Mainhill was kind enough to show me over the house, pointing out the rooms which were in existence when the Carlyles lived there, and the additions which have been made since. Mr. J. A. Froude informs me that in my photograph Mainhill is twice the size it used to be; and he adds that Carlyle always had unpleasant remembrances of that place. The chief addition to the house is the two-storied wing which occupies the foreground of the picture, other alterations in the rear not affecting the size of the building so much as its convenience.

At one period in the early life of Carlyle, when the church, law and tutoring had each failed to provide him with an occupation, it occurred to him that he might solve the problem of life by taking a small farm in his native district, where he could study and write in peace, while one of his brothers attended to the necessary practical work of the holding. "A house in the country, and a horse to ride on, I must and will have if it be possible." This was the message which set the Mainhill people on the lookout; and soon they were able to report that in the small farm of Hoddam

Hill they had secured the place he needed. Accordingly Carlyle took possession of Hoddam Hill farm at the Whitsunday term, 1825, his mother going with him as housekeeper, and his brother Alick as practical farmer. For a wonder, considering the nature of the man, Carlyle was perfectly satisfied with the place. "I have been to see the place," he wrote Miss Welsh, "and I like it well so far as I am interested in it. There is a good house where I may establish myself in comfortable quarters. The views from it are superb. There are hard, smooth roads to gallop on towards any point of the compass, and ample space to dig and prune under the pure canopy of a wholesome sky. The ancient Tower of Repentance stands on a corner of the farm, a fit memorial for reflecting sinners." This was Carlyle's first impression of the farm; nor did occupancy prove that distance had lent enchantment to the view. "We live here on our hill-top enjoying a degree of solitude that might content the great Zimmermann himself. Few mortals come to visit us, I go to visit none." Long years after he could recall the spot with feelings of unmixed pleasure. "Hoddam Hill," he wrote in his "Reminiscences," "was a neat, compact little farm, rent £100, which my father had leased for me, on which was a prettyish little cot-



MAINHILL.

tage for dwelling house; and from the window such a view (fifty miles in radius from beyond Tyndale to beyond St. Bees, Solway Firth and all the fells to Ingleborough inclusive) as Britain or the world could hardly have matched."

At the present time the Carlyle pilgrim has considerable difficulty in finding Hoddam Hill, — the fact of the philosopher's tenancy of that spot having faded from the local memory. All my questions were answered with solid negatives: I



HODDAM HILL.

must mean Mainhill. Even a man who had lived on the estate all his life was ignorant that Carlyle once rented one of its farms. A twofold explanation offers of this somewhat surprising fact. Carlyle occupied the farm only for a year; and the local name for the house appears to be "The Hill" rather than "Hoddam Hill."

If additional proof were wanted of the indifference with which Carlyle is regarded in Annandale, it might be adduced from the deplorable condition of the house in which he lived at Hoddam Hill. The front door has been blocked up, and the building so divided internally that it now provides shelter for two laborers' families. When I saw the place in the spring of 1893, it was in a condition that would have been disgraceful had the place been used as a pig-sty. Mud and dirt were plentiful in all directions; heaps of rubbish made walking a gymnastic exercise; fences were broken down and gates lay prostrate; and unwashed and unkempt children looked out from the doorways.

Carlyle may have had some idea of settling down at Hoddam Hill. It was a delightful spot, and admirably adapted to the case of a man who needed perfect quiet and unlimited fresh air. But it was not to be. He was himself,

however, I believe, to blame for starting the sequence of events which led to his removal. It happened in this way. Carlyle rode a great deal at Hoddam; and one day the laird's wife, Mrs. Sharpe, was walking gently down the hill near Repentance Tower, when he passed her on his horse. As soon as he got in front of her, he put his horse to the gallop with such violence that the lady was soundly besplashed

with mud from head to foot. It was after this ungallant incident, as I was informed, that the laird, General Sharpe, called at Hoddam Hill, and Carlyle went to him at the door, declining to ask him in. They had a battle royal of words, and the general brought matters to a crisis by asking with a sneer, "You, what do *you* know about farming?" This thunder roused the Carlylean lightning. "One thing I can do," he shouted, "I can pay the rent. That's all you have to do with the land, and I'll feed laverocks on it if I like." Then he slammed the door in the irate general's face. Carlyle had often wanted a door of his own which he might "slam in the face of all nauseous intrusions;" he had got it now,—and used it. But he was not to have it for long. No laird would endure such treatment from a tenant; at any rate, General Sharpe was not the man to endure it. And so Carlyle had to quit Hoddam Hill and look about for a new home.



REPENTANCE TOWER.

During his year at Hoddam Hill, a year which abode as "a russet-coated idyl" in his memory because of the visit Miss Welsh paid him there, Carlyle had two objects in his landscape in which he took a deep interest; and they are of interest to us because his eyes rested upon them so often, and also because there are

so many allusions to them in his letters. Chief of these was Repentance Tower, a solemn-looking building which stood near the house, but a little higher up on the hill. It is surrounded by a graveyard, and hangs there so spectral amid its memorials of the dead that it might furnish food for thought in sinners of a less reflecting turn of mind than Carlyle. The cause of its erection and the origin of its name are thus related: A certain Lord Herries — identified as the champion of Mary Queen of Scots — was famous among those who, three or four centuries ago, made forays into the English border. On one occasion, when returning with many prisoners, he was overtaken by a storm while crossing the Solway; and in order to lighten his boat, he cut all their throats and cast them into the sea. Some time after, feeling great qualms of conscience, he built this sturdy tower, carving over the door the figures of a dove and serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, with the word "Repentance" between them. The other prominent object in Carlyle's landscape was Hoddam kirk, a low-lying and rather picturesque building with a curious little tower. In that tower hung the bell to which he makes a pathetic allusion in his reminiscences of life at Hoddam Hill. "My thoughts were very peacable, full of pity and humanity as they had never been before. Nowhere can I recollect of myself such pious musings, communings silent and spontaneous with fact and nature, as in those poor Annandale localities. The sound of the kirk-bell once or twice on Sunday mornings (from Hoddam kirk, about a mile on the plains below me) was strangely touching, like the departing voice of eighteen hundred years."

The abrupt termination of Carlyle's tenancy of Hoddam Hill coincided with the expiring of his father's lease of Mainhill; and there had to be a double flitting. Once more there was diligent searching

through the countryside for a desirable farm, — rewarded at length by the discovery of Scotsbrig, which was to remain the family home for the rest of Carlyle's life. Scotsbrig is so closely interwoven with the history of his books that his word-pictures of the place, both in anticipation and realization, deserve to be added to those provided by the camera. In anticipation he wrote to his brother John: —

"By dint of unbounded higgling, and the most consummate diplomacy, the point was achieved to complete satisfaction of the two husbandmen [Carlyle's father and Alick]; and Scotsbrig, free of various 'clogs and claims,' which they had argued away, obtained for a rent of £190 (cheap as they reckon it), in the face of many competitors. . . . The people are also to repair the house effectually, to floor it anew, put



SCOTSBRIG.

*bun*-doors on it, new windows, and so forth; and it seems it is 'an excellent *shell* of a house already.' . . . Our mother declares that there is 'plenty of both *peats* and *water*;' others think 'the farm is the best in Middlebie parishin;' our father seems to have renewed his youth even as the eagle's age."

Two months later, Carlyle wrote to John again, this time in realization: "We are all got over with whole bones to this new country; and every soul of us, our mother to begin with, much in love with it. The house is in bad order; but we hope to have it soon repaired; and for farming purposes it is an excellent 'shell of a house.' Then we have a *linn* with crags and bushes, and a 'fairy



HODDAM KIRK.

knowe,' though no fairies that I have seen yet; and, cries our mother, abundance of grand thready peats, and water from the brook, and no reek, and no Honor (*i. e.* General Sharpe) to pester us! To say nothing, cries our father, of the eighteen *yeacre* of the best barley in the country; and bog-hay, adds Alick, to fatten scores of young beasts! In fact, making all allowance for new-fangledness, it is a *much* better place, so far as I can judge, than any our people have yet been in; and among a far better and kindlier sort of people."

Such was Scotsbrig in 1826; and such it remains to the present day. Here Carlyle's father and mother lived for the remainder of their days; and here his brother James kept the old home together until within a few years of his own death. Here, too, Carlyle spent the most of his holidays; for even after he became famous, and could have passed those holidays in the homes of the greatest in the land, he generally elected to spend his days of rest among his own kindred, in this unpretentious but peaceful home. It is well known that Carlyle suffered severely in writing his books. Most authors do. No book that is worth writing is written without a great expenditure of nervous and mental force. George Eliot said of "Romola," that she began it a young woman, but finished it an old woman. It was so with Carlyle. When he had finished a

book, he felt completely prostrate, and to recover strength and spirit again he generally fled to Scotsbrig. What Virgil did for Dante at the foot of Purgatory, Scotsbrig did for Carlyle when he emerged from the inferno into which his books plunged him; the dews of homely affection stored up for him there washed away from his spirit those sombre hues which settled so thickly upon him as he wrestled with those grim thoughts of the underworld to which his genius led him.

Before visiting the Ecclefechan district, I was under the impression that Carlyle's country was bleak and bare. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although Mainhill is the least attractive of his early homes, the surrounding scenery and the view from the farmhouse more than compensate for the lack of beauty in its immediate environments. Scotsbrig is as picturesque a retreat as the most impassioned lover of nature could desire; and the road from Ecclefechan thither leads the pilgrim alluringly onward between luxurious hedgerows and flower-covered banks. Hoddam Hill, as we have seen, greatly pleased even Carlyle; and there could be no more eloquent testimony in its favor. Set on the summit of a hill, amid richly-wooded scenery, it commands a view of verdant country unrivalled in any part of the British Isles. First the eye sweeps over a rich

belt of land to the shores of the Solway, then, crossing its waters, rests upon the plains of Cumberland, and finally reaches the limit of vision among the mountains of Wordsworth's country.

The roads leading from Ecclefechan toward Hoddam Hill are even more beautiful than those which point the way to Scotsbrig. When, in "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle described the feelings which took possession of his spirit as he entered Annan for the first time to attend school there, it seemed to him an added source of sorrow that the "kind beech rows of Entepfuhl [*i. e.* Ecclefechan] were hidden in the distance." He had passed between those beech rows on that memorable Whitsuntide walk; and blinded indeed would be the eyes of man or youth who could walk through such avenues with indifference. These scenes were not lost on Carlyle. Annandale has had its influence on his most characteristic book; for no man can appreciate the essential poetry of "Sartor Resartus" until he has visited the Ecclefechan district. There is an inexplicable charm about that countryside, which Carlyle has caught and perpetuated in his pages, a charm which is totally independent of the strain of thought running through the volume.

As is too common in Scotland, a poor minimum of care seems to be bestowed upon the God's-acre where Carlyle and his kindred lie quiet in death. Surrounded by a rude and bare stone wall, entered through an unlovely iron gate, the graves in general speak eloquently of the forgetfulness of human sorrow.

"Headstone and half-sunk footstone lean awry,  
Wanting the brick-work promised by and by;  
How the minute gray lichens, plate o'er plate,  
Have softened down the crisp-cut name and date!"

The Carlyle grave is an exception to this rule. Inside the high iron railing that surrounds it, perpetuating the Car-

lyle aloofness even in death, the grass is closely cut; and daisies are the only weeds allowed to grow there. There are three graves within the enclosure, Carlyle being buried in the centre. In the grave to the left sleep his father and mother and two of his sisters; also his father's wife by his first marriage. The final sentence of the inscription was written by Carlyle.



THE "KIND BEECH ROWS OF ENTEPFUHL"

"Erected to the  
Memory of Jannet Carlyle,  
Spouse to James Carlyle, mas-  
on in Ecclefechan, who died  
the 11th Sepr 1792 in the 25th  
year of her age.

Also Jannet Carlyle, daughter to  
James Carlyle and Margaret Aitken.  
She died at Ecclefechan Jan. 27th, 1801;  
aged 17 months. Also Margaret  
their daughter, she died June 22nd 1830  
aged 27 years — And the above  
James Carlyle, born at Brownknowe  
in Augt. 1758, died at Scotsbrig on the  
23rd Jany 1832, and now also rests here.  
And here also now rests the above  
Margaret Aitken, his second  
wife. Born at Whitestanes, Kirkma-  
hoe, in Sepr 1771; died at Scotsbrig,



on Christmas day 1853. She brought him nine children; whereof four sons and three daughters survived gratefully reverent of such a Father, and such a Mother."

Carlyle's reminiscences of his father and the reflections which he penned in his journal on his mother's death prove what a wealth of affection he bore toward his parents. Mr. Froude testifies: "The strongest personal passion which he experienced through all his life was his affection for his mother." "Mother," he said to her when he removed to London, "mother, you shall see me once yearly, and regularly hear from me, while we live." He kept his promise; and even when death claimed his mother for his own he never visited Ecclefechan without going to her grave. A native of the village told me that, going late one summer evening into the churchyard, he saw an aged man lying prostrate on Margaret Aitken's grave. It was Thomas Carlyle.

The grave to the right is that of Carlyle's brother James, of whom many characteristic and Carlylean stories were told me. To a certain extent he ap-

him the whereabouts of Carlyle's grave. "Which Carlyle?" "Oh, the great Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle." With unmoved face he gave the information asked, and was rewarded with a fine outburst of hero-worship. "We have come all the way from America," said the spokesman of the pilgrims, "to lay this wreath on our great teacher's grave." "Ha!" rejoined he, still unmoved, "it's a gey harmless occupation!" Again, at some meeting of the farmers in the district, the rent-day probably, a dinner was given, and some long-winded yeoman said grace before the meal. Jamie listened through it patiently, then saluted his over-unctuous neighbor with the remark: "A verra guid blessing, Wullie, but ye've spoilt the soup."

No lies are told on Carlyle's tombstone. The inscription is simple and laconic. The family crest, two wyverns, the family motto, *Humilitate*, and then these few words:—

"Here rests THOMAS CARLYLE, who was born at Ecclefechan, 4th December, 1795, and died at 24 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, on Saturday 5th February, 1861."



THE CARLYLE LAIR.

pears to have shared the old roadman's opinions of his famous brother's work, or, at the least, to have been indifferent to immortal achievements in the realm of literature. He was met one day in the village by a party of American pilgrims, who, ignorant of his identity, asked of

That is all; and yet it is enough. There are two significant, pregnant words, *Humilitate*, *Rests*. To the student of Carlyle they will preach deeper meanings than a Johnsonian epitaph. Whether the result of choice or accident, there is a singular appropriateness in John Carlyle

sharing the grave of his illustrious brother. They had common aims in life ; they will both live in literature ; and in their death they are not divided.

In his reminiscences of his father, and in the rough notes he made of family history, Carlyle is at great pains to forestall any unfavorable criticism of his kindred. In such Annandale quarrels as the Carlyles mingled in, they were not, he says, aggressive ; their contentions were only "manful assertions of man's rights against men that would infringe them." But there is a difference between family history written subjectively and the same history written objectively. For example, when the Carlyles were at work upon some building, they occasionally diverted

themselves by splashing wet lime upon a hapless passer-by ; and if he threatened reprisals they coolly warned him that "he needna try, for it wasna ane o' them he would hae to fash, but the hail lot o' them !" Several such instances are authenticated, and the Carlyles are said to have paid special attentions of this sort to any pedestrian who had the misfortune to be better dressed than themselves. Mr. Froude, who is charitable, writes me that he never heard this story, and that if true there must be another side to it. "They were a proud race," he adds, "too proud to go into paltry impertinences ; but I can believe that in other ways they may have given endless offence."



## SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

*By Oscar Fay Adams.*

"A Poet, too . . . whose verse  
Was tender, musical and terse ;  
The inspiration, the delight  
. . . were his ; but with them came  
No envy of another's fame ;  
He did not find his sleep less sweet  
For music in some neighboring street,  
Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
The laurels of Miltiades."

A GENERATION ago, when the pleasant commonplaces of the country parson were more esteemed than now, and to youthful minds came with something of the force of a new gospel, there fluttered across the sea in company with the Country Parson's essays the leaves of a volume of similar caliber, which, like its companions, rests now on unvisited shelves. It was entitled "The Gentle Life," but if the writer's memory may be trusted, the honey was now and then mixed with a suspicion of gall, and the gentleness was more often a matter of conscious striving for than of attainment. Yet doubtless its mission was in some

sense attained before the book sank out of sight, and there were those who were helped onward by it to a gentle life, we may venture to believe. But that life in any adequate sense is not reached by much conning of neat maxims or consultation of well-meant platitudes. Most assuredly the gentle life that is the subject of this paper was the result of no such method. It may be conceded that to some extent gentleness is a matter of temperament ; and the amiable Mr. Woodhouse in Jane Austen's "Emma" was gentle because his natural indolence would not suffer him to be otherwise. It was a gentleness that was rooted in the girl of unaggressive selfishness, — a negative sweetness, merely.

But no one ever came into contact with Samuel Longfellow who thought thus of him. More completely than any man I have known he lived the gentle life ; and yet it needed no long acquaintance with him to perceive that



*Sam. Longfellow*

native gentleness was here interpenetrated with the finest, truest courage that ever mortal man possessed. Sincerity, absolute fidelity to convictions, — these were the dominant forces in his character; and his tender consideration for others took from the plainest speaking all possible sting.

Samuel Longfellow was the youngest of the eight children of Stephen and Zilpah Longfellow; and the cheerful refinement of the Portland homestead in which they grew up has been admirably described in his life of his brother Henry, — though

with characteristic self-effacement he says nothing of his own place in that household, and indeed in the whole work has included but three allusions (and these of the briefest) to himself. He was prepared for college at the Portland Academy, and in 1835, at the age of sixteen, he entered Harvard College. During his college course he was a member of the more important societies, and was well known amongst the students, although then, as always, his intimate friends were few. He was graduated in 1839, and among his classmates were James Russell

Lowell and Edward Everett Hale. His first year after leaving college was spent as a tutor in a school at Elk Ridge, Maryland; and the two years following he passed in teaching in Cambridge. It does not appear that in these three years the controlling feelings of his after life—opposition to slavery, strong religious convictions—manifested themselves. But his was a nature that matured slowly. His quiet, refined tastes sought their gratification at this time in music and other forms of art, and his natural reserve perhaps prevented his speaking to his friends upon themes which as yet were but partially apprehended by him. But the pause thus made before taking up the definite work of life was not in itself a bad thing. He broadened and expanded during this period; and when, in 1842, he entered the Divinity School of Harvard College, he had reached a period of development where judgment had full play.

Early in his course at the Divinity School he formed with one of his classmates, Samuel Johnson, the closest friendship of his life, an intimacy that lasted for forty years, until the death of Mr. Johnson in 1882. While the two men shared the same poetic nature and the same intense spirituality of thought, there were many points of unlikeness. Longfellow, who was the elder by three years, was a man of wide sympathies and social disposition, desultory rather than continuous in his methods of thought and study, and ever and always serenely patient. Johnson's sympathies, on the other hand, were restricted, and he was far more of the recluse than the man of the world. He was naturally ascetic in his tastes, while his habits were those of the systematic, tireless student, and where he felt deeply he was disposed to be dogmatic and aggressive. Dissimilar as the two men were on so many points, their friendship was, as Mr. Chadwick has said of it, "the most rare and perfect satisfaction of their lives."

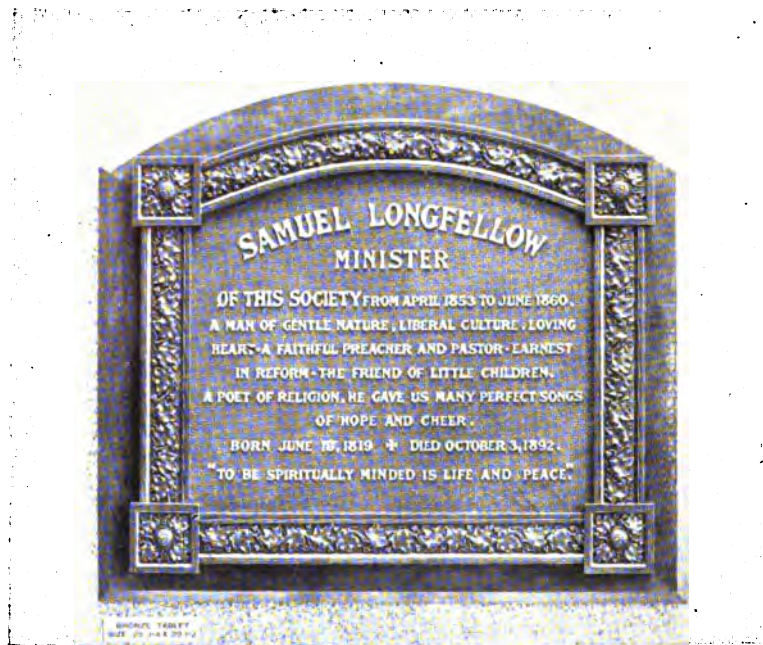
At the end of the first year at the Divinity School the state of Longfellow's health necessitated some change in his life, and he accordingly spent a year as tutor in the family of the United States

consul at Fayal; and returning in the autumn of 1843, he made his home for a time with his brother Henry at Craigie House. His friend Johnson was likewise absent a year from the school, and the two were graduated thence in 1846.

The Unitarianism in which the Longfellow family had been trained was that of the early leaders of that faith, and, according to the testimony of his brother Samuel, Henry Longfellow seems never to have essentially departed from its conclusions. But the younger brother was a radical by nature, and though up to the time of his entrance upon the study for the ministry his views may not have undergone much change from those in which he had been brought up, his radical and transcendental tendencies soon manifested themselves, and at the time of his graduation he stood far in advance of the Unitarianism of half a century ago. But though he never concealed his convictions, they were never aggressively put forward, and people listened to him gladly even when their own views were not in perfect accord with his.

For rather more than a year after his graduation he preached in various pulpits for a few Sundays each, receiving calls from the churches at West Cambridge (now Arlington) and Newburyport meanwhile. These he declined on account of the uncertain state of his health, but at the end of 1847 accepted a call to become the minister of a new church at Fall River.

Fifty years ago Fall River was a raw, crude place, whose kindly, well-meaning people were too deeply absorbed in the business of making a living to have time for the cultivation of the refinements of life; and so far as appreciation and intellectual sympathy were concerned, a man of delicate, scholarly, æsthetic tastes might as well have taken up his residence in an Arabian desert. To a great extent Mr. Longfellow realized this, but he went thither under as strenuous conviction of his duty in the case as ever any missionary went forth to his labor amid tropic heats or Arctic snows. But his pastorate here was a short one, and terminated in the summer of 1851 at his own desire, although his people were most reluctant to have him



BRONZE TABLET IN THE SECOND UNITARIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

depart. His habitual self-distrust shows itself in several of his letters at this time, and he felt that another man in his place might do more good than he was doing. The discouragement may have been natural to one of his temperament, but his success was much greater than he then thought, while the influence upon a community of such a scholarly, refined nature in the formative period of a town like Fall River can hardly have failed to be considerable, even though unapprehended at the time.

The year after his leaving Fall River was spent in Europe, and to this succeeded a year in Cambridge; and then in October of 1853 he was installed as minister of the Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, New York, over which he remained in charge, until June, 1860.

By this time he had reached in his thought a purely theistic position, caring less for denominational lines than before; and at no time had he possessed much attachment to the Unitarian church. Allegiance to methods and organizations never was attractive to him. He would have been glad if his new parish had

seen fit to drop its name of Unitarian and its connection with the Unitarian body; but he did not push this matter, and it was never a subject of difference between him and his people, the relations between them being always of the happiest character. In the first sermon which he preached after his installation at Brooklyn he outlined his conception of what a church should be and the foundation on which it seemed to him that it should rest.

"We will take for our basis not a creed but the spirit. We will agree to differ in our theological opinions and beliefs, while we will strive, in a common love of the truth, after higher and clearer views of it. Believing that only through freedom can the truth be reached, we will put no shackles on any, nor place any obstacle, even of coldness or suspicion, in the way of freest thinking. And regarding this freedom as more precious than uniformity of belief, we will make it more prominent than any doctrine. We will assume no responsibility for opinions, and impose none. We may hold the most widely differing beliefs about the nature of God's being, while we strive together to deepen our reverence and love for him, to yield a more complete obedience to his law, and win a profounder consciousness of his presence and his peace. We may hold, as we now do, different views about Jesus, but we will

be united by a common reverence and love for his spirit, and find in his life, however regarded, redemption from our sins, and quickening to our piety and our humanity."

Of his ministry at Brooklyn his friends Chadwick and Frothingham have already spoken, and in the latter's summing up on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the parish we find the following faithful testimony:—

"He was always in an attitude of belief, always in an attitude of hope, brave as a lion, but never boasting, never saying what he meant to do or what he wished he could do, but keeping his own counsel and going a straight path, ploughing a very straight furrow through a very crooked world. He was immovable as adamant and as playful as a sunbeam. He wrought here, as the oldest of you know, with a singleness of feeling that knew no change from the beginning to the end."

In the summer of 1860 Mr. Longfellow sailed for Europe with his friend Johnson, remaining rather more than a year; and in later years he made three other visits to Europe, the last occasion being in 1888, when he took with him his young friend Fullerton, then on the staff of the *Boston Advertiser*, and now for some years attached to the Paris office of the *London Times*. He took a keen delight in travel, and his concern with the various lives with which he thus came in contact yielded him as much pleasure as that which came from seeing famous buildings or beautiful scenery. Saint Francis of Assisi had not tenderer, warmer human sympathies than he, and numberless were the confidences he won from boatmen on Italian lakes, from peasants by the roadside, or from young travellers met by chance in cathedral or mountain inn.

Excepting during his absences in Europe, Mr. Longfellow's home was made for a long period of years with his relatives in Cambridge; but he preached now and then in various Unitarian churches, and in 1867 and 1868 preached for the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston for more than a year. This was the church gathered by Theodore Parker; and the absolute freedom of its pulpit was most acceptable to Mr. Longfellow. At the beginning of 1878 he accepted a call to the Unitarian Church at Germantown, Philadelphia, and for more than four

years remained its pastor. It would seem from the testimony of those who were near him at the time to have been almost an ideal ministry. It was peaceful, uneventful, it is true, but the connection between pastor and people was very close and very real, and he came and went among the members of his flock like a visible benediction.

In the month of February, 1882, occurred the death of his beloved friend, Samuel Johnson, an event which could not but affect Mr. Longfellow very deeply; and a month later his brother died. But heavy as these bereavments were, they could not shake the serenity of his nature or disturb even for a moment the clear shining of the lamp of faith in his soul. On his return to Germantown after the funeral of his brother, he preached to his congregation a discourse that from the first word to the last is resonant with hope. "I bring to you," he said, "a message from the chamber of death and from the gateway of the tomb. And that message is Life, Life immortal, Life uninterrupted, unarrested, not cut off, as we so often say, but going on, not changed in any essential quality. . . . The word that I bring you to-day, then, is this, that the soul knows nothing of death, cannot conceive of it; that to all doubts and questions of the understanding it returns only the affirmations of its experience and inmost sense of immortality. It cannot believe in any death but that of the body, nor in that death as anything but a release of the real life into new conditions. The understanding may doubt, but the soul affirms; the understanding may gather proofs and arguments, but the soul already knows."

Ten years later the writer heard Mr. Longfellow speak some last words beside the coffin of the poet Cranch; but they were not sad words, and the message in them was the same as in those here quoted,—life, not death.

In April, 1882, Mr. Longfellow resigned his charge at Germantown, and returned to Cambridge to engage first upon the memoir of his friend Johnson, which appeared in 1883, and then upon the life of his brother Henry, which in its final form appeared in 1891. His

home for the last ten years of his life was mainly at Craigie House, and here, among his brother's books, the friends of these latest years of his will always love best to recall his gentle presence. His summers, save that of 1888, which was spent in Europe, were usually passed in New Hampshire, at the Intervale House or at Lake Sunapee; and more than once these holidays were shared by some friend whose summer outing was made possible by Mr. Longfellow's kindness. In the summer of 1892 he went to Portland, and thence to Cape Elizabeth, a few miles away, where the family of his brother then were. There he was taken ill, and early on the morning of the third of October he passed from earth in perfect peace and quietness.

To the world at large Mr. Longfellow remained unknown. Throughout the Unitarian denomination his name of course was a familiar one, as it likewise was in the literary world of New England and in the communities in which his own life was passed. But elsewhere he was referred to only as "the brother of the poet Longfellow." I cannot think that this disturbed him in the least. His brother's fame was dearer to him than his own, and he had not the faintest conception of what envy might mean from anything in his own nature. Nevertheless, his natural self-distrust was doubtless deepened by the world-wide fame of his brother, and he forbore to cultivate as fully as perhaps he might otherwise have done the poetic gift that was his. For he was a poet; and had he possessed more confidence in his own powers and thus allowed himself a freer utterance in this direction, his merits in this respect—for he put forth no claims—would undoubtedly have met with far wider acknowledgment.

Among modern hymn writers he stands quite in the front rank, in fact, if not always in name, for many have sung his hymns not knowing who was the author of them. His attention was turned in this direction very early in his career, for while he was still a divinity student he compiled in conjunction with his friend Johnson a "Book of Hymns"

for the use of Unitarian churches. The book was the result of the widest research in the field of religious verse, and included a number of hymns by the compilers themselves, which were printed as anonymous contributions. The spiritual quality of the book was very marked, but considering the radical proclivities of its editors, its contents did not show so great a departure from Unitarian ideas as might have been expected. The young editors amended and revised as they saw fit, in order to bring many poems into accord with their purpose, and for this they were and have been much criticised. But Mr. Longfellow appears to have always thought his action in the matter to have been a wise one and justified by the "principle of adaptation to a special use." In regard to making a collection of hymns for private reading, he said not long before his death, "I should not have altered a single word."

Theodore Parker called the work, in allusion to the names of its editors, "The Book of Sams;" and this name was sometimes applied to "Hymns of the Spirit," which appeared in 1864, and was a revision of the earlier work, with many additions and omissions. For this Mr. Longfellow wrote a number of hymns, some of which he afterward printed in the modest little book entitled "A Few Verses of Many Years," which appeared in 1887, and which only his immediate friends were permitted to see. "Hymns of the Spirit" is a much more radical collection of verse than its predecessor, and this fact prevented its adoption in any but the most radical churches of the Unitarian faith; yet as a treasury of religious verse its beauty has been everywhere freely acknowledged.

His delicate, discriminating taste, which helped to make these hymns what they were, appeared to even greater advantage in "Thalatta," a small compilation of songs of the sea and shore, in which he was aided by his friend Higginson. Perhaps this book of his stood first in his affections. He would allude to it sometimes in conversation with me, and speak of poems that he hoped to include in a second

edition. But alas! this dream of his was never realized: this second edition was never called for.

A very marked feature of Mr. Longfellow's hymns is their rounded completeness. There is no striving after expression, and no attenuation of the thought, a frequent fault in religious verse. In the following hymns not a word could be spared, but not one more is needed.

## LOOKING UNTO GOD.

"I look to thee in every need,  
And never look in vain;  
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love!  
And all is well again.  
The thought of thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.  
  
Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road;  
But let me only think of thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still;  
Around me flows thy quickening life,  
To nerve my faltering will;  
Thy presence fills my solitude,  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,  
Held in thy law, I stand;  
Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in thy hand.  
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,  
And turn'st my mourning into praise."

This hymn appears in the "Hymns of the Spirit," but not with its author's name attached. The following is one of his earlier hymns, and was written at Fall River in 1848:—

## THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

"Beneath the shadow of the cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
His 'new commandment' Jesus gives,—  
His blessed law of love.

O bond of union strong and deep!  
O bond of perfect peace!  
Not even the lifted cross can harm  
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice  
And 'the sweet tasks of love.'"

Following Johnson's hymn, "City of God, How Broad and Far," in the "Hymns of the Spirit," is his friend's

"Church Universal," both poems written at Nice in 1860. In it is embodied its author's conception of the Church catholic, a conception to which he always remained steadfast.

"One holy Church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up;  
The pure in heart, her baptized ones,  
Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page,  
And feet on mercy's errands swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living church! thine errand speed,  
Fulfil thy work sublime;  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,  
Redeem the evil time!"

The following hymn which is undated in the "Verses of Many Years," and does not appear in "Hymns of the Spirit," is a peculiarly faithful rendering of its author's habitual thought:—

"O thou in whom we live and move,  
Whose love is law, whose law is love,  
Whose present spirit waits to fill  
The soul that comes to do thy will!

Unto our waiting spirits teach  
Thy love beyond the power of speech,  
And bid us feel with joyful awe  
The omnipresence of thy law.

That law doth give to truth and right,  
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,  
And makes each fondly cherished lie  
And boasting wrong to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfil  
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,  
Nor suffers one true word or thought  
Or deed of love to come to naught.

Such faith, O God! our souls sustain,  
Free, true, and calm, in joy and pain,  
That even by our fidelity  
Thy kingdom may the nearer be!"

Cast in a somewhat different mould is the third of the vesper hymns which he wrote in 1859, and though it is among his best known verses, it must needs be quoted here as one of the most musical of them all.



"Now, on sea and land descending,  
 Brings the night its peace profound,  
 And our evening hymn is blending  
 With the holy calm around.  
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,  
 Stars of heaven shine out above,  
 Telling still the ancient story, —  
 Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving  
 To His care who cares for all,  
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;  
 At His touch our burdens fall.  
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,  
 Lo! eternal stars arise;  
 Hope and faith and love rise glorious,  
 Shining in the spirit's skies."

The fullest utterances of Mr. Longfellow on religious thought may be found in his various contributions to "The Radical" in the days when that free-spoken magazine was in existence. At the famous Radical Club he was a frequent attendant and speaker; and he spoke often at the meetings of the Free Religious Association, though not a formal member of it, his dislike of organization perhaps preventing his becoming one.

I cannot help feeling that this aversion to organized methods, to all species of formalism, resulted in loss to him in some sense, however little he may have realized it. He may not have needed the help which such things can sometimes afford; he seems to have been quite able to do without such help; but many of us are not thus gifted, and this he may not have fully apprehended. Standing where he did, so far removed from religious formalism, he failed, I think, to see the beauty of any form. He was much in England, and was no stranger to Anglican cathedrals and churches; on the continent he entered the Roman Catholic temples freely; but in each case it was the music that appealed to him, in each the ritual repelled him. In the English church the forms were to him lifeless, and he could not quite see how they could be alive to those who used them. No doubt they would have tied his hands had he attempted to conform to a modern Anglican ritual as Stopford Brooke does in the Unitarian Bedford Chapel in London. He missed, keen-sighted as he was in most things, he missed seeing the beauty that may dwell in form and ritual and is

not absent from an organized historic church; and to this extent the range of his sympathies was narrowed. Not that they failed to include his friends of Anglican or other faiths unlike his own; but the ritual which to them seemed the natural and beautiful vestment of faith was to him a needless veil interposed between the Father and the human soul. While for him only the simplest ritual was possible and beautiful, one cannot help wishing that he had apprehended more fully what equal possibilities of help and beauty can lie in ampler form and ritual.

As I have said, his intimate friends were few; and yet he was eminently social and mingled freely with his fellow-men. All his life he was the friend of children and young men; and in the last decade of it this feature of his character was especially prominent. Successive generations of Harvard students found in him an interested listener to what concerned them, and at certain afternoon teas in one of the college halls where he sometimes appeared, he was always surrounded by a circle of young men delighted to be near him. With two young men in particular his relations were especially tender and close, and their interests seem to have been as dear to him as if they had been loving sons of his. One of them, a student at Columbia College, died in early manhood in the winter of 1887; and the other, a Harvard student, whose university course Mr. Longfellow had watched with the warmest interest, took up his residence abroad at the beginning of 1889, and so passed out of the daily life of his friend, though not out of that friend's constant thought and care. The separation was keenly felt by Mr. Longfellow, though he said but little on the subject, and he was always hoping that circumstances would some time allow him to see his young friend again. Of what inestimable benefit his influence was to this brilliant young journalist at the outset of his career, the latter has more than once gratefully spoken; while to Mr. Longfellow himself the association with this bright and winsome personality was a very real joy and satisfaction.

Music was always Mr. Longfellow's chief delight. He rarely missed attendance upon the Symphony concerts in Cambridge; and during his travels he gladly seized the opportunity to hear the best in opera, oratorio or chamber-music. He read widely in many languages, and kept himself fully informed of the current of thought in literature, science and art. In literary matters his judgment was eminently trustworthy, and his discriminative sense as regards verse was especially fine and true. In his church work, as in his ordinary life, his way of doing things was always peculiar to himself, which is the same as saying that it was invariably tenderly, gracefully original. As Mr. Chadwick has said, "The baptism was a tender jubilee, the marriage was no ceremony but an inspiration, the comfort was no service but a psalm." So too of the family prayer which he conducted. It never became with him a formal act of worship, but was always the natural, spontaneous communion of the soul with its Maker.

He never talked of his religious views unless directly appealed to on the subject, and one who had never heard him preach or speak at the Radical Club or the Free Religious Association might be much in his society and yet not know from him what his attitude was upon the deepest themes. But one could not doubt that, whatever his views were, they must be both definite and reverent. His actual position, as Mr. Chadwick has said, was that of the thorough-going rationalist, "allowing inspiration to the Bible in no special sense, and insisting on the pure humanity of Jesus as essential to his best effect upon our lives. In thought and aim he was in perfect sympathy with Theodore Parker, while differing widely from him in his methods, uniting with his religious affirmation much less of theological negation, feeling that Parker did not sufficiently revere the reverences of other men."

There are many to whom such a reli-

gious standpoint as this may seem almost like none at all. It certainly is irreconcilably opposed to the crude anthropomorphism of much of the popular theology. But it was the lifelong position of Samuel Longfellow. He found it ample for his spiritual needs; he felt no want in holding it; and our day and generation has seen pass before it no gentler, no more intensely spiritual personality than his.

"Now at the hour of prime, they came and stood where he lay who had died at dawn. And some there were who beholding him would fain have made great dole, but one there bade them be silent and looking down upon the face of him they were minded to bewail, made speech after this manner:—

"'Dole is not for thee who hast died in good time; nay, the rather ought we to rejoice in quietness that thou hast no more with earthly haps to do. This do I dare say, that in all this goodly land was none more gentle seeming than thyself, nor none of so great courtesie, and in all the press was none matched with thee for nobleness. Thou wast ever a lover of truth in the smallest thing, and just wert thou like none else in this land. And by reason of thy life without stain soever, and, moreover, because thou hast died in happy time, we make no moan this day, but are glad in such wise as those who have beheld a vision of exceeding joy and peace.'

"Thereat he left off speaking; and when he had made an end there was presently heard a soft music, as if some sweet, strange bird were singing not far off. This heard they every one until evensong, and thereafter, as it seemed to some of these, so long as their lives were. And when all these, too, had died in their turn and were become dust, if one of those who came after did but speak the name of him who died at dawn, it hapt that to men's ears came yet again the faint, sweet singing of the unseen bird."

## A CASTLE OF ICE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

(Continued.)

TO console Lilian for her disappointments in the Foster direction, she actually received a call from one of her new parish. Nelly, with an awe-struck manner, announced that "a lady was in the parlor;" and when Lilian entered, an imposing-looking woman in rich black silk and velvet sat perched on one of the uncomfortable chairs of the "parlor set," with the air of one willing to encounter every difficulty in the path of duty. She slightly bent her head, with, "I am Miss Blatchford."

"I am very glad to see you," said Lilian, and sat down. The stranger was of an age to have been classed as an "old maid" at the West; but surely there must be some less vulgar appellation suitable here.

"I am one," she went on with heightened majesty, "of the Hospitality Committee;" and as Lilian looked puzzled, she added more graciously, "the Hospitality Committee of our parish."

"I should be very glad," — began Lilian doubtfully, with an idea that Committees always requested contributions, and mortified to think that hers must cut so poor a figure.

"We call on strangers and new-comers," went on the lady, "and welcome them to the parish. Mr. and Mrs. Morrill never call, except on personal friends; of course it is not to be expected."

"My father always called on all his parish every quarter at least," said Lilian.

"Ah, indeed! your father was a clergyman? Where did you live?"

"In Illinois, — about twenty miles from Vandalia," said Lilian, feeling sure that her visitor could never have heard of their poor little town. But Miss Blatchford shook her head with a smile, as if Vandalia even sounded amusingly unfamiliar, and serenely went on: "I did not know that there were any Unitarians in that

part of the country. But perhaps your father was an Episcopalian?"

"No, he was a Presbyterian."

"Ah, yes, — there are Orthodox in this place, though we see nothing of them." The lady was given to using the plural pronoun, in royal fashion, either as giving more distinction to her utterances, or as representing a sister of similar dignity. "You have always lived in the country then?"

"No, I taught school in Vandalia for several terms before I was married. But perhaps you would not call Vandalia much of a city, either."

"Did you use the Quincy method? But I suppose it is hardly known out there. It is quite a waste of time, we think, to teach in any other way."

"Did you ever teach?"

"Oh, no! never," said Miss Blatchford smilingly, but with an air of concealing her amusement at some blunder of her companion's; "but I am on the Advisory Board of the School Committee. I suppose you do not have ladies on your School Boards at the West? It is a novelty here."

"We do not," said Lilian decidedly. "If we did," she thought to herself, "catch me having you purring around my schoolroom!"

"It might not be so pleasant everywhere, of course; but the teachers of the public schools here are a very superior class of young women; and it is such an excellent thing for the schools to have ladies of the place take an interest in them."

"If they have children at them, I suppose it is," said Lilian in the gentle drawl that marked her repartees. But Miss Blatchford immediately rose, and took her leave with a suave and stately air, which gave no indication as to whether she were offended, or whether it

was because her time was up ; and Lilian could see her take out her memorandum book and cross off an entry as soon as she reached the sidewalk.

The attentions of the Hospitality Committee did not stop there ; for in a day or two Lilian received a printed card, inviting her in their name to a luncheon "at the house of Mrs. Walter Sandford." She was puzzled to know whom to answer ; but her good sense told her that she owed this to the person to whose house she was asked, and she accepted, feeling as if this might prove an opening for her into society, and glad to have a chance to wear her new spring costume and the hat in which she looked so pretty, though she wished she knew some one to go with or to meet.

Mrs. Sandford, a sweet-looking old lady, smiled as she entered, and greeted her warmly in a vague manner, without using her name ; and then some one else claimed the hostess's attention, and Lilian drew back and stood looking on. There were about forty ladies present, who had been selected from among the old and new members of the parish, with a view to "mixing" these elements, — with the result that half were chatting volubly together, and the other half stood round in corners, apparently waiting for something. Among the former, she recognized only Miss Blatchford, who made no further advances than to bow to her across the room in a condescending manner, and Mrs. Harry Foster, who never looked at her at all. Miss Sandford, a pretty, *passée* woman, rushed indefatigably about, trying to produce some sort of amalgamation, and vainly endeavoring to induce her married sisters, of whom there seemed to be a number present, to assist her. She darted past Lilian into a corner, where one had withdrawn with a friend, with an earnest whisper :

"Do, Amy, go and talk to some of these people, — and you, too, Susan ; it is scandalous for you two, who live next door to each other, to get into a corner as soon as you come."

"No, no, Sylvia, — do let us alone. I came home to enjoy myself ; and as for living next door to Susan, that is just the reason why we never get a chance for a

talk together. I must settle this business of the Friday afternoon class before I leave. I am sure she ought to take it, — who else can or will?"

"Some one who lives in town ought to take it," said Susan.

"No, indeed!" said Amy warmly. "It's ten times worse for them —" ("Mrs. Mackenzie," said the persevering Sylvia, "my sister, Mrs. Ward, — Mrs. Arthur Martin.") — "ten times worse for them, because they have larger visiting lists. You can keep yours down a little, if you live out of town, and that's one reason I like it. (Excuse me, Mrs. Mackenzie, but this is a very important piece of business.)"

"Why don't you keep it, Amy? You told Mr. Papanti you would take it."

"I told him I would, or get some one else to do so. I never dreamed of keeping it, — every one must see that's not possible. I am perfectly wretched about it," said Amy, smiling, and looking fair, fat and happy, as she spoke.

"It's a delightful day, isn't it, Mrs. Mackenzie?" said Mrs. Martin, and hardly waiting for the answer, she went on to her friend, "If you will *call* it yours, I'll help you with the work."

Lilian turned the other way and tried to show her *usage du monde* by making herself agreeable without an introduction to two forlorn strangers who had not her personal advantages ; but she found them absent and preoccupied, too much taken up with watching the initiated, whom they seemed to know by sight, to care for any attention from another outsider. In particular did one daughter of the house of Sandford, though the smallest, quietest and plainest in person and dress of them all, spread an atmosphere of awe wherever she moved ; and whispers of "Mrs. Murray is here ;" "That is Mrs. Murray," circulated behind her. Lilian's efforts, however, and the graceful and unobtrusive way in which, when the party were called to the lunch-table, she attended to the older ladies and those who did not seem to know what to do, were not wholly lost upon Miss Sandford, who talked to her for five whole minutes in so cordial and charming a fashion, that she thought this might

be the manner of genuine high life, and that here she should be appreciated. She had not been without an idea, created by identity of name and fostered by various little coincidences, that this family might be in some way related to her old admirer, Fred Sandford; but she knew better than to ask—and at any rate it could not be a near relationship, for “these people must be very rich,” she thought, as she looked wistfully round on the luxurious comfort of the surroundings. “And yet, I don’t know,—it seems to me that one does not need so very much money, after all, to make a room look like this; if one only had a few of these old things—and the books—and the pictures. I could make a sofa like that, and cover it myself. Only, this room is so lovely to begin with, and I have nothing to start with!”

She roused herself, as she saw that people were taking leave. Mrs. Sandford pressed her hand, and smiled sweetly on her again, with, “I am so glad you came, dear,” and Miss Sandford said, “So kind of you to help me entertain all these new people.”

Mrs. Harry Foster was putting on her jacket, and Lilian thought perhaps, if they left the house together, and took their homeward way, it might lead to something being said between them. She had almost the courage to begin it herself. But Mrs. Arthur Martin came up with, “I am going to Chestnut Hill to make a call or two. Won’t you come, Helen?”

“Oh, thank you, Susie! I should be delighted, for I owe everybody there, only I don’t know but I ought to go home,—for I came here from town, and have not seen the children since morning. However, since you are so very kind, I think I will not lose the chance. I always find it a good plan to stay out when I get out; it is so very hard for me to get away from home.”

They went gayly off together, and Lilian walked home alone, just in time to recommend the little Fosters to go into the house and get their coats, as the day, though bright, was growing cooler in the afternoon.

“That’s a pretty girl,” said one of the

inmates of the family, who stayed behind the others. They were already beginning to throw themselves about in careless attitudes on the sofas and easy-chairs, to enjoy what they considered a well-earned rest, as Lilian passed out of the front door.

“I am afraid she had a stupid time,” said Sylvia. “Couldn’t you have talked to her a little, mamma? I am sure I had enough to do.”

“Why, that was the bride, wasn’t it— young Mrs. Turner? I supposed she knew everybody here.”

“Mother! *that* Mrs. Winslow Turner? No, indeed! it’s a young Mrs. Mackenzie, daughter-in-law of those queer people who live in that hideous house round the corner; but the son, they say, is a very clever man, scientific, and all that—a professor in the Institute, and he and his wife have taken seats in our church.”

“Was she anybody?” carelessly asked Mrs. Ward, sipping a cup of supplementary coffee, which had been brought in for the exhausted family.

“Oh, no!” said Sylvia; “she came from some place out west that nobody ever heard of. But she seems very different from the Mackenzies. I should not think she could feel at home among them.”

“Dear me!” said the gentle old lady, “I am really sorry for the poor young thing. Can’t you call on her, Sylvia?”

“You know I never make general calls—and she was not on my committee list.”

“I called on her,” said Miss Blatchford, rising, “and I found her rather an impertinent young person. Good by, Mrs. Sandford; good by, Sylvia.”

“Oh—good by,” said Sylvia. “Let me see—did you not say that you would have the next of these lunches?”

“I do not think I shall give any, thank you. Coming to one is quite enough for me, and there are enough on the committee to divide the people up without me.”

“Well!” exclaimed the exasperated Sylvia, as the lady sailed out of the house, “if Mrs. Mackenzie was impertinent to Caroline Blatchford, I am glad of it!

She is enough to provoke a saint! She coolly invited herself to this lunch, to see, as she said, how they went off, and if she should feel like giving one. I declare, I will call on Mrs. Mackenzie — if I have time — and ask her to something that is not for the parish — if I can remember it."

Lilian did not hear of this enlivening prospect; but she had the satisfaction of being minutely catechised about the lunch party by her relatives at the usual Sunday evening family tea — what they had to eat, who was there, what Mrs. and Miss Sandford wore, and if they treated her well. Mrs. Melcher wondered they had so few dishes; they had company there all the time, and she should think they would have less, and do things in more style when they did; and Mr. Mackenzie wondered how they could afford to do it all.

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"We are all going to have our dinner in the nursery to-morrow," announced Master Harry Foster one morning, as Lilian and he took their walk homeward together.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, because mamma is going to be very busy. Her lunch club is coming, the biggest one she belongs to. She is going to send baby to cousin Alice's, and then Mary will come back and wait on the table. I wish we could go too — there are splendid things at cousin Alice's. I could, for I am always good and happy; but I must take care of Reggie and Helen."

"I hope you will be a very kind, good boy, then, to your little brother and sister," said Lilian, with a remembrance of occasional outbursts overheard on the Fosters' premises.

"I would, only Reggie is so stupid. I try to teach him something, that we may not be ashamed of him when he is grown up; but he refuses to learn."

"Remember how young he is — only four years old."

"Helen knows as many letters as he does, and I am afraid she will soon know a great many more; and she is only a girl. Why, I had read a number of

books before I was four; and I can say the multiplication table now, and never come to a stop, if I had time."

"Do they teach you that at your kindergarten?"

"They are teaching us 'twice one is two,' and they sing it, and of course, if you once know the theory of it, you can go on. Do you want to hear me?"

"Not now," said Lilian absently. She had been revolving a daring scheme in her mind, and now asked abruptly: "Suppose you ask your mother if you cannot spend the day with me to-morrow."

"I don't think the family could spare me very well, thank you, for there would be nobody to look after Reggie and Helen."

"Ask her if Reggie and Helen cannot come too."

"Do you think you would like to have Reggie? He is a rather backward and peculiarly unmanageable child."

"I think I can undertake Reggie," said Lilian, smiling; "and if you will come, we can have a little lunch party of our own, and you shall sit at the foot of the table."

"Oh, goody! goody!" exclaimed Harry, with a simultaneous lapse into nursery slang and a bound into the air. "There is mamma, — ask her now, won't you? now!" — as Mrs. Foster opened her garden gate and came out; and he avoided any awkwardness in the situation by at once saying: "Mrs. Mackenzie, this is my mamma. Mamma, this is my friend, Mrs. Mackenzie."

So bright and sudden a ray of light beamed from Mrs. Foster's blue eyes, that one would have thought she was obtaining some long-desired wish of her heart. Harry, with a hand grasping the skirts of each, as if to bring them together, swelled with admiring pride as she held out her hand.

"I am so glad to have the pleasure of meeting you, Mrs. Mackenzie; I believe we are near neighbors."

"Yes, I have been here since Christmas."

"Is it possible? It does not seem as if it could have been so long. I have been trying to call on you ever since you came; — but I am always so busy. One

must be, you know, with all these little people," with a loving, caressing touch to her boy's bright curls. "I hope to, very soon. I'm so sorry that I must hurry now to catch the train."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Harry, in an agony, "do, do stop a minute; she wants to say something important, — don't you, Mrs. Mackenzie?"

Mrs. Foster smiled sweetly, and stood still, without a trace of impatience in face or gesture; but Lilian, always ready, turned, and as they rapidly walked along together explained in a few words her wish for the next day.

"How very, very kind you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster. "But I am afraid it will be a great trouble to you."

"Not at all. I am very fond of children, and I shall really enjoy it."

"Well, since you are so good, I shall be glad to let them come. Dear little things! I think them delightful companions, of course; only, being always with them, I can't tell how it would seem to a stranger. What time shall they come?"

"Let them come soon after breakfast. You will want your house clear to get ready for your club."

"But Helen has to take her nap."

"She can take her nap with me just as well. Indeed, it will be such a pleasure."

"I never heard of anything so kind!" said Mrs. Foster, hurrying on as the train whistled and stopped, but with another of those sudden glows illumining her lovely face that were so dangerously tempting, to the other sex at least; for if the offer of a passing kindness, or a compliment, could make her look so, how would she not look at the offer of a heart or a life. Lilian, bewitched in spite of herself, went home to make ready for her little visitors. She knew that to-morrow was one of George's days in town; and so long as her plans did not involve him, she could do as she pleased, without question or comment. Her arrangements were eagerly seconded by her little maid, and both young things grew younger over the preparations for the "party."

Mrs. Foster sent the children as soon as breakfast was over; and Lilian had a

happy day. She did not sit lonely and wistful, watching the throng of guests at her neighbor's door; for at the hour they came she was engaged in lulling Helen to sleep in her own room, silencing Harry's protest that "Helen was always laid in her bed to sleep and had to stay there," by saying that the child might be afraid in a strange house. She was not going to be cheated out of nestling that little moist curly head on her shoulder, and watching and sharing that delicious drowsiness stealing over them both, till the warm soft burden grew heavier in her arms, and both child and nurse were dreaming, the one sleeping, the other waking dreams. Lilian had no maternal hopes of her own as yet, and she had begun to feel a dim terror assailing her that here, too, she might be doomed to disappointment; but as she looked down at the baby's face, her courage rose again. Who was more fit to be a mother than she? "I would not spoil my children like Grace, or neglect them like Mrs. Foster," she thought; and then another vague distrust tormented her — George might not like the prospect if it came. She could not tell how much of hope, how much of fear there might be in her longing. Little Helen stirred, and Lilian, ashamed of her wandering thoughts, carefully laid her down on the bed and went to join the little boys, who were meanwhile under the care of the enraptured Nelly. Everything was planned for the day — a walk, a delicious lunch suited to juvenile requirements, another walk afterward, with Helen in her perambulator added to the party, and then a delightful hour of indoor play. Lilian had never been through a kindergarten or any other "course," having as a teacher literally risen from the ranks; but she had read all she could get hold of on the subject of her work, and her active mind, adapting every idea to her own individual powers and the needs of every individual pupil, and originating a hundred fresh ideas for every old one it took in, had made her, in the estimation of the Vandalia school committee, "well worth her salary."

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As Harry Foster came home that afternoon, rather earlier than usual, his wife rushed into his arms with a radiant face.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! the lunch did go off so beautifully! Every one came, and they all said it was *the* one of the season. The oysters were a little dry, — but Julia never quite succeeds in those, only she always wants to have them because they are so little trouble, and I thought she might as well have her way to keep her in a good humor. But the salad — that was delicious! They were all helped twice; and the paper was so amusing!"

"What was it about?"

"I didn't hear much of it — one can never pay attention, you know, in one's own house, there are so many interruptions; but I think it was something about the heroines of modern novels, or some such thing. At any rate, they all laughed a great deal. Mrs. Alfred Hollingsworth came, — which I thought was so nice of her, for she has not been before this year; and Alice sent *such* flowers! Wasn't she good? You won't mind rather a poor dinner, will you, Harry dear? They ate up all the salad — indeed I was afraid it would hardly hold out — and there are only those oysters left."

"Where are the children?" asked her husband wearily.

"Oh, that good, good Mrs. Mackenzie — next door, you know — took them and kept them the whole day. They haven't come home yet."

"Helen! do you mean to say that you have let a person you don't know, and haven't even called upon, take all the care of your children for a whole day? I must say I call it an imposition."

"I think you are very unkind, Harry, to say so, when it is such a comfort to poor Mrs. Mackenzie to have them, — and so much better for them than being in the street!"

"They must come home now, at any rate. I will go for them directly;" and in a moment he had stalked gloomily into Lilian's little parlor, where his children, in their turn, greeted him rapturously. "Oh, papa! papa! we have had such a splendid time. Just see the beautiful things she has made for us! Look at my butterflies and common flies, papa, the

littlest things you ever saw, with wings and legs and everything, just like real ones!" came in shouts from Harry and the usually silent Reggie, while Helen jabbered her unintelligible accompaniment.

"Yes, children, very pretty, — but you must come home now. Thank Mrs. Mackenzie for being so kind. I am very much ashamed that she has had so much trouble with you."

Lilian eagerly disclaimed, but Mr. Foster replied shortly and, deaf to the entreaties of his children to be allowed to stay "a little bit longer," put on their clothes with amazing swiftness and dexterity, hardly allowing her to assist him, and walked off with Helen, stiff and screaming, on one arm, and Reggie pulling backward from the other hand, leaving their entertainer hurt and mortified and inclined to lay the blame for his wife's neglect upon him. She freed her mind to her husband when he in his turn came home; but she did not get much sympathy from George, who said, "Foster was always agreeable enough to him when they met in the train." Mr. Foster, meanwhile, was freeing his mind, — an indulgence he seldom allowed himself.

"Here they are, Helen; and now I do hope you will call on Mrs. Mackenzie as soon as possible. I feel as if we had been really rude to her. Can't you go to-morrow?"

"Why, Harry dear! to-morrow is Friday; nobody calls then, you know, because of the Symphony rehearsals."

"Oh, you are going then, for once, are you? I am glad of that."

"No, dear, not to-morrow, because Alice has a little tea for Evelyn Neal, and I promised to go to that."

"You never do go to rehearsals, it seems to me," said Harry, who had spent more for his wife's ticket than he could well afford.

"Oh, yes, dear, I always expect to go, — only so many things have happened this winter!"

"If people don't call, how can they give teas?"

"This is an uncommon thing. Evelyn is only here for a few days, and Alice had not another she could give it on. Poor



Evelyn, you know she lives in such a dismal place when she is at home, where there is no society,"— Harry thought, but did not say, that this might be an advantage,— "and I dare say all the others will go to the rehearsal first, and take the tea on their way home; but I am really unequal to so much racketing about, and shall stay quietly at home after lunch, for I must go in town in the morning to do some necessary errands."

"But you will call on Mrs. Mackenzie soon, will you not? I felt ashamed to meet her."

"As soon as I can. But really a call is not worth much. The next big thing I give—and I must give something soon, for we owe everybody—I will ask them. What sort of a man is he, I wonder?"

"George Mackenzie! Why, my dear, he is a distinguished scientist already, and will probably be a great man one of these days."

"Is he? How nice!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Harry Foster went in to town for her shopping at an early hour the next morning, and, meeting a friend, stayed in to lunch with her; for she thought, "As I am going to be with the children this afternoon, I might as well stay now." But the afternoon was far advanced when she walked up the path from her gate, waving a greeting to all the little waiting faces at the nursery window; and by the time she had come upstairs, and taken off her wrap, and examined her bag full of small parcels, and sat down in the nursery with her bonnet on, two babies in her lap and one on each arm of her chair, and had opened their delight, her own old tattered copy of "Andersen's Fairy Tales," and begun, "There were once upon a time five-and-twenty tin soldiers,"—there came a sharp ring at her front door bell, and after some delay, while the two servants silently disputed which should answer it, the cook, who had the least persistence, appeared at the nursery door.

"Mrs. Ward, ma'am, wants to know if you won't take a little drive with her. She says she is going to Mrs. Murray's to tea and will take you there afterward."

"Oh, yes, indeed! Tell her I shall be very happy, and will be down directly. I am all dressed."

"Oh, mamma, you said—you did say you would read to us," exclaimed Harry, flushing red, while Reggie's and Helen's faces puckered up and wails proceeded from their lips.

"Yes, dears! but you know when mamma says she will do a thing, she always means if nothing happens."

"I wish nothings never would happen, then," said Harry in a trembling voice, while the others wept aloud.

"My darlings, you don't want to be selfish little children, do you? Just think how much mamma is with you, and how she can only see cousin Amy once in a great while! Be mamma's own little man, Hal; and Reggie dear, don't howl so, there's a precious! Just run to the window, and look out and see cousin Amy's beautiful bay horses." While administering these drops of comfort, she was in and out of her own room, throwing on her wrap and drawing on her gloves with the speed which practice gives, and finally tripped lightly downstairs, throwing back as a parting consolation: "If you'll all be good till I come back, I'll bring you some nice little biscuits from cousin Alice's tea-table!"

"Do excuse me for keeping you so long waiting, Amy dear, but I had to pacify the children a little; they always hate so to have me go. That is the worst of taking so much care of one's own children; they never want you to leave them at all."

Lilian for some days was careful to be at home at the canonical hours for calling, thinking that Mrs. Harry Foster must certainly now make her appearance; but after a long period of hope deferred, she concluded that on the whole she had better be out when that lady came, and so sallied forth one bright day to acknowledge her other civilities. Miss Blatchford was "very much engaged, and begged to be excused." "Mrs. Sandford was out, but Miss Sylvia was at home;" and Lilian was ushered into their delightful drawing-room, where old and new blended so charmingly that the result seemed due to nature and not to art. She had no time to admire it, for a young man who was

lounging over a newspaper on an easy-chair by the conservatory door sprang up at her entrance as if she were a bomb-shell.

"How do you do, Mr. Sandford?" said Lilian, as cool as courtesy could be.

"Good God! Lil — I mean, Miss Sanders — I mean, Mrs. — Mrs. —, how delightful to meet you; but it is an unexpected pleasure — here."

"I am very glad to see you, though I am not Miss Sanders now, but Mrs. Mackenzie," said Lilian, with that air of superiority common to young women on meeting an old acquaintance for the first time since their own marriage.

"Mrs. — Mackenzie? What? It isn't possible? You have never married George Mackenzie?" — and as she smilingly bowed, "Well — well! it does seem odd. Why, George is an old schoolmate of mine! And do you live here?"

"Yes, not very far off."

"Won't you sit down? I beg your pardon," said Fred, still like one in a dream.

"I beg your pardon ma'am," echoed the discreet middle-aged parlor maid, returning, "I am sure I am sorry to have been mistaken, but Miss Sylvia is out. She went after lunch to Mrs. Murray's, and said she should be at home in less than an hour's time. Something must have detained her."

"That is the way, Mrs. Mackenzie, when Sylvia gets gossiping with one of her sisters; but cannot I tempt you to wait while I send for her?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I could not think of troubling Miss Sandford! Please tell her I am sorry not to see her."

"Well, then, you must let me walk home with you, and find the way to your house. Sylvia, I am sure, will be as sorry to miss you; and she will probably call soon to tell you so herself." As he spoke, he had followed her into the hall and taken up his hat, and was walking beside her down the street, handsome as ever and with the old easy look, a dawning sense of amusement struggling with his first mortified surprise. "George Mackenzie of all men!" he repeated; and then, with a slightly reproachful accent, "You might have let me know."

"I let nobody know, I believe; it was a very short engagement, and we had a quiet wedding. But surely you must have heard I was married."

"I heard you were married, but not till afterward; and no one told me to whom. It might not have been of any use, I suppose, if I had known; the fates were against me. Well!" with an effort, "George is an excellent good fellow, and deserves his luck; that is all I can say."

"I did not know you were a relation of the Sandfords here," said Lilian, with an endeavor to find safer grounds. "Are you staying at home long?"

"Oh, I've come back from the West for good; at least I hope so. The climate didn't suit me, and the place was so dimly dull after you left; and when you wrote that you shouldn't come back, I really couldn't stand it," — with a return to his former tone of devotion, half in jest, half in earnest; "and now I am looking for something to do here."

"I wish you success, I am sure, for now that I have seen your home I should not think that you would wish to go so far away from it."

"My brother-in-law, Tom Murray, who is our family providence, will doubtless find me something to do, as he has before; only I don't imagine that he can get me a place here that will give me such good pay as the Vandalia one. But it doesn't matter to me now," — with a glance of his fine eyes at Lilian, who looked unconscious simplicity. She had not the least doubt of her ability to keep his little flatteries within due bounds; and as they had now reached her door, she asked him in to have a cup of tea with her. She knew that it was the thing to have tea at five o'clock, and her little table was always set forth with such prettinesses as she could muster; and though this was the first time she had had a visitor, she sat down behind the urn as if it were her daily habit. She felt ashamed of her ugly little box of a room; but all that was in her power, she knew, was perfect. Her tea was excellent, and her bread and butter would melt in the mouth. Fred Sandford did not spare it, and was just taking his second cup of tea from her hand when George came in,

and the two men greeted each other very cordially. Lilian poured out another cup of tea for her husband, who sat down quite naturally and monopolized the visitor's attention as a matter of course; not because he was jealous, a thing to him impossible, but because he never dreamed that any man could care to talk to a married woman when her husband was present. With his old schoolfellow he had plenty to say, and it was well expressed and to the point. Lilian was surprised, but pleased, for not for worlds would she have Fred Sandford think he had any occasion for pitying her. When after a long call he had taken his leave, George expressed his pleasure at the meeting, and said that Fred was always a good fellow.

"It is a pity he has thrown up his place and come home. This is not the first time it has happened."

"I suppose his father is a very rich man," said Lilian, "so it doesn't matter, does it?"

"Mr. Sandford is very well off; but he has nine children, and most of them are married and have families. His sons must earn their own living, I imagine. I have always earned mine, and my father is a richer man than his."

Lilian compared the respective households of the two families, and grew thoughtful. She could not help speculating a little on the pleasures that might have been hers had George been a Sandford instead of a Mackenzie, for her wifely instinct was already strong enough to forbid her forming any picture of herself as Fred's wife. But very likely the Sandfords might not have shown their charming side to an unwished-for daughter-in-law, and Fred, when he married, would have to marry money.

To judge by the frequency of his visits to her, he did not wish to marry anybody at present. She liked to have him come, and she was sure of herself. He fell at once into the tone, half of hopeless admiration and delicately insinuated regret, and half of free and easy comradeship, which it pleases a young man to indulge in to a pretty young married woman, with whom he has been not quite "over shoes in love." But she

could keep his sentimentalities well in check; and not one of them, no matter how much or how little reality lay beneath, could ever stir her again in the faintest degree. He was pleasant and amusing to have about, and it was as easy to talk to him as to another woman, and easier. She found herself confiding some of her private worries to him, and even getting practical aid from him, when, with the help of a few tacks and some chintz, — and Lilian could work wonders with simple means if, as she said, she had anything to start with, — she tried to make her surroundings less repelling. If he fell into the habit of coming when George was away — and George's comings and goings were by the clock — it was because the latter, though liking Fred well enough, found any one in the way of his work at home. Lilian herself grew less cordial, when she found out that he was more likely to defeat than assist her social aspirations.

In the early summer the Sandfords invited Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie to a garden party; and Lilian, delighted, actually persuaded George, much against his will, to go there with her. But it proved a disappointment. Mrs. and Miss Sandford were much less cordial than they had been on their former meeting, the fact being that they now knew of Fred's previous and present acquaintance with her and had taken alarm at his being "so devoted to one of those dreadful western women, with all their loose ideas about divorce and everything;" and the more advances he made, the less were they disposed to follow. She was not slow to understand the situation, and discouraged his advances, deeming it safer to walk stiffly about with her husband, who was nothing loath, for, as he piteously told her, "if there was one thing he could not do, it was to talk to women;" and he made every effort to avoid the peril of being introduced to any. Lilian felt rather bitter at the thought that Fred's harmless and decorous calls on her should be matter of suspicion to his family, when they apparently saw no harm in his lounging about at all hours of the day at the Fosters'. That Helen was his fourth or fifth cousin did not seem to her

sufficient to account for the difference which they evidently made in the two cases; but she was not one to let pique stand in the way of her interests, and she was glad when the great Murray, a power in the financial world, sent his brother-in-law abroad for the summer on a temporary mission.

She saw better prospects for the future in a growing intimacy with Mrs. Foster, which began by Helen's running down to her gate as Lilian passed, with, "Dear Mrs. Mackenzie, are you going in to town? and if you are, I suppose you are going into Hovey's, of course; and could you do an errand there for me? I am really ashamed to ask you, but I am in such a hurry."

"If it is anything in my power, I shall be most happy," said Lilian.

"It is only to get a few patterns for me—batiste, or linen lawn, or something for a summer morning dress, a very simple one. My seamstress comes day after to-morrow, and I haven't a thing for her to begin upon. If I only had a few samples to choose from, I could send Mr. Foster for something to-morrow. I am sure you have so much taste. Oh, and while you are about it, if you would please get me some samples of anything you think would be nice for the children—you know what kind of things they would need. I hate to trouble you, but I forgot it yesterday, and I *cannot* go in to town again, and you are always so kind."

Lilian gave one long look at the fair speaker, and brought out a parcel of samples—"so much prettier than anything I can ever find for myself," as Helen said gratefully; and she heightened the obligation by choosing which should be purchased, and how the clothes should be made. It ended by her doing more than half of Mrs. Foster's shopping, and finding new servants for her, when cook's and nurse's smouldering wrath at last broke out into a violent quarrel, in which they used the most abusive language about each other, while professing unalterable attachment for their "sweet lady." The only reason that she did not do the entire work of the Foster *ménage* was that she steadily drew a line at what she could accomplish outside of her home

duties, and stuck to it, thereby winning Helen's respect as well as liking, and taking the position of an acquaintance to be desired rather than that of one to be tolerated. The season was nearly over, but she looked forward to achieving something by Helen's aid in the next one; and when she had packed the Fosters' trunks, and saw them off for their summer cottage at York, the parting was most friendly. Mrs. Foster begged for a visit from the Mackenzies, but Lilian declined; she knew that George would never go, and she could not leave him.

"Really," said Helen to her husband, "I don't think that a woman has any right to make such a slave of herself to her husband as Mrs. Mackenzie does. I am sure I love you, Harry, as much as any wife can, and yet you don't expect me never to leave you—do you, dear?"

Lilian felt lonely after the departure of the caressing, affectionate creature, and of the children, whom latterly she had had in at regular hours, to relieve their mother while engaged in preparations. George's classes were over; but he was engaged on a pamphlet on a new line of scientific research, which seemed likely to swell to the dimensions of a good-sized book, and on which he spent on an average fourteen hours a day. Lilian had thought before that he could work harder than any human being she had ever seen, but she now found that she had not had the remotest idea of what he was capable in that direction. When he was not writing, he was apparently lost in thought, and to any of her persuasions to relaxation, no matter how carefully she selected her times and seasons, he paid no more attention than if he were deaf,—though at last he did pay her the flattering tribute of not minding her presence.

When they had come to their new home the larger half of George's goods and chattels had consisted of his papers, which were in quite as much disorder as the rest, and which Lilian had after a time begun to arrange and classify to the best of her abilities. All were open to her inspection, for George never dreamed of locking up or concealing anything; and though he never cleared them up himself, and hated to have it done at all,

he said nothing; and when he found that not only none were lost, but that they were much sooner found when wanted, he was quite content that she should rummage at her will. His boundless confidence touched the very depths of the sense of honor which was developed in Lilian's character to a degree unwonted in feminine nature in general; and had she come across any of those compromising mementos, the stage stock in trade, of bills or *billets-doux*, she was fully capable of passing them by unread. Perhaps she would have liked to find something that might show him a little more human, even at the risk of lessening her respect for him. There was nothing. George's youthful pleasures had all been in his work, and all his secrets lay in his figures and formulas, with scattered words almost equally unintelligible. But these were secrets which no sense of honor need hold her back from penetrating. "If he thinks me fit to marry," thought Lilian with a sudden glow of pride, "he thinks me fit to trust, and I will be trusted with everything!"

She set herself resolutely to work to decipher his scraps of paper, overrun with obscure abbreviated scribbles worse than genuine shorthand. His figures and chemical signs were the most distinct part of them; but of these she knew nothing, nor for some time did her patient plodding study of his old school-boy text-books help her. But at last there came a day when each threw a flash of light upon the other, and Lilian, dazzled at first, found herself seeing with new eyes under a new sky. She copied all his notes over and over again in her exquisitely clear hand, amplified and

simplified them to suit the demands of less patient readers, and annotated them thickly with questions and comments and suggestions of her own. The more she worked, the more her soul was in it; but then, the more her intellectual cravings were satisfied, the more did her heart cry out for its own proper sustenance. The George of these papers she could adore, but the George of real life would have found her adoration a terrible bore. He was getting fond of her in his way, she believed, because she looked after his comforts and let him alone; perhaps that was all men of genius cared for in their wives,—and their too frequent matrimonial infelicities were because the wives wanted to be more. She had found where her husband's heart was, and she would not be jealous; she could follow, if only he would ever so slightly hold out a hand, give one single sign. "But he never, never will! This is all he wants," thought she bitterly as with much superfluous energy and waste of thread she sewed a button on his coat.

At any rate she could keep all intruders off, and especially his own family as much as possible, drawing on herself the greater part of old Mr. Mackenzie's questions as to whether George expected to make any money out of it, and Mrs. Melcher's sneers at "his head being always in a bag." The whole family went to Old Orchard Beach for the month of August; and she was glad of it, though she now had no one to speak to but her maid and her butcher and grocer. She hoped that the book would be out before they came back, and had no doubt that its success would silence them for evermore.

(To be continued.)

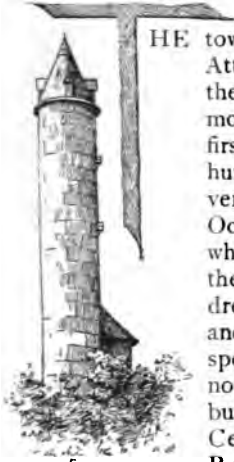




ATTLEBORO AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS.

## REHOBOTH AND ATTLEBORO.

*By George Randall.*



THE towns of Rehoboth and Attleboro will celebrate their anniversaries in the month of October. The first will celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary on the third of October; and the latter, which was set off from the former, its two hundredth, on the eighteenth and nineteenth. Strictly speaking, Attleboro was not a part of Rehoboth, but under its jurisdiction. Certain inhabitants of Rehoboth owned the land, but it was not within the chartered limits of Rehoboth. The Plymouth court, under whose jurisdiction the land was purchased of the Indians by Thomas Willett, ordered "that the North-Purchase, so called, shall lie unto the town of Rehoboth, until it comes to be a township, and in the mean time to bear the seventh part of all the rates that shall be levied for the public charges of that town; and

when the said Purchase shall become a township by itself, then the said township of Rehoboth to be eased in their rates." It was really a plantation of Rehoboth; but was so closely allied to it that it was practically, though not legally, a part of the town.

Both towns have had a very interesting past, and both to-day are prominent factors in the life of Bristol County, in Massachusetts, in which they are situated, and exercise an influence wherever the famous products of Attleboro go, or wherever the stanch men and women whom Rehoboth sends out into the world are found.

There is a peculiar value attached to the history of places which have reached such an age, because their history takes us back to the time of the first settlers and covers practically the whole period of the country's history. A few hundred years are but a brief time compared with the vast stretch of years which have passed, but looked at from the standpoint of the student of American history, they are full of significance.

The complete history of the two towns includes not only that of quiet, conservative, beautiful Rehoboth and its vigorous, growing offspring, Attleboro, but of Seekonk with its fertile fields and famous plain, of Pawtucket with its varied industries, of Cumberland with its picturesque hills and valleys, of North Attleboro with its long past, — all of which places were intimately associated in the early days, and have been bound by many close ties since. North Attleboro was a part of Attleboro until July, 1887, when two large and thriving towns were made out of the old town.

In 1641 Massasoit, king of the Pokanokets, sold to Edward Winslow and John Brown, two gentlemen from Plymouth, as agents, a tract of land eight miles square,

afterward known as the Rehoboth Purchase, comprising the present towns of Rehoboth and Seekonk and the city of Pawtucket. In 1644 Rev. Samuel Newman, the celebrated author of the Concordance of the Bible which bears his name, came with a majority of his parishioners from Weymouth, and settled on this land, which the Indians called Secunke.



A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.



ANGLE TREE STONE.

Samuel Newman, who may thus properly be called the founder of Rehoboth, was a remarkable man. Mather writes of him in his "Magnolia" as follows: —

"He loved his church as if it had been his family, and taught his family as if it had been his church. He was a hard student, and as much toil and oil as his learned namesake, Neander, employed in illustrations and commentaries upon the old Greek pagan



THE WOODCOCK GARRISON.

poets, our Newman bestowed in compiling his concordances of the Sacred Scriptures; and the incomparable relish which the Sacred Scriptures had with him, while he had them thus under his continual rumination, was as well a mean as a sign of his arriving to an extraordinary measure of that sanctity which the truth produces. But of his family discipline there was no part more notable than this one: that once a year he kept a solemn day of humiliation with his family, and once a year a day of thanksgiving; and on these days he would not only enquire of his household what they had met withal to be humbled, or to be thankful for, but also he would recruit the memoirs of his diary."

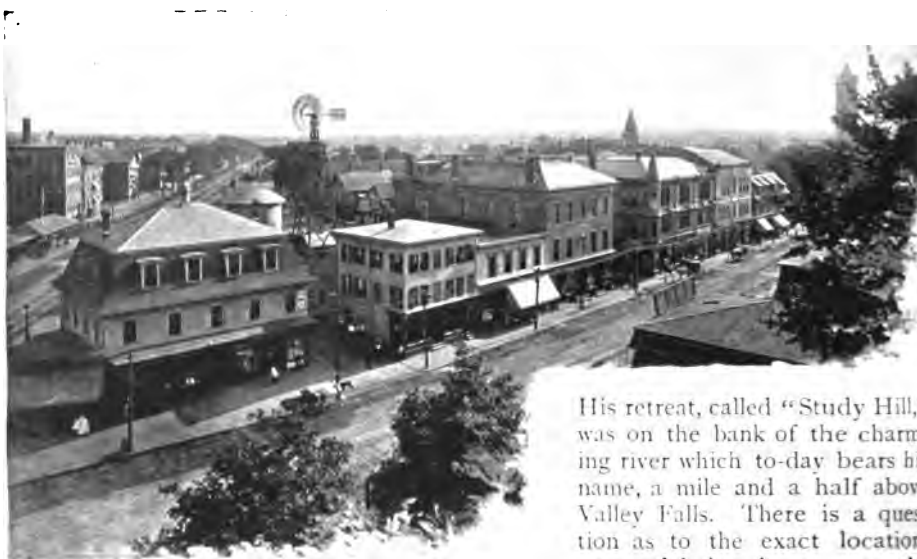
Mather prints a fragment of his diary.

Newman's famous Concordance, prepared here in the wilderness, has properly been called a herculean labor. It was the third in English ever published, and greatly superior to its two predecessors. The first edition was published in London in 1643, just before Newman's removal from Weymouth to Rehoboth. At Rehoboth he revised and greatly improved it, using in the evening, according to President Stiles, pine knots instead of candles. The revised edition was published at London in 1650.

On the fourteenth of June, 1644, the tract was adopted into the jurisdiction of Plymouth Colony, and incorporated as

Rehoboth. The word, as is well known, is from the Hebrew, meaning a broad way, and the settlers chose it signifying that the Lord had opened a way for them. A second purchase was shortly after made from Wamsutta, another chief, who was sometimes called Alexander. He was a son of Massasoit and an elder brother of Philip. This second tract formed part of Wannamoisett, or Swansea, and of Barrington. A third purchase, the last of any consequence, was made in 1661, and is known as the North Purchase. It comprised the present towns of Attleboro and North Attleboro, Mass., and Cumberland, R. I., and parts of Mansfield and Norton, Mass. This purchase was made by Thomas Willett, the successor of Miles Standish as captain of the noted Plymouth military company, and who afterward became the first English mayor of New York. Willett and Mr. Myles, the first Baptist minister in New England, were the founders of Swansea. In 1665 Willett was given by the town of Rehoboth five hundred acres of land in the North Purchase, situated on both sides of Seven Mile River, beginning at Newell's tavern. He died August 4, 1674, at Swansea, where his





PARK STREET, ATTLEBORO.

grave is. His wife, Mary Brown, thought to be a daughter of one of the original purchasers, died about 1669, and is buried beside him. They had a large family and their descendants are numerous.

The first settler in Rehoboth was William Blaxton (Blackstone), whom Governor Winthrop found living on the peninsula of Shawmut, the site of Boston, when he went there with his company in 1630. Blackstone was a man of considerable literary taste, with a retiring disposition, who did not like to mingle with his fellows; and the coming of what seemed to him a large number of people evidently disturbed him. As more kept following, he determined to move, and in 1635 he sold his land for £30 and settled in a part of Rehoboth known as Attleboro Gore, now Cumberland, R. I. It was, as now, a beautiful country, and he found himself favorably situated to indulge his love of nature and of books.

His retreat, called "Study Hill," was on the bank of the charming river which to-day bears his name, a mile and a half above Valley Falls. There is a question as to the exact location, some claiming it was on the knoll which rises abruptly from the river, and others that it was in the meadow on the east side of the hill, — the latter probably being the correct site. In this secluded and fertile spot, with the graceful river lending its beauty, he lived in undisturbed solitude, pursuing his own method of life. He had but few intimates, one being Roger Williams, whom he used to visit at Providence. His death occurred in 1665, at the age of eighty, and he was buried a few rods east of Study Hill. His wife, to whom he was married in 1659, died in 1673. She had children by a former marriage,



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, NORTH ATTLEBORO.

but only one by this marriage, a son John. He inherited his father's property, but was a man of weak character,

who sold his inheritance and grew poor through vicious habits. He lived for a while in Connecticut, but returned to Attleboro, from which he was expelled with his wife Catherine in 1718, after which time little is known of him.

Another famous personage who dwelt for a time in Rehoboth was Roger Williams. After being driven from Boston he took up his abode in Seekonk on Martin's Neck. He was not allowed to remain undisturbed, however, for Governor Winslow wrote him that he had better move on, and so with five friends

the old homes across the sea, and the little settlement gradually became a fair-sized town. The church of course was prominent in the hearts of the people, church and state in their minds and habits being closely associated. These pioneers were a church-going, Bible-loving people, and ordered their lives in strict accordance with what they considered the divine will. They were a colony of brave, determined men and women, voluntary exiles from their far-off home, with definite ideas of life and destiny, fearing nothing earthly, wresting



WASHINGTON STREET, NORTH ATTLEBORO.

he sailed to India Point, where he received the famous salutation of "What Cheer" from the Indians, and founded Providence.

A detailed history cannot of course be given here. Those who wish for that will find it among the early records, in Bliss's or Daggett's histories. For fifty years after the land was divided among the proprietors, as the early settlers were called, the forests were felled, the land was cultivated, the population slowly increased, additions coming from other places on this side of the water and from

a living from the land they cleared by hard, persistent labor,—the women doing their full share of work in the humble home. Westward was a vast, almost untrodden forest, which few white men cared or dared to penetrate, and which it was expected would long remain a *terra incognita*. Their portion was to improve the land which was theirs.

In 1662 John Brown, one of the first purchasers, died. In 1663 Rev. Mr. Newman died, at the age of sixty-three, his wife Basheba surviving him till 1687. They were buried in the cemetery just

south of the Congregational meeting-house in Seekonk. In 1667 Swansea was set off as a town. In 1668 King Philip gave a quit-claim deed relinquishing his right to all land purchased of his father. At this time he was apparently friendly with the white people. But a few years later, in 1675, his feelings had changed; for then what we know as King Philip's war broke out. It lasted only a year, but was fierce and bloody, and it took a long while to overcome the bitter feelings engendered by it. Philip was slain in 1676, after which the conflict was continued briefly by his general Annawan. In October of that year this latter chieftain was surprised and captured by Capt. Church and his men, at a great rock which is in Rehoboth, still called "Annawan Rock." He had committed atrocities, it is true; but they were such as were sanctioned

sewing machines for the older ones, no tools for the men such as to-day make farming a pleasure. The men made their own tools and furniture; the women wrought at the spindle and loom. There were almost no books or papers. There was almost no communication with the outside world, each community supplying by its own industry about everything it used. Ample provision for the preacher, so far as land went, was almost the first thing considered. His pay otherwise was very small; there was little money, and pro-



OLD HOMESTEADS.

by his savage training. His character as a whole was a noble one, and his hatred of the English was inspired by what in more civilized men would be called patriotism, by a determination to regain the land which had belonged for many generations to his ancestors. Against the wishes of Capt. Church he was beheaded.

Life in old Rehoboth was primitive. No railroads then, nor telephones, nor factories, no pianos for the young women nor

visions had to take its place. It is a pleasing thing to chronicle that one of the first acts of these humble folks was to set apart lands to the value of £50 for the schoolmaster. Rehoboth claims the honor of being the first place in America to establish an absolutely free public school. The old-fashioned schoolmas-

ters, and later the little red schoolhouses, sent out many men and womanly women for many generations.

In 1640 a dispute occurred between the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies regarding the boundary line, and commissioners were appointed who undertook to run a correct line between them. But when they were about three miles from their destination they found the line would end south of where it



RESIDENCE OF  
A. W. STURDY.

should. Instead of rectifying their error, they made an angle to a large oak tree known afterward as the Angle Tree. In

1790 the tree was supplanted by a stone with a suitable inscription, which is known as the Angle Stone.

In October, 1694, Attleboro was set off from the mother town. It was so named in remembrance of Attleborough in England; and a small stream in the town is named Bungay for one in the English town. The English names in this section are numerous, keeping alive the memory of the old places from which the first inhabitants came. The first Attleboro town meeting was on May 11, 1696. The boundaries between Rehoboth and Attleboro were established in 1697. The first settler in what is now Attleboro territory was John Woodcock, who built a public house on the old Bay road in North Attleboro. He had a farm of three hundred acres on Ten Mile River. He began his house in 1669 and was licensed in the following year "to keep an ordinary" and enjoined "to keep good order, that no unruliness or ribaldry be permitted there." His house

was one of several garrisons built for the protection of the people from the Indians in case of need. There were such garrison houses in Dedham, Seekonk, Swansea and other places. A portion of Woodcock's still stands at North Attleboro. In 1806 the house was mainly supplanted by a large three-story building. Woodcock's son was killed by the Indians during King Philip's war—in April, 1676. The Indians had attacked the garrison, but the son, Nathaniel, was

at work in a corn field with others when the party was fired upon. The workmen fled. The Indians cut off Nathaniel's head and stuck it on a pole and set it up in front of the house. From this time Woodcock was an implacable enemy, killing an Indian wherever he found one. The son was buried where he fell, and the land to-day is reserved for a cemetery, with his

grave in the centre. The place is now being cleared up, and those engaged in the work have found a stone in the centre, which from its age and position is supposed to be that of Nathaniel



RESIDENCE OF J. W. WOLFENDEN.



THE WHITING RESIDENCE, NORTH ATTLEBORO.

Woodcock. Woodcock sold the farm in 1694 to John Devotion for £390. The latter occupied it until 1711, when he

sold it to John Daggett. The latter sold a portion of it in 1722 to Alexander Maxcy for £550. After the death of his son Josiah, who inherited it, another son, Levi, occupied it until 1780, when Col. Israel Hatch bought it. Col. Hatch continued to keep the house as a hotel for some years. When the larger, new house was built, the main building

Walk in, and it shall be my care  
To oblige the weary traveller.  
From Attleboro, sirs, I came,  
Where once I did you entertain;  
And now shall here as there before  
Attend you at my open door,  
Obey all orders with dispatch,  
Am, sirs, your servant, Israel Hatch."

A division of lands was first made in the North Purchase, of fifty acres to a



THE HATCH HOUSE.

of the original garrison was torn down, but an annex was moved a little way from the place. This new house was known as Hatch's tavern long after it ceased to be a public house, until it was destroyed by fire a very few years ago. The colonel was a very famous landlord in his time, and kept at different dates the White Horse, the Lion and the Royal Exchange in Boston. While in charge of the White Horse he issued the following advertisement, paying proper respect to his Attleboro origin:—

“TAKE NOTICE.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

At the White Horse Tavern, Newbury Street,  
My friends and travellers, you'll meet  
With kindly welcome and good cheer,  
And what it is you now shall hear.  
A spacious house and liquors good;  
A man who gets his livelihood  
By favors granted; hence he'll be  
Always smiling, always free;  
A good large house for chaise or chair,  
A stable well exposed to air;  
To furnish all and make you blest  
You have the breezes from the west,  
And ye who flee th' approaching sol,  
My doors are open to your call.

share, in 1668, at which time there were about ninety shareholders. Similar divisions continued to be made to July, 1714, after which there were small allotments as late as 1833, at which time there were a few acres of very unproductive land in the north part of the town, called Fisherville, still undivided. This latter has since been disposed of. In 1745 Cumberland was set off to Rhode Island by royal charter. It has continued to grow, though not rapidly, and is to-day an enterprising farming community, with a little manufacturing.

The people of Attleboro and Rehoboth were intensely patriotic, and as a rule joined heartily in the movement of the liberty-loving men of the colony in the years preceding the Revolution. In 1773 Rehoboth gave its representatives instructions full of vigor and patriotic sentiment. In 1775 two companies of minute men were formed, one of forty-three men under Capt. Samuel Bliss and one of thirty-six men under Capt. John Perry. Later, in an eight-months regiment, commanded by Col. Timothy Walker, these

two companies were enlisted with substantially the same men. In 1776 a regiment was raised in this and adjoining towns under Col. Thomas Carpenter of Rehoboth, which joined Washington at White Plains; and in all a large number, for the small town, entered the Continental army, — most of them for three years. Nor was Attleboro less patriotic. She raised many men who served faithfully. Prominent among them were Col. John Daggett and Col. Elisha May. The former rose from the rank of ensign to that of captain in the militia before the war, and was sent to the legislature as Capt. Daggett. For many years the representatives are recorded as "Capt.," "Col.," "Esquire" or "Deacon." Col. May served in military and civil life, in both winning fame. He was a member of the legislature for forty years. He was a friend of Washington, and in all the relations of life appears to have been a model man and citizen.

At the beginning of the Revolution the regiment to which Daggett belonged, the Fourth, was divided, and Daggett was

Nathan Aldis of Franklin was selling British goods contrary to the requirements of the General Court. Col. Daggett sent four Attleboro companies, under Capts. Moses Wilmarth, Stephen Richardson, Jonathan Stanley and Jacob Ide, to look after him. They marched, one very cold night in December, to his house, which they surrounded, and ordered him to come out. He declined to do so at first; but threats of shooting soon induced him to obey, and he took off his hat and swore not to sell any more British goods during the trouble between the king and the colonies.

When the news of Lexington and Concord reached the town, a company of minute men, under Jabez Ellis, started at once, and marched to Roxbury, where they stayed a week, and were then dismissed. Capt. Caleb Richardson raised a company of sixty-four men, who served eight months. In 1776 a company, partly from Attleboro and partly from Norton, took part in the battle of White Plains, under Capt. Elisha May.

After the Revolution the town grew rapidly, and was divided into several



THE NEWELL TAVERN.

made a colonel; Ephraim Lane of Norton, lieutenant colonel; and Isaac Dean of Mansfield, major. At one time the Committee of Safety gave notice that

villages, North Attleboro being the prominent one. The Attleboro of to-day was an outlying village, with but little promise of its future growth. In 1830 the whole

town contained about thirty-two hundred people. There was a factory at Farmer's Village, and one at Falls Village. There was a mill at Dodgeville, and the town had three hundred and fifty looms and thirteen thousand spindles. At Robinsonville, about half way between the north and east villages, the button business had

During the civil war the town did its full share in furnishing men and money and in home work. It contributed a company each to the Seventh, the Forty-seventh, and the Fortieth regiments, quite a number of men to the Twenty-fourth and Fifty-eighth, and had men in all branches of the army and the navy. Rehoboth was not behind at this time, her sons also being found in all departments of the service.



ONE OF THE FIRST JEWELRY SHOPS.

been started, and has since developed into considerable proportions. A shuttle shop with twelve men was in operation at East Attleboro; and — this is the first which we hear of Attleboro's jewelry — there was a very little jewelry business. In 1835 the Boston and Providence Railroad was built, and Attleboro village took a start and rapidly caught up with its sister village.

department, a water supply system, and everything pertaining to a large and prosperous town. The idea of a separation was discussed for some time before it took place, which was in July, 1887. At that date Attleboro, the east village, was made a town with the old name, with a population of six thousand nine hundred, a valuation a little over \$3,000,000, and one thousand six hundred



JEWELRY FACTORIES.

and thirty voters. North Attleboro was made a town under that name, with a population of seven thousand one hundred, a valuation of \$3,300,000, and one thousand six hundred and twenty three voters. The two places had very nearly the same number of school children.

The first view of North Attleboro makes a good impression upon the visitor. Washington Street, the main street, is long, level and straight, being a part of the old stage route from Boston to Providence. It has several good business blocks, a large hotel and many handsome residences, and the whole town shows evidences of prosperity. Its people are noted for their love of their pleasant homes and of good horses. Among the buildings is the Odd Fellows' block, a noticeable structure, occupied, so far as not needed by the craft, by business offices and stores. There is now being built the Richards Memorial Library, a gift to the town from the children of the late E. I. Richards, formerly one of the prominent jewelry manufacturers. It is to be of red brick with terra cotta trimmings and a roof of red slate. There will be stained-glass windows, and the whole building will be finished in handsome carved wood and other ornamental work. The main library hall is thirty feet long.



KNIGHTS' MILL AT HEBRONVILLE.

Leading from this is another beautiful room with a large fireplace, ornamented with tiles, panels and carved pilasters. The woodwork is of oak.

The Gold Medal Braid Company's works are situated in Falls Village, North Attleboro. This company was incorporated in 1879. In March, 1891, the late Handel N. Daggett and his son-in-law, Harvey Clap, became sole proprietors. The works are situated on the Ten Mile River, with a large pond and falls,



WHITING'S FACTORY.





SOME OF  
THE  
NORTH  
ATTLEBORO  
CHURCHES.



stone structure, fitted up with the latest machinery, including one thousand five hundred braiders. One hundred and fifty or more hands are employed, and the output comprises several of the choicest braids known to the trade in cotton, silk and worsted. A branch railroad from Attleboro to North Attleboro was built in 1869 and 1870. It has contributed much to the prosperity of both towns. Two years ago the route in North Attleboro was changed, a new road was laid to Walpole, and communication established with Boston by way of Dedham.

Attleboro is situated on the Providence

division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, thirty-two miles from Boston and twelve from Providence. It is also connected by rail with Taunton, twelve miles east. An electric road connects it with North Attleboro and Pawtucket, eight miles away, and a branch also runs between Pawtucket and North Attleboro. Its position and other circumstances have given Attleboro certain advantages over its sister town, so that to-day it exceeds it in valuation and population. It

is a thrifty-looking place, with large business blocks, a fine opera house, and many residences which give evidences of wealth and taste, all denoting that the people are intelligent, skilled workers who believe in keeping their town clean, well ordered and attractive.

The opera house is a decidedly elaborate structure to be found in such a town; but its owner has looked ahead to the city which must exist in a few years. It was built in 1885 by J. M. Bates, the largest manufacturer in East Attleboro, who is the owner of several factories and who has been prominent in business matters for several years. It stands in Park Square, at the junction of Park and North Main Streets, is most attractive in its architecture, and a valuable addition to the appearance of the town. The main building contains a café, the post-office and stores, and the entrance to the theatre on the first floor; the second floor is fitted for a hotel; the third floor is used by the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias, and has one of the finest halls in the state. The entrance to the theatre is broad and lofty, leading to an elegant and spacious lobby. The house, with its gallery, artistically decorated, has a seating capacity of a thousand. The proscenium is a little over thirty feet

wide and high, with a fine drop curtain. There are numerous dressing-rooms, orchestra room, and in fact every convenience for actors and audience. None but good plays are allowed upon the stage, and the people of the town and vicinity are thus given an excellent dramatic education.

Besides the jewelry business there are various branches of manufacture in Attleboro, including the mills of Messrs. B. B. & R. Knight. The Knights' cotton mills are large establishments, one at Hebronville and one at Dodgeville, respectively four and two miles from the centre. In each of these places mill villages have sprung up. In the two mills, which are nearly equal in capacity, there are about forty-one thousand spindles, and nearly one thousand looms. There is a small mill at Adamsdale, in North Attleboro; but as at Attleboro the principal business is the manufacture of jewelry.

The population of the two towns to-day is: Attleboro, about eight thousand; North Attleboro, about seven thousand two hundred. The valuation is: Attleboro, \$4,600,000; North Attleboro, \$3,800,000.

Attleboro, including both towns, has had three periods of growth: the first that during which church and state were connected; the second, the short period between that and the outbreak of the civil war; then, since the war, the period of rapid growth largely due to the great development of the jewelry business.

The first church, now situated in Seekonk, was that founded by Rev. Mr. Newman. The feeling of the early settlers toward the church and the clergy has already been dwelt upon. The first parish in Attleboro was at West Attleboro. At a town meeting on February 10, 1710, it was voted to build a meeting-house thirty feet square. This was not completed until 1714. The first

pastor was Rev. Mr. White, who, however, was not ordained,—the first who was ordained being Rev. Matthew Short, who received as his stipend £50, one third in money and the balance in provisions. The third pastor was Rev. Habijah Weld, a man of considerable note. He was ordained October 1, 1727. He was a short, corpulent man, vigorous in speech, fervent in piety, strict in his creed, methodical in his habits, rigid in his demand upon others, yet kind-hearted



FIRST PARISH CHURCH, WEST ATTLEBORO.

and helpful, devoted to his profession, and earnest in all he did. He had the use of a parsonage and the sum of £220. On this salary, with the aid of his farm, he lived well, and brought up and educated fifteen children. He filled the pastorate for fifty-five years.

A second house was built in 1728, very near the site of the first; and this was replaced by the present church edifice in 1828. There was a succession of pastors until the present, Rev. John Whitehill, who has served since March



THE OPERA HOUSE.

28, 1869. He has been a faithful servant of the church, and a useful citizen.

The second parish was set off from the first in April, 1743. In June of that year, it was voted "to build a house on the plain where the roads meet or cross each other." The house stood on the common near the present railroad track in the centre of Attleboro. It was forty-five by thirty-five feet in area, and high enough for one tier of galleries.

This common is part of four acres laid out by John Sweet. It was and a portion of it laid out as a burying ground in 1744. The church stood near two trees which still keep watch over its resting place. A granite post marks the place of one corner, and a plate with a suitable inscription placed there by Senator E. S. Horton notes the fact. The common itself has been graded and much improved during the last few years. The old cemetery, known as the Old Kirkyard, has been curtailed some by taking land for the railroad, but the most of it remains, holding the ashes of many of the early people of the town.

Rev. Peter Thacher was ordained October 30, 1748. He had a long and successful pastorate, being dismissed in

1784. He was succeeded by Rev. Ebenezer Lazell, who in time was succeeded by Rev. Nathan Holman, who was ordained October 14, 1800. He served for twenty-two years, making a marked impress on the life of the town. Rev. John Ferguson, Rev. Jonathan Crane, and Rev. Mr. Lothrop came after him, each with an honorable record. In 1866 Rev. Francis N. Peloubet was ordained, and was dismissed in 1871. He is the well-known author of Peloubet's notes on the Sunday-school lessons. Rev. Samuel Bell, a man of much force, came next, and after him Rev. William Spaulding

and Rev. Walter Barton, who was dismissed in September, 1893, after very useful work in the pastorate and in many other ways. His successor is Rev. E. L. House, who bids fair to maintain the prestige established by his predecessors. To-day almost every denomination is represented by a substantial church edifice, with able and earnest pastors.

Church and state were divorced about 1833, up to which time everybody had to contribute in taxes, according to the prevailing New England custom, toward the support of the church.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

There had been grumbling here as elsewhere as divisions and differences had arisen, which culminated in the separation; but the dominant power in town affairs for years after was of course the old Congregationalism.

Up to 1850 the Roman Catholics in town were scattered; but in that year a wooden church was built by St. Mary's Society of Falls Village. In 1877 land

to be chronicled. The condition of the town in 1830 has been described. The great growth has been since then, and especially during the past forty years, during which the name and fame of Attleboro have been spread, not only all over this country, but in other lands, even in Africa, where it is said that some of the natives who as yet wear no clothes do wear rings made in Attleboro.



GOFF MEMORIAL HALL, REHOBOTH.

was purchased at North Attleboro, and services have been held in a building there fitted up for temporary use. An elegant brick church is to-day nearly completed. At Attleboro mission services were held for a time in Union Hall; but in 1883, Bishop Hendricken of Providence set off Attleboro, and Rev. John O'Connell became the first pastor. In September of that year the corner stone of the present church was laid. To-day Roman Catholics are numerous in both towns.

During the second stage of growth in Attleboro there was little of importance

The first manufacturer of jewelry in Attleboro was a Frenchman, who late in the last century had a small shop and made creditable jewelry in a rude way and in small amounts. In 1810 Obed Robinson, commonly known as Col. Robinson, began business at Robinsonville. In 1827 his sons, Richard and Willard, built a brick shop near by. A little later they associated with W. H. Jones, under the firm name of Robinson, Jones & Co., and in 1833 they issued copper medals of about the size of an old-fashioned cent, which had a large circulation. On the obverse, at the top, were the words



SETTLING THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"American Institute;" at the bottom, "New York;" while in the centre was a figure seated, surrounded by mechanical implements. On the reverse was the inscription, "Awarded to Robinson, Jones & Co. for the best military and naval, sporting, plain flat buttons, 1833."

At different dates a number of men came to this country from England, who were skilled in jewelry manufacture or its branches, — and Mr. Jones was one of them.

In 1843 gilt buttons were less in fashion, and then came reverses. Before this a Mr. Hatch had planned a machine which should do all the work of making a suspender button complete from the tin. He and Mr. Willard Robinson perfected it, and together they began the manufacture of trouser buttons. They were very successful, and during the late civil war had numerous government con-

tracts. After Mr. Hatch's death Mr. Robinson bought his interest, and carried on a large business until his death in 1879. The business has changed hands since, but is to-day a very interesting one. It has been more strictly a button business than a jewelry business; but some of its processes are similar, and the Robinson family have been agents in building up a section where the jewelry business has been carried on quite extensively.

A very early firm in the beginning was that of Draper & Sandland. A. H. Draper is now an insurance agent at Nokomis, Ill. His old partner, Thomas G. Sandland, died at North Attleboro a few years ago. They began business in 1846, at West Attleboro, near Newell's tavern, making buttons; but later they went into the manufacture of plated goods. Mr. Draper, a few years ago,

gave the writer some reminiscences which will be of interest here.

"There was no jewelry manufactured in East Attleboro during my residence there. Before my going there Obed Robinson & Sons were doing quite a large business in gilt jewelry at Robinsonville. Most of their goods were sold in the southern states by Otis Robinson, who made many trips there with very good success. There were several, then or later, who made plated goods, — Draper & Tift, Ira Richards & Co., Stephen Richardson, H. M. Richards, Richard Everett, Henry Blackinton, Felix G. Whitney, and others. In those days the great bazaar for the purchase and sale of jewelry by the trade was the Western Hotel, on Cortlandt Street, New York, where the manufacturers had rooms, and where the merchants met them. After a while one or two started offices on Maiden Lane and Broadway, near Cortlandt Street, and the rest soon followed; but they boarded at the Western Hotel, and continued to meet the trade there for some time. William Guild and Lewis Robinson at South Attleboro, and Henry Robinson & Co. at West Attleboro, were among the pioneers of the gilt jewelry business, and pursued it many years. The story used to be told of some of these pioneer manufacturers, that at one time they were returning from New York by steamboat, when a heavy storm overtook them, and they became very much frightened, and thought the boat was going down with all on board. One of them began to pray and promised the Almighty that if his life was spared he would be a better man, and make a better class of goods in future. In 1835 the largest manufactory in Attleboro, except the cotton mills, was Robinson's gilt button factory, which employed more men than any jewelry concern. About 1845 some of the above-named firms began making plated jewelry. There was not any jewelry manufactured in East Attleboro up to the time when I moved to New York. Many firms at this time had offices in New York, where they sold their goods at a hundred per cent profit, on eight months' time, taking notes in payment. In 1850 there was a great im-

provement in the character of the goods; and they have continued to improve up to the present day, so that goods made in the Attleboros are in demand in all markets. The jewelry to-day will compare in quality and style with the very best."

The first jewelry made in the Attleboro of to-day was made by J. B. Draper, who later moved to Mansfield, the next town north, and became a member of the firm of Merritt & Draper. This firm was succeeded later by H. D. Merritt & Co. of North Attleboro, who started about 1830. From 1830 to 1850 new firms started, and the business began to assume some prominence.

The first firm established at North Attleboro was that of Draper & Tift, composed of Josiah Draper and John Tift. In 1825 they began the manufacture of plated goods in one end of a blacksmith shop belonging to Mr. Tift's father, which stood at the juncture of Washington and Park Streets, beside Ten Mile River. Later they built a factory, and did a good business in watch cases and seals.

As indicated in Mr. Draper's letter, it was twenty years before the business assumed large proportions. The business was given quite an impetus during war times, and since then has grown rapidly, until to-day there are sixty or more firms in the jewelry business and its branches at North Attleboro, and as many more at Attleboro. At the latter place J. M. Bates has built up a large business in watch cases, and owns several factories besides the one where the cases are made. Two large factories have lately been completed in the same town. One of these, for R. F. Simmons & Co., celebrated chain makers, is two hundred and thirty-five feet long, three stories in height. This firm is not only a leading one for all kinds of chains, but makes a bewildering variety of guards, seals and lockets. The other factory, of nearly the same size, is W. H. Wilmarth & Co.'s — also large manufacturers and exporters.

There has been a great improvement in machinery for making jewelry, and the epithet "Attleboro jewelry" no longer conveys of necessity, as it once did, the idea of cheap quality. The use

of seamless wire, or wire coated with gold, so as not to show a seam where it is put on, has been a great help. Several firms have branched off into the manufacture of silver novelties. The Whiting Manufacturing Company at North Attleboro has for years stood at the head perhaps for this line of goods, including not only novelties, but standard silverware. This section of the industry has kept up to all requirements. New and attractive styles of chains, pins, lockets, bracelets and collar and cuff buttons, besides every conceivable thing in the way of silver ornaments for the hair, for belts, for pocketbooks, for match safes, for innumerable purposes, are made in astonishing quantities.

The Attleboros have an invested capital of three millions, and employ nearly four thousand people, a goodly percentage of them women. They turn out annually five and one half millions dollars' worth of goods, pay in wages one and three quarters millions of dollars, and consume stock to the value of a million and a half.

Both towns rank high in the character of their schools, each has a good public library, an efficient fire department, good waterworks, and electric street lighting. They have all the common social organizations, and they have a large agricultural association which owns considerable property and gives an excellent annual fair. In fact, in the estimation of their own people, at any rate, who enjoy their privileges and know their good points, they are pretty nearly model towns. Harvard and Brown, Smith and Wellesley contain many Attleboro names. Ex-President Robinson of Brown University, who lately died, was born in Attleboro.

Rehoboth has grown in grace and goodness, but not much in numbers. Her children have risen up to call her blessed, and there are many who look back lovingly to her quiet home life and her fertile farms. Manufacturing has not been large in her territory. No railroad vexes her borders, and no great enterprise of any kind attracts her people; but she has an enviable record of patriotism and good citizenship, a good record for her schools, her churches and her

homes. She has lost much territory to make new towns. The largest town among these offshoots has been that which is the principal theme of this article. Others have kept on in the quiet way marked by the mother town. Rehoboth's population in 1890 was seventeen hundred and eighty-six; the population of Seekonk was thirteen hundred and seventeen; and that of Swansea, fourteen hundred and fifty-six.

On the tenth of May, 1886, the Goff Memorial Hall was dedicated at Rehoboth. The land was given by Darius Goff, a prominent mill owner of Pawtucket. The hall occupies the site of his old homestead. The old house was removed to make place for the modern building. This cost about \$14,000, of which Mr. Goff contributed \$10,000, the balance being given in different sums by friends of the work, largely townspeople. It contains a high-school room, an antiquarian room with many interesting relics of bygone days, a library and a town hall. The building is the headquarters of the Rehoboth Historical Antiquarian Society, which largely owes its existence and prosperity to the efforts of Rev. George H. Tilton, recently one of the Rehoboth ministers. This society has done a work which might well be imitated in many a New England country town. The library contains, with its other volumes, six hundred and twenty-five volumes, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Bicknell. Mr. Bicknell was born in Barrington, formerly a part of Swansea, and his wife was born in Rehoboth. The library is called the Blanding Library, in honor of the parents, of Mrs. Bicknell, who were Rehoboth people the name always having been an honored one in the town. Mr. Goff was present at the dedication, and Mr. Bicknell delivered the address; while other descendants of the old town took part in the impressive exercises.

Rehoboth has produced a goodly number of notable men. Some of them have been already mentioned. Nathan Smith, professor in the medical schools of Harvard, Yale and Brown, Benjamin West, the distinguished mathematician, and a long list of learned clergymen, lawyers

and others have reflected credit upon the old town.

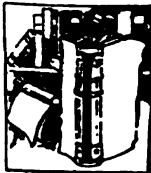
Among those born in Attleboro have been Rev. Naphtali Daggett, D. D., president of Yale College; Rev. James Maxcy, S. T. D., president of Rhode Island, Union and Columbia colleges, one of the most eminent pulpit orators the country has produced; Hon. David Daggett, LL. D., chief justice of Connecticut, and professor of law at Yale; and Samuel Robinson, the distinguished geologist.

Another century now opens for Attleboro; and the mother town is half a century older. Whatever changes the coming century may bring in of methods

of living, in travel, in ways of doing business, Rehoboth, we may be sure, will be true to her traditions and to her opportunities. Her now quiet meadows may awake to greater activity; but her honorable history will still remain a crown of glory. The towns which have sprung from her must feel the impulse of the new life coming, and they will profit by it. The city of Attleboro, soon to be, with new industries infusing life into her people, with her homes multiplied, her facilities increased, her privileges greater, her beauty unspoiled, shall continue to go forward, a glowing jewel among the many jewels which form the crown of the old Bay State.

## ISTIA.

*By Frances C. Sparhawk.*



It seemed the summer vacation of earth and sky. A sense of leisure brooded over the world. The great river flowed on as tranquilly as if the sweeping rush of its spring torrent were impossible to it. Beyond this river the fields of grain stood motionless in the midsummer, save where a zephyr in its lazy passage stirred some lighter sheaf. So the hour of high noon passed; and as it passed, beyond the river on the white man's settlements the stir of human life began again, although languidly in the dreamy heat. As the eye followed the men shouting at their horses, the moving teams and the mowing machines with their whirr through the distance, like the midsummer stab of the locust on the still air, it was led over vast fields given up to the skill of the husbandman, while fancy filled in other and vaster fields beyond.

But on the opposite side of the river was no return of activity; for here from dawn to sunset there existed as a system none. Scattered about here and there on this Indian reservation were well-tilled fields; here and there men were to be

seen at work; but these exceptions were too few to destroy the general accord between nature and man. In all directions in which these Indian tepees might be seen were also to be seen men stretched in the sun or in the shade of these tepees, and within them were others fast asleep in the stifling air. There were, indeed, periods of activity; but too often these came in the night, when the dance went on or when some rite mysterious and degrading was to be performed. The government buildings were miles away; and to the east, west and north extended the sweep of the prairie, with here and there a tiny house with a few acres of tillage about it, but for the most part dotted only by scattering tepees, while on the right near the river lay clustered the Indian village.

And yet even here was going on that endless battle waged from generation to generation, which will end only with time,—that battle between the old and the new. In the sunshine before the largest of the tepees stood mother and son. In each face was sadness at the war of will between them. As the woman recounted at length the wrongs of her race, how could she tell that a white



man's encouragement, a white man's praise, rang in the ears of her son so that he scarcely comprehended her words?

"Go out among white men and gain!" she cried in scorn. A few scalps were all that the Indians had ever won in such contest, and the days for these had gone by. For his sake she had not been sorry when at his father's death, six months ago, she had sent for him to come home from school. And then what more could he want, what more was there to have than he had here? Let him farm his land; she would like that. But he was an Indian, and he belonged among the Indians. True, his grandfather had been a white man. But his grandmother had always lived among her tribe; his father had done so and would wish him to do it; and here was she, his mother. Was her wish of no weight with him? No, he must not go away from her; she forbade it.

She stood looking up at him, her shawl drawn over her head. The wrinkled face into which he was gazing with misty eyes was Indian in feature and complexion; the little dark eyes that could look so fierce were full of tears, and the wrinkles that came out most plainly were those of grief. But the greatest sympathy could not have kept an observer from seeing that her Indian dress was much soiled, that her ankles were bare and her feet thrust into moccasins, and that as she shook her head and tried to look stern, the tears that ran down marred the paint on her face. The tears flowed faster as she perceived that the young man was not to be commanded and that her persuasions had failed. Was there any power to hold him? Suddenly she caught sight of a figure coming from the Indian village. Her face lighted. The young man's back was toward it. The mother talked on to him until the figure had come quite near on its way to another tepee. Then she turned.

"Istia, come here," she called.

The figure came up with the swift, light step of youth.

"What is it, Pashak?"

She could not have been more than fifteen. She also wore her shawl over her

head in the Indian fashion; but she had on a pretty gingham gown, and shoes and stockings. After a moment she turned and spoke to the young man, and as she smiled, the gleam of her white teeth gave a sudden piquancy to her face. Then as she fixed her eyes on the Indian woman, a color rose in her cheeks.

"What is it, Pashak?" she repeated.

The glaring light of the August noon-day shone down upon the young man, tall, well-knit, athletic, clad in the uniform that he had brought from school with him, a fine energy informing his Indian features and resolution glowing in his dark eyes under the pain that softened them; upon the woman, ignorant and in a sense degraded, yet full of the instincts of motherhood as she understood mother love; upon the young girl, a full-blooded Indian, yet under her dark and comely face and delicate form hiding the mind and coquetries and the heart of a woman.

"Tell me what it is," she said once more, looking at Pashak.

"He's going away," returned the older woman, "going away among white people to get more learning, and to get cheated and wronged, like the rest of us."

Istia turned to Stephen. The color left her face; a certain fixedness came over it. Her lips parted; but she said nothing.

"Yes, he's going away this afternoon," the mother went on.

The girl's hand clutched tightly at her shawl; her eyes fixed themselves upon the young man, — but she said nothing. There was a long silence. When at last Istia's eyes turned from his face, she saw that she was alone with him. It had been his mother's last chance, and she had caught at it. She had left Istia to persuade her son to stay among his people.

The girl's eyes dropped more and more. Stephen Hits-the-Mark stood watching her. With his eyes still upon her face, he drew nearer. She was still silent; but as he watched, two bright drops glittered a moment under her lashes and fell. He smiled and his face softened. Her very heart had shed these tears; and they were shed for him.

"Istia," he said tenderly, "do you care because I am going away?"

"Are you going away?" she whispered, still with downcast eyes.

"Istia, I must. This is no place for me. You see, I ought—"

"But you are not going for a long, long time?"

"Yes, I must, because the chance comes now, and I must take it. This afternoon I must go."

"No, no, not this afternoon; not so soon, Stephen," she pleaded.

"But I'm going in charge of some cattle; it gives me my passage and something besides,—and I have to get the money; it costs a great deal to go to school. Are you sorry, Istia? Tell me."

He had come close to her. His hand was on her shoulder; in a moment it would have been about her. She turned upon him. Where was the exquisite softness that he had seen in her face? Tears! Those black eyes were made for laughter and for mocking. There was not a trace of tenderness, not a falter. She drew away.

"If this is no place for you, it's better you should go," she cried. "If you don't love your own people, go among the whites; it's the best thing for you. If you can bear it, if you like it, we like it, too. We shall not mourn for one that wants to go away."

"But, Istia, you go to school yourself."

"Yes, I go to the reservation school. I'm here all the time."

"Perhaps some day you'll go off, too. You'd like it, Istia."

She flung out her hand at him with closed fist, opening it sharply with wide-spread fingers, in the Indian gesture of repulsion and scorn.

"Perhaps you think I'd go off after you," she retorted, looking at him steadily. "Plenty of young men round here!" she added, and she tossed her head.

Stephen stood looking at her, troubled. She was so pretty! Suddenly, he strode over the distance that she had put between them.

"But they didn't all play with you when they were children, Istia," he said; and this time his arm slipped about her

waist unresented. "I was older than you, but we were always the best friends. Nobody could speed with the wings of the west wind like you; nobody was so quick and knew so well how to play, and what to say, and what to do,—and, Istia, nobody was so pretty. And it's just the same now," he whispered, with his lips upon hers.

The girl's arms were lifted about his neck now, and her head rested upon his shoulder. "And you will not go away; you will not go away from me," she whispered back; and she smiled softly as she felt the quick throb of his heart.

"My dear little Istia, I cannot stay here. But some day you will come out where I am; some day you will like the white people, too."

The girl flung him off, and stood with her head thrown back and flashing eyes.

"Some day I come where you are!" she cried hotly. "I never live to see that day. You think too much of yourself. Some day I like the white people, you say! That will be because you live among them? You make me angry with your foolish talk. You want to go. Yes, go! It's all that white man that's been round here."

She turned, and was moving away.

"Won't you say good by to me, Istia?"

Until now he had never wanted to stay for any reason. He had always been fond of his little playmate, yet no serious thought of her had taken possession of him. But she had never been so pretty as now, and it did seem hard to part with her. Yet he had not a thought of remaining. He was almost twenty,—a young man; the white people would call her a child. He must carry out his own life.

"Won't you say good by to me, Istia?" he asked again, standing there with the arm that had been about her waist still stretched toward her.

But the girl moved away in silence, without so much as turning her haughty head toward him. How could he know that if she had yielded one inch at the tender tones of his voice, she must have thrown herself sobbing upon the ground? How could he know that her steps were so slow because her heart seemed too

heavy to be carried? And only a woman could think of that other reason for loitering,—that perhaps, after all, he might come up with her. How could he know that when she saw there was to be no backward glance from him, she turned, and her eyes were fastened upon him in tears?

Prof. Rochester, sipping his coffee one fine September morning, and congratulating himself that the college term had opened well, was called to interview a new applicant, a returned young Indian student whose intelligence and eagerness to learn had interested him during a visit which he had made that summer to the young man's reservation. He had advised the young fellow to go on with his studies, and had invited him to come and try it in the college where he was an authority. Here the fellow was, not looking out of place in the surroundings of civilization and culture. The professor welcomed him; and Stephen Hits-the-Mark gave one evidence of his fitness for Anglo-Saxon civilization by entering himself on the college register as Stephen H. Mark,—after much the same manner, no doubt, that many of the old Norse and Saxon names have been modernized.

So the new life began, and lasted three years, until Stephen graduated with a good rank in his class. And in this time he had done more than make his way intellectually; he had to some extent made it financially also and had proved himself a genuine Yankee at catching up any work and turning it into bread, even if the butter was lacking. During the three winters he was at college he found work that helped to pay his way; in his vacations he worked in the lumber camps or turned waiter at some summer hotel, when he needed mountain air—and money. At the end of this time he began to read law. The struggle for bread still went on. Help came to him from friends of the cause,—and this tided over the worst places. He still worked hard and studied hard, and was happy. He wrote to his mother regularly, although not with the freedom that he would have done had he not remembered that other eyes than her own must read the letters

to her. He believed that she received them all. Very seldom did any word come from her; but she could not get people to write for her often, and she was well. He dreamed of the day when he would be rich enough to pay her a visit. And in his dreams of power and fame,—for he had these like any other ambitious youth,—did there mingle thoughts of his own people and desire to serve them? As he comprehended more and more why the friends of the Indians were endeavoring to influence legislation for justice to his people, he flung himself with a new intensity into his law books, that he might know how and when and for what to plead. The question of where never troubled him; he would do it where the people who heard had power to make things right,—before the white people. He would find many a chance also to teach his own how best to win their cause.

And had he forgotten Istia? He had written to her, but she had not answered. Perhaps she had not received his letter; but he had not the courage, in face of her anger, to write again. Yet when he told himself that he was going home to see his mother, he knew that the picture of Istia came before him constantly. But what comfort would it be to see her, when she had probably long ago become the squaw of one of the braves? When he looked at the girls about him, with all the attractiveness that dress and ways which he liked could give them, he still saw between his eyes and them the face and figure of the young girl with the shawl over her head, and in her heart the vehement if unreasoning love for her people; and he still missed the beauty and sparkle that he found in her face.

And Istia? She told herself many and many a time that there were plenty of young men on the reservation. And yet—she grew more thoughtful.

Miss Marvin sat looking on with an amused smile. To these people who had gathered that morning from the various hotels and boarding houses of that summer resort among the mountains, the beautiful scenery had become too familiar to awaken enthusiasm; for it is the heart

of the worker that nature fills with the soothing of its rest and the inspiration of its grandeur and the joy of its loveliness, while it leaves the idler's soul unthrilled. And, then, in these few weeks of summering many of them had become secretly tired of "walking over each other's minds," and longed for a new sensation. Miss Marvin had seen through all their protestations of patronizing interest why they had asked her to bring her Indian girl, the Hampton student, with her for the summer, to this picnic. Here, as elsewhere, she had made warm and judicious friends for the girl and the cause; but they were of different metal from these mere amusement seekers. However, even here might be better material than she knew of, — something might be gained.

Her Indian, as Kate Seaman was called, was a slender girl of nineteen, erect and lithe, with marked features, dark skin, blue-black hair, bright dark eyes, and a face in which the sparkle came readily to the surface and flashed into brilliancy when her smile added the gleam of dazzling teeth and deepened her dimples into bewitchment, — a fine-looking, wide-awake girl, unmistakably an Indian. As the people about her questioned and talked to her with the courtesy that was habitual to them, the girl's keen, dark eyes glanced from one to another as she replied, and Miss Marvin perceived that scrutiny and criticism were quite as keen on one side as on the other. Kate answered question upon question as to her home and her own language; she gave name upon name in the Indian, — and musically enough they rippled from her tongue and were caught up with vain attempts at imitation and with laughter at these from the listeners. They could not learn to talk Indian as well as she did English, they told her; and as she smiled, Miss Marvin thought that her English, fluent enough, although sometimes quaint, and her accent like a foreigner's, deserved the praise.

At last she saw that the girl was growing restless. She had the Indian sensitiveness, and she did not like to be made a target of, even if it were only

questions that were aimed at her. Miss Marvin suggested quietly to one that Kate be asked to sing. "Can she?" asked one and another in whispered accents of surprise. Some one had brought a banjo. The party gathered more closely, and exchanged looks of interest and low comments, as Kate with heightened color took the banjo. The first notes of her voice trembled; but the song once begun swept her away on its own wings. A noise on the outskirts of the group, the arrival of the luncheon in one of the hotel wagons, brought impatience to the faces of the audience. But the noise ceased at once; for the driver of the wagon, after a rapid glance at the scene, sprang out and, hidden behind a tree as near as he dared to the singer, stood motionless, scarcely breathing, listening and watching.

Her voice was rich and her touch good, but neither had had training. It was her feeling which made her singing remarkable; the hint of histrionic power was in these tones, in the pose of her head and the abandon of her figure, in the mobile lips and appealing eyes. She was not only singing, — she was living the song.

When it was finished there was a moment's silence, and then the applause broke out. Other songs followed; and again she won the triumph of applause. The hidden listener heard all this. But there was more. He saw the pretty scarlet jacket with its gray skirt, the hat of gray and scarlet, the neat boots, the gloves thrown aside with her wrap, the whole face and air in which alertness had been toned by a more delicate touch. She was flushed and smiling. She looked about her. It seemed to him that her eyes fell upon the tree behind which he stood. A gentleman came up to her, young, handsome, with flaxen hair, and begged that she would accept the banjo with which she had given them all so much pleasure, and begged also for one more song. The listener's heart beat thick; his blood rose in his face. He sprang forward.

"Istia!"

The gentleman turned, and recognized the Indian waiter whom he had seen at

his hotel and who he had been told was a law student. The girl stood motionless, looking up at him. She grew pale, and then her color came back and darkened her eyes and mantled her cheeks.

"Stephen!" she said softly. They clasped hands, and to each the present faded before the memory of the parting four years ago. The radiance of the young man's face provoked smiles from the group about him.

"I told you you would like it," he said softly.

The girl turned away immediately and accepted the banjo, and began to accompany herself as she sang. It was a gay song this time; but Stephen could only see that she was happy; he could not tell whether he had had any share in this. How long ago she must have forgotten those tears she had once shed for him! To him the memory of them had often been riches when he had seemed the poorest.

The dusty Didymus of the party came up to Kate and, smiling sceptically at her assurance of being pure Indian, began an ethnological treatise, which brought anger to the girl's eyes as they noted the interest in the faces of the listeners in his description of Indian habits and the almost impassable gulf between that past and her own present. "Really," he repeated to her patronizingly, "wasn't there a grandparent, perhaps some mighty hunter, among the pale faces, who lost his heart to a dusky forest maiden?"

They were standing near the table ready for luncheon. The girl stooped and caught up a carving knife. She spread the fingers of her other hand over his head, and the knife flashed a glittering circle. "That's the way my grandfather used to go scalping," she retorted, and she tossed down the knife, smiling. But there was a sudden movement away from her, and a shriek from one of the ladies. Kate's eyes widened, and she turned to Stephen, who stood beside her.

"They're afraid of a girl," she said, glancing down at her slender wrists and shrugging her shoulders with amused derision. "They don't believe if I don't show them," she said to Miss Marvin the next moment, "and then they don't

understand. Don't they see this?" And she touched the little silver cross that hung at her throat. The victims of the scare had come to themselves and joined in the laugh.

That afternoon Stephen stood leaning against a tree near which Kate was standing, looking at her as he talked with an admiration too strong for disguise. The touch of shyness in her manner made her the more charming. "They didn't know at the school that any of the boys were here," she answered merrily to his questions, "or they wouldn't have let me come. They're so afraid, you know, we shall grow just like the white people and flirt!"

"Flirt!" he cried vehemently. "Oh, no,—that's for a joke. This is no joke, Istia. It's all earnest with me. Isn't it with you? Don't you remember once you—"

She pulled her handkerchief from her pocket suddenly, and a letter fell out with it. He stooped and picked it up, and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said, holding it in her hand while her color rose. "It's from William Kross. You remember him? He's at Hampton now. He often writes me."

The young man grew deadly pale. For a moment he struggled to speak. "Istia, you don't mean—"

She interrupted him. "You don't like Indian ways," she said. "Why do you call me Istia? That's not my name here." And she laughed.

"But William?" persisted Stephen. "You love him, Istia? I must call you Istia; it's like the old days when we were such dear friends."

The girl opened her eyes. "Aren't we dear friends now?" she asked.

He stepped to her side. "And William?" he repeated,—and his fervid eyes searched her face. She drew back and laughed; and just then Miss Marvin called her.

It was many a long day before Stephen found out exactly how the case stood. He did not even see it better when William, being at the North for the summer at work on a farm not many miles away, found an opportunity to spend a day at this beach

and pay a visit to Kate. She received both her visitors with that beaming satisfaction which may be comprehensible to a few white young ladies. The young men scrutinized each other with measuring glances; but Kate divided her favors with a hand even enough to hold the scales of justice, — and of the three who parted with courteous words that sundown, only one was enlightened as to the situation.

But those summer days in the snatches of leisure, and those summer evenings on the piazza, where she could answer if Miss Marvin called her and yet was around the corner where her voice reached only Stephen and where his tones could not reach the groups beyond, did for the two young Indians what since the world began and until it ends such opportunities will do for young people of every race and clime. When the time for parting came, Stephen went back to his reading with an added motive for industry, and Kate returned to her school perceiving that she had never really changed her mind about Stephen; she had promised some day to be his wife.

During the winter Stephen found an opportunity to go so near the reservation that he was at last able to pay his mother the promised visit. It seemed to him that she had made up her mind that he would be spoiled; and in spite of her joy at seeing him, he had much ado to get her to unmake it. But she did come to believe in him, even if she did not quite understand him.

It was more than a year from that summer at the mountains. The tepees, cheerless enough in the summer sunshine, looked hopelessly dreary in the October storm. All day long the gray earth and grayer sky had mingled in a near horizon of mist, and now the darkness had fallen early, and the wind howled all the more dismally and the rain fell faster.

Standing where the force of the storm struck was a figure crouching with ear pressed cautiously against the canvas wall of one of the tepees, — a figure that more than once shivered with the cold. But the set face and despairing eyes that

were turned up to the black night had more of distress in them than came from bitter weather. As the words of the speakers within the tepee came to her ears, she clinched her hands, without daring to make any other movement as a relief to her feelings. What if those inside should hear her? Was it for such a fate as was being proposed for her there that she had spent her five years at school? Was it for this that she had come home three months before, with high hopes of all the good that she would be able to do here? Had she taken honors at her school that she might become the squaw of one of the most vicious Indians on the reservation? This man, their chief, and her own father were there within the tepee deciding her fate. They were both angry with her, and they were quite ready to stretch even the power over her which their customs gave them. They were angry because, when her father had assured her that her price in ponies had been all paid and she already belonged to Tzuzabup, she had tossed her head and answered that they didn't do things in that way where she had been, and that she had no idea of becoming Tzuzabup's squaw: he had one squaw already, and that was too much for a man like him. Her scorn had made them furious; but she had thought the matter settled. That evening, however, she had received the warning that sent her crouching here in the storm, her heart beating in terror. For they were plotting to decoy her from her tepee, to capture her, and take her to Tzuzabup's tepee, that there she should be married to him. It was her father who was proposing this thing. Istia shuddered. Stephen had begged her to stay among white people until he could make her his wife. But, no; she would return to her own people and give this year of work to them. When he had warned her that the braves would want to marry her, she had laughed at his jealousy and reminded him how many true and good Indians there were, who could not be unkind to a girl who was trying to help them.

But there was no time now for recollections, for anger, even for terror; for the thing was to be done that very

evening. She must fly. But how? The horses were corralled within a few rods of those very men as they sat talking. Who would help her? No Indian would feel that he had a right to interfere. If a girl's father and her chief could not control her fate, then girls had become quite a new species. And they would say it was a bargain; the ponies had been given. She understood the squaws. Much of the trouble came from them; they were merciless to the young girls; they would surely betray her,—all but Stephen's mother, who had warned her and who could not protect her. There was William Kross, whom she had refused at school and who knew that she was engaged to Stephen Hits-the-Mark. William was a good fellow; he was educated; he would pity and help her. He could get her a horse,—for no one would suspect him. He must be near; she would find his sister, and get her to bring him to her. It was bitter to throw herself upon the pity of a rejected lover. But there was no time to hesitate. In an hour it might be too late.

She was turning away to seek him, when a new voice in the tepee caught her ear,—William's voice! It was he who was to decoy her from her tepee through his sister, who would know nothing. There was no hope, then. It was dark. She might hide; an Indian could do this. But of what use would it be, when there were hundreds of Indians to find, and in a country level and almost as treeless as a desert? At the agency was safety; but this was twenty miles away. At the agency was punishment for Tzuzabup; but the crime would come first. If she should set out for the agency on foot, they would know where she had gone, and would find her. There was no law to bring her back; but there was what counted for more, there was force. Tzuzabup was roused; he was capable of anything. There was only one chance,—a horse and a good start. She must try it. She crept on to the corral. The first horse that she touched pranced and neighed. Immediately the air was full of movement and the stamp of hoofs. Before she could flee, a strong hand

grasped hers, and Tzuzabup's voice was in her ears.

"I have you, Istia. I hold you fast. I pay for you."

Istia opened her lips in a scream that rang out into the night and made itself heard through the roar of the wind and the rushing rain. As the camp came swarming out in answer, her courage came back to her.

"Let me go, Tzuzabup. I hate you. I'll die rather than be your squaw. Save me! Save me!" she called again.

Those about her saw by the fitful glare of the single torch that blew and flared in the wind that she was struggling to get away. But Tzuzabup's strong voice declared that he would shoot down any one who dared to touch her; and those nearest heard the click of his pistol. And had he not bought her? Istia tried to plead. The wind bore away her words faint with her terror.

All at once the distant thud of a horse! Then the sound of wheels borne over the plain! Even Tzuzabup lightened his grasp as he listened. Istia stood motionless, gathering her forces. Louder grew the sound, and the dark object came nearer.

"Help! help!" cried Istia with sudden ringing clearness. And then she thought, what would one Indian more count?

The horse dashed forward until the wagon rocked as it flew along. It stopped where the flare of the torch showed the figures fitfully, and a man leaped from it. In another moment a pistol was at the back of Tzuzabup's neck.

"Stir, and I'll fire!" shouted the newcomer; then to the others, "Light here!"

Tzuzabup was disarmed so suddenly that he stood as one paralyzed.

"Jump into the wagon, Istia," said a low voice.

"Stephen!" she cried, breathless.

"Be quick," he said under his breath. "Take the reins. Be ready."

She sprang up. With his pistol still pointed toward a possible assailant, he followed her. They were off!

Long before they could present themselves to the astonished people at the agency,—for he was carrying her to school

there,—she had learned of the anxiety for her safety which had driven him to follow her and try to persuade her to go back with him.

They were married the next morning. At the present time Stephen is preparing to put out his lawyer's sign in a western town, while Kate has become a welcome member of the choir in the little church. When she is asked if they are

going back to help their people, she sometimes answers with a shrug that there are too many chiefs there; the white teachers, she adds, can manage them best, but she does not add that these are not invited to marry them. Neither does she add that Stephen's mother is coming for a long visit, and that some day her little sister is coming to school.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMONG the leaflets printed in connection with the present summer's course of Old South lectures on "The Founders of New England," is the farewell sermon preached by John Cotton to Winthrop's company at Southampton, as they were on the eve of sailing for New England, in 1630. "God's Promise to his Plantations" is the title under which the sermon was published, the text, always so significant in the old Puritan sermons, being from 2 Samuel vii. 10: "I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and I will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more." The sermon was published in London the same year. "Printed by William Jones for John Bellamy, and are to be sold at the three Golden Lyons by the Royal Exchange, 1630"—such is the imprint on the first edition. Another edition was printed in London in 1634; and this was "Reprinted at Boston in New England, by Samuel Green; and are to be sold by John Usher. Anno 1686." Like most of Cotton's other works, so precious to his generation in New England and so commanding in their influence, it has not been reprinted since until now; and during the two centuries it has so completely disappeared that only in rare historical collections are copies to be found. The circumstances under which the sermon was delivered have even become lost sight of by the historians, although they were so interesting. For this sermon by John Cotton holds the same place in relation to the Massachusetts colony which John Robinson's famous sermon at Delftshaven holds in relation to the Plymouth colony. It was the farewell sermon to Winthrop's company, as Robinson's sermon was the farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers. Yet the great historical significance of this sermon has been strangely overlooked. Robinson's words have become classic. They are quoted at every Forefathers' Day dinner. The theologians hold controversy as to what they meant; the historians speculate as to precisely how and when they were spoken; the painters venture to con-

jure the scene. The sermon itself is not in our hands. Bradford even preserved no record of it for us. We simply have Edward Winslow's reminiscence of it, written down twenty-five years after it was delivered. Yet the address is famous, while Cotton's sermon is practically unknown. Cotton was a far more famous and influential man than Robinson in his day. The departure of the Massachusetts colony from Southampton was an event which caused a sensation in England, while the Mayflower company was an obscure company whose sailing attracted slight attention. John Cotton, perhaps the leading Puritan minister in England at the time, came all the way from Old Boston to Southampton, to bid his friends God speed and to preach this farewell sermon. The sermon was at once printed, was printed again and yet again, and lies in the libraries. Yet no man reads it, and even the historians forget that it was ever preached. Its republication now among the Old South Leaflets is chiefly interesting in drawing attention to its historical significance.

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ROBINSON'S sermon at Delftshaven we know from the account given by Edward Winslow in a communication which he addressed to the Earl of Warwick and the Commissioners of the Plantations, and which he printed in 1646, under the title of "Hypocrisy Unmasked," in reply to charges which Samuel Gorton had made against the colonies. He does not pretend to give the whole address, nor even the exact language. What he gives is as follows; and, although most of it is so familiar, it is interesting to consider it here, in connection with Cotton's farewell sermon:

"In the next place, for the wholesome counsell Mr. Robinson gave that part of the church whereof he was Pastor, at their departure from him to begin the great worke of Plantation in New England, amongst other wholesome Instructions and Exhortations, hee used these expressions, or to



the same purpose: We are now ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether ever he should live to see our faces again: but whether the Lord had appointed it or not, he charged us before God and his blessed Angels, to follow him no further than he followed Christ. And if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be ready to receive it, as ever we were to receive any truth by his Ministry: For he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to breake forth out of his holy Word. He took occasion also miserably to bewail the state and condition of the Reformed churches, who were come to a period in Religion, and would goe no further than the instruments of their Reformation: As for example, the Lutherans they could not be drawne to goe beyond what Luther saw, for whatever part of God's will he had further imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And so also, saith he, you see the Calvinists, they stick where he left them: A misery much to bee lamented; For though they were precious shining lights in their times, yet God had not revealed his whole will to them: And were they now living, saith hee, they would bee as ready and willing to embrace further light, as that they had received. Here also he put us in mind of our Church-Covenant (at least that part of it) whereby wee promise and covenant with God and one with another, to receive whatsoever light or truth shall be made known to us from his written Word: but withall exhorted us to take heed what we received for truth, and well to examine and compare, and weigh it with other Scriptures of truth, before we receive it; For, saith he, *It is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick Antichristian darknesse, and that full perfection of knowledge should breake forth at once.*

"Another thing hee commended to us, was, that wee should use all means to avoid and shake off the name of *Brownist*, being a meer nick-name and brand to make Religion odious, and the professors of it [odious] to the Christian world; and to that end, said hee, I should be glad if some godly Minister would goe over with you, or come to you, before my coming; For, said hee, there will be no difference between the unconformable [Nonconformist] Ministers and you, when they come to the practise of the Ordinances out of the Kingdome: And so advised us by all meanes to endeavour to close with the godly party of the Kingdome of *England*, and rather to study union than division; *vis.* how neare we might possibly, without sin close with them, then in the least measure to affect division or separation from them. And be not loath to take another Pastor or Teacher, saith hee, for that flock that hath two shepherds is not endangered, but secured by it."

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THERE is one point in Robinson's address which should be especially noted in connection with Cotton's advice to the Massachusetts people at Southampton. Said Robinson, "There will be no difference between the unconformable [Nonconformist] Ministers and you, when they come to the practise of the Ordinances out of the Kingdome: And so advised us by all meanes to

endeavour to close with the godly party of the Kingdome of England, and rather to study union than division." This point is emphasized by Winslow, whose purpose in his whole plea, written "at the request of some well-willers to the peace and good agreement of the godly, so distracted at present about the settling of Church-government in the Kingdom of England," is to show both sides "what this poor despised Church of Christ now at New Plymouth in New England, but formerly at Leyden in Holland, was and is, how far they were and still are from separation from the Churches of Christ, especially those that are Reformed." Cotton, in his farewell sermon, said nothing about the relation of Nonconformists, such as those whom he addressed were, to Separatists, such as the Plymouth people were popularly reputed to be; but in another connection at Southampton he seems to have made this the subject of express counsel. This we learn from the letter of Samuel Fuller of the Plymouth colony to Bradford in 1630, preserved in Bradford's Journal at the proper place (see p. 279) and also in completer form in Bradford's Letter-book (see Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections, iii. 75). Fuller was at that time visiting Winthrop's people, who had just arrived; and speaking of the entrance of Winthrop and others into church covenant, he says: "Here is a gentleman, one Mr. Cottington [Coddington], a Boston man, who told me that Mr. Cotton's charge at Hampton was, that they should take advice of them at Plymouth and should do nothing to offend them." He adds assurances of the warm feeling of the Massachusetts men toward those of Plymouth; and Bradford, seeing in all a witness to the growing influence of the Plymouth principles, comments: "Thus out of smalle beginnings greater things have been produced by his hand yt made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so ye light here kindled hath shone to many, yea in some sorte to our whole nation; let ye glorious name of Jehova have all ye praise." And it is surely a notable thing that the followers of Winthrop, leaving England with the warmest protestations of love for the Church of England as their mother, had hardly landed in New England before they separated themselves from the Church of England quite as completely as they of Plymouth; and that John Cotton, whose farewell charge was that they should fellowship the Plymouth people, as Robinson's farewell charge was that these should study union with the Nonconformists, became in a few years the most eminent champion of Congregationalism in New England.

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JOHN COTTON's position among the New England ministers and people during the twenty years (1633-1652) that he was teacher of the First Church in Boston was supreme. Professor Moses Coit Tyler, the most thorough student in our time of Cotton's life and work, has spoken of his ascendancy as "more sovereign, probably, than any other American clergyman has ever reached." "He was the unmitred pope of a pope-hating commonwealth." He had held a most brilliant

position in England before he came to share the hardships of this wilderness. He had had the highest reputation as a Cambridge scholar; and as rector of the famous St. Botolph's Church in Old Boston, he had become renowned as one of the leading Puritan preachers in England. He was the revered friend and counsellor of Winthrop, Johnson and many of the founders of the colony, not a few of whom had been his parishioners. The persecution which he suffered when Laud became primate in 1633 gave him new honor in the eyes of the Massachusetts people; and his arrival in Boston in the autumn of that year, and his immediate installation in the principal pulpit of the little town, was a notable event in the history of the colony. Boston had been named Boston as a compliment and perhaps an invitation to him: "with respect to Mr. Cotton," are Hubbard's words, where he tells of the naming of the town. From the hour of his coming till his death, "he wielded with strong and brilliant mastership the fierce theocracy of New England. Laymen and clergymen alike recognized his supremacy and rejoiced in it." "I hold myself not worthy to wipe his slippers," said Nathaniel Ward. Roger Williams wrote that some people in Massachusetts "could hardly believe that God would suffer Mr. Cotton to err." Hubbard says that whatever John Cotton "delivered in the pulpit was soon put into an order of court or set up as a practice in the church." When he died he was given, Mather tells us, "the most grievous and solemn funeral that was ever known perhaps upon the American strand;" and it was commonly believed that the heavens themselves took note of the event. "About the time of his sickness," says Nathaniel Morton, "there appeared in the heavens over New England a comet, giving a dim light, and so waxed dimmer and dimmer until it became quite extinct and went out; which time of its being extinct was soon after the time of the period of his life: it being a very signal testimony that God had then removed a bright star, a burning and a shining light out of the heaven of his church here, unto celestial glory above."

We do not propose here to speak of Cotton's life. Its significant chapters—his brilliant university career, the long ministry at Old Boston, the persecution, the flight, the powerful influence here as preacher and as author, the Roger Williams controversy, the Anne Hutchinson controversy—are well known. His life was written by his friend, Samuel Whiting, the minister of Lynn, by Cotton Mather, his grandson, and by John Norton, his successor, and has been written by more modern men; although we have not to-day any adequate biography or critical study of the man and his writings and his unique influence in New England. He has almost never been the subject of articles in the magazines and reviews. Francis Parkman wrote upon him in the *North American Review* for 1834; but the article is not an important one. Far more important is the article by Rev. George E. Ellis, in the *International Review* for 1880, on "John Cotton in Church and State." The lecture on Cotton, recently given by Rev. John Cotton Brooks, in the Old South course on the Found-

ers of New England, will soon be published in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, with many careful illustrations, constituting probably the best popular account of the life and work of the great minister of Boston.

Cotton was a voluminous writer, the author, it is said, of nearly fifty books, all of which were sent to London for publication. A list of his principal works may be seen in Rev. William Emerson's "History of the First Church in Boston," p. 85, in the Prince Library Catalogue, prepared by Justin Winsor, and in the valuable chapter on Cotton in Professor Tyler's "History of American Literature." Cotton Mather says that he "was indeed a most universal scholar, and a living system of the liberal arts, and a walking library;" and this is sufficiently apparent from the range of his published works. His "Way of the Churches of Christ in New England" is one of the ablest expositions of Congregationalism. His "Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven" expounds his theocratic ideas of government. His "Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments, chiefly for the Spiritual Nourishment of Boston Babes in either England, but may be of use for any Children," was a famous catechism in its day, and was translated for the Indians. His "Bloody Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb" is his principal work in opposition to Roger Williams.

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It is extraordinary that such a man, held in such esteem, should have preached such a sermon on such an occasion, going from Boston to Southampton to do it, and that the fact should have passed unnoticed by his biographers and by all the chroniclers of his much writing and bewritten generation, and should have remained unnoticed in all the later popular histories, finding mention simply in two or three obscure antiquarian notes. Whiting, Mather, Norton and McClure, Cotton's biographers, do not even mention this farewell visit to the Massachusetts company at Southampton. Mather was aware of the sermon's existence, but he merely names it in his list of Cotton's published works: "There are also of his abroad sermons on the thirteenth of the *Revelations*, and on the *vials*, and on *Rev.* xx. 5, 6, and 2 *Sam.* vii., last in quarto." McClure even assigns the sermon to the period of Cotton's residence in Boston. The reading of the sermon itself should have prevented such a mistake, as its character is apparent. Mr. McClure was doubtless misled by the date, 1634, of the London edition from which the American edition was reprinted. But this was not the first London edition. There is a copy of the 1630 edition in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as there are doubtless copies in other collections.

Johnson, Hubbard, Neal, Hutchinson, Barry, Palfrey,—in none of these historians of Massachusetts do we find Cotton's farewell sermon noticed; nor in Bancroft and the general histories of the United States. Palfrey, in his glance at Cotton's earlier career, at the point where he notices his arrival in Boston, observes that "at the departure of Winthrop's colony, he made a journey to take leave of them at Southampton;"

and in a note he refers, as his authority for the statement, to Scottow, with whose "Narrative" Barry also shows himself acquainted. But nowhere do the farewell sermon and the memorable occasion of its delivery, of which Scottow gives explicit information, receive any attention.

We naturally turn to Winthrop's Journal as the contemporary writing in which we should chiefly expect mention of Cotton's visit to Southampton and the farewell sermon. But when the Journal opens, "Anno Domini, 1630, March 29, Easter Monday," the Governor is already "riding at the Cowes, near the Isle of Wight, in the Arbella;" and the sermon had probably been preached at Southampton just before that date, before the embarkation. If it was preached after the embarkation, it is still possible, of course, that it might not have found mention, as the famous farewell address to their brethren of the Church of England, drawn up by the company, a week or more after that, while anchored at Yarmouth, does not find mention; but undoubtedly the sermon was preached before the Journal opens. In Winthrop's letters from Southampton, however, we should certainly expect reference to this matter. Cotton was Winthrop's friend, and there was probably no minister in England whom he held in such reverence. Cotton had probably paid a visit to the Groton home only four months before. On November 24, 1629, Winthrop writes from London to his wife: "It may be Mr. Cotton of Boston will come see thee on thursdays or fridays. Gett him to stayer a night if thou canst." No person in England could have come to Southampton to bid him and his company God speed, whose coming would have meant more. Yet there is no reference whatever to it in any word of Winthrop's which has come down to us.

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THIS strange omission is remarked upon by Robert C. Winthrop, in his life of the Governor. "In neither of the letters from Southampton," he says, "is there any allusion to the presence of John Cotton, or to the sermon which he is said to have preached there; but such an omission is by no means conclusive evidence that Winthrop was not among the edified listeners to that memorable discourse. His letters from there are very brief; and he says, as an excuse for not writing more fully, 'Here I meet with so much company and business, as I am forced to borrow of my sleep for this.' And so we will still trust that his heart was encouraged by hearing the faithful minister of Old Boston, who was so soon to become his companion and pastor in New Boston, deliver 'God's Promise to his Plantation,' and follow it with his prayers and benedictions."

Referring to Scottow's "Narrative" as the principal authority for the statement that the sermon was delivered before the Massachusetts company at Southampton, Mr. Winthrop calls attention to the contemporaneous testimony, which so far as we know has been noticed by him alone, found in the following passage from the Diary of John Rous, a Suffolk man, under date of 1630: "Some little while since, the Company went to New England under Mr. Winthrop. Mr. Cotton, of Boston in Lincolnshire, went to their depar-

ture about Gravesend, & preached to them, as we heare, out of 2 Samuel, vii. 10. It is said that he is prohibited fro preaching any more in England than until June 24 next now comming."—*Diary of John Rous, Camden Society's Publications, No. 66, pp. 53, 54.*

With reference to this mention of Gravesend as the place where the sermon was preached, it is to be said that the ships for the expedition were fitted out at London, and probably lay for some time in the Thames. Many of the company may have congregated there and embarked before the vessels proceeded to Southampton, where Winthrop and others went on board. It would have been quite possible therefore, for all we know to the contrary, that such a sermon should have been preached to a gathering of the colonists at Gravesend. But Fuller's reference to "Mr. Cotton's charge at Hampton" confirms Scottow's statement that it was at Southampton that Cotton parted from the company and preached his farewell sermon. The citation from Rous's Diary does have some value as indicating that Cotton was already under close watch and that there may have been reasons why there should not have been much said about his sermon at that time in England; although in view of what we know of him during the next two years and the fact of the immediate publication of this sermon in London, we cannot attach great significance to this.

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MR. WINTHROP and Charles Deane are the only ones of our historical writers whom we have found making any considerable reference to Cotton's sermon, both drawing upon Scottow's "Narrative;" although Mr. Deane, when he published his first critical note upon the sermon, had evidently not observed Scottow's own exact words upon the subject, but discovered them after his note was printed. His two notes were published in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, ii., April and July, 1848, pp. 151 and 318, under the title of "God's Promise to his Plantations." We give them both here, as being the only critical discussions of this notable address which we have been able to find:—

I. "The first printed works relating to the settlement of the Massachusetts Colony appeared in 1630.\* Among them are the 'Planter's Plea,' 'New England Plantation,' and 'God's Promise to his Plantation.' The first is supposed to have been written by Rev. John White of Dorchester, England, who early manifested a great interest in the settlement of this colony. It is interesting and valuable, as it gives a minute account of the first commencement of the plantation. It is supposed to have been printed soon after the sailing of Winthrop's fleet. The second is a letter written from Salem to his friends in England, by Rev. Francis Higginson, who arrived here in June, 1629, with Mr. Skelton. It gives his experience of the country after a residence of about three months. There were three editions printed in 1630, the first of which is supposed to have appeared before the sailing of Winthrop's fleet. The last named publication, which tells its

\* "There is a slight allusion, however, to this colony in Smith's Virginia, ed. 1629."

own story in the title-page we have given above, is interesting, not as a historical document, but for the associations with which it is connected. It was preached shortly before the departure of Winthrop's company;\* and perhaps in the celebrated St. Botolph's Church, of which he was rector for many years.† Some of his parishioners were about leaving him for a distant and almost unknown colony; but his heart was with them and their enterprise. No undertaking was attempted in those days without 'proving it by the touchstone of God's word.' And Cotton here draws largely from the Old Testament (from which our fathers drew the most of their theology as well as jurisprudence), in order to show what God has promised to his faithful people. *I will appoint a place for my people Israel, &c.* The preface to this discourse, 'To the Christian Reader,' was written by another hand, with initials I. H., and in our own copy we find the following query penned some few years since: 'May it not have been John Humphry, who was one of the six original patentees from the council of Plymouth?' Humphry was chosen deputy governor with the view of coming over this year, but being prevented, Mr. Dudley was elected in his place. The writer of the preface says, 'Now because many may either not know, or do not consider upon how full a ground and warrant out of the word of God that undertaking (which was the occasion of this sermon) hath hitherto proceeded, I thought good (courteous Reader), leave being with some difficulty obtained of the Reverend Author, to present unto thy view and consideration that which may in part give thee satisfaction in this particular. Ere long (if God will) thou shalt see a longer declaration of the first rise & ends of this enterprise, & so cleare & full a justification of this designe, and also in respect of any other ground and circumstance of weight,' &c. This discourse is worthy of note as being the first printed work of which we have any record, of one who bore so prominent a part in the early period of the Massachusetts settlement. When we reflect that Cotton transferred his labors from Boston in Old England to Boston in New England, and that the latter was named in honor of him and his associates and friends who came from the former, and consider also the occasion on which this sermon was delivered, it will appear by no means insignificant or uninteresting. Its contents are by no means remarkable. As we said above, it possesses nothing historical. But it does contain some most excellent advice and exhibits the true principles which animated our Puritan Fathers. We give below a few extracts from it — to introduce which we have trespassed thus far." [Here follow extracts from the sermon.]

II. "Since writing the notice of this sermon in the last number of the *Register*, I have met with the following MS. notes of Prince, the chronologist, in his own copy of this discourse now before me: 'By several passages in the sermon, it seems to be

\* "Thomson's History of Boston, England."

† "It is uncertain whether this sermon was preached at Boston or at Southampton. We know he did preach a farewell sermon at the latter place. — *Scottow's Narrative*. *Prince's Annals*, p."

preached in England to a number of people about to remove to New England, and considering the history † of his life, and that he went to the Isle of Wight in England, in the spring of 1630, to see Govr. Winslow, [he means Winthrop] Mr. Wilson and company, and take his farewell of them, as they were then bound for New England, it seems highly likely that he then preached this sermon to them.

"After I had wrote the above,' he continues, 'I found in Joshua Scottoway Esq's narrative, that Mr. Cotton preached this sermon to Govr. Winthrop and company at the Isle of Wight, as they were preparing to sail for New England.'

"I give below the passages from Scottow referred to. Prince, however, should have put *Southampton* for the *Isle of Wight*.

"Some of their choice friends, as the Reverend Mr. Cotton and others, went along with them from Boston in Lincolnshire to Southampton, where they parted and he preached his farewell sermon.'

"Not long after this, Mr. Cotton's farewell sermon (above mentioned) was printed at London, and since reprinted at Boston, entitled, *God's Promise to his Plantation*, wherein he exhorted them to remember England, their mother, and that they should not be like those ungrateful birds, who when they had swum over a stream or river, forgot the wing that had hatcht them.'

"If Scottow is to be relied on, — and we have no reason to question his authority, as he was for a long period cotemporary with many of Winthrop's company, and dedicates his book, referred to, to Bradstreet, then living, who also came over with Winthrop, — then the question would seem to be settled as to the place where this sermon was preached, namely, at Southampton."

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SCOTTOW'S "Narrative" thus appears to be the sole distinct original authority concerning the delivery of Cotton's farewell sermon at Southampton. Joshua Scottow was an old man when he published his dolorous Jeremiad in 1694; but it is a clear and vigorous document, and there is no ground for questioning any of its statements of fact. Of the "Narrative" as a whole it is impossible to speak here; but it might well form a theme for special treatment, as it is so little known, and as it mentions incidentally many matters of historical interest besides Cotton's farewell sermon. Incidentally, we say, for Scottow's primary purpose was not to write history, but to wail. He felt, after the fashion of gray-haired men from the beginning who have looked back mournfully to the "good old times," that New England was going to perdition; and he contrasts the time of the saintly Cotton and the rest with the ungodly present, for the sake of prophesying a still more disastrous decline. The title-page of his pamphlet

‡ "Here is a gentleman, one Mr. Cottington [Coddington] a Boston man: who told me that Mr. Cotton's charge at Hampton was that they should take advice of them at Plymouth, and should do nothing to offend them."

"By this only passage in Govr. Bradford's MS. History, we find that the Revd. and famous Mr. Cotton went from Boston in Lincolnshire, to take his leave of his departing friends at South Hampton. — *Prince's Annals*, vol. 1, p. 245, *Mass. Hist. Col.*, vol. 3, p. 75."

indicates so well the character of his work that we give its contents:—

"A Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony Anno 1628. With the Lord's Signal Presence the First Thirty Years. Also a Caution from New England's Apostle, the great Cotton, how to Escape the Calamity, which might befall them or their Posterity. And Confirmed by the Evangelist Norton. With Prognosticks from the famous Dr. Owen, concerning the Fate of these Churches, and Animadversions upon the Anger of God, in sending of Evil Angels among us. Published by Old Planters, the Authors of the Old Men's Tears. Psalm 78, 2, 3, 4. *I will utter dark sayings of old, which we have heard and known and our Fathers have told us, &c.* Jer. 6, 16. *Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, & walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls; but they said, we will not walk herein.* Boston Printed and sold by Benjamin Harris, at the sign of the Bible over against the Blew-Anchor: 1694."

The entire work was reprinted in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, fourth series, vol. iv., 1858. In the fourth volume of the second series, 1816, there is a brief memoir of Scottow, — we think by James Savage. "The first mention of Joshua Scottow, traced by my inquiries," says the biographer, "is in the records of the Old Church, in the tenth page of which it is noted that, 'Thomas Scottowe and Joshua Scottowe, the sonnes of our sister Thomasine Scottowe,' were admitted members on the 19th of the third month, 1639. . . . He was probably the younger son, and brought from England by his mother, a widow, admitted of the same church, 21 September, 1634. He was well entitled, therefore, sixty years after, to call himself an Old Planter." He became a merchant "of much respectability," whose name frequently occurs in the affairs of the town. In 1691, three years before the publication of the "Narrative," he published another pamphlet, which like its successor was a lament over the degeneracy of the times. It was entitled: "Old Men's Tears for their own Declension, mixed with Fears of their and Posterities further falling off from New England's Primitive Constitution."

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COTTON'S sermon as published in London was prefixed by an address "To the Christian Reader," signed by "I. H.," — probably meaning, says Prince, John Humphrey. Humphrey, of whom Winthrop speaks as "a gentleman of special parts, of learning and activity, and a goldy man," was one of the leading men in the Massachusetts enterprise. He had been chosen deputy governor of the colony at the same time that Winthrop was chosen governor; but he found it necessary to postpone his coming, and Dudley was chosen in his stead. The purpose of his address, as explained by Mr. Deane, was to bespeak kind consideration in England for the new plantation, to which Cotton's sermon related.

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THE sermon itself is a typical Puritan sermon,

well worth reading again after these two centuries and a half simply as such. Incorporated now among the Old South Leaflets, which are sold for five cents, every student can procure it by addressing the directors of the Old South Studies, at the Old South Meeting House, Boston. The sermon bristles with texts. There are three on the title-page, besides the main text from Samuel; and every statement from beginning to end is fortified by appeal to Ezekiel xx. 6, or some clinching scripture. The sermon begins with David's purpose to build God a house, and the blessings promised. The transition is easy to the blessings upon a plantation established by God's people. A consideration of the three ways in which God makes room for a people leads to some words on the rights of the natives of the soil to be occupied. Then proper reasons for emigration are discussed, — the gaining of knowledge, lawful commerce, the "liberty of the Ordinances," a better chance elsewhere. "Nature teacheth Bees to doe so, when as the hive is too full, they seeke abroad for new dwellings: So when the hive of the Common wealth is so full, that tradesmen cannot live one by another, but eate up one another, in this case it is lawful to remove." So it is to escape certain evils, which are duly enumerated, or to carry on some work pointed out by God's providence. The latter part of the sermon is a charge to keep the plantation godly. He exhorts the departing colonists to "take rooting in the Ordinances," to be "not unmindful of our Jerusalem at home," to "offend not the poor natives," to "looke well to the plants that spring from you." "Goe forth," exclaims the preacher, in the finest passage in the sermon, "every man that goeth, with a publick spirit, looking not on your owne things onely, but also on the things of others. This care of universall helpfulnesse was the prosperity of the first Plantation of the Primitive church. *Acts, 4, 32.*" The text referred to is that which declares that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." We cannot forget here that declaration of the Plymouth company: "We doe holde ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of ye whole by every one and so mutually;" and Robinson's charge to the little band: "With your comone employments joyne comone affections truly bent upon ye generall good, avoiding as a deadly plague of your both common and spetiall comfort all retiredness of mind for proper advantage. . . ; let every man repress in himself, and ye whole body in each person, as so many rebels against ye comone good, all private respects of men's selves, not sorting with ye general convenience." The true communal spirit was with the fathers of New England at the beginning.

Cotton's farewell sermon was not a great prophetic utterance, like Robinson's at Delftshaven; but it was a notable sermon, preached by a great man, on a memorable occasion. It is remarkable that the sermon should have been so completely forgotten; and it is useful to have attention recalled to it in connection with these Old South studies of the Founders of New England.





FROM A PHOTO. BY WILFRED A. FRENCH.

**DEATH ARRESTING THE HAND OF THE SCULPTOR.**

WORK OF DANIEL C. FRENCH.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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## AMERICAN RELATIONS WITH THE FAR EAST.

*By William Elliot Griffis.*



BATTLE-FLAG CAPTURED  
AT THE HAN FORTS,  
COREA, 1871.

ALTHOUGH "An Ancient Teapot" stands in honor among the relics in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, American relations with the land of tea did not begin as early as this bit of faience might suggest. Moreover, shape, material and decoration show suspicious likeness to a similar utensil in the basement hall, which claims far less antiquity. Nevertheless American relations with China are based on the teapot. An epoch-making event in our colonial history required over three hundred chests of tea and a vessel no smaller than Boston harbor to brew it in.

It was an exchange of drinks which first brought the Chinese and Americans together. China raised tea and America raised ginseng. In 1720 this anthropomorphic root was discovered in Canada by the Jesuit Lafitau. In 1750 it was found in Vermont, where at that time it grew in great plenty and perfection. Poets, both oriental and occidental, have sung the virtues of Bohea; but only the followers of Confucius appreciate ginseng.

Difference in diet and temperament accounts probably for the variation in opinion. In our country the "first of plants," so called by the Chinese and the "legs and thighs separated" of the Iroquois Indians, is a curiosity. In Emersonian conception, it is "a plant the virtues of which have not yet been discovered" (among us), and therefore a weed.

As early as 1747 the missionary schools at Stockbridge, Mass., were disturbed by the demand for this article of oriental commerce. The Indians roaming the woods had found a bonanza which, by exchange with the Dutch merchants at Albany, secured them more rum and brandy than was good for stomach or soul. Both Dutch domine and Yankee teacher mourned over this unhallowed passion of the uncelestial Chinese for an American forest weed. Nevertheless this was the beginning of American commerce with China. When the logical results of the "Boston tea party" were manifest in a new flag which floated even in the far Asiatic seas, New York and Boston vessels were loaded for China, and the chief article in the cargo was ginseng. The Yankees profited by the costly experience of the first mariners of the Dutch Republic, who had supposed that the Japanese would buy cheese and butter. Finding only elevated noses at the smell of the one and wry or stolid faces at the



taste of the other, the Dutchmen learned to bring what the Japanese called for. Later the Americans took a point from the Dutch, selling in China what the Chinese wanted.

It was on Washington's birthday, 1784, that the first ship floating the stars and stripes, commanded by Captain Green, set sail from New York. Samuel Shaw, a



REAR ADMIRAL ANDREW HULL FOOTE.

veteran of the United States First Artillery, was supercargo. Returning to New York, May 11, 1785, Major Shaw gave a lively narrative of his voyage to Chief Justice Jay; but his journal was not published until 1847. When Captain Cook returned from his journey in the North Pacific Ocean, the mercantile world was directed to this new field of adventure as an amazing treasury of fur-bearing animals. Forthwith a new fleet of ships bearing the stars and stripes went out into the Pacific Ocean to catch the movable and explore the immovable. Although others have made the claim, we are inclined to believe that Captain Gray, who in May, 1792, discovered the Columbia River, naming it after his own vessel, was the first to carry the American flag around the world. A tremendous impulse was now given to the trade with an oriental nation whose ideas of dignity and dress are largely emphasized by the use of fur. The American fur ships, timing their departure from the Atlantic ports so as to

reach the Oregon coast in the spring, traded during the summer and then went to the Hawaiian Islands in the autumn; there, besides refitting, they purchased sandalwood, sharks' fins and tortoise shells for the China trade. After two years' cruising and trade, they hastened to their Atlantic homes, laden with tea, silk and porcelain, "walking upon the wings" of the monsoon. To this day the Chinese name of Hawaii is the "Sandalwood Islands."

Like all the other *fan-kwei* or "foreign devils," the Americans lived at Canton in the district occupied by the "factories." Our trade steadily increased. Except a temporary suspension of business in 1821, because an American sailor killed a Chinese, there was little to vary the monotony of their life until 1842. Then after the opium war, when the ports of Amoy (where alone the native word *cha* is pronounced tea) Foo-chow, Ningpo and Shanghai were opened, American enterprise took advantage of fresh opportunities of trade, settling in these ports. During most of the years since that time, the American trade with China has been next to that of the British, which leads all.

What has been the mark which our country has made upon China and Chinese Asia? What the mark of Russia, England and France is, all the world knows. In one respect these nations, despite their differences in civilization, are alike: they are all earth-hungry. "Russia the ravenous" is no more desirous of territory than are England and France. For two centuries the Cossack and the Tartar skirmished along the northern frontier of "the Chinas;" and the result is that to-day the talons of the double-headed eagle graze the borders of China, Corea and Japan. By one stroke of diplomacy—"satanic" the British call it—Russia in 1861 sheared off the northern fleece of the Chinese sheep to the extent of two hundred thousand square miles. By another stroke, when Japan was busy in 1874 in settling the Formosa affair with China, Russia gained Saghalin, where to-day she has a powerful garrison and a vast penal settlement for the worst of her criminals. This is Russia's way; but somehow that of Great

Britain is not very different. Besides making China the opium shop for the disposal of her India crop of poppy-poison, she has a fashion of always getting her "indemnities" paid, not only in silver, but also in land. She occupies Hong Kong, and on the southwestern frontiers of China her sentinel's cry of "All's well" is heard in Burmah. France, in her curious horizontal scheme of attempted colonization, lacks not only perpendiculars and proportion, but usually the elements of success. In her belt of so-called colonies, which are chiefly in tropical regions, instead of new broods of Frenchmen hatched out, there are, as a French writer declares, neither omelets nor chicks. Nevertheless China has lost her tributary state, Annam, over which the tricolor flag waves. Germany has not yet stepped in to buy or appropriate Formosa; but who can tell when the disease of earth-hunger will not attack the giant under the spiked helmet?

In a word, it is European policy with Asiatic nations to get hold of their territory, and after every war to appropriate

our country by President Arthur, of "the great Pacific Power." Valuable as is our commerce with the land of tea, silk and porcelain, with the peninsula ginseng fields and the islands of art and lacquer, the chief American work is that of education and civilization; and the overwhelming majority of Americans in Chinese Asia are missionaries and teachers. The "Country of the Flowery Flag" is associated in the minds of these three nations as one desiring peace and good will, with no propensity to steal territory.

Nevertheless we have had our wars with all three,—China, Japan, Korea. Yet mark the sequence, as contrasting with European policy. On the grounds of the Annapolis Naval Academy stands a monument in memory of the seven Americans killed at the storming of the Barrier forts in November, 1856. During the British and Chinese complications, the boats of our war ships had been fired on by the Chinese officers, who would or did not take the trouble to notice our flag. When an American had been killed, and after the second firing, Commodore Arm-



NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

land for "coaling stations," "unfrozen seaports," or "trading marts."

On the contrary, the mark of the United States has been that of peace, commerce, education, missionary activity and real education in the nobler ideals of civilization. Our influence with China, Japan and Korea justifies the name given

strong believed it time to teach the difference between flags. Having the splendid old steamer *San Jacinto*, with the *Portsmouth* and *Levant*, lying at Whampo, he ordered Captain (afterward Rear Admiral) A. H. Foote to storm the forts. Using most of his available men, with the two larger ships, Foote, after five days of



MEDAL PRESENTED TO COMMODORE MATTHEW PERRY BY THE MERCHANTS OF BOSTON.

active operations, destroyed the forts, which mounted one hundred and seventy-six guns, and utilized the Chinese powder found in the magazines for blowing up the sea walls. To show what difficulties our brave fellows had to contend against, it may be said that one brass gun was over twenty-two feet long and fired an eight-inch ball, while the whole armament was superior to anything known before in China. This passage of arms is the only one ever known between the Chinese and American forces. Commodore Tatnall's tow of several boat-loads of British marines into action in 1860, his well-known saying, "Blood is thicker than water," and the success of Gen. Ward, who drilled "the Ever-victorious Army," have further caused the American name to be associated with martial prowess in China; yet with the country the United States has never been at war, save as the above episode may be called war.

None more than the Chinese mandarins understand the temper of the American government, and what true Americanism is. The Americans in 1856, instead of immediately seizing Chinese territory as a basis of "indemnity" or as a "guarantee," passed over the incident, and the Chinese government answered, "There is no matter of strife between our respective nations." From that time forth, however, the American flag, being carefully studied, was clearly discerned. Today "the flowery flag" is easily recog-

nized by all Chinamen who know anything whatever of different foreign nationalities. To the vast majority of the inert mass of the Chinese population, the whole question of flags and differences among the western barbarians is a matter of mystery. The idea which they have of the bearded, blue-eyed, red-headed and white-skinned people is that they are either guests who are tolerated or curious folk who have come to bring tribute to their emperor. There are to-day about fourteen hundred Americans living in China, of whom eight hundred are teachers or missionaries. Although swift steamers and submarine telegraphs have destroyed the old-time methods of business, and the few "merchant princes," with their palatial establishments, unbounded hospitality and aristocratic influence, have given way to a larger number of smaller traders, the Americans are still the second foreign trading power. The statistics of trade for 1893 show an aggregate of nearly ten millions of dollars.

This trade between China and these American residents has not been without its own noticeable effect upon us as a people. American ship-building, especially before the days of steam, owed much of its development to the Chinese tea trade. The American ships built before 1840 were swifter than the old "tea wagons" of the British, who from the time of the great "Boston tea party" until well into the nineteenth century

made little progress in naval architecture. When in the forties and fifties the American clipper ships; with their long trim hulls, narrow beams, sharp lines, tall masts, heavy spars and amazing spread of canvas, appeared in the China seas, many an old European head was shaken, and doubts of the seaworthiness of these American novelties were expressed. Nevertheless, not only were the new experiments successful as safe crafts, but the element of exhilaration came in. Monotonous freighting and transportation were changed into sea racing in which pride was touched and all joyous energies were bent to win both glory and dollars. From about 1865, the age of steam was fully ushered in. The splendid line of Pacific mail steamers was established, and even the freighting vessels carried their motors within them.

Other influences are not less marked. Do we not know the era of the "Chinese museum"? Probably this contact with the Orient, more than any other one factor, has been most fertile in making the museum a popular institution in the United States. How largely to-day is the odorous wood, strange spice or curious bric-a-brac from the Far East a part of our household adornment! How many wharves, docks, streets, villages, towns and even cities have taken their names from places in China! The opening of the Orient has been a potent touch to the spirit and a fertilizing gift to the imagination. Our hereditary narrowness has widened out as we have looked upon new horizons. Some of the liberalizing tendencies of thought can be directly traced to New England seaports, where men so numerous and so often returned from afar to tell what God's world contains. To-day the annual crop of books on China is a quantity that is regular and calculable.

Out in the seas, far enough away from China to receive from her the impulses of civilization, but not to be overwhelmed or denationalized, live a people who are æsthetic to the finger-tips. They are not eminently peace-loving like the Chinese, nor are they "stocky," stolid and conservative. They are ambitious, warlike, lovers of beauty and fond of change,

especially when change means improvement.

For two generations, during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, the Japanese were known to Europe, and besides their trade and missions in Nippon, the Spaniards and Portuguese in Europe enjoyed and honored the Japanese as visitors and travellers. In the



TOWNSEND HARRIS.

end, however, the men of beer and butter who lived behind the dykes stole the charts and wrested away the trade and influence of the men from the lands of oil and wine. After the great explosion of Japanese persecution and exclusion, — caused rather by Iyeyasu, who wanted to make his own political power secure and feared disturbing foreign elements, than from hatred of Christianity or dislike of trade, — the Iberian peninsulars found themselves out, and the Dutch found themselves in. First at Hirado and then at Deshima, the Hollanders were given the monopoly of Japanese trade. Despite all the abuse heaped by rivals and enemies upon the Dutchmen of Nagasaki, the facts are that for a hundred and fifty years the Dutchman was the silent leaven at work in preparing Japan for her new modern life. He



THE ROBERTS WINDOW IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.

introduced western medicine, books and science, and taught appreciation of them. His finely cultivated language was for the Japanese hermits the key to the treasures of European thought. He revealed the new-born forces of civilization, and the danger to the Japanese of resisting American demands. Holland prepared the way for Commodore Perry. The bluff commodore in 1854 merely inserted the thin end of the wedge. It was Townsend Harris who, in 1859, drove it in, splitting feudalism to pieces, separating old from new Japan. His treaty converted a wood-and-water station for ships into a great mart of the world's commerce.

The great Pacific Power at once poured in both missionaries and merchants. During the thirty-five years of American residence in Dai Nippon, the trade of the

United States has been fourth, third or second, until the year 1892, when the volume of American commerce excelled even that of the British; and to-day our country stands leader. Meanwhile British trade has not only proportionally decreased, but the Japanese in their own ships are winning away the trade of India, much to the disgust of Englishmen. This fact explains very considerably why, in the present war, British sympathy is not with Japan.

Even before Matthew Perry, there were many attempts to open Japan to the commerce of the world by Russians, French, British and other powers. Even during the years of the last century our

flag was seen in Japanese waters, and in the early years of this century the seventeen-starred flag of the United States, often noted by the Japanese, floated over Yankee vessels engaged in the fur trade. When the whale, refusing any longer to be caught in the Atlantic, compelled our ocean Nimrods from New Bedford to round the Cape of Good Hope and hunt for blubber in the Pacific, the "flowery flag" was often mirrored in the dark blue water of the Kuro Shiwo (Black Current) which scours Japan. By 1852, as Commodore Perry estimated, \$17,000,000 were invested in the American whaling business in the North Pacific.

The United States has not yet decided upon a foreign policy. Some day she will be obliged to do so. Then we shall see whether our country has the earth-eating disease which so rabidly possesses

the European countries and which we so freely criticise. Usually the foreign policy inaugurated by one administration or Congress in Washington is upset by the next one coming into power. Some day a policy independent of party lines will be forced upon us. There are signs that this day is quickly approaching.

One of the several revivals or spasms of American foreign policy was under President Andrew Jackson, when both Asia and Europe felt its influence. Both France and Naples were compelled to pay their bills, and our trade was extended in the Far East. Mr. Edmund Roberts, a sea-captain of Portsmouth, N. H., was in 1832 appointed presiden-

show what American Christianity tried to do as early as 1837. Laden with Japanese ship-wrecked waifs, the American captain and owner made no return to the hostile fire of the Japanese cannon, but quietly pocketed financial loss and took back both the iron ball and the men whom their countrymen refused to own. Of other attempts to pry open Japan, by congressional resolutions, by commercial ventures, by our ships returning Japanese picked up from wrecks, by dignified visits of line-of-battle ships, and of little fighting brigs under commanders not to be trifled with, for the reclamation of American seamen, there is not space here to tell.

To-day it is the church, the hospital



THE "WYOMING" SINKING THE JAPANESE STEAMERS AT SHIMONOSÉKI.

tial agent to open diplomatic and commercial relations with Muscat and Siam. He was also directed to open communication, if possible, with Japan. His untimely death, June 12, 1836, at Macao, where his tomb is still honored, prevented the removal of the seals from mysterious Japan. The memorial window in the Episcopal Church at Portsmouth, presented by his grand-daughter, Mrs. John V. L. Pruyne of Albany, keeps alive the memory of our first American envoy in the Far East. Cape "King" and "Morrison" Bluff, at points on the Gulf of Yedo, embalming the name of an American lady, wife of the owner, and that of the ship named after the first Protestant English missionary to China,

and the schoolhouse, as well as the *godown* (storehouse), *hong* (business office), sailing vessel and steamer that tell what American interests are in Japan. Of the less than one thousand American residents in the Mikado's empire, fewer than three hundred are in business; the rest are in missionary, medical or educational service. The names of some of our American healers and instructors are household words throughout the empire. Whatever be the criticisms to which both the Roman or Greek Catholic and Protestant methods of propagandism may be open, and unquestionably contrasting as they are in their types, this we can, without challenge, say of the American missionary: he touches closely the national

life; his work is not of the heroic, military or monastic type; it is perhaps unheroic, prosy and unpicturesque. He is, usually, a married man, with a wife and children, home and comforts, and a guaranteed salary. He is all that. To the tourist and newspaper correspondent he is at times the target for wit and criticism. Nevertheless, this much-criticised person does what the French Roman Catholic or the Russian Greek Catholic does not do: he touches, moves and



DAVID STOCKTON M'DOUGAL.  
CAPTAIN OF THE WYOMING.

transforms the thinking mind of Japan, its ethics, its literature, its art, its social and political ideas. In a word, the American missionary, who teaches not merely a class but all classes, has been in a very large sense the creator of New Japan. "No less a feat than the reform of the entire educational system was the work of a handful of Americans," says an English writer of over twenty years' residence in Japan, the grandfather of our famous British critic, Basil Hall Chamberlain. To visit, so to speak, the powerhouse of the great electric system of Japan's progress, that is, to study the little native official publications called *Yatoi Tojin* (list of foreigners in the employ of the Japanese government), is to discover scores of dynamos in the names of well-known Americans who have powerfully helped to make New

Japan. Not in the drilling of her armies or the making of her navy have Americans been conspicuous, but along all the lines of education, industry, healing, in helping the natives to replenish and subdue the earth and in making Japan rich and prosperous, Americans have been numerous and active.

In the diplomacy emanating from Washington, the Japanese government has found a distinct difference from that planned in European capitals. All the American ships before Perry's squadron were under orders of the utmost stringency to keep the peace, so long as no intentional insults were offered. Perry himself was chosen because so well able to hold the trigger without pulling it,—while yet terribly in earnest. Townsend Harris, after eighteen months of patient waiting, and without a ship or a man, secured audience of the Tycoon in Yedo. Peacefully he won the treaty which made Japan a commercial nation, and by which, with other influences, she has been enabled to double her wealth and to increase her population at a rate that is *twenty times* faster than in the preceding century. The Americans were the first to make a postal treaty with Japan, the first to give her the full rights of her own coasting trade by withdrawing their own steamers, the first to make a treaty of extradition, and finally to propose to grant her equal rights as a nation, eliminating the odious extra-territorial clause and removing the consular courts from Japan,—though this latter treaty is as yet inoperative without the consent of all the powers, including England. Were we to collect from Japanese journals, official documents and popular expression the proofs of the high estimation in which the Japanese hold the American people, we could compile a volume of permanent interest. Throughout Japan the one feeling toward America is that of gratitude. Even the so-called anti-foreign feeling of to-day, in which Americans with all other aliens suffer, is but a matter of home politics. It is a stick with which the opposition would beat the imperial ministers in power to compel their resignation and out-stepping. Even this symptom arises from the growth of



UPPER HOUSE, IMPERIAL DIET, TOKIO.

democracy in Japan, brought about to a large degree by the powerful inductive example of the great republic, whose history is so well known and whose constitution has been many times ably translated into the Japanese vernacular. The so-called anti-foreigners demand that the ministers be made responsible to the Diet, and not to the emperor.

We have had our wars with the Japanese; never, indeed, with the present government, but in the old feudal days, when at Shimonoséki the clansmen of Chōshiu tried their eight-inch (Dahlgren) guns upon the United States sloop-of-war *Wyoming*. They had already fired on an American ship, being determined to close the straits to foreigners. Captain David McDougal, then hunting for the *Alabama*, fortunately knew the draught of the (recently purchased) Japanese steamer, brig and bark, lying beneath the forts on the bluff. He determined not merely to attack the batteries, but to sink or capture the brig, bark and steamer. Leaving Yokohama on the thirteenth of July, 1863, McDougal reached the eastern end of the strait at 9.30 p. m. on the fifteenth, and there awaited the favorable turn of the tide. Moving into the straits at 5 a. m. the next day, the Japanese batteries were in sight at six o'clock. Within a few minutes the first shot from the bluffs showed that the *Wyoming* was in range and struck. The crew was at once beat to quarters, and McDougal ordered the pilots to run the ship under the very

noses of the cannon. He then steamed directly for the three vessels lying at anchor and crowded with men. In a few minutes all six of the Japanese batteries were in full blaze and blast, and the *Wyoming* between the bark and the brig was wrapped in sheets of flame. So near were the combatants, that they could discern each other's faces, and no fewer than three broadsides were fired from the Japanese brig during the swift passage of the *Wyoming*. By this time the brig was in a sinking condition; but also unfortunately the *Wyoming* was stuck fast in the mud. Nevertheless the propeller worked her off, and, manœuvring handsomely into position, the eleven-inch Dahlgren gun was trained deliberately upon the steamer, the bull's-eye sought being a point immediately above the water line and in front of the boiler. The shell went clear through the steamer, exploding in the town about half a mile away, and in a few minutes the doomed steamer settled and sunk. After again running the gauntlet of the batteries and completely destroying one of them by a lucky shot, McDougal brought his ship safely to Yokohama, with a loss of four killed and six wounded. It is questionable whether in the annals of naval warfare any achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the *Wyoming* at Shimonoséki. Nevertheless, happening during the civil war and at the other end of the globe, it has been ignored by our naval chroniclers, and passed almost unnoticed at the time. In-



stead of being a rash plunge, it was as cool and scientific a movement, albeit one requiring as much nerve and courage, as Cushing's attack on the *Albemarle*.

About one year later, the combined squadrons of England, France, Holland and the United States, with a large landing force, completely destroyed these batteries. In this naval demonstration, and in this our second war with the Japanese, the great United States was represented by one piece of Parrott ordnance, Lieutenant Pearson and thirty men detailed from the United States ship *Portsmouth*,

Englishmen "The land of the almighty dollar" may yet refund even the interest which accumulated on this money thus unjustly extorted.

This "late unpleasantness" at Shimonoséki was in reality with a body of feudal clansmen, and not strictly speaking against the Japanese government or people. When then, in 1868, the clansmen of Satsuma, Chōshiu, Tosa and Hizen overturned the Tycoon's government and accomplished not only a restoration of the emperor to supreme power, but also a revolution, giving him more power than



JAPANESE LADS IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES WHO ARE NOW LEADING MEN IN NEW JAPAN.

on the chartered steamer *Ta-king*. This is, we believe, the only foreign war the United States of America ever carried on with *one gun*. Nevertheless, on the strength of it we joined with the other powers in exacting an "indemnity" of \$3,000,000. However, our young country, not having a conscience tanned to the toughness of sole leather by long soaking in the tan-vats of aggressive diplomacy, repented, and on Washington's birthday, 1883, paid back the sum of money originally taken from Japan. It is not impossible that the country called by

even ancient history knew, the results were achieved largely because American rifles and western methods of drill backed the valor of intelligent and determined men, and because the ram *Stonewall* helped in the consummation on the sea. From 1868 until the present time there has been a steady process of annihilation or burial of feudal forms and institutions and a continuous assimilation of the principles of Western civilization. Life is now worth living, even for the poorest and humblest in the land of the gods.

Japan's true advance has been in the di-



THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF JAPAN, TOKIO, 1871.

rection of enriching and ennobling human life, as well as in things more showy and in preparing for defence by means of the most approved killing-machines. Foreign commerce has so steadily enlarged that exports increased threefold in the ten years preceding 1892, in which year they were a trifle less than \$100,000,000, and imports about \$75,000,000. Though England still commands the bulk of her import trade, this condition will doubtless be changed as time goes on; for already the volume of American commerce with Japan leads that of all other nations. It is needless to say that, in her struggle with her gigantic neighbor, Japan has the sympathy not only of Americans at home, but of those on her soil; while the tone of hostility, of bitter criticism and the shameful and inhospitable lack of sympathy displayed by most of the British residents and newspapers in Japan are in striking contrast. In oriental affairs Americans are less liable to be warped in their judgment and influenced in their sympathy by purely commercial considerations. The almighty shilling and "British interests" combine to form a sort of religion with many of Victoria's subjects. There is only a remote likelihood also that

Americans in Japan will be greatly disturbed during the continuance of the present war.

If China is a giant and Japan an athlete, Korea is a pigmy. The little peninsula hangs down like our own Florida from the continent, having an unfortunate geographical situation between two rival nations. Like most of the peoples who are pupils to China, Korea likes to plume herself on her ancient history, and will accept no date this side of 1122 B. C. as the beginning of her social order. Genuine history, however, hardly begins before the Christian era; and not until the coming of Buddhism in the fourth century do we discern clear indications of civilization. Various rival states sprang up, and political organisms, art, science and literature were stimulated in their growth by that great nurse and mother of far-eastern Asiatic civilization, Buddhism. In the tenth century we see united Korea, to which the Arab trading ships came, into whose waters sailed Chinese fleets directed by the magnetic compass, to which Japanese came on expeditions of peace and war, and from which went forth vast fertilizing streams of civilization to the

rising-sun land. Indeed, in its origin, the greater part of Japanese civilization is derived from China through Korea.

From the tenth to the fourteenth century is the splendid Buddhist age of temples, monasteries, colossal granite images, flourishing cities, a true vernacular alphabet, and of much that shows almost beyond a doubt that the civilization of Korea was then much higher than at the present time. In 1392 the present dynasty came into power, making its seat on the Han River at Seoul,—a

word which means the capital. The kingdom took the name of Chō-Sen, or Morning Calm. With Buddhism repressed, its fertilizing streams dried up, the country twice made the scene of desolating Chinese invasion and once the theatre of a bloody, cruel and wasting Japanese war, Korea was drained of her



REV. H. G. UNDERWOOD,  
MISSIONARY IN COREA.

resources. The prey of official rapacity, her ten millions of people to-day are poor indeed. In government, the country has only nominally risen above feudal forms, and the Court has hitherto been a camp of warring factions.

In 1876 the Japanese, nobly burying old scores and traditions, made a treaty recognizing Chō-Sen as an independent nation; and two years later the United States followed suit. On the seventh of May, 1882, the guns of the United States ship *Swatara* saluted the flag of Korea in front of the wretched little fishing village which has now become the bustling seaport of Chemulpo. When in 1884 the Japanese and Chinese military forces came to blows, a company of island riflemen against a regiment of continental braves, it was the American physician, Dr. H. N. Allen, who demonstrated the

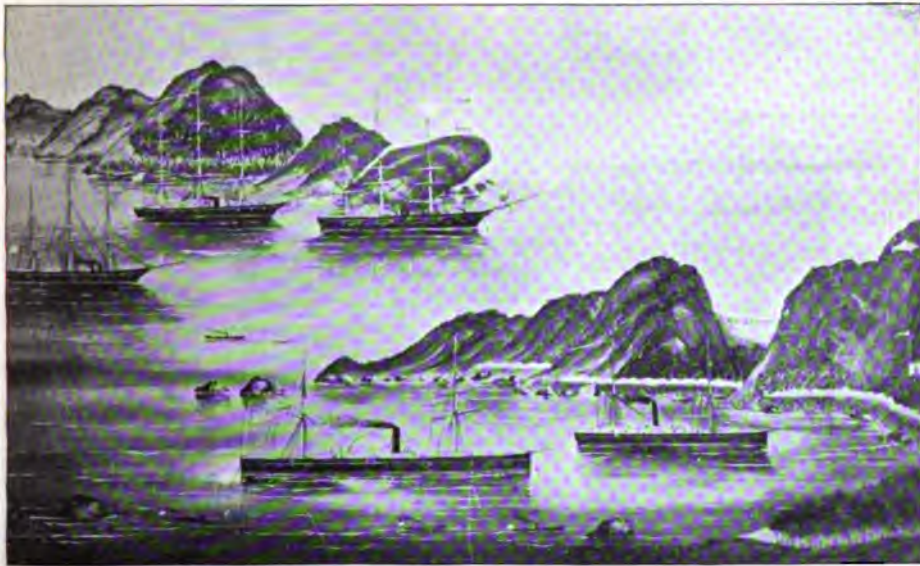


REAR ADMIRAL HOMER C. BLAKE, OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE U. S. S. CORVETTE "ALASKA," 1872.

power of Western science to heal gunshot and sword wounds; and soon after a hospital under American auspices was founded. Under "the most favored nation" clause, American missionaries began residence in the capital; and now in Seoul and the treaty ports there are in all eighty-four Christian missionaries, men and women, in the kingdom, of whom the great majority are American, nearly all of them being graduates of colleges. American women physicians have attended upon the Queen. Substantial brick edifices for the healing of souls

exerted by the Great Pacific Power are those of friendly help and advice.

Nevertheless, we have had a war with Korea. Our eagle, though single-headed, is double-clawed, and holds the arrows of war as well as the olive branch of peace. Strange as it may seem, the largest American military force ever landed on a foreign soil (except in Canada or Mexico) was in 1871 set ashore in Korea. This was on the occasion of the failure of the penultimate attempt of Americans to make a treaty with this "last outstanding scoffer at western civilization."



AMERICAN SQUADRON IN COREA.

FROM A PAINTING BY A CHINAMAN.

and bodies, a Korean grammar and dictionary for the mastery of the language, by an American scholar, Rev. Horace Grant Underwood, give indications of what America's real gifts to Korea are. American seeds, live-stock, inventions, electric lights and other products show the more material side. There are some American firms in Korea, but most of the trade is as yet in the hands of the Japanese, whose ten thousand civilian nationals in the peninsula outnumber all other foreigners, including Chinese, about five times over. As yet American interests in Korea are almost wholly educational and missionary, and the influences

As we have seen, American relations began with Chinese Asia in the exchange of ginseng for tea. In beginning this commerce, America became a dangerous rival to Korea in the Chinese markets, at first greatly lowering the price of imported ginseng. Attempts to open Korea directly to American trade were thought of by Edmund Roberts, as well as by Zadoc Pratt, a New York congressman, who introduced a resolution to effect his purpose, February 12, 1845. Besides the American schooner *Surprise*, wrecked in 1866, the waifs being returned on horseback overland to the nearest American consul in China, the schooner *General*

*Sherman*, July 29, 1866, left Tien-Tsin, loaded with cotton cloth, glass, tin plate, etc., for an "experimental" voyage into Korean waters. She went up the Ta-Tong River, and reached Ping Yang. How or why we cannot here take space to tell, but in the quarrel which ensued between the natives and the aliens, the crew of the *General Sherman* were slain to the last man. The United States war steamers *Wachusett* and *Shenandoah* were on two different occasions despatched to demand redress. Failing in this, our government determined to send a squadron having our minister to China on board to make a treaty, *if possible*, and fighting John Rodgers to carry the appropriate chip on his shoulder, and to refrain from fight, *if possible*. In a word, we reversed the

*Benicia* and the gunboats *Monocacy* and *Palos*. Sending the steam launches up the river to survey, with the men well armed and the howitzers loaded, the little line of boats flying the American flag reached a promontory, on the slopes of which were seen hundreds of cannon and jingals. The Koreans, knowing nothing of the forms of modern diplomacy and doubting strongly the Americans' peaceful intentions, withal acting under the orders of the ultrapatriotic regent, the 'Tai Wen Kun (who figures so prominently at the present time in reformed Korea), fired on our little steam launches, tearing the river water into shreds and splashes, wetting our men with water, but not with blood. They had been one moment too late. The *Palos* and *Monocacy* quickly

rounded the point, and with their ten-inch shells soon "cleaned out" the fort. Then it became necessary for us to "avenge the insult offered to the American flag." Ten days later seven hundred and fifty-nine men with seven pieces of artillery, and formed into ten companies of infantry, proceeded up the river. The two gunboats, the four launches and twenty ships began their work on the tenth of June. With ten-inch shells from the ships, and Dahlgren howitzers on land, a determined charge up the steep hill and into



AFTER THE BATTLE.  
OUR SAILORS IN COREA IN 1871.

Japanese proverb, and "trusted a pigeon to carry grain," or it may be we illustrated the other proverb from the same source: "Though the eagle be starving, he will not eat grain." It was evident before the expedition started, that the eagle was to have his rations. The squadron consisted of Farragut's old flagship *Colorado*, the corvettes *Alaska* and

the forts and a terrific hand-to-hand fight, a new chapter was added to the history of the American navy. The result of the forty-eight hours' campaign was the capture of five forts, in some respects the strongest in the kingdom, fifty flags, four hundred and eighty-one jingals and cannon, and a large number of matchlocks. The contrast seemed great when *three* American graves

were contrasted with the heaps upon heaps of unburied slain, over four hundred in number. One of our officers lost was Lieutenant McKee, whose father was killed in the Mexican War.

Nevertheless, our expedition, like that of the French four years before, had to come away, and the majority of Korean people believed that "our boys, the tiger hunters," had beaten off the American as well as the French "barbarians." Nevertheless, also, the governing power at Seoul felt the chastisement and were, on account of it, more disposed, when the opportunity came again, to treat with Commodore Shufeldt. In recent years American officers have drilled the Korean troops and advised concerning fortification; but as yet Korea has no army.

It is within the last two decades that three new legations have swelled the number of those already at Washington. Japan led the way, and China followed. When, however, Korea, acting in the spirit of her treaty, sent an envoy to reside in Washington, the Chinese government attempted by every means in its power to prevent Korea from asserting her rights as an independent country. Nevertheless, on an American man-of-war, the Korean envoy reached Washington; and until the present outbreak of hostilities the legation has been maintained. Without possessing one ship of war, and unable otherwise to get home, the returning Korean asked for passage on an American man-of-war.

Within the present generation, the Little Outpost State, the Hermit Nation, has found herself in the condition of a shell-bark in a nut-cracker. China, obliterating the neutral strip fifty miles wide, and confiscating and occupying it, has not only touched the Korean frontiers, but has reasserted her old claim on Korea as a subject vassal. Russia, once far away, has, by shearing off a large strip of Chinese territory, become Korea's neighbor on the north. Japan, once in hermitage



COREAN GIRLS UNDER AMERICAN INSTRUCTION.

and asleep, has awakened to intensest life, compelling Korea to follow her in the adoption of Western civilization.

To-day Korea finds herself the battle ground of two jealous nations. China, taxing Japan with treachery to Asiatic ideals and looking upon her as a renegade, has again and again in spirit and in act broken faith with both Korea and Japan. Instead of allowing and encouraging her peninsular neighbor to be an independent state, she would keep her as a vassal and use her as a buffer to deaden the shock of contact with the outer world. When France in 1866, Japan ten years later, and the United States in 1882 made explicit and categorical inquiry as to the relations of the Peninsula to the Middle Kingdom, China asserted Korea's right to govern herself; but invariably, as soon as it suits her purpose, China claims Korea as vassal territory, and even in the declaration of war of August, 1894, "our subject state." Now, Japan, having twice had her legation in Seoul burned to the ground, her people murdered and driven from the country, the treaty of 1876 repeatedly broken, and in each case largely through Chinese intrigue and encouragement, demands that Korea shall



AMERICAN MISSIONARY SCHOOL AT SEOUL, COREA.

be in fact an independent state and begin reform. China having thrown down the gauntlet, Japan has picked it up, and demands a settlement in order that the peace of the Orient may be preserved. Down at the bottom, this war is waged to settle the question whether a nation has a

right to change its civilization, *i. e.*, to turn from Chinese to Western ideals. It is one chapter in that eternal struggle of progress which has been written with the graves of Absolutism, Divine Right, Slavery, the Holy Roman Empire, Patriarchal Barbarism, the Inquisition, Theocracy, etc., in the long perspective of its past triumphs.

In the quickening and leavening influences which have brought about the great movements of progress in the far Orient during this present century, the United States has not been among the least. In the future history of the Pacific Ocean and of the countries bordering upon its shores, American relations and interests are likely to be not less, but greater. However this may be, let us hope that true Americanism and the mark of our nation will be that of the Great Pacific Power.

## A SOLDIER OF THE KING.

*By Minna Irving.*

THERE were tears upon the roses,  
 There was blood upon the corn,  
 Long ago, that sultry summer,  
 When sweet Liberty was born ;  
 And upon the western terrace  
 Near the steps of mossy stone,  
 Clad in white, with flowing tresses,  
 Mistress Mary walked alone.

Through the dusky pines that whispered  
 Evermore a tale of woe,  
 Came a flash of gold and scarlet  
 And a nodding plume of snow.  
 On the terrace steps beside her  
 Then she heard a sabre ring ;  
 And before her, lowly bowing,  
 Stood a soldier of the king.

“ Mistress Mary, it is fitting  
That the fair should wed the brave,  
So I ask thy hand in marriage :  
I would bear thee o'er the wave  
To my castle in its splendor  
As it riseth from the moat,  
Where the sea-green water sleepeth  
And the waxen lilies float.

“ There's a coronet of jewels,  
And a gown of rich brocade,  
All of changing pink and silver,  
In the bridal chamber laid.  
Sorrow nevermore shall touch thee  
With the shadow of its wing.  
Wilt thou wear my ring of rubies? ’  
Said the soldier of the king.

Grave and courtly was his manner,  
Bright with hope his handsome face ;  
And her soul grew faint with pleasure  
As she leaned to his embrace ;  
Till before her like a vision  
Swept again the tattered flags  
Of the weary Continentals  
Marching proudly in their rags.

Then her bosom yearned with pity,  
And anew she felt the thrill  
Of the guns that hurled defiance  
To the king from Bunker Hill.  
“ Not for all the wealth and honor  
That thy ancient name could bring  
Would I wed, ah ! noble suitor,  
With a soldier of the king ! ”

Many a year since then has blossomed  
In a burst of fiery stars,  
And the Continentals slumber  
In the glory of their scars.  
But the quaint colonial mansion  
Yet is standing, gray and grim,  
With its memory-haunted garret,  
Where the day is always dim.

There, in lavender and roses,  
As she left it, folded down,  
With its laces limp and yellow,  
Still is kept the muslin gown  
That was worn by Mistress Mary  
When she scorned his ruby ring, —  
Though she lived and died unwedded  
For a soldier of the king.



## THE PEOPLE SHOULD ELECT.

*By Raymond L. Bridgman.*

**I**N this article a political change is favored by which the presiding officers of legislative bodies shall be chosen by popular vote, and also a change in practices by which legislative committees shall not be appointed by the presiding officers. These reforms are important and relate to matters upon which the people are not generally well informed.

Election of the presiding officers by the people is better than the present practice of electing them by the bodies over which they are to preside, because the close relation of the office to the people demands that the incumbent should be chosen by them. Presidents of senates and speakers of houses or assemblies are the most important officers in our systems of state government; and it is by no means a new observation that the speaker of the national house is the most important national officer. But the people have no share in electing these high servants of theirs. Our evolution in the method of filling these offices has by no means kept pace with the evolution in the importance of the offices themselves. As constitution-makers, we of the several states of our Union are behind our own political development.

Popular choice is felt in the adoption of constitutional amendments; and the recent declaration of the Democratic party in Massachusetts in favor of the popular referendum, and that of the Republican party in the same state in favor of both the popular initiative and referendum show that direct legislation by the people will probably be carried to a still further extent in the not distant future. But in the nation, and in commonwealths with many complex and imperative interests, there will always remain a place for a legislative body. Direct legislation by the people is impracticable, and

always will be, for many matters which now come before Congress and the state legislatures.

Congress and the legislatures are the representatives of the people, and the tendency to magnify the functions of the legislative branch of the government at the expense of the executive is in the historic line of development, considering the decline of the executive from an arbitrary despot and the growth of the legislative branch by extension of the franchise to ever-widening classes of voters. Ours is a government by the people and for the people; yet we are neglecting our most important offices, to the material injury of the interests of the people, to the corruption of legislation, and to the disgrace of the nation, as its reputation is concerned in the character and proceedings of Congress and of the state legislatures. In view of this truth and of recent legislative history, it is a fair question whether the time is not ripe for changes in the constitutions, by which the presiding officers of the legislative bodies of states and nation shall be elected directly by popular vote.

Congress and the legislatures are the organic means by which the intelligence and will of the people manifest themselves, in every case, except that of voting upon constitutional amendments and except the election of executive officers and legislators. The intelligence and will of the nation are embodied in laws by Congress and by the legislatures, and there is no other mode, except in the constitution, by which they can be expressed in organic form. Every petitioner for redress of grievances which are tolerated by existing law must apply to Congress or to a legislature for relief. Every enterprise, every new investment which seeks larger openings than are now legal, must go to Congress or to a legislature, and ask it to make an opportunity. Workers for moral reform in society have

frequent need to go to the law-makers, in order that a strong hand may be laid upon the corrupt, the unjust and the oppressor.

Legislators are very close to the people; and no one can study the course of events in the past few years without seeing that the vitality of this connection is becoming stronger and more active by the rapid increase in subjects of legislative action. Whether we would have it so or not, the nation, as an organic political body, is developing rapidly toward a more complete unity, and the healthfulness of its most prosperous parts is being extended to the weaker and the more imperfect spots of the organism. Legislatures are hence vitally close to the people, and the people should feel consciously their close connection with them.

With this truth as the essential one of the situation, one pertinent condition to be noticed is the great and growing power of the officers who are under discussion; and in this article the text will be the condition in Massachusetts, with which the writer is especially familiar. The evils inherent in the system in Massachusetts, however, are common to human nature, and they are just as likely to thrive in one legislative body as in another.

Within a short memory, political methods have changed greatly. This is too notorious to require proof; but the extent of the change may not be understood by the average reader without recalling recent but obsolete standards of propriety. The universal tendency of the times to greater elaboration and refinement of effort appears in politics. The same development of new and improved methods which leads the merchant to present his goods most attractively, which is elevating the popular taste and standard of criticism in a thousand lines of commercial and professional activity, which has stimulated the art of advertising, and which compels to redoubled efforts those who have products to sell or services to exchange, has occurred in politics. Methods are different from what they were only a few years ago. It is only a short time since it was a violation of the proprieties for the candi-

date for governor to take the stump himself. It was thought to be such an offence against good taste that it would have cost the candidate more votes than he would have gained had he been so over-anxious for the vote of the people. General Butler broke into this old-fashioned conservatism and campaigned for himself with energetic and audacious abandonment of methods which alone had been proper before his remarkable efforts to secure the election. He drew enormous audiences; and when George D. Robinson was pitted against him in the desperate effort to defeat him for re-election, it was judged necessary for him to stump the state as vigorously as Butler. Since then it has been expected that the candidate for governor would take the stump regularly. Some candidates have done it more, and some have done it less; but it no longer offends the people of Massachusetts to see a man pleading with them for their votes for himself for governor. The public conscience is not shocked and the public taste is not outraged. Governor Russell carried the practice to a high degree of perfection, and Governor Greenhalge was not behind him in the spirit of the observance. It has come to be the case, that a candidate for nomination for governor has no chance unless he takes the field, has his runners at work for him, and "hustles" with every conceivable energy to capture the prize. Modesty is an unknown term. The people do not care for it, and political aspirants have kicked it out of doors and crossed the word out of their vocabulary.

Now, the spirit of the times is felt just as thoroughly in the contests for the chairs of senate and house as it is in the race for the governorship. More than this. The struggle is more in the dark. The contesting forces are more under cover. The methods used are more reprehensible. There seems to have been a permanent change in the practices of candidates; and it is time that the people understood how the most important offices in the state are filled.

The essential condition which confronts one who aspires to the high office is that he must make an active personal campaign for it. If he simply puts himself

"in the hands of his friends," their semi-indifference, seeing that it is not their personal fate which is in peril, will insure his defeat by the candidate who has a personal stake in the outcome and who enters the contest actively in person. It is a common saying by political workers, that if a man does not care to work for himself he cannot expect others to work for him, and that if he will not spend his own money in his campaign other people will not spend theirs. Personal leadership by the candidate is the demand of the political workers of the times, and he is fortunate if he does not find that appeals to principle must be supplemented by "knocking in the head of his barrel."

It is not the man who has the best knowledge of parliamentary law, joined with the soundest judgment and readiest aptitude in applying it, who is most likely to be elected to the presiding place in the legislature, but the man who is most lavish of his money and promises, who has the strongest corporation support, and who will add personal solicitation most persistent and barefaced to his other influences, who is most likely to carry off the prize. Men with a high sense of honor and personal dignity refuse to engage in such a scramble. Repeatedly have I known men who were better qualified for the office than the man who was elected, men who were held in high esteem by their profession and who were warmly respected by their neighbors and friends, either absolutely refuse to be known as candidates against such means as were being employed, or, being candidates, refuse to employ such means, when to take this course was to choose defeat in advance. With a high sense of what was due to the dignity of the office, as they would have administered it, they have stood upon their honor; base means have succeeded, and the state has lost the services of its best qualified men, while the administrations of the successful candidates have been characterized by the low moral tone which made their campaigns successful.

Threats of injury to business have been made by a candidate against men whom he wanted to bring to his support, when no other effective argument could be

found. Flattery and fear are equally available to compel support. Anything is held to be proper, if it only brings in votes. After the election of the presiding officer it is not uncommon to see desirable committee places filled with active campaigners for the winner, with small regard for their qualifications in comparison with the best men in the legislature; and sometimes entire committees have been packed with men who helped to elect the successful candidate, while his opponents have been consigned to the least desirable places, no matter if they were worthy to take the highest positions in the list.

Corporation influence is always suspected in the election of president and speaker. The suspicion is certainly well grounded, though it is difficult to obtain specific facts. Corporations which are likely to have matters before the incoming legislature are wide awake, even the summer before, while the mass of the people are indifferent to political concerns. Agents are sent into different districts to look after the probable candidates; and by the time the nominating convention meets, when the sovereign people are supposed to declare their will, the work has all been done, and the people have no more of a decisive voice than a voting-machine has as to the character of the vote which it registers. This is particularly true of the senate, for the house is too large to be manipulated as easily.

In a recent speakership campaign, an agent of the most active worker for one candidate came to another candidate who was his most dangerous competitor and offered to give him anything he wanted in the form of committee honors if he would drop out of the contest. The offer was spurned; the man who spurned it was defeated, and in the make-up of committees he was treated with marked neglect, receiving far below what he was entitled to by his ability and experience. In another campaign, not many years ago, one of the leading railroad men in Boston came to one of the candidates and said: "We are sick of having to pay such high prices for the railroad committee. If you will prove to us that you have any chance of election,

we will do all we can to help you, for we want a change." The outcome showed that the candidate's chances were not considered good enough to warrant the corporation to go into the fight; in other words, they were afraid to oppose the speaker, who made up the railroad committee in such a way that the corporation felt obliged to pay high prices for bills which they wanted reported favorably.

It would be easy to multiply instances in which candidates have used improper means to get votes for themselves and in which corporation interests, or other special influences, have shaped the election of presiding officers in a way unknown to the public and injurious to the public good. If the people elected these officers directly, it would be impossible for these secret and corrupt considerations to have nearly the force which they have now. The field of action would be broader. The evil would be less concentrated, and the voice of the public would be more decisive in proportion. The whole state cannot be manipulated as easily as two hundred and forty men, or as forty men, or as the other numbers which may constitute the membership of assemblies or senates in other states.

The presiding officers of legislative bodies are of more importance than the chief executive, for the laws are superior to the man who enforces them, and the men who are most influential in making laws are hence the most important in the entire government. The governor has no voice in the enactment of the laws, except that he has a qualified veto. But the share of the presiding officer is vital. By the appointment of the committees which hear and report upon propositions for legislation, he has a powerful influence from the outset. It rests with the man who names the men who must consider measures to say whether or not such measures shall have the prestige of a favorable report, or shall come up in the senate or house with the burden of an adverse report already upon them. Every one who is familiar with legislation knows that the speaker and president, as active legislators, have more influence than any other men.

It is not imperative that the presiding

officers should appoint the committees. The rules permit the branches severally to take the selection of committees into their own hands, if they choose. But the practice is doubtless general in all the states, as it is in Massachusetts and in the national house of representatives, for the presiding officer to act as absolute autocrat over the fate of the members as regards their committee service.

Now, the people have a direct concern in the make-up of the legislative committees, for any committee may be friendly or hostile to measures which come before them, regardless of their merit. Even one actively hostile member may do much to worry and disgust a petitioner, apart from the influence he may have with his fellow committeemen. A report which goes to the senate or house with the prestige of a unanimous vote in the committee, or even a majority, has a larger probability of acceptance than the same truth involved would have if it were unanimously opposed, or had only a minority in its favor. Hence the power of the presiding officers over legislation, in the composition of the committees, is great. Often do the president and speaker know what important matters will come before the legislature, for the subjects are of common knowledge, and the pressure of conflicting interests is often felt in the selection of a particular committee.

Another phase of the power of the presiding officers is in the personal influence which they have upon the fate of measures which are under discussion. This influence is not legitimate. It is highly improper that it should be exercised at all. High-minded men will not exercise it. But that it has been exercised is a matter of fact. That it may be exercised at any time is possible, and hence there is always danger. Presidents and speakers are human, too human in their weaknesses by far sometimes for the good of the public whom they are elected to serve. They have their positive opinions upon bills which are under discussion, and the temptation is sometimes too great. They cannot keep their hands off.

But the influence of presiding officers is not limited to shaping the fate of

measures by the make-up of committees and to their unwarrantable interference with debate. Their influence upon the members is felt every day of the session, and it is nothing short of despotic. It is the theory of parliamentary law, that the house or senate makes its own law of procedure and that an appeal can always be made to the chamber from a ruling of the chair. Theoretically this is so; practically the appeal is worthless. Rarely has it been made in recent years, probably not over three times in the Massachusetts house in the last fifteen years; and when made, it has never been sustained, or even received enough votes to make it seem respectable, no matter how strong was the case against the speaker. It may be set down as certain that no ruling of the chair in the Massachusetts house will ever be overruled by the members under the present system; just as it is certain that the throne of Great Britain will never veto another act of Parliament. Theoretically each act is possible; but the latter has not been ventured for nearly two hundred years, and the prestige of the chair, combined with the generally admitted hopelessness of an appeal, makes it just about as certain that no house will ever overrule its speaker.

Thus the speaker is an autocrat. He has been made so by his power and by the fear of the members. Cautious men are careful how they incur the displeasure of the speaker. Shrewd men play for his support, because it would hurt their chances if the speaker were against them. Ambitious men who have frequent occasion to catch the eye of the speaker will never make him so blind that he cannot see them, by opposing his views upon questions of parliamentary law, for such law is supposed to be his specialty, and upon it he is expected to be better informed than any other member of the house. Peaceful men who pray for harmony and who fear nothing more than disturbance in the equable course of proceedings will always side with the speaker for the sake of keeping everything smooth and pleasant, no matter whether the speaker is right or not. These motives act upon men's minds, regardless of the actual qualifications of the speaker. In

fact, the more tyrannical he is, and the less scruple he has about using his enormous powers recklessly and wantonly, and the easier it is for him to sacrifice any member to his ill will, the more certain is it that the house will bow to his imperious temper and that independence and courage will be lacking to assert what is right, no matter if the speaker is wrong.

Many members of the legislature are downright cowards when their personal standing is at stake. They lack badly that perception of the relation of private interests to the public good which is essential to make a worthy member of the legislature. For the sake of getting a coveted committee position they will vote for a candidate for speaker whom they know to be inferior. In order to keep on the right side of the speaker, so that he may recognize them and thus give them opportunity to develop their views and to seem large in the eyes of their constituents, they will fail to resist the aggressions of the chair. They suffer him to play the tyrant, not only not opposing him, but aiding him actively by their support. Men who would scorn to steal, or to commit highway robbery, will throw away the property and interests of the public rather than lose their familiarity with the speaker or forfeit their chance of figuring in the eyes of their constituents as a member of an important special committee or as a generally valued member of the house. Human nature in its weakness is the material for building up a personal power in the chair of the presiding officer, a power which is autocratic and practically irresponsible as long as the abuses which it practises are not such as to lead to a popular revolt which will put upon the members a pressure contrary to that of the speaker. Indeed, the people are not likely to hear of the speaker's aggressions, for the members who would complain would thus be exposed to his displeasure.

Not only is it a fact that these abuses are possible, but they have actually existed in such degree that it is high time that a reform was made. Confusing and contradictory rulings have been given repeatedly. Important bills have been

defeated by rulings which were inconsistent with other rulings by the same man, and the only approach to a protest, with the above exceptions, has been a discussion with the conclusion that an appeal would be hopeless. At all times there is danger that an unscrupulous speaker may be chosen. The prize is great. Temptation to use the power of the office as a means of securing election to it is strong. Equally strong is the temptation to employ the office as a means of perpetuating the power of the incumbent. It is not safe for the state to permit this condition to continue. It is no thanks to the system that its consequences have been no worse; and they have been bad enough already to demand imperatively that a change be made.

One great evil of the present system of election by the body over which the candidate is to preside is that the chances are decidedly against the choice of the best men. Sometimes there are exceptions, and a president or speaker is chosen who is generally admitted to be the best man in the entire body for the office and whom his fellow senators or representatives are glad to honor without being under personal or political pressure. But the chances are against this good fortune, and the facts are against it, too, according to my belief after long observation.

These reasons for a change on account of the abuses of the present system are strengthened by the positive side of the case when the situation is considered constructively. If the president of the senate and the speaker of the house were elected from the state at large, they would not be the representatives of any district, as they are at present. Each district would have its representative upon the floor, and the state would not lose the service of any member, in case the presiding officer should hide behind a tie vote and fail to do his duty in a close case, as sometimes happens under the present system. Neither would any district have more than its rightful influence upon legislation by reason of having its representative in the chair, with its excessive powers. Nor would the state lose anything, on the whole, by having a presiding officer who was deprived of a vote. In

case of a tie, it would be right that the bill should fail; for it is a sound principle under our system, that a measure should have the support of a majority before it can become law.

A parliamentary presiding officer should be, in a conspicuous degree, impartial in his treatment of members. No distinction of party should be known by him in his rulings, or in his recognition of persons desirous of obtaining the floor. If he were elected by the people at large, he would not be under obligation to any particular district. He would be especially desirous of being impartial, because the people of the whole state would be his constituents and perfect fairness beyond criticism would give him a strong hold upon the people.

Again, it would be most desirable if non-partisanship were so far practised that an able and incorruptible man could be elected, regardless of party. It would help to a purer type of politics. But even if each political party nominates its candidates for presiding officers, still the men must be known by reputation all over the state. At present the parties do not have as candidate for president and speaker men who would be selected by a state convention as candidates for governor. If the proposed change were made, then the quality of the incumbents would be improved by the very fact that the candidates were to be voted for by the state at large, rather than to be selected by two hundred and forty men, or forty men, who have themselves been elected by districts and few of whom are big enough to spread out over the entire state. The office would be raised at once to a position more nearly corresponding to its actual rank in our system of government. At present, in the estimation of the people, it is far below its real plane of merit. Most men do not appreciate how important it is, and they do not care half enough about the ability and character of the presiding officers.

With abler and safer men in the chairs, the public interests would be more carefully fostered. The speaker and president would not be under so much obligation, if under any at all, to corporate interests. No member-elect could say:

"I have made you what you are, and therefore you must pay me with the best position at your disposal." Members would be sure of recognition, as regards their committee assignments, according to their ability and experience, regardless of party; and the house and senate would, as a rule, be decidedly better organized for the despatch of public business. Members would be assigned to the judiciary committee, or to the railroad committee (if the committees were made by the presiding officer), not because they had a "pull" on the appointing power, but because that committee was the place where they could be of most service to the public, as far as the judgment of the presiding officer could determine. Business done in better shape and in shorter time would be the consequence of the change.

With a successful and impartial administration, it would be possible for such a public sense to be developed that the president and speaker would be re-elected for repeated terms. Long incumbencies, other things being equal, would be for the benefit of the state. Hence, again, there is a possibility of improvement over the present system, in which local jealousies and ambitions are so strong that two terms are the usual limit of an ordinary city member, in which one term is enforced in the majority of country districts, and by which an able president of the senate has recently been refused re-election solely because another man in his district, ambitious to be senator, insisted upon his turn in the upper branch.

Considering the really high rank of the presiding officers of our state legislatures, and of Congress also, considering their responsibility to the people and the public interests which are directly concerned with their administration, it is due to the spirit of our institutions that the people should be given an opportunity to vote directly for these officers. The case is not parallel with that by which it is better for some officers to be appointed rather than elected; for the people as a whole are presumably more likely than the senate or the house to make a proper selection. The power is one which may safely be intrusted to the voters as a

whole. If the governor and other state officers should be elected by the entire body of voters, much more should the men who preside over the legislative bodies, who make up the committees and who have the most powerful and direct influence upon legislation.

There remains to be considered the appointment of legislative committees; and the proposition of reform is that they should not be appointed by the presiding officers. Two phases of this question present themselves. One is whether the change is desirable if the legislative body continues to elect its presiding officers; and the other is whether this change would be best if the presiding officers were elected by the people directly. In either case the position here taken is that it would be better that the presiding officers should not appoint the committees.

Suppose that the legislature were to continue to elect its presiding officers, as now, then, if they had no power to appoint the committees, all their opportunities to bribe or punish by means of committee places would be gone. An unworthy man, ambitious, corrupt and unscrupulous, would be less likely to succeed in his piratical venture against the highest office of the state if he were deprived of this efficient aid in promoting his own election. The best currency which has hitherto been used for the purchase of these places would cease to be legal tender and would have no basis of redemption. It would be instantly discredited and would vanish. The sharpest weapon for compelling the support of men who would not be bribed would instantly lose its edge and become harmless. If this were all, it would be a great gain. Candidates for the speakership would be shorn of a material part of the strength which did not belong to them as persons, but which inhered in the high prestige of the office to which they aspired. Unworthy men could only promise an unfair favoritism in recognition in debate, or personal favor to the member's measures during the session as a bribe, and they would be reduced to refusal of proper recognition and to personal opposition to the member's measures as weapons to coerce those who

spurned the bribe. Every candidate would stand in more solitude upon his personal fitness for the office, and the state would thus be more likely than now to get the best. Members would canvass the merits of the respective candidates with a prospect that they would receive no undue reward for supporting a particular one. They would enjoy the consciousness that, if they opposed an unscrupulous man, he could not wreak vengeance upon them by assigning them to inferior committee positions. Liberty of action on the part of the members, and an open, fair-minded comparison of the worth of the several candidates, would exalt the office, would strengthen the organization of the legislature, would increase the interest of the members in the respected man of their sober and impartial choice, would establish greater harmony and confidence than is now common, and would thus tend directly to improve the quality of the legislation and to shorten the session.

On the other hand, suppose that the presiding officer were elected directly by the people, and that he were thus shorn of all power to reward or punish by the bribes and weapons of his office, it would still be better that the presiding officer should not appoint the committees. It may be granted that, as committees are now selected, one man would be more expeditious in the work than a number of men. But with the plan proposed below, this advantage of the present method would be slight and would be more than outweighed by the counterbalancing reasons.

With the election of presiding officer directly by the people, let it be required by law that every member-elect shall send to the clerk of the senate or house (for the clerk is an officer who holds till the succeeding body is qualified, and therefore the office is always filled) such information as is now sent to the Massachusetts clerks; but let it be enlarged to include statements of previous legislative experience and committee service, personal preference for committee positions as far as fourth choice, profession or occupation, and mention of important legislation which is expected from his district.

This information should be public, and compliance with the law could be enforced easily by a provision that no member-elect could be sworn in until he had furnished the required information.

These facts, plus the personal reputation of a man and the acquaintance which he would have, would be a sufficient guide to a suitable committee appointment. Most of the points which are mentioned above would show the positive qualifications of members, and a requirement regarding probable legislation for each district would prevent the smuggling of interested members upon particular committees to help or hinder some matter over which there is a local quarrel,—an improper occurrence which sometimes happens under the present system. This information, as a whole, would be wider and more valuable than that which is now obtained from the members, and its application fairly would be judged by the committee assignments.

If this plan were adopted, it is very likely that partisan spirit would insist that each party should be given its proportion of committee places, and the majority party would claim as its right all the chairmanships and all the ranking places below the chairmanships. If this party claim were recognized, then it would remain for each party caucus to assign the places of its own members. This would be done by a committee, whose report would be passed upon by the caucus. By attention to business, this work could be completed in one day. In cases like that of Massachusetts, where the legislature always organizes on Wednesday, the committees could be ready for announcement on Friday, and thus business would be begun with promptness.

In Congress, where parties divide upon national issues, action by a party caucus is to be expected; but in state legislatures, where national legislative problems have no place, it would be a noble proof of intelligence and fairness if national party lines were disregarded in the composition of committees, and if men were given chairmanships and ranking places according to their merit for public service; for no one will seriously contend



that in every state the fittest men for chairmen for every committee and the ablest men for the other high places are to be found exclusively in the majority party. A mixed committee of both parties to assign the committee places of the members (a majority vote in this committee to decide any dispute) could assign all the members within one day; and that recognition of ability, regardless of party, which would lead to the adoption of this method would insure its reasonable application in practice.

At present, members are prone to take views regarding application for committee appointments which are at one of two extremes. They either besiege the presiding officer with their preferences, so that he is subject to undue pressure; or, in what they believe to be a manly and independent spirit, they say absolutely nothing to him, asking no favors and giving no hint of preference or information regarding fitness for service. Hence there is great inequality and unfairness in the present assignment of places, though the presiding officer may have the best of intentions. It would be

of advantage if each member-elect were compelled to furnish information in advance, as mentioned above; but a committee of the body would have a broader judgment of the merit of men and more varied information of the needs of the public than any one man, however able. Such a committee would be less susceptible to pressure from corporations on one hand, and from political agitators on the other, than would a single man, and so the committees would be more fairly composed, with less danger of being packed in favor of any class or interest.

Hence, taking these truths into account, the prospect is that popular elections of presidents of senates and speakers of assemblies, joined with the selection of the committees by action of the bodies themselves, as such, instead of their selection by the presiding officers, would result in the choice of abler men, in the more efficient organization of parliamentary bodies, in the more speedy and accurate transaction of business, and thus in the manifest promotion of the public welfare.

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## O. W. H.

7 OCTOBER, 1894.

*By William Everett.*

ONE poet more, transferred to Homer's train,  
 One healer more, removed to Galen's side;  
 One more gold link upon our heroes' chain,—  
 One friend the less, who never should have died.

Friend, patriot, healer, poet, wit and sage —  
 How hard, how strange, to count him with the past!  
 We heard his gentle jests on time and age,  
 Nor dreamed such foes could win the fight at last.

Who for that grave may twine a fitting crown,  
 Where memory's pansy blends with glory's bay?  
 Whose pen like his, forever now laid down,  
 Tender to feel, and lively to portray?

Yet, while from yonder tower he loved so long  
 Still chime the echoes of his funeral psalm,  
 Let not the master lack one modest song,  
 Till bolder hands shall plant some statelier palm.

No single flower that garland can supply,  
 Such vast and varied springs his genius held,  
 Whence through a score of channels, never dry,  
 Fresh, deep and pure, their shining currents welled.

Sprung from New England's chiefs and saints of yore,  
 His heart was rooted to her soil alone,  
 Nor siren charms from lands the ocean o'er  
 E'er shook his proud allegiance to his own.

Born where our ancient college throws her shade,  
 He served, he loved her, student to the last ;  
 While o'er her sons in festive ranks arrayed  
 His genial Muse unfailing fragrance cast.

In love he practised, and in patience taught,  
 The sacred art that battles with disease ;  
 Nor stained, by one disloyal act or thought,  
 The holy symbol of Hippocrates.

His lyre through every mood of music rang,  
 The banquet's carol, and the battle's hymn ;  
 Now warbling like a child at play, it sang,  
 Now soared to echoes of the seraphim.

Lustrous and leaping, like the Boreal dawn,  
 His wit o'er every theme ranged unconfined ;  
 Flashed like a rapier's point in combat drawn,  
 But drew no blood, and left no sore behind.

Wide as his country, wide as England's tongue,  
 Flew his bright name, itself a household word ;  
 How frankly proud to all those wreaths he clung,  
 How kindly caught each breath of praise he heard !

Dear were those plaudit notes ; but dearer far  
 One treasure, prized o'er all that high renown,  
 Friendship's gemmed circlet, every friend a star,  
 Outshining victor's helm or empire's crown.

So lived, so sang, so talked he ; youth's gay beam,  
 Manhood's hot lustre, age's milder glow,  
 Each in its turn might fairest radiance seem,  
 As year by year we watched them shine and go.

Three score and ten with gentle footstep came,  
 Nor labor pressed, nor sorrow, at fourscore ;  
 One lustre more ; then rang his summoned name  
 In softest music through Elysium's door.

His bright task wrought ; his meed of glory won,  
 His country honored, and his kind improved ;  
 Room there is none for tears ; yet tears will run,  
 For bard, for master, and for friend removed.



## THE PRIVATEER "AMERICA."

By John G. Morse.

**T**HE declaration of war against Great Britain on June 19, 1812, was received with varying feelings by the people of the United States. The course pursued by President Madison was condemned by many, the most earnest of whom were the merchants of the seacoast cities. A war with Great Britain meant the destruction of commerce, which would cause the financial embarrassment if not the ruin of the merchants whose ships were in all parts of the world.

Salem, Massachusetts, was at that time a very important seaport, and its citizens were outspoken against the policy of the administration. Before war was declared, they had sent a largely signed petition to the President, protesting against the proposed hostilities. The *Salem Gazette* always spoke of "President Madison's War;" and although its natural patriotism did not allow the bemoaning of the American naval victories, the defeats of the land forces were always held up as object lessons.

Although the action of the Washington government had practically ruined the sea trade of the country, partial amends were made by allowing the merchants to fit out their vessels as privateers to prey upon the merchantmen of Great Britain. It is true that this was neither more nor less than legalizing piracy; but manners and customs were different in those days, and conscientious scruples against

such behavior were not to be thought of. Not only did the desire for personal gain on the part of the ship owners prompt them to engage in the work, but the people as a whole wanted it. Home industries were not well enough established to supply the markets, and as foreign commerce was practically destroyed, it was necessary to keep up the supply of foreign goods in this way. The rich merchants from Maine to Georgia took advantage of the privileges; and Salem figured prominently with her privateers. Fifty-eight vessels were fitted out in Baltimore, fifty-five in New York, forty in Salem, thirty-one in Boston, and smaller numbers in other ports. These privateers varied in size, from small fishing craft armed with one gun each to three-masted ships mounting from ten to twenty cannon.

The Crowninshield family was one of the most prominent in Salem at the time. Father and sons were in business together, and their ships were to be found in all parts of the world. In those days the merchants owned their vessels; their counting-houses were on the wharves; and, indeed, to become a successful merchant one must first serve his time on ship-board, command on several cruises, and then enter the counting-house as a member of the firm. After once entering the firm, a man seldom went to sea again, unless impelled by a special love for the life. The Crowninshield sons had all been educated in the regulation way, studying navigation and ship designing when at school, and going before the mast at an early age. Most of them had

attained the rank of captain before they were twenty years old, and one of them died in a foreign port at the age of fourteen when serving as ship's clerk.

One of the most prominent of these was Captain George Crowninshield, who was born in Salem in 1766. His seafaring life developed such a taste for shipping, that after entering the firm it became his particular duty to superintend the building and fitting out of vessels. He was five feet six inches in height, but strongly built and brave. Three times he was known to jump overboard to save a man from drowning, once receiving for his act the gold medal of the Massachusetts Humane Society. After a storm he delighted in filling his private yacht *Jefferson*, the first yacht ever built in this country, with extra men and stores, and then cruising in Massachusetts Bay to aid disabled vessels. He was a noted volunteer fireman, and many are the stories told of his brave acts in rescuing the inmates of burning buildings. Despite this love for a rough life and disregard for danger, he was one of the greatest dandies in the town. He wore small clothes with gold-tasselled Hessian boots. His waistcoat was a wonder of needlework. His hair was done up in a queue, and a shaggy, bell-crowned beaver hat completed his immaculate toilet. He always drove in a yellow curricule, which was a two-wheeled vehicle, set on "C" springs, and drawn by two horses, a wonder even in those days. Although rough and daring, he had a kind heart and was very fond of children, often taking them to drive or showing them over his yacht. If an emergency arose where a man of daring was needed, Captain Crowninshield was the first one to respond.

When on June 1, 1813, the *Shannon* defeated and captured the *Chesapeake* in Boston Bay, and took her with the dead bodies of Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow to Halifax, Captain Crowninshield chartered at his own expense the brig *Henry*, and after obtaining the proper papers from Washington, went to Halifax, recovered the bodies of the heroes, and brought them home for burial.

On Sunday, April 13, 1814, when the frigate *Constitution* was chased into Marblehead harbor by the British frigates *Tenedos* and *Endymion*, Salem was greatly excited, as many of her citizens were among the crew of the American vessel. Pastors and men left the churches to go to Marblehead, but not before Captain Crowninshield had helped harness the stage horses, that were idle over Sunday, to the field-pieces at the gun-house, and had ridden over on one of the guns.

At the outbreak of the war several of his vessels were turned into privateers, to add by their prizes to his already overflowing coffers. His favorite ship *America* was the largest, fastest and most fortunate of all the Salem privateers. There had been three previous ships by the name of *America*, which had become famous Salem vessels. The first of these was captured from England in the Revolutionary War, and the other two had been bought in France. The second ship *America* was commanded by a brother of Captain George Crowninshield, when in 1796 he brought in this vessel the first elephant to the United States. The fourth ship *America* had been built in Salem in 1804, for the merchant trade, and early in the year 1812 was remodelled for the new work she had to do. Her hull was cut down or razeed, as it was called, and then higher and stronger bulwarks were built, increasing her tonnage from four hundred and seventy-three tons to almost six hundred. Her sail plan was increased, twenty guns were mounted, and her crew consisted of one hundred and fifty men.

More than two months elapsed after the declaration of war before the *America* was ready for sea. It was almost noon on September 7, 1812, when, under Captain Joseph Ropes as commander, the beautiful ship weighed anchor and sailed out of the land-locked harbor, past Marblehead on one hand and the Beverly shore on the other, past Baker's and the other islands and out on to the waters of Massachusetts Bay.

The first days of the cruise were uneventful. On the eleventh, a squall carried away the main-top-mast and five men who were aloft. The men were

rescued, the damage was repaired, and the search for prizes continued. Not until September 23 were the men rewarded by capturing the British brig *James and Charlotte*, which carried a cargo of hats, dry goods, etc. A prize master and six men were put on board after the captured crew had been removed and ordered to make the first port possible in the United States. For the next two months the monotony was broken only by the capture of the brig *Benjamin*, which was sent to America in the same manner as was the *James and Charlotte*. Soon after that, on the afternoon of November 19, after an exciting chase of seven hours, the ship *Ralph Nickerson* was taken. On November 24, the sloop *Hope*, loaded with sugar, rum and cotton, was added to the list. This was a valuable prize, and was sent to the United States under the care of a crew of thirteen men. The very next day the brig *Dart*, also loaded with rum and cotton, was taken and made to go the road of her countryman.

The *America* continued sailing about until it was found that the supply of water was running low. Many of the officers and crew were attacked with a painful inflammation of the eyes, and it was thought best to turn the vessel's prow toward Salem. While returning, on December 16, the brig *Euphemia*, armed with ten guns, was captured without a show of resistance. Eight of the guns were transferred to the *America*, while a prize master and eleven men were put on board and ordered to follow as quickly as possible to Salem. At three in the afternoon of January 7, 1813, Marblehead was sighted, and five hours later the ship came to anchor in Salem harbor.

As the different prizes came into port, they were advertised for sale in the papers of the day. In the *Essex Register* of March 31, 1813, is found a notice of a public auction to be held on the first day of April at ten o'clock, at the wharf of Messrs. Crowninshield, usually called India Wharf, where the prizes *Euphemia* and *Ralph Nickerson*, both captured by the *America*, were with their cargoes to be disposed of to the highest bidder.

Captain Crowninshield had been well paid for his enterprise. Six prizes, worth together about \$158,000, had been captured, and all had reached home ports in safety. Other privateers were meeting with much the same success, and all haste was made to fit the *America* for another cruise. At that time the markets were not so well supplied as they are to-day, and the embargo preceding the declaration of war had so suspended commerce that the manufacture of ships' supplies was carried on at a greatly reduced scale.

It was not until March 29 that the *America* was ready for her second cruise. Captain John Kehew was made commander, and at noon she weighed anchor and with canvas spread moved proudly down the harbor. Over two months went by before anything of importance was done. The *America* was then directly east of Nova Scotia, about one third across the Atlantic. On May 3 and 5 two vessels were captured, but being deemed of little value they were released after their crews had been paroled. On the latter day the brig *Sprightly* was also taken. She was empty, but being a fine vessel, valued at \$80,000, was manned and ordered to America. Unfortunately she was recaptured before reaching port. The spell had been broken, and straightway the cruise became more interesting. On May 28, a brig loaded with salt was sent home, and six days later the *Alexandra*, filled with dry goods, was added to the list. June 20, another load of dry goods was taken, and on the next day the brig *Brothers* was captured. This brig was loaded with fish; and as it would be sending coals to Newcastle to order the vessel to an American port, the prize master who had been put in command was directed to take the brig to France, dispose of it for as much as possible, and with his men return home the best way he knew how. The same course was pursued with the brig *Friends*, taken on July 2.

Captain Kehew would have liked to continue the exciting work, but supplies were running low, captured vessels not always being stocked with what was needed, and it was thought best to return

to Salem. This was not an easy matter when British men-of-war were patrolling the North Atlantic and were liable to be met at all times. On July 19, the British warship *La Hague* endeavored to run down the fleet privateer. The commander started in the usual over-confident way peculiar to English naval officers of the time. Indeed he simply turned out of his course for the sake of either destroying or capturing another despised Yankee — and would then keep on in the direction in which he was bound before the interruption. Captain Kehew, however, held different opinions from the English commander. He sailed away so easily and rapidly that at the end of seven hours the *La Hague* was hopelessly astern and the chase was abandoned. The *America* had no sooner got well away from the *La Hague* than she fell in with the British frigate *Rattler*. The commander of the latter met with no better success, and withdrew when in sight of land. When running from a foe one cannot always choose his direction, and the *America* found herself so far north that on July 21 she ended the cruise by coming to anchor in the harbor of Bath, Maine.

Captain Kehew learned that five of the six vessels he had captured had arrived safely in port. He had also brought home, or paroled, one hundred and sixty prisoners. As soon as possible the *America* proceeded to Salem, to be made ready for a third cruise. In the *Essex Register* of May 7, 1814, is an announcement that the second dividend of prize money from the prizes taken on the second cruise of the *America* was to be paid at the store of Henry Prince on the following Monday. No wonder that the crews of the privateers were loyal and willing to do their duty, when they realized that all were to receive a share of the booty won!

Captain James Chever, Jr., was placed in command, and on December 3, 1813, with the customary one hundred and fifty men, the *America* once more put to sea. At six o'clock on the morning of December 7, the first hostile sail was sighted. All sail was set to give chase, but at the end of an hour, to use the ex-

pression of the log book of the vessel, the stranger proved to be the "Flying Dutchman," which was a convenient way of admitting that the privateer had been outsailed. The next adventure was on December 15, when, after a four hours' run in rough sea, a stranger was overtaken, who refused to heed the customary summons to surrender. What! the enemy defied him? Captain Chever would soon see to that. A broadside was poured into the enemy, who replied with spirit. This was still more unheard of. Two more broadsides were fired, and the *America* was worked round into a position where she could rake the stranger from stem to stern. What then was Captain Chever's consternation to discover that his antagonist was a British transport armed with from twenty to thirty guns and filled with troops! The log book states that this was deemed of too little value to capture, so it was considered prudent to leave her. The *America* had fortunately sustained no damage. A gun had burst, and only one man had lost his life.

The cruise was continued, and several times the intrepid commander found himself chasing a British frigate that would invariably give chase in return, always to be left far behind by the fleet Yankee sailor. On January 9, when off the west coast of the British Isles, a fleet of one hundred and forty sail was sighted. The *America* hovered near, like a wolf watching his chance at a flock of sheep, but at every approach she was met by a British man-of-war and would be obliged to retreat. But there are stragglers to every flock, and on January 18 the schooner *Martha* was captured almost from under the nose of her protectors. Her cargo was a good one, and she was sent to America as the first fruits of the cruise. A few days later a disabled schooner, termed in naval parlance a "lame duck," was overtaken. Her cargo of deal was considered of little value, and as Captain Chever believed thoroughly in making worthless to others what he could not use himself, the crew and some stores were removed and the vessel burnt. Among other things, two nine-pounder carronades were taken from

the prisoner. These were mounted upon the poop, making the *America* a ship of twenty-two guns.

Three more vessels were taken before February. The first two were valuable prizes, and were sent to the United States, while the latter, being an empty brig, was filled with all the prisoners, who were paroled and ordered to sail to Teneriffe. Once by themselves, however, it is doubtful if they paid heed to the orders. On February 10 another valueless vessel was taken, and after removing the prisoners and some stores, a broadside was emptied into her. Every shot entered the hull, and the unfortunate vessel was left to her fate. Two days later a brig containing a cargo of salt, wine and fruit was captured and sent home. On St. Valentine's day the British ship *Apollo*, loaded with salt, was taken. Her crew were hastily removed, a prize master and nine men were put on board, while the *America* made all sail in pursuit of the bark *Plutos*, which shared the fate of her predecessors.

Barring the burning of two valueless prizes, nothing of importance occurred until March 12, when the schooner *Granada*, loaded with wheat, was captured and sent home. The *America* cruised about for a fortnight longer, but before she could reach home she was chased by a British frigate and was forced to make the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on March 28, 1814, by a curious coincidence, on the very day that the American frigate *Essex* so gallantly but unsuccessfully fought the British frigates *Phæbe* and *Cherub* in the far-away harbor of Valparaiso.

This third cruise had been by far the most successful, nearly all of the prizes having come safely into port; and the *America* soon sailed to Salem to make ready for another cruise. By the end of October she was ready for sea, and on November 1 Captain Chever, again in command, went on board with his crew. Some delay was caused by the arrival of a party of United States naval officers, who wished to search for a deserter. The poor man was found stored away in the fore-castle, and after he was delivered up in irons, the *America* set sail. Again she was delayed, on the second day out

some heavy object being struck, which caused the ship to leak badly. After considerable discussion with his officers, Captain Chever decided to return. Probably the sailors were superstitious, for most of them deserted when the wharf was reached.

On November 24 another crew was shipped, and once more the *America* put to sea. She was barely out of sight of land when a heavy storm was encountered, which washed many objects from the deck and disabled three men. The damage was slight, however, and she proceeded on her voyage. Not until December 28 was a prize taken. This was the English schooner *Thesset* with a cargo of wine and fruit. Much of the fruit was taken on board, and the vessel was sent to the United States. The year 1814 was closed by the destruction of a valueless sloop, the *America* sailing away just in time to escape from a British frigate which was endeavoring to interfere. The Sunday services of January 8 were postponed while the crew employed themselves in capturing the schooner *Hope* and later a bark loaded with dry goods. Both were manned and sent to the nearest home port.

The *America* was becoming overcrowded with prisoners; and as no empty vessel was taken in which they could be sent off, these were transferred to a Portuguese merchantman and sent to Madeira. It was a very convenient method of disposing of the prisoners, although the log book fails to state the ideas of the Portuguese commander on the subject. Another prize was sent to America, and two more were destroyed during January. On the twenty-third of the month the privateer bore down upon a supposed merchantman, which proved to be a British frigate, which immediately turned about and gave chase. All day long they sailed, neither gaining nor losing, until in the darkness of evening the *America* managed to crawl away. During the first part of February one vessel was destroyed and the prisoners were paroled on another; while on the nineteenth the ship *Enterprise*, loaded with hides and tallow, was captured and sent to the United States.



THE PRIVATEER "AMERICA."

At four on the afternoon of February 26 a sail was sighted on the horizon. The *America* immediately gave chase, and continued doing so all night. At nine the next morning, when within gun shot, the customary summons was given. This the stranger refused to heed. A solid shot was sent over the Englishman, who defiantly kept on his course. Captain Chever was not the man to take No for an answer on an occasion of that kind. If a vessel could not surrender peaceably, she must be shown what a Yankee crew is good for. A shivering broadside was poured into the stranger, who returned the compliment in the same manner. For twenty minutes the *America's* sailors worked as if the decisive naval battle of the war was being fought, and were rewarded by seeing the British flag come down. The hull of the enemy was bored through and through, and the rigging was cut to pieces. Two men were killed and thirteen wounded, while the *America* had received hardly a scratch. The eight nine-pounders with which the vessel was armed, together with the ammunition and other necessary stores, were transferred to the *America*.

The wounds of the injured were dressed, and as the vessel was still seaworthy, all the prisoners were paroled, put on board, and ordered to England.

During the remainder of February and March two more prizes were taken and sent to America. On April 4, while cruising very near home waters, the schooner *Eliza* was boarded; but on learning from her commander that the treaty of peace had been signed, she was released. This was almost two months after peace had been proclaimed by President Madison. Captain Chever immediately set sail for home, and on the morning of April 8, 1815, dropped anchor in Salem harbor. A salute of forty guns was fired and the crew discharged.

Thus ended the last cruise of the privateer *America*. She had safely landed in port over twenty-five valuable prizes, which had brought her owners \$1,100,000 of money. The fine ship, after rendering such good service, was allowed to rest. For sixteen years she lay undisturbed at Crowninshield's wharf in Salem, and then, sad to relate, was sold and broken up. So ended the life of one of the most successful privateers of the war of 1812.





WHERE THE ROUSTABOUTS COME FROM.

## THE MISSISSIPPI ROUSTABOUT.

*By Stoughton Cooley.*



FROM the time when the Argonauts sought the golden fleece, and the men of Tyre and Sidon went down to the sea in ships, there has been a never-failing interest in the life of a sailor.

Stories of adventure by sea have been told without number, and the songs and sayings of the seamen have been treasured with fidelity. The sailor has been one of the most conspicuous citizens of maritime countries in all times, and owing to his peculiar associations and daily familiarity with danger he has occupied a unique position in the minds of men. But interest in the seaman ceases when the ocean is left. The sailor on the great inland seas and lakes, though subject to all the dangers of the ocean marines, is almost as commonplace as the farm hand; while the roustabouts of the Mississippi steamboats are left in obscurity by the writers of fiction. And yet, the roustabout is not without his individuality; his manners, customs, sayings and doings are upon a

different level from those of the seamen, but they are nevertheless unique.

In the early days of Mississippi steamboating the roustabouts, or, as they are generally called by landspeople, "deck hands," and by boatmen, "roosters," were white men, and usually Irish. Many negroes were used in the extreme south, but the northern boats were mostly manned by whites. Gradually, however, and for a number of reasons, the negroes displaced the white men, until to-day they have a monopoly of the roustabouting business. The Irishman was impulsive; he had ideas, thought himself as good as any other man, — if not a little better, — was prone to "talk back" to those in authority, and was not amenable to the discipline necessary to secure harmony on board. The negro was the reverse of all this. His life in slavery and the fact that he was of a different and inferior race made him absolutely the child of authority. So long as his strength and health held out, he resented neither the domineering of the mate nor the imposition of the cook.

Though the importance of steamboating as compared with railroading has greatly fallen off during the past generation, the decrease has been less in the

southern states than in the northern. New Orleans is still the home port of a great many steamers; and hence it is in that city that the roustabout still flourishes in so much of his pristine glory as this practical age has left him. There, upon the broad level plank levee, he can maintain existence for an indefinite period upon what a Chinaman would starve on. The atmosphere is so well tempered to his shiftless nature, that he requires no more protection from the elements than decency demands; and when not working he can sleep on the bales of cotton or sacks of cotton seed, thus suspending the wear and tear incident to physical exertion. When he tires of this inglorious ease, he can ship on a boat which will be absent from port anywhere from three days to two weeks. So long as he has health and strength, he can secure highly remunerative employment for the asking; when he is sick, he can go to the marine hospital on the recommendation of his last employer, — where he will

about or an old one, or even a dead one. It is supposed that when the plantation negroes of a restless, roving disposition are old enough, they ship as roustabouts on a passing steamboat short of men, and when they have given their years of strength to this vehicle of commerce, such of them as have not been blown up or drowned, or who have not died in the hospital, retire to some quiet place with a brush and pail, and eke out a precarious existence whitewashing fences and chicken-houses.

As all the boats entering New Orleans ship their crews in that port, that city has become the great centre of roustaboutdom. A crew is shipped for a single trip, and serves only from the time of departure until the arrival in port again, the loading and unloading in port being done by hour men. The same man may be with one boat during the whole season, or he may be on a different one each trip. Some men follow the boat regardless of its mate; some follow the



SHIPPING A CREW AT NEW ORLEANS.

be well treated free of charge. Where he comes from or where he goes to, no one knows. He is neither young nor old, but always in the prime of life. As in the case of Dickens's post boy and dead mule, no one ever sees a young roust-

mate from one boat to another when he changes. Some like a big boat, where all is bustle and confusion the whole trip; others like a small boat, which has plenty of time to make the trip, and treats the men well. But all this is

reduced to a market value in dollars and cents. The harder the berth, the higher the wages, the softer berth commanding lower wages. Not only do the roustabouts keep track of the different boats and mates, but they have an eye for the movement of freight. For instance, if a cotton boat on her way down has the promise of a lot of staves next trip, a



A "DECK PASSENGER."

to get which the men much dislike, she will have trouble in shipping her crew with a considerable advance in wages.

A few of the boats leave the city at various times during the day, but the great mass of them take their departure at five o'clock in the afternoon, Saturday being the favored day of the week. Leaving port at the same hour brings

the boats into competition with each other for crews, and forces wages to a point beyond what they might otherwise reach. As the little knots of roustabouts gather about the departing boats, the knowing ones can tell at a glance what the visible supply of labor is, and set the rates accordingly. When the last pound of freight has been carried on board, and the hour men have been paid off, the mate walks out to the end of the stage about which the roustabouts are gathered, and calls out: "Sixty dollars, who wants it?" And then are enacted the scenes of the stock exchange and the board of trade, the mate taking the part of the bear, and the men the bull, and the wages are fixed by means of what Adam Smith called "the higgling of the market." If the wages are acceptable, there is a rush and a scramble to get a shipping ticket. But if the men think the wages are not enough, owing to the big freight on board and the prospect of a heavy return trip, or a hard mate, poor cook, or any of the other torments of the roustabout, they good-naturedly back away from the stage as a sign of disapproval. The mate then inquires what they want, and the answer comes back from the crowd, "Sixty-five dollars!" "Seventy dollars!" and so on up to a hundred dollars a month. But as in the wheat pit the necessities of some operators compel them to sell, or the advantages of others enable them to sell with a profit at a certain price, so there are usually enough negroes who really wish to ship, to prevent the bulls from getting away with the market. If the price set is out of reason, the mate jams his tickets into his pocket and turns to walk aboard. The men who really wish to ship call after him a lower wage, and he returns to dicker with them; and before the stranger really knows what has been going on, a price has been agreed upon, and the mate begins handing out his shipping tickets to such of the men in the crowd as he wants, — these, as they receive the tickets, passing down the stage to the boat. The moment the last man is aboard, the signal is given, and the boat backs away from the wharf.

And here the mate must be very careful, or the crew will "jump him," as it is technically called,—that is, they will step ashore as the boat backs out, compelling her to land and ship another crew. If the unwary mate is caught thus by the men, the boat comes in and he ships another crew, but under entirely different circumstances. The first shipping was an agreement between two independent parties; the second is an agreement between the independent roustabouts and the boat which has lost its crew,—and the men take all the advantage of this that a lawyer does of a technicality. Wages mount skyward; sometimes they come down to a point within reason, sometimes the men keep them so high that the lines are put out and the boat lies over till next day, the latter course, however, being available to only the stubborn captain or the boat which has plenty of time. It is not considered good boatmanship to accede to the price set by the men. Waiting seldom lowers it, and the men often make it higher. It costs the men next to nothing to wait, while the boat is under great expense every moment.

Once the crew is shipped and the boat away from the wharf, there is no



"THE MEALS ARE SERVED ON DECK."

more trouble with the men. They are at once reconciled to their lot, whatever it may be. It would be nothing short of a calamitous chain of circumstances which could force a crew to leave the boat before she gets back to New Orleans. The roustabout clings to the boat for the reason that, aside from the discomfort of life on a plantation or in a small town, and the difficulty of shipping on another boat from such a place, the white people sometimes have an unpleasant way of dealing with "niggers" whom they think remiss in their duty,—and that, too, without the delay and formality of law.

The boat having cleared port, the men are lined up on the forecastle, every second man behind his partner, their names taken, numbers given, and the crew divided into two watches, larboard and starboard. One watch is dismissed to get supper, while the other is set to cleaning the decks. As the boat proceeds on the trip, the men stand six hours on and six hours off, while the



PARTNERS.

work is light; that is, they sleep the most of the time between landings while on watch and all the time off. But when the boat is at a big freight pile, both watches are on duty as long as the heavy work lasts, whether it be twelve, twenty-four or thirty-six hours. Such work requires great strength and endurance, and the boatmen feed the men well, if for no other than selfish reasons. This bill of fare taken from the *Ouachita* may serve as a sample of the better boats:—

For breakfast, fresh and salt meat, grits, rice, soft bread and coffee; for dinner, soup, fresh beef, beans, potatoes, pot-pie, bread and pudding or duff; for supper, beef, bread and all-sorts, a dish which consists of the remnants of breakfast and dinner cooked into a sort of a pot-pie; at midnight, cold beef, bread and coffee.

The meals are served usually on deck. From time to time a mess room has been tried on different boats; but that convenience is not liked by the men. They prefer to have their dishes filled and be permitted to settle down among the freight to eat as they please. Owing to the fact that there is always strife between the mates and the cooks about feeding the men, the mate has a man of his own to superintend the distribution of the food, and to fight for the rights of his men, as well as to keep them from quarrelling among themselves at meal time. The "grub tender" brings out the "grub" or food in big pans, and fills the tin plates, which are handed to the men standing about. Coffee is drunk from tin cups; sugar is supplied, but no cream. Most of



IN HIS PRIME.

the men eat with their fingers all that can be got without using a spoon. An enterprising captain recently tried the experiment of furnishing his men with knives and forks. For a meal or two they used them, but soon gave it up; and by the end of the third day there was not a knife or fork of the whole lot to be found on the boat. The food is not only wholesome, but well cooked, and the way it disappears down the capacious throats of the roustabouts would turn a dyspeptic green with envy.

The roustabouts sleep wherever they wish below the boiler deck. In the winter they crawl under the boilers, which snuggerly they call the "St. Charles," after the famous St. Charles Hotel of New Orleans. Some go down into the hold, taking advantage of soft freight such as cotton, empty sacks or bales of goods. In the warm weather they may be seen out on the guards, flat on their backs, with a lump of coal under their heads for a pillow. And so close do they persist in lying to the edge, beyond which the water

goes rushing by, that a turn of the body would take them over. The fireman and "greasers"



FOOD FOR ROUSTABOUTS.

manage to have bunks or hammocks somewhere about the engine room to sleep in; but the "rooster" disdains all such effeminate indulgences. His flesh is so hard and healthy, and he has such a sublime contempt for dirt, that he can sleep soundly and apparently refreshingly wherever he can stretch his body in a horizontal position.

The principal duty of the roustabout is to load and unload the boat. He is not required to think or to bear any responsibility,—he simply works. He is a strong, serviceable machine, that understands the word of command; and so long as his strength holds out he is

devices makes it necessary to do everything by manual labor. What might be done with cheapness and despatch is accomplished by main strength and awkwardness. It is one of the articles of faith in steamboatdom, that there is nothing which a roustabout cannot carry on his back,—or if one cannot, two or more can. Atlas with the earth poised upon his shoulders would be an appropriate patron saint for the Mississippi roustabout.

Banks at the landings may be high and steep, and slippery from recent rains; but the freight of whatsoever nature must be borne to the top of the hill on



SOUND SLEEPERS.

the willing subject of the mate. His life and duties are peculiar, for a number of reasons. In the first place, nearly all of the boats belong to individuals, who have not enough of common interest to construct such landings as will admit of the use of labor-saving machinery; and what the boatmen do not do in these matters is not done at all,—for it seems to be an axiom among the planters and others along the river, that the less they accommodate the boatmen, the better will be the boatmen's service. The utter lack of opportunities to use labor-saving

the backs or shoulders of the "roosters." The landing may be in a swamp, with a little warehouse two hundred yards from the river, and the mud literally knee deep, but the freight is borne to its haven on the back of a "rooster." The planter puts his warehouse back there because the mud between that and the river is too deep to haul through; but it is never too deep for the roustabout to wade. It is of no use for one boat to object, for there is another ready to take the business. Not only must the freight be landed under such disadvantages, but



A LANDING IN THE WOODS.

it must be done quickly. The moment the boat touches the bank, all the officers are idle save the clerk and the mate, and the furnaces are eating coal as though possessed with an evil spirit. Everything stops, except the expenses, till the boat is again out in the river; hence the importance of quick action on the part of the "roosters."

Out it goes and in it comes, — boxes, barrels, bales and bundles, anything from a steam engine to a spinning-wheel, from the household traps of a mover ("plunder," the "roosters" call it) to a hundred tons of fertilizer for a plantation, — and every man on a trot. Recently a new burden has been added to the already interminable list for the "rooster's" back. Many of the small planters along the river have taken to raising hogs. But they are not raised as they are in the North. The mildness of the climate in Louisiana makes it entirely unnecessary to feed them; they are merely branded and turned loose in the forest, where they feed on pecans, acorns and roots. When the owner wishes to market his hogs, he goes out into the forest with a party of men and

dogs, and rounds up his drove. But these are not the hogs that are raised on a farm, familiar with the farmer and his corn-crib. They are perfectly wild, and the boars are as savage as the sportsman could wish. These wild hogs are driven into pens at the landing, where they await the coming of a boat which can get no other freight, — for the boatmen detest the business.

If there were enough of these hogs at any landing, of course the boats could make some provision for handling them; but as they are to be had in lots of a dozen or twenty, it is found to be cheaper to have the "roosters" carry them on their backs than to rig up driveways or anything of that kind. As the boat touches the bank, the crew makes for the pen. Two men grab a hog, one by the hind legs, the other by the ears, and flop it over upon its back, in which position it is raised to the shoulder of another man, who grasps the beast by the flanks, while his partner grabs it by the ears and walks behind to keep it from turning its head to bite. With the sows and young pigs this is not very exciting; but when an old boar is reached, there is lively

scrambling on the part of the men and "tall" swearing by the mate. Naturally the boar is the last one out of the pen, and as he has plenty of room in which to manœuvre, it requires time and patience coupled with courage to down him. In the centre of the pen stands the old fellow, with his small evil eyes twinkling with mischief; round the pen are the whole crew, the mate, the plantation people and the curious-minded passengers; beyond is the idle boat with its restless captain pacing the deck and wondering "why in h—l they don't bring that hog down." The mate flourishes his cane or piece of fence board, as the case may be, and utters a stream of profanity that would strike terror to the heart of anything but a wild hog; and the men scramble into the pen. The boar makes a lunge for the nearest man, — and the men scramble out. This is repeated amid growing excitement and increased profanity, until his boarship is taken unawares from behind, flopped on his back, a trembling negro holding his ears, and another his hind feet. Then the work is done. Once the hog is on his back, and his ears in the hands of a muscular roustabout, he gives up without more ado; he suffers himself to be lifted ignominiously to the back of a "rooster" without so much as squealing.

It may be there are thirty mules to be taken on and off. The "roosters" form themselves into a "V," with the point at the end of the stage. The mules are driven down this human guard, and as soon as one animal starts down the stage the rest follow without trouble, unless it be the last one. He may be so slow in starting, that his companions have disappeared on the boat; then he asserts his famed stubbornness, — but to no purpose. The "roosters" do not beat him, nor even swear at him — no one swears but the mate, and he directs it all at the

"roosters." A rope is quickly passed around the mule's body, and twenty or thirty strong men grab it and walk down the stage. It is of no use to be stubborn; kicking and bracing of feet are unavailing; he slides aboard like any inanimate freight of light weight. Oxen come aboard the same way; a rope about the horns, thirty men pulling, with a half dozen to keep him from falling off the stage, and the ox is aboard in no time. Much is said about the stubborn stupidity of a mule; but steamboat men credit him with being the wisest of beasts. As a general thing, mules without being led will walk aboard a steamboat on a stage three or four feet wide and thirty or forty feet long, — a



CARRYING LIVE WILD HOGS.

thing which no other animal but a dog will do.

So accustomed to authority are the roustabouts, that they will do nothing without the word of command; and even when they set about obeying an order, it is with such a total disregard for the result, and with such snail-paced motion, that they must be stimulated from time to



time by repetitions of the command, interspersed with choice profanity. This may be shocking to the stranger, but it seems to be taken as a matter of course. It is not the same as profanity in polite society; it means nothing on the part of the mate except a peculiar way in which he emphasizes his commands; and the roustabout sees in it nothing but a measure of the importance of the command. A command may be given to haul in

expending enough strength to carry a watermelon. After two or three attempts to move the raft, they straightened up and looked inquiringly at the boat, to see what was the next thing on the programme. Meantime the mate, who had been bandying pleasantries with acquaintances on the bank, glanced up, took in the situation, and rushed ashore. Running up to the raft, he jumped upon it and, with a sharp, crisp oath, ordered



THE UNWILLING OX.

a line. Some of the men take hold of it and throw themselves back lazily, exercising not a hundredth part of their power. After two or three ineffectual attempts to accomplish the task, the mate flies into a passion and lets go a volley of profanity that tints the atmosphere, and the men surge back on the line as though they had just awakened to consciousness. A small ferry made of Choctaw logs, used for carrying teams across the bayou, was left stranded on the bank by the falling water. The planter asked the captain to have his men go out and carry it down to the water. About forty roustabouts shuffled out and gathered about the raft. As if obeying the order, they took hold of the raft and pretended to lift, no one of them

the men to carry it to the water. The command hardly left his lips before the men seized the ferry and walked with it and the mate to the bank of the bayou.

It will be seen at once that one of the chief merits of a mate of these steamers is his ability to handle men. It is not enough to know what should be done; he must have the force of character necessary to command implicit obedience. Hence mates, like poets, must be born for the work. It not infrequently happens that the mate commands a larger salary than the captain of the same boat, simply because of his peculiar power over men. This power is something which comes to the possessors naturally; they are born to command, and a single look or word from them means more than a

blow from others. Indeed the cruelty which used to be so common, but which is now seldom seen, was practised entirely by inferior men who were trying to accomplish by brute force what others did by word of command. The loud-talking, fierce-looking mates, who are commonly pictured to the public as the ideal, are far from the truth. The real mate is a quiet, gentlemanly man, who speaks in a well-modulated voice and acts with the grace and precision of the genius. The flannel-shirted, slouch-hatted men, who strut about with heavy canes, scowling and swearing like pirates, stand in the same relation to the ideal mate that the American dudes who ape the ways of London flunkies do to the English gentleman.

The jolly tar is the hero of song and story; the roustabout excites the commiseration of all beholders. In reality the average roustabout fares as well if not better than the average sailor. His food, as we have seen, is plentiful and wholesome; the self-interest which actuated the slaveholder prompts the boatmen to deal fairly with him, even if no worthier motives were present. He has no regular place to sleep; but he can pick out quarters as comfortable, or more so, as a ship's fore-castle. He can furnish his own bedding, as the sailor does; that he does not do it is his own fault. He prefers sleeping about anywhere on the freight to being cumbered with baggage. His clothing consists of a slouch hat, coarse shirt and trousers, shoes and usually, though not always, cotton socks; in the winter he sometimes wears a small jacket. He never has more than the suit on his back; when this is worn out, he throws it away and gets a new one. His only tool of trade is a cotton-hook, which he carries in his belt. Thus equipped, he is ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere or do anything. He can command more comforts than the sailor, because his pay is from two to three times as large. Being an ignorant negro he is of course unable to take advantage of many of the things which the sailor does; but the very fact that he is so ignorant and yet enjoys so many advantages shows that his treat-

ment is not what it is commonly thought to be.

The sense of rhythm in the roustabouts, like that in all negroes, is very acute. Though they have a limited vocabulary, they readily construct songs for any and all occasions. Whether it be at a big freight pile, where a spirited darky lifts his voice in musical cadence to cheer his fagged companions, or leaving port at New Orleans, when the crew line the fore-castle and sing as the flag comes down, the words will be apt and the tune melodious. No boat ever had a name so long or so outlandish that they could not weave it into a song; no event in river history is so complicated that it cannot be told in musical rhyme. All of their songs consist of rhyming couplets, with a refrain following each line, — the leader lining off in a clear tenor or baritone, the whole crew, or so many of them as are inclined, joining in the chorus. The sense of rhythm shows



CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

itself even in their walk. They have a swinging, shuffling gait, called "coon-gineing," in which their movements are in such accord that the whole boat will respond, swaying until the mate compels them to break step.

A peculiarity of the roustabout is shown in his love for fanciful names. Not only does he go by a different name himself on different boats, but he speaks of the boats by other than their registered names. When a new boat appears in port, some facetious negro gives her a nickname, which clings to her the rest of her days. Some of these names show



A TYPICAL "ROOSTER."

considerable ingenuity on the part of the christener. Sometimes the name will be a sort of parody on her real name,—such as the *Satterlee*, "Saddle Horse;" *Valley Queen*, "Valley Road;" *C. W. Cherry*, "Cherry Tree;" *City of Hickman*, "Hickory Limb;" *J. E. Trudeau*, "True Vine;" *Danube*, "You be dam;" *Jesse K. Belle*, "Jesse Ki Ki;" *St. John*, "Stemwinding John." Other boats receive names from some peculiar characteristic; thus the steamer *Wheelock* is called "Starvation;" the *Josie W.*, "Pine Knot Joe;" *Assumption*, "Gray Goose;" *City of St. Louis*, "Rox Ann;" *Alvin*, "Calico Jack;" *Teche*, "Bone Dust;" *Warren*, "Boiling Water;" *Onachita*, "Oyster Loaf;" *Paul Tulane*, "Two days and a half;" *Natchez*,

"Pocahontas,"—or, as they have corrupted it, "Poke and Hunter;" *T. P. Leathers*, "T. P. Mule;" *Hallett*, "Tin Pan;" *Belle of the Coast*, "Run Well;" *Dacotah*, "Sweepstakes;" *War Eagle*, "Mail Train;" *Neptune*, "Twenty-four hours;" *Lafourche*, "Crossing;" *Mable Comeaux*, "Fuss Maker;" *Garland*, "Make one trip and lay up ten;" *G. W. Sentell*, "Broken Back;" *John Howard*, "Cowpea John;" *John D. Scully*, "One-armed John."

Ignorant, stupid and brutal as the roustabout often is, he has his good points. He is generous to a fault and forgiving in his nature, seldom holding malice against mates who mistreat him. Nor is he lacking in courage or faithfulness; he will stick to a burning or sinking boat as long as the mate will stay with him. Being subject to the United States marine laws, he has the same redress that the sailor has,—a recourse which no other class of citizens enjoys. In the court of the United States Commissioner the roustabout can have any mate or captain arrested for assault or abuse on the return of the boat to port; and should a few cents' wages be withheld from him, he can tie up the largest steamer,—and that, too, without giving any bonds for costs or damages. The Commissioners have done much to drive from the river the cruel mates who at one time handled the men; and they have done many other things to better their condition.

The roustabout, however, is his own great enemy. Indolent and shiftless to a degree, he is an abject slave to gambling, women and whiskey. For a half hour with the goddess of chance at the "crap board," he will work a week or ten days; for a carouse in the "barrel house," he will endure the greatest fatigue and untold hardships. He is a gambler by nature, and is a prey to the vices and prodigality of the gambler.

But the day of the roustabout is passing. He is going the way of all manual laborers. The genius of invention has already entered his field. One labor-saving device after another is being introduced in the handling of freight; and the number of men will be gradually reduced to those required to operate the

machinery. The whistle which John Fitch, one of the inventors of the steamboat, hoped would cheer his drooping soul as he slept on the banks of the

Ohio will continue to sound; but the songs of the boatmen which he thought would revive his spirit seem destined to pass away.



THE STUBBORN MULE.

## THE EARLY MASSACHUSETTS COURT RECORDS.

*By George H. Brennan.*



OR over ten years there has been in progress in Boston a task of gigantic proportions dealing with the early records and files of the courts of Massachusetts, together with a mass of miscellaneous papers which serve to throw not a little light on many interesting features of the history of the state. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated. It had its inception in an order passed by the Boston Board of Aldermen in October, 1883, authorizing John Noble, the clerk of the Supreme Court of Suffolk County, to arrange the files of Suffolk County, including the files of the Commonwealth up to 1797, at an expense not to exceed \$10,000. Mr. Noble, who is an enthusiast on the subject of court records, zealously commenced his duty of supervision, engaging William P. Upham, the well-known antiquarian, to have the direct charge of the work and to superintend the labors of a corps of assistants.

In December, 1890, Mr. Noble was authorized to prepare all the records of

the Court of Assistants of the Massachusetts colony, in their various quarter courts, special courts and otherwise, from 1630 to 1692.

Both of these official orders have been acted upon with continued energy and industry, and the great task is now well-nigh completed. Since it was begun nothing of a descriptive nature has been printed regarding it. Access to the valuable papers was not given to the curiosity seekers about the courts. The very nature of the undertaking required privacy and seclusion for the persons engaged in the task. An occasional historian or antiquarian managed to get a peep at the aged documents; but the outside public remained in ignorance of the progress of the work, and the same can be said indeed of the officials in the Court House, who passed the closed doors of the early record rooms every day for ten years without once stepping across the mysterious thresholds.

It is the privilege, therefore, of the readers of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* to obtain, through the medium of this article, the first public view of these

141  
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FROM BENDALL'S DOCK CASE.

curious reminders of the early days and early doings of Massachusetts courts and people. The view must necessarily be limited and imperfect, for it would be impossible to do justice to the subject in anything short of an octavo volume, even though the writer restricted himself to a *résumé* of the most salient features of the records.

Some idea of the extent of what has been accomplished can be gleaned from the fact that the miscellaneous papers alone numbered over 250,000. These for over a century and a half had been drifting about from one place of deposit to another, including cellars, attics, chests, drawers and other resting places in various public buildings, until they became, in the course of years, completely confused and greatly injured by careless handling and neglect. Large numbers of the papers have undoubtedly been destroyed.

In what remains, however, there is an abundance of material for historical, genealogical and topographical inquiry, unequalled by any other collection in the state, with the possible exception of the archives at the State House. While the labor of assorting, cleaning, tabulating and compiling has been going on, various papers have been discovered which had been for years unsuccessfully sought for both in this country and abroad.

A valuable feature of the collection consists in its disclosure of the methods of procedure and the form of processes used in different periods of the state's early history and the construction put upon laws by counsel of eminence. There are preserved, in copies and originals, judgments of the courts, special verdicts, reasons of appeal, pleadings and various other papers, which in many cases furnish the only means of knowledge in this direction. They must prove

of great value to the students of jurisprudence.

There is a tradition that a portion of the papers happened to be in the Old South Church during its occupation by the British soldiers, who had no respect whatever for their value and showed their contempt by using them to light their pipes and to serve as mattresses. Some of the papers still bear the stains of tobacco and powder. A portion of the collection passed through the fire of

*A Court of Assistants holden  
at Frankstown the Seventh of  
September 1690*

*It is Ordered that Trimountain  
Shall be called Boston Mattapan  
Dorchester and the Town upon  
Charles River Water Town*

*A true Copy as appears of  
Record*

*Examined by J. M. Maudslayi*

1747, coming out of it with scorched edges and in a generally dilapidated condition.

When Mr. Noble entered upon the duties of the office of clerk of the Supreme Court, in 1875, the greater part of the collection was stored in one of the rooms of the Superior Court, in the old Court House. Chief Justice Gray of the Supreme Court was deeply concerned about the preservation of the records, and between 1875 and 1880 various unsuccessful efforts were made to get the papers into the custody of the Supreme Court; but it was not until 1883, after repeated struggles with red tape and technicalities, that the desired result was



A WARNING TO DEPART.

attained. Before they took up their final abode in the Supreme Court, the papers had stopped at so many way stations and had been compelled to submit to so many onslaughts, that their ranks were decimated. Once, when a part of them were

in process of transference from the old Court House to the probate building, there was an accident and the winds played sad havoc with the papers, blowing large numbers of them into the grasp of mercenary boys, who sold them to

antiquarians. In the cellar of the probate building many of the papers became so saturated with dampness that they had to be hung up to dry like a Monday's washing. They were shortly afterward deposited in the cellar of the Historic Genealogical Society's building. This portion alone was enough to fill two huge chests and a barrel.

As many of the earliest papers bear relation to the Court of Assistants, it will not be inappropriate to glance for a moment at the make-up of that bewigged body of distinguished gentlemen who could sentence an offender to have his ear cut off with the same imperturbability that they would have shown if they had ordered him to pay a fine of ten shillings. The Massachusetts Bay Company's charter, it will be remembered, was issued March 4, 1628, a date which corresponds to March 15, 1628, according to the new style. Under the terms of this charter there was constituted a corporation bearing the name of "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." Twenty-six persons were named as patentees to whom the charter was granted. A Governor, Deputy Governor and eighteen Assistants constituted the officers of the corporation; and these were to be elected annually by the freemen at the General Court, which was to be holden on the last Wednesday in Easter term. In all, four sessions of the General Court were held each year. The court consisted of the Governor, Assistants, and freemen. During their deliberations, laws and ordinances were enacted, officers were chosen, and freemen were admitted.

Next in importance and dignity to the General Court was the Court of Assistants, which was held monthly by the Governor, — or the Deputy Governor, when the Governor was absent, — and at least seven Assistants, "for the handling, ordering and despatching of all such businesses and occurrences as should from time to time happen touching or concerning said company or plantation."

The Governor's ship, the *Arbela*, was the scene of the first session of the Court of Assistants, which was held August 13, 1630, while the vessel was lying in

Charlestown harbor. On October 19 of the same year, the first General Court was held in Boston. Courts of minor importance were afterward established, among them being the County Courts, Strangers' Courts, Inferior or Magistrates' Courts, Military Court, and the Court of Chancery.

According to the law of 1639, two terms of the Court of Assistants were to be held in Boston "by the Governor and Deputy Governor and the rest of the Magistrates, to hear and to determine all and only actions of appeal from the inferior courts, all causes of divorce, all capital and criminal causes extending to life, member or banishment."

The record of the change of the name of the town from Trimountain to Boston officially appears on one of the oldest papers in charge of Mr. Noble. It is as follows: —

*A Court of Assistants holden at Charlestown the seventh September, 1630.*

It is ordered that Trimountain shall be called Boston, Mattapan Dorchester and the town upon Charles river Watertown.

A true copy as appears of Record Exam.

JOS. MARION, *Dep. Secy.*

How Joseph Cook came into possession of the historic Fort Hill is explained in the following order: —

2nd January, 1636.

The Grant of Fort Hill to Jos. Cook.

Mem: It is granted unto Joseph Cook to have the Hill by his house which have been hitherto preserved for a place to build a Fort upon for defence with all the lane leading thereto, provided, if the town shall ever make use of it for that End he shall yeild it again or else to Remain to him and his heirs forever.

True copy as appears in Cambridge Records.

Exam. by And. Boardman, jun., *Town Clerk.*

The determination of the colonists to improve the soil is shown in the following: —

9 of ye 12th month 1634.

At a General Meeting upon Publick Notice, Imprimis it is agreed by general Consent that all the Inhabitants shall plant either upon such ground as is already broken up or inclosed in the neck or else upon the Ground at Noddle's Island from Mr. Maverick's grant and that every able man fit to plant shall have allotted him two acres to plant on and for every able youth one acre to be allotted out



by Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Cogan, Mr. Asamford, G. William Cheesborough & Mr. Brenton or any three of them.

When detachments of the colonists branched out from the parent trunk and smaller towns sprang into existence, one of the important duties of the General Court was to establish boundary lines, so that the rights of adjoining town-peoples might not come into collision. Naturally the means of survey in those days were limited, and as a result the settlement of the boundary limits was sometimes imperfectly made. Nevertheless it was the intention of the General Court to be exact, as can be seen by the order establishing the bound between Salem and Lynn, which was passed by the General Court held at Boston, January 13, 1638. The order, which can be seen in the first volume of miscellaneous papers, reads as follows:—

It is ordered that the Bounds between Salem & Lynn shall begin at the Cliffe by the Sea where the water runs, as the way lyeth from Lynn to Marblehead and run upon a Straight Line to the long pond by the old path that goeth to Lynn at the South end thereof next to Lynn, and the whole Pond to be in Salem bounds and from that Pond to run upon a Straight Line to 6 great Pine Trees marked, called by those 6 men that laid out the bounds the 6 men's bounds, and from those trees to run upon a Straight Line unto another little pine tree marked by the Side of a little Hill beyond the Trees and to run upon the Same Line so far as our bounds shall reach into the country.

NATHAN TURNER. WILL. BALLARD.  
RICHARD WALKER. JOHN WOODBERRY.

The wills of the early Massachusetts settlers furnish curious illustrations of their customs and inclinations. Several of them are among the earliest files of the courts, and there is not one which does not contain a bequest of a unique character, either as regards the donation itself or the manner in which the testator donated it. The peculiar mode of expression gives to the student of the early records a source of pleasure, which is felt even when the subject-matter is of the most uninteresting type.

Samuel Hagburne's will combines interesting bequests with an interesting manner of making them.

"The nineteenth of January 1642. I, Samuel Hagburne of Roxbury by the Blessing of my

dear God & Father in Jesus Christ, having my understanding and memory do make and ordain this my last will and testament as followeth, Imprimis I make my wife my sole Executrix and further my will is to intreat the reverend and beloved Elders and deacons of our Church of Roxbury to be overseers of my will and I give them power to order all of my estate and guide my wife in all such ways as may be for God's Honour and my wife and children's best good. Item, my will is that my debts in England shall be paid out of my shop goods and lands as shall be found most convenient. Item, my will is that my eldest daughter Elisabeth shall have the great Pott and three silver spoons which her grandfather gave her, further my will is that each of my daughters shall have a bed blankett, rugg, boulder and a pair of sheets reserved for them, only my wife shall take her choice of the best first."

He gives to his brother, Abraham Hagburne, "the heifer which I bought of Daniel Brewer and my suit of apparrell."

The will of Roger Glouer has a prolonged religious introduction, as follows:—

"In the name of God amen, the 17th day of July 1649, I, Roger Glouer of London being of good health of body and of sound and perfect memory, thanks bee therefore given to Almighty God, being to travell into the parts beyond the sea and considering the certainty of death and the uncertainty of the time thereof do make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say, first and principally I commit my soule to God my Creator, Redemer and sanctifyer, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merrits of the death and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten Son of God, to obteyne the pardon and forgiveness of all my sins and to enjoy eternal happiness with the saints in heaven, my body I commit to the earth whereof it was made, hoping for a joyfull resurrection in the day of the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as concerning such temporall blessings as God in mercy hath bestowed on mee I dispose the same as followeth."

Among the witchcraft cases in the records of the Court of Assistants is that of Mary Parsons, whose alleged misdeeds are referred to as follows:—

"At a court of assistants held at Boston, 13th of May 1675. At this court Mary Parsons the wife of Joseph Parsons of Northampton in the county of Hampshire in the colony of Massachusetts being presented and indicted by the grand jury was also indicted by the name of Mary Parsons the wife of Joseph Parsons for not having the feare of God before her eyes and being instigated by the divill hath at one or other of the times mentioned in the evidence now before ye court entred into familiarity with the devill and committed several acts of witchcraft on the person or persons of one or more as in the said evidences relating thereto reference being thereto

had. Amply doeth and may appeare and all this contrary to the peace of our sovereigne Lord the king, his crown and dignity, the lawes of God and of this jurisdiction. After the indictment and evidence in the case were read, the prisoner at the bar holding up her hand and pleading not guilty, putting herself upon her triall. The jury brought in their verdict. They found her not guilty and so she was discharged."

The acquittal of Mary Hale, also accused of witchcraft, is set out in the following succinct terms: —

"Mary Hale of Boston, widdow, was indicted by the name of Mary Hale for that you not having the feare of God before yor eyes and being instigated by the divill, having had familiarity with him by the abhorred sin and art of witchcraft did kill and bewitch one Smith to death contrary to the peace of our sovereigne Lord the king his crowne and dignity the lawes of God and of this jurisdiction: to which indictment the prisoner at the bar pleaded not guilty and put herself on triall by God and the country. After the indictment and evidence in the case produced were read, comitted to the jury and are on file with the reccords of this court the jury brought in their verdict, they found the prisoner at the barr Mary Hale not guilty according to indictment."

The reprieve of Elizabeth Morse, a condemned witchcraft prisoner, in June, 1691, is ordered by the Court of Assistants, in Boston, at the June session, the reprieve extending to the end of the next session in October. The prisoner is granted leave to return home with her husband to Newbury, provided "she goe not above 16 rods from her owne house and land at any time except to the meeting house in Newberry nor remooove from the place appointed her by the minister and selectmen to sitt in whilst there."

There are several instances on the records where the court ordered the defendant in a homicide case to pay money to the country and the relatives of the deceased. For example, "in the case of John Foster accidentally discharging gunn at foules on the neck thereby wounding Samuel Flacks son so as he died the court sentenct him to pay the father of the boy 10 pounds and to pay tenn pounds more as a like fine to the country was declared and on his humble peticon the court saw cause to remit five pounds of the country's fine." Similar instances are found in the cases of John Flint, Peter Bent, Samuel Hunting and John Dyer.

The penalty of "running the gantelop"

was accorded to Walter Gendall, "for not having the feare of God before his eyes and being instigated by the devill in the tyme of the war with the Indians in a perfidious and treacherous way against the inhabitants of the collonyes peace and safety sought to betray them into the ennemyes hands by his endeavor and counsel contrary to the peace of our souveraigne Lord the king etc. The magistrates having duly weighed the indictment and evidences in the case produced against him found him guilty of the indictment and doe therefore sentence him to runn the gantelop thro the millitary companyes in Boston with a roape about his necke, that he forfeit all his lands to the country and be banished out of this jurisdiction to be gonn by ye 6th of October next on penalty of perpetuall imprisonment if he returne againe and discharging the costs and charges of this prosecution."

Selling of a debtor by a creditor was another singular feature of the life of the old colonial days. An instance of this is found in the records of the Court of Assistants, where it is related that "in answer to the petition of John Sparrey relating to John Kelly a prisoner and his debtor. The court judgeth it meet to take of the former limitation of selling the prisoner onely to those of this colony and leave him to the liberty of the law for the disposing of him."

At the same session of the court Peter Lorphelin, a Frenchman, was found guilty of having counterfeiters' instruments in his possession. He was sentenced to stand upon the pillory for "two howers and then to have both your eares cut off by the executioner and to give bond in 500 pounds with two sureties to the satisfaction of the gouvernor and council for your good apearance for ye future and pay chardges of prosecution and fees of court standing committed till the sentence be performed," — which sentence was executed accordingly.

Ten shillings was the price set upon a lie in the cases of Nicholas Shapleigh and Richard Nags, who "being sworn saith that to the information of the French contraband goods and brandy brought in the ship John Adventure on

their oathes affirmed that they knew not of any that which they mentioned in their libell, it was the slip of the pen. The court fined the said Nags and Shapleigh tenn shillings apiece for ther pernitious lye to ye country."

At a session of the court held in July, 1684, a man named Vines Ellacot was brought to trial for riding over Henry Pease and killing him. He was found not guilty of murder, but he was ordered to make compensation to the widow of the deceased to the extent of ten pounds.

For having an illegitimate child and making away with it a negress named Anna, who was a servant of Rebecca Lynde, was sentenced "to stand on the gallows with a roape fastened about her neck to the gallows for one hower and thence to be tyed to and whipt at the cart's taylor to the prison with thirty stripes and so committed to the prison there to lye for one moneth and then to be conveyed by the marshall generall to Charlestown and there on the lecture day to be alike tyed to and whipt with thirty stripes and then on her mistress paying the charges of the tryall and prison she is discharged."

Maurice Brett became notorious in the year 1675. He was first brought to court on the charge of adultery with Mary Gibbs, and was sentenced to stand on the gallows with a rope around his neck, and later on to be whipped and banished. A later record of the court states that "In the case of Maurice Brett for his contemptuous carriage confronting the sentence of the court was sentenced to stand in the pillory on ye morrow at one of ye clock his eare nayld to ye pillory and after an hour's standing there to be cut of and to pay 20 shillings for his swearing or be whipt with 10 stripes."

All of the massacres in the colonial days were not committed by the Indians. In the records of the court held in September, 1676, is given the account of the murder of three Indian women and three Indian children by white men in the woods near Concord. The names of the assassins were Stephen Goble, Daniel Goble, Nathaniel Wilder and Daniel Hoare, all of Concord. They were sentenced to be hanged.

On the complaint of the commissioners and selectmen for the "Towne of Boston," an action was brought about this time against Henry Sherlot, who, in the expressive language of the complaint, "is newly come into this towne as he saith a dancing master and he is a person very insolent and of ill fame that raves and scoffes at religion, of a turbulent spirit, no way fitt to be tollerated to live in this place and therefore humbly desiring this court according to their wisdom to take such order that the said Sherlot may be removed and sent away not only out of this towne but colony as a person not with safety to be admitted to live amongst us. The court on persual of what was presented voted that Mr. Sherlot the Frenchman dancer and fencer be removed out of the country and that he depart accordingly at once within two months on penalty of contempt of authority."

One of the most interesting cases among all of the records of the Court of Assistants is that of Joseph Gatchell, who was tried for his views on the subject of general salvation, in July, 1684. The records recite that "Joseph Gatchell being presented and indicted by the grand jury for our Lord the king for blasphemy etc. and by them put on tryall, the said Joseph Gatchell was sent for out of prison and being at the barr at the last after many refusals to hold up his hand at the barr or to plead to his indictment, did hold up his hand and pleaded not guilty to the indictment which was read and was that he ye said Joseph Gatchell being so presented was indicted by the name of Joseph Gatchell of Marblehead for that he not having the feare of God before his eyes, being instigated by the devill at the house of Jeremiah Gatchell in discourse about generall salvation (which he said was his belief) and that all men should be saved, being answered that our saviour Christ sent forth his disciples and gave them commission to preach the gospel that whosoever repents and believes shall be saved, to which Joseph Gatchell answered if it be so, he was an imperfect saviour and a foole. And this was a yeare agoe and somewhat more as the evidences of Elisabeth Gatchell

and since in the moneth of March last past and at other times and places hath uttered several horrid blasphemous speeches saying there was no God, devill or hell, as in and by their evidences may appeare contrary to the peace of our souveraigne Lord, the king, his crowne and dignity, the law of God and of this jurisdiction. To which as before he pleaded not guilty and put himself on his tryall by God and the country. After the indictment and evidences in the case produced were read committed to the jury and are on file, the jury brought in the verdict:

"Wee find the prisoner at the barr Joseph Gatchell guilty. The court sent for ye prisoner Joseph Gatchell and on consideration of the crime whereof he stands convicted by the jury did sentenc him ye said Gatchell to be returned from this place to the pillory to have his head and hand put in and have his tounge drawne forth out of his mouth and pierct through with a hott iron and then to be returned to the prison there to remaigne untill he sattisfy and pay all ye charges of his tryall and fees of court which came to seven pounds. The marshall generall taking necessary help with him is to see ye execution of ye sentenc performed."

Burglary was a crime punished by very severe penalties. In July, 1685, Vryah Clements broke into the house of James Pecker of Boston, and stole ten pounds in money and some ribbon. For this offence the court ordered him to be "branded with the letter B on his forehead and have his left eare cutt of," besides "dischardging the charge of the witnesses and tryall and fees of the court and then making treble restitution to the party injured and on defect thereof to be sold to any of the English Plantations."

That terrible malady, witchcraft, which raged so violently in the early nineties of the seventeenth century, had passed its worst stage in 1693, the time of the establishment of the Superior Court of Judicature, the predecessor of the present Supreme Court and the successor of the Court of Assistants. This witchcraft period has been described exhaustively in a variety of ways by a variety of authors.

Nearly all of the persons accused have been written about to such an extent that their names have become almost household words in New England. The early court papers in Mr. Noble's charge contain many references to the witchcraft cases, including the examination of certain defendants whose records have hitherto escaped with a mere word of mention. Among them is a portion of the examination of Martha Emerson, who was brought before Magistrate Gedney and other justices in Salem, July 23, 1692. Following is the record of the examination:—

"Martha Emerson you are here accused for afflicting of Mary Warin and Mary Lacey by witchcraft. What say you? Answer: I never saw them. Richard Currier said he see her hurt them both yesterday, but he had never seen her at ye witch meeting but Mary Lacy said that she had seen both Martha Emerson and her mother at ye witch meeting: Mary Warin and Mary Lacey fell down when the said Martha Emerson looked on them and Mary Lacy was presently well when the said Emerson took her by ye wrist. Two more also fell down with her looking on them but she denied that she knew anything of witchcraft. Mary Warin said ye said Emerson's spectre told her that she had rid a man with an enchanted bridle and Matthew Herriman was called to say whether he had bin ridden, so or no: who answered that last Monday night he was in a strange condition and heard it rain and blow as he thought, but in ye morning there had bin no rain: but in ye morning my tongue was sore and I could not speak till some two hours, and Martha Emerson came to our house that morning as soon as it was light for fire: Mary Warrin being in a long dumb fitt signified by holding up her hand that this Herriman was ye man that the said Emerson said she had ridden: but Emerson said she knew nothing of it."

Daniel Tuttle's experiences with a counterfeit five-pound note form an amusing chapter of the early court files. Although the jury failed to convict Daniel at his trial, which occurred in 1723, the appearances were against him, and the suspicious nature of the circumstances was heightened by his attempt to get rid of the counterfeit bill by eating it during the process of the examination. This effort to make a meal of the money was discovered in the nick of time. The note was taken out of his mouth, and although chewed almost beyond recognition, it was tenderly laid away in the files of the court, where it still remains, showing an

abundance of marks of Daniel's molars. The following quaint statement of the case will be of interest: —

"The jury find that the prisoner at the barr did (at the place and time mentioned in his indictment) offer a counterfeit five pound bill as is there exprest and put it into the hand of Mrs. Elizabeth Ellis, he then knowing the same to be false. The condition was that if Mrs. Ellis liked the said bill he would have a dozn and half of handkercheifs of her, which they the said Ellis and the prisoner had before agreed and bargained for and which she had measured off to him tho not cut them and the why she did not cut them was this — The prisoner at the bar desired she would not cut them before she had seen his money upon which he immediately produced the aforesaid bill putting it in the hands of Mrs. Ellis aforesaid and withall sayed she might inform herself of the goodness of the bill by inquireing of her neighbours. She made reply to him and said what's the matter of the bill? It seems to me to be a very fair good bill. I should not scruple it. Whereupon the said Ellis sent her daughter with it to Mr. Holsey to ask his thoughts upon it who returned with this assurance that Mr. Holsey said it was a good bill, after which the prisoner told Mrs. Ellis he would not have her take the bill without it was good for it was not his own but belonged to a man in the country who gave it him in order to buy him some handkercheifs and that she might if she pleased ask any one else — at that very interim Mr. William Tyler happened to come by the shop of the said Ellis who called him in and asked him his opinion of the aforesaid bill who presently discovered the same to be false and counterfeit as aforesaid. Now upon the whole matter if the thus producing, offering and putting the aforesaid bill into the hands of Mrs. Ellis by the prisoner at the barr be deemed an uttering by the law of this province upon which he stands indicted then the jury finds that Daniel Tuttle the prisoner at the bar is guilty but if it appears otherwise then we say he is not guilty."

The following entry appears, dated December 19, 1723: —

"In court held by adjournment upon this special verdict the King's attorney general as well as the prisoner at ye Barr by his Council was fully heard and after mature advisement thereon the court are of opinion that ye said Daniel Tuttle is not guilty."

When the last piece of work in connection with the early court files and records is completed, the collection will

number in the neighborhood of six hundred bulky volumes, all of which the curiosity seeker may peruse, if his eyes and his life hold out. The danger to the eyesight may be imagined by glancing at the two specimens of the papers herewith reproduced. These represent the most illegible types in the collection. As they stand, however, they present excellent evidence of the very clever work that has been accomplished by Mr. Upham and his assistants.

When the treatment of the first paper was commenced, it was in an entirely unrecognizable state, having been almost reduced to powder by mould. It was submitted to a thorough and most delicate process of cleaning, and was tenderly placed between sheets of transparent paper. Order was thus restored from chaos. The words on its musty old surface became legible once again, and the paper was recognized as one of forty in a somewhat noted case in relation to Bendall's Dock in Boston.

The second specimen is an example of a "warning to depart," whereby newcomers in towns were officially notified that their room was preferable to their company. These notices were the outcome of a feeling on the part of the townspeople that they had trouble enough in taking care of themselves and their town without extending a helping hand to uninvited strangers desiring to take up a residence with them. If the visitors persisted in remaining, it was with the understanding that the town would not support them if they became poor; and if this necessity arose, they were unceremoniously shipped off by the sheriff to the place from whence they came.

The paper in the illustration is a patchwork of several fragments which were matched under Mr. Upham's supervision. As will be seen, a comparatively large piece is missing from the centre, but the purport of the paper is clear.



## THE METHOD OF BRITTA, THE DANE.

By Helen Campbell.

### I.



HE house is big enough," said Britta. "Oh, no, it is not the house that make trouble. It is the man Nash therein, who will have always the middle of the bed, and the middle of the room, and the heart of the loaf, and edges, only edges for them that must be with him. And she, that Norah, that when she come there is so pretty and gay, she look now like long bar of soap when washing is done, so yellow and so thin, and going close to wall always to give him all room and the children the same. That I see more and more, and think always what must be done, yes, and at last say it, — but she, she will not. She have no sense, but soul, yes, — much soul; and because of this soul she believe a thing I will not believe, — no, not I, — that her life is never her own, but always his, to do with as he will. That is her religion, and her soul is lost if she think otherway, and so she bear all because of him and because of her soul. Oh, what religion!"

Britta lifted the sheet of noodles rolled to paper-like thinness, and waved it defiantly as she moved toward the bar where others were hanging, pausing to test one between thumb and finger.

"See, now! one is ready and more than ready while I talk," she said regretfully, folding the sheet and cutting the narrow strips swiftly as she spoke. "Always there is the right minute for each thing, and if eyes will not always tell, then must one feel it well. When I study in my Copenhagen, it is with a *chef* who has much knowledge; and often he say, 'Remember, Britta, that life is in every dish; its own life, that one

is to learn and understand, and one must so plan for each that it ripen and come to its best like a fruit. There is one minute when all that has entered in is one blend and the savor so as it should be. That is the moment supreme of the dish, and then it is to eat. For in the next that comes when there is waiting, life goes. It is murder that is done, for life that was good has slipped away, and it is but the corpse of the dish you will serve.' You laugh, my lady, but it is true. I watch and find it true; and many times he said to me, 'You, Britta, you are not like the woman cooks that care not. You have the soul of a man. You could be *chef*, for you think well, and will not take away life, but give it.' I laugh then, as you now; but ah! I know always what must be in a dish, and how it shall truly feed the eater; and when I do the noodle, even the paste speak under my fingers and say to me, 'Now I am ready. Roll me and cut me and make me the pretty dish I gladly will be, for so grew I from the grain of wheat for love of man.' To be eaten is not death. No, it is transmigration, and a great brain, maybe, shall think the thought my noodle — yes, and all that goes with it — shall give. See now; when one is well taught, taught with genius, one is no longer dumb and with no power to think or speak, but out of all there comes a thought, and all will speak. My *chef* think that, and I think also and know, that when cooking is so and no one will dare cook without knowing and feeling the soul in each thing that will be used, then the race grows and is beautiful and strong. That is what my *chef* meant, and I think it for myself more and more, and so do it."

"But how? To understand such words needs some knowledge in the beginning. You talk like a learned woman, Britta, and yet —"

"And yet I wear working woman's dress, you think. That is so because I

will. The best of all my life is that when I have had some school and am tall and strong, and am first helper in a great kitchen, and then taught by the *chef* himself because he finds I always watch and love to see him and can do many things as he; then afterward I go to a house where dwells a professor of our university, he and his young wife, who knows my father's people, and there I work, but listen always. He is chemist, that changes everything and seeks in everything how it may be different, and what is its heart, and always he talks of it, till one sees plain each thing has its own life in its own place, and perhaps thinks of itself what we know not but must seek to discover. And she, his wife, she believe all this, for she has been taught much, and she study still; but she make verses too, that all read and that bring her much honor, and when she sees how I listen she talks often with me, for there the mistress will look much at what is done. She gives me books, and I read, and at last I am never alone, for each thing has voice and will talk with me."

"But you are a wise woman, Britta. They should have made you a student."

"That I tell you now. Often they say to me, 'Britta, you love to learn and to think. You shall study more, and we will help you. Then you can be wise woman and very learned, maybe.' But I say there are things outside the books, else how should books be made, since one thinks and studies things that are, before ever a book can be about them. And I have other thing to do. There is Lars, and I marry him, and we go by and by to America. No, the book time is not for me. We come here because of his brother, who is dead now long ago, and though we think to see my Copenhagen again, we do not, and I may only think on it and remember well that there is much pleasure always, with music every day and the beautiful gardens and the life where one can be gayer than here. You Americans are not gay. You go sadly and no dance when work is done, but always more work,—and the women with faces so yellow and backs so bent. I work much, but my back bends

not, and I think it is because I dance often in evening, and think free thoughts, and look out into the sky, and not so much in house.

"In the beginning we are always with Germans that know not much English, and only the children begin to speak it with ease. And so my English is all spoiled, for we Danes learn a tongue so quick, like a Russian almost, and I say the English as these neighbors do, and by and by I know it is wrong,—but what shall I do? The words come one way, and I am angry it is German way; for if I must say wrong or with accent that tells I am not American, then I would want my own Danish tongue and no other. But that I never shall mend, and so I choose not to think more about it.

"Those were the old days. Long ago they are over,—but I do not forget. Lars laugh often when I tell him what things say to me; but he knows it true, and while he live and we are together, he make me tell him all. Now I have him no more, and speak not, but think it only; but I never forget—no; and when the people here come and say to me, 'Now, Britta, you must come and cook for us this dinner party,' I like it well, though I choose not to stay in their great kitchens always, for I am free woman, and can make my garden, and do as I will all the summer, and the prairie wind will blow on me like the wind from the sea. Then one cooks not, save a little to live; but when snow is here that is different. Then blood is slower, and the wind is enemy and not friend, and I can bear the fire and think how to make good cheer. And then it is one and another always coming and saying, 'Now, Britta, we must have you.' And so again I go, and sometimes I will cook, and sometimes I will dress table and wait on it if famous ones are there, so to hear more talk like my youth and have with it all that come to me then and so more to think as I work. That is why I live not with any mistress, but stay quite free. And because I am free, I like not to have slave for neighbor; and some day I will do what is in my thought about that Nash,—but I know not when."

"Heaven help him when once you

have made up your mind, Britta. What will you do?"

"How can I do till she sees as me? There is one place that waits for him. Ah, I would not send there one who had done me even worst wrong, if he would work. It is fear to me when I see that place and think how one may come to it and no help, and never then free any more."

Britta's head bowed and her blue eyes darkened with pain. "It is bad even to think on it," she said. "I, if I ruled, would have it so that all who had worked well and truly and earned many years should be cared for in the end, when friends and strength are all gone and no money perhaps. In their own place they should stay, and no stain for the last days like this name that brings sorrow even to know. For the mean and shameful souls that live gladly on others and work not, it is good and what they have earned. This Nash could work with his hands and so forget his legs; but even with legs he worked only as he liked, and now that they move for him no more he thinks hands too shall rest. Some day judgment shall come to him, and I think it is I who will make it, but how I see not now. And I think he know it, for he look at me sometimes with much evil in his eyes, and would beat me if he could; and I laugh, but she laughs never, only cries. And then she will sit sometimes at the door with sewing and look over the swamp that is the way to that place with highway across for them that need it not and the deep bog for all the rest; and she cries then for fear they all go there. But I tell her no, for I will teach the girl to do like me, and then always she can earn and have no fear. But fear is born in them all; and why not, when one sees him that is father in name, but never true father? and how shall one take out of blood and nerve what is there by birth? And now the noodle is all cut and ready and you know the way. Feel well, my lady, how it must be, and that to see is not enough. Always it is to *feel* how it must be. But I think the American too swift, and that not one will take time to hearken and wait till the voice in each thing is clear. And now that you know

how noodle must be, I go, — and next time I show you more."

## II.

I suppose we never should have thought of such a thing as a committee on philanthropy, if it had not been a proper part of every woman's club. There had always been clubs ever since the first day the university opened its doors, and from that time on more clubs and lectures and readings and debates, and everybody feeling they ought to go to everything, and knowing there was plenty of culture for the entire population if they chose to use their chances. We had every reason to be satisfied, and we were satisfied till an evening that really was as if a bomb had been thrown in our midst.

It was the regular geological evening at the geological professor's, and the most delightful fossil botany man to give a paper; and there sat at one side a woman who barely looked at him for the roving of her eyes about the room. And when the time came for discussion, and nobody said anything, but the oldest professor, who always says so much that none of the rest have any chance, she rose up as he sat down and, with a little bow to the chairman and another for the others, said she could by no possibility lose such an opportunity of appealing to the women of Monroe to rouse to a sense of their responsibilities and not be content to absorb like so many sponges and give out nothing on their own account.

"There is latent talent enough here," she said, "to give new life to the fossil existence you have unthinkingly led. Women of Monroe, how can you know and keep in touch with sister women, unless you organize and follow the methods already defined and waiting your acceptance? I implore you to wake and make yourselves felt in the city that waits your concerted action and that can know no real life till her women become conscious of their high destiny."

The geological club has always been quite sure of its ground, and I saw in a minute that, unexpected as this was, something must have been working toward it; for, after the first minute, nobody seemed surprised. In fact, I heard



at once that the Chicago women were ashamed of us,— which was very impertinent on their part considering that we are older than they, and had a university from the very beginning, you might say. This agitator came from Chicago, and was a member of the "Semi-Monthly,"— which everybody knows is a very important part of life in that very unpleasantly dirty city. And this Semi-Monthly member stayed long enough to draft a constitution and by-laws for us, and to oversee the first meeting, and showed us how to form committees on art and literature and the other necessary subjects for consideration, and then the philanthropic committee to investigate conditions among the poor.

Now this is where difficulty began; for really we had no poor in the way she meant. She was so steeped in Chicago slums and the feeling that all their women have, that you must investigate and do something just as fast as possible,— for that is the way Chicago does everything,— that nothing could make her believe we had no slums. I told her we were a peaceful university town, with no mills and no manufactures, thank goodness, to make slums and smuts on everything, quite as bad as London; but she said there was one corner she had noticed that she was perfectly certain would turn out, if we really used our eyes and noses, just as much a slum for us as anything they had in their city. I knew the place, but I did not think anybody else did,— or hardly anybody; and how she had found it out was certainly a wonder. It is true that one of the most troublesome families lived there; but the husband was fortunately in jail, and so they were doing very well and would— till he got out again.

The old part of the city is of course filled up by the old residents, and some of them are very old. We are much older— ten years certainly— than Chicago; and that is a point in the West,— though of course we had all come from the East, only the younger generation having been born here. It was the habit of the old residents to say that the city had strong resemblance to Boston, as it was built on three hills, and the Capitol

dome if gilded would be almost the very counterpart of that on the State House at home. We say "home" often without really meaning to, because, as I say, we older ones were all born in the East. But we are very proud of our city and intend it no disrespect by such a slip.

As to the hills, they are plain enough, and it is only jealousy that professes not to see them. We all know what it is about Chicago and a hundred miles as flat as your hand between us and them; but the most prejudiced are forced to admit that then rising ground begins, undulating everywhere, and real bluffs about the lakes and higher ground toward the west. The city lies between the two lakes, and it was perfectly easy to have a hill at one end for the university, and another for the Capitol, and a smaller one for the City Hall; and this was just what was done.

As to the streets, they have always been the greatest trouble. They were meant to radiate from the Capitol, like spokes from a wheel; and on the map they do. But the oldest settlers made it difficult to realize the ideal, because often their houses were right in the line of a street, and the street had to bring up standing, so to speak, before a barn or a chicken-house, and start again on the other side; so that if you wanted to go out Dayton Street, for instance, you had to go over to Johnson Street five times in less than a mile before you could get back to the point you were really aiming at. The lakes headed off everything on two sides, of course, and the big swamp with the creek that crept out from it toward the Mississippi took another, though they had begun to drain the swamp and make land and put up houses, that made excellent practice for the doctors, because they were bound to be full of fever and ague and worse. There was only one way that had any chance at all, and that was out toward the prairie. Of all the streets in town, only one had right of way right across and out till it turned into the highway to Dalton; and this was the street the philanthropic committee were to investigate and report upon. The member from the Semi-Monthly had looked things up on her own account, and found

there were two families out near the prairie that had been helped now and then by the churches because there was a drunken husband in each of them. She seemed to think we had a large field and, as yet, quite unworked.

"Twenty thousand people in your town and no organized charities," she said. "It is disgraceful, you know. This committee will be the beginning, and we can send up some one who will teach you what should come next; or one of you might come down. You seem to have gone on without any system; and it is high time the women opened their eyes. Not an institution except the almshouse and that really preposterously small jail, — and hardly anybody in either of them, I am told. It is astonishing."

Naturally we felt to blame for this; though it did occur to me that if civilization did not seem to demand paupers and lunatics and so on to work on, we might have thought it a subject for congratulation. But of course we knew that we must do something at once; and a committee was appointed that very afternoon.

The Semi-Monthly member was a little mistaken; because only one of the three houses at the prairie end of Main Street had a drunken husband in it. Nash had one of these houses, and the third was Britta's, with a little garden and trees she had planted herself. It was very small. In fact they were all small. The carpenter who built them and who made the plan himself was insane, though nobody knew it then; and it seems he believed that everything, trees, animals, houses, men, would dwindle and dwindle, growing smaller by slow degrees and at last disappear. So he built his houses with ceilings only six and a quarter feet high, because smaller people would presently live in them, and everything else in proportion; and Lars, who was over six feet, never stood up straight except out doors, for he scraped the ceiling with his hat on, and as for the doors, he bent nearly double going through them. On one side of her it was all right; for the "drunken-husband house," as we called it, had been without this gentleman for over a year, and the mother all doubled up

with rheumatism and the hunchback boy who made baskets did very well without him. The other had Nash, paralyzed from being caught in a jam of logs where he had no business to be, so that there was never any chance of getting damages, and sitting down all the time anyway, so that the doors made no difference. But he grew larger instead of smaller as the builder had expected, — and that is why he seemed to fill up everything so.

The member from the Semi-Monthly had been so all-pervading, so to speak, that none of us had really used our own senses till she left and we came together again. We did keep them enough not to investigate in a body, but to let the chairman go alone, as she would have gone in any case, to find out if there really was anything that could go into a report or stir up any excitement of any sort. And when we all met for a kind of rehearsal, as it were, — because we were anxious to do everything before the general body as if we had always been doing it and did not mind in the least, — the chairman reported that there really seemed nobody but Nash to consider. What to do with Nash? Was it necessary to organize a philanthropic committee and formally debate a thing that had been talked over in all the churches over and over and couldn't be settled anyway? — because, after all, it was Mrs. Nash who stood between him and the almshouse, and if she chose to kill herself, neither club nor church had any option but to let her. This was the chairman's view; and as we all agreed with her, we simply sat still and looked at one another, — for there was really nothing to say that had not been said a thousand times, I suppose.

"Of course this won't answer," some one said at last; "we have got to report something, you know." And then the chairman said, "If you will not laugh or think I mean to belittle the thing at all, Britta is here to-day, and she is so unlike everybody else in the world, you know, that I told her my difficulty, and she asked if she might speak to you all together when you came. Shall I let her? It is a very unparliamentary way of doing the thing, — that is the word, I believe, —

but she may help us. I will make a motion, if you like."

We had all made as many motions as possible, as preparation for convincing the club of our administrative ability and easy command of the situation, and so we at once made another for the admission of Britta, — which motion was carried without a dissenting voice. I think I have not mentioned what a splendid-looking creature she is; and she came in holding herself as not a woman in the club can do, — the kind of look I am certain that a sculptor would want to copy for a statue of Freedom. I always felt when I saw her as if the "Winged Victory" had found her head and come walking in; and I wanted to put her in black velvet and lace, — for calico seemed an insult.

She made her little courtesy and smiled, for she knew us every one; and the chairman said, "We want to hear whatever you like to say, Britta."

"I thank you, my ladies," she said; and she looked at us with a sort of solemn gladness that was singular and yet exciting, — for why should she feel so much? "It is a committee," she said, "and that is so fine, for my lady here has told me how you will all seek to do something that never is done before. And so I say first something I think a long time, and that you now, going so with open eyes, will see also. It is the children — the children shut up in rooms, and nothing to do ever when the mother go to work. The oldest watch them, and they play a little, and are tired of all, and then they fight and cry and are full of misery, for their hands know not what to do. Now tell the new club, with new thought for everything, to have big kindergarten, and let all those hands that go to mischief learn uses. That make them happy, and then they will think, and when one thinks then life is better, and one may grow and be in the world not one lump, as that Nash, who has never been taught, — but all alive and knowing how to be happy. It is work one loves that makes happy; and how shall any child know its work till wise eyes watch and see how it will do in kindergarten? That I have seen in my Copenhagen, and again in

Germany, and I know. There are so many that are very little, — more than one thinks till they count; and when school is come it is always heads and, not hands, and my professor has said one must help the other and both grow together, and I know it true. I say this for the children, and then I say it is good committee think what to do with Nash, and I do myself for committee, — for at last I think it time when they will it and I can think what to do. I thank my ladies that they listen." And Britta was gone, with a look that made me know at once something was sure to happen.

"I hope she has not misunderstood us in any way," one of the committee said. "I don't know what she meant, do you? As to a kindergarten, she is quite right. I move that we report what she has said, and see if the club will take action."

It is out of this that our beautiful kindergarten grew; but there was something else which we never reported formally, but covered up as discreetly as possible. In fact, hardly anybody but myself really knew all the details: but Britta gave them in full, and this is how she told it.

### III.

"Sometimes days are so good, my lady, that I think not as I walk that I have feet at all, but am light, — so light I could fly. And that was true when I have told committee all that is in my heart, and go then to do justice. How I know not, but I say in myself, 'At last time is here, because committee make it, and when I am there I shall know how to do.' And all the way as I go, it is like a song that sings: I shall know, I shall know; and I have known, and now I tell my lady."

Britta stood like a conqueror, — her eyes shining, her face serene, a Norse goddess of justice, impartial, pitiless, triumphant. The word committee, as she spoke it, was a war cry. I shivered, for what might I have to tell the committee?

"Yes, it is done," said Britta, "but I knew not if it could be that day. Perhaps no; but it was near, and when it is done then the little ones will run no more from the cane. For he has big cane that he lean on when he will pull himself up,

and with it he hit always the child that come not fast enough with what he will want; and one day when the littlest one, that know most, cry hard and have big lump on head where he has hit it, I say to him, 'See now, Nash, know you not that stick have life all its own, and some day will hit back?' 'Not unless you make bewitchment,' he said. 'I think often you are witch and should be in prison, and more than I will think so, too.' 'That matters not,' I say; 'what I tell you is that all trees of the earth have shame of the things men will do. When this stick has grown, it was one with the tree, and green leaves on it, and each its own sunshine, and the summer wind, and bird song and a nest, maybe, and glad to grow into staff at last for good man,— because all life is to serve men with love. But for this poor stick— think what sorrow that it shall be cut for a hand that does no good thing, but will give blows only! But the stick know and will keep tally, and for all beatings you make it do comes the day when you shall have all back; for so I read in Testament— "beaten with many stripes"— and the stick is witness that knows all and tells all.'

"Then he look at me with his little eyes, afraid but wicked too, and he say, 'A stick have no tongue!' And I say, 'No, but the life in the stick have tongue, and can tell, for it needs not words to tell;' and I take the little one and go.

"That was week ago, and all the time he grow worse, till Norah say she think he is crazy, because he swear all the time at everything, and the children cry when they go near him, and he make them stand while he knock them with cane. I think sometimes in myself, 'Here is five lives, the four children and the mother who is good and kind, and hurt always because his own life that is cruel and hard and no thought for any other will have it so.' 'The will of God,' she say; but I say God wills no such trouble that is all of a man's bad mind, and the time come when men must know that prison is more for such thing than for many that make now its doors to go open.

"All this I think about again when I am come home from committee, and

I say, 'How shall I work as they will?' And then I hear at my door some one that cries; and when I open it, there is Norah with lips blue and all shaking, and she say, 'O Britta! the children are gone for berries, and I am so sick I must do something';— and then she fall. I look at her as she speak. She is bones only, and I know she eats never enough for fear he will call for more. I pick her up and lay her on my bed and when her eyes are open again she have chill that shake her all in pieces. Then when it stop she is stupid, and then she has fever and she cries. And at last she try to get up and say, 'I must go, for Pat will want something.' With that I think quick what is the way and I say to her, 'No; I shall go and do what need be, and you shall lie still till I come again and have good sleep and all will be well.' She is glad to shut her eyes and not move, and I go softly and lock the door and leave her there and go to him.

"I hear him call 'Norah,' and knock with the cane and swear; and when he see me coming he say, 'I want Norah. What's she away for, and work to do here that's waiting for her?' 'It may well wait a little longer,' I said, 'for now, Patrick Nash, when I get you what you want I have things to say to you that will not wait. You shall hear them and then you shall tell me what I may do; or if you tell me not, still I do, for the time is come.' 'Get out of here,' he say; but I sit before him where he must see and hear,— and he look at me and swear again. 'Seven year now I see you always worse and never better,' I say to him at last. 'The doctor say when you are hurt you can walk no more, but you have strong arms and still can work for the children, and the more you work the better you feel. He knows you can mend shoe and boot, for once you learn the trade and a bench cost little, and all will bring to you, because they are sorry. You say nothing to him, but to Norah you say, "To-morrow, maybe; to-day I am sick man and must not think." And other days you cry and say, "Would you have the heart to see me with more pain?" and Norah cry and say "No." And when you have said this many times

and Norah works and has money to live, then at last you are bold and you say, "I can't work, and why should I when you earn and all are sorry and will give you plenty?" Well, even so, as you lie here and grunt and eat like pig, I say nothing if you knew to be kind. But every day you are more fierce, and always must hit the poor children that have more and more fear, and always you take the best and leave them the worst. And now an end is come. There is but one place for such as you, and there I take you — till you learn again to work. There shall not be what you call disgrace. You shall say to me now, "Britta I want to go to that almshouse awhile and give Norah and the children a chance." And then I will tell that you ask and will praise you and say to all, "See now, that Nash has much sense after all, and is gone away to let them rest and to find at last how to work." And when you have learned and will promise that every day you will work and that you knock the children never any more, then I go for you and bring you once more home.'

"All this time he is dumb and look at me with his little eyes, but more and more red till he choke. I stand before him and he call loud to Norah and strike at me with his cane; but that I take from him, and then he cry and whimper, and again he call Norah. But I say, 'Norah will not hear, for she is in my house, and I lock the door and she comes not till I will. And now it is to you to choose. If you go not quietly with me, then you have officers come and much disgrace; for I have been to committee, and that is what is said. To choose for one's self, that is freedom; and in choosing you go like man. Choose not, and I tie you and take you like calf to market. I am strong, and you know well I can. Then he swear more, and call and cry, but always not so much, for I look at him quite steady and still, and wait. And then he say, 'For God's sake, you witch, is it settled in the town that I am to go?' And I say, 'The committee will have it so;' and he think it is something in the court, and he say, 'Does everybody know?' and I say, 'Not yet, nor will they, if you yourself choose.' 'Then I go rather with

you,' he say, 'but how?' I have thought how, for there is big wheelbarrow in my shed, and I say, 'Because I am strong, I take you myself in barrow, for night is near and none to see.' He is crying so, even I could be sorry; but there is no time, and I get barrow and help him with his coat, and I get him to door in his chair, and then it not so hard, for the barrow rolls well and it is not far across to almshouse.

"But a man is heavy. That I find, and when a wagon go by they look and wonder, and call to me, but I say nothing, and Nash look not, but has hat on his eyes, and I roll and roll ever, till the way is past, and soon I feel it not, so light are my feet and my heart light that at last I do what I will. And at last we are there, and I wipe my face that streams, and go in to the man Prouty that cares for them, and I tell him: 'Here is Nash, that chooses at last to come with me; and he will stay, because his wife is sick and the children little and no one to take care for him; and when it is good time I come again and tell you, and he goes home once more.' And Prouty is good, and he help me get him in, and he say he will have share in old Jameson's room that is near the kitchen, and Jameson will help him; and there I leave him and go. And all the way I roll the barrow that is empty and light; and I sing and could dance, because what I willed is done.

"So, now, there is no more trouble, and all is well, for I tell Norah he choose so himself and she wonder; but first she cries and think she must go after him, and say, 'Do you think they will be good to him? And oh, what will his brothers say if it was to come to them?' And I say, 'They say nothing, for they know nothing, — and you leave him and have peace till he come again.' So I give her supper, and the children, and make little feast. And now that is over and done, and the committee shall know that their will is done, and they may think what other thing could be so good, and be glad. I am strong and can roll. But now I think truly I will roll no more such burden as that; for, when committee is told all that is done, what is my part is over, and

other than Britta may do what must come next."

## IV.

What my feelings were as Britta went on perfectly calm and certain that this frightfully illegal and altogether unprecedented thing had been ordered by the philanthropic committee, no one will ever know. If one hint of how it had been done ever got out, the woman's club was doomed; for our city papers had to make news out of nothing, and the reporters went about wild-eyed with looking for an item. Out of such a thing as this they would make columns, — yes, columns; and we should be the laughing stock of every club in the country. And somehow or other I was responsible, for Britta always came to me first, — and I must do something at once. But what? There she stood serene, she the guilty one, and I cowering as if the crack of doom had sounded; for at any moment one of the committee might run in. Britta saw something was wrong, and came nearer, waiting for me to speak, but confident and steady as a rock.

"Britta," I said, — and I don't know where the words came from, for certainly till I spoke I had been incapable of a thought, — "Britta, I have decided to say nothing to the rest of the committee till we see how this experiment works. We must watch a little, and if Nash really tries to reform at all, you will know it and can tell me. It will be much more of a surprise and pleasure and all that, if you can report to them by and by that he has really begun to work and can go home again; and I suppose you mean to see him and help him through somehow, since you have begun the work."

"That is all true and well," Britta said after a moment in which she stood thinking, and with a decision that rolled a burden from my mind, — for I knew that if she saw good reason for not speaking, wild horses could not drag it from her. "I wait and watch well and make him know I watch, and when all is done I tell committee, but till then none but you, for Norah believe he is gone there of his own mind, and if she think other way she go bring him home to-day." And so she

went away more like the goddess of justice than ever.

Of course it came out directly that Nash was in the almshouse; and the reporters flew there to get the details. But Prouty told them Nash had chosen to come there because his wife was sick and worn out and must have a rest; and Nash himself had one of his hoarse colds and could barely whisper, though nobody knows what he might have been led to say if Britta had not appeared just in time to see if he was living up to the requirements of the position, — and he didn't dare even hint that he wanted to go home. Naturally the reporters were very much impressed, and our leading paper came out in a column article headed: —

## SINGULAR MAGNANIMITY.

## AN OLD CITIZEN IN TEMPORARY RETIREMENT,

and gave a biography of Nash that made Norah weep for joy. As for Nash himself, it convinced him he had done all the things he knew he hadn't, and he swelled with pride. Old Jameson, who has only one arm, and an eye gone, and no mortal to look after him but the almshouse people, has sense, and knew how to keep him toned up; and Prouty really felt as if an honor had been conferred on the institution. Between them all, Nash really, I think, got so mixed up he did not know how it had been brought about; and Britta, who went over twice a week, never even looked as if it might be different. The only certain thing was that he was a great credit not only to himself but to the city at large; and he read the report till it was worn to bits, and Britta got him another and pasted it in a little book I gave her, with the title in red ink on the outside. In short, he and Britta seemed to be intimate friends, and in the general mixedness I think Nash forgot they had ever been anything else. Out of it all he constructed a tale so beautifully symmetrical that it was impossible not to believe every word and, by dint of repeating it to the numbers who went out for a look at him in the new light shed by the papers, came to a firm and full belief that he had always

desired his present position and always been frustrated in every attempt to attain it. He demanded the shoe bench as if it were the one thing he had lived for, and fell to work with an enthusiasm that Prouty really had to check. He not only picked up his trade as if he had never dropped it, but mended shoes for every one in the house, and at Christmas made a pair for each one of the children and for Norah, the leather bought with the quarters that had rained upon him in his first days as a notability.

When it came to that, it was plain that his reform had been accomplished, and not only that he should go home again, but that Britta should have her chance of free speech at last. But as I still knew that it would never do for the real facts to get out, I made a little lunch party for the philanthropic committee solely, every one of them sensible women and able to keep a secret if necessary, which I must say, contrary to popular opinion, is my experience with nice women at any time. The club was going on so beautifully that no reporter on earth could have done it any harm; but that was not the point. So I told Britta to be at the house by two o'clock; and before she came in I took the committee into my confidence, and told them what I had suffered in the beginning, for fear the thing would get out as the club's way of doing things.

"And now that everything is all right, you must give Britta the satisfaction of reporting to you," I said; and I rang as agreed upon, and in she came, her eyes shining, but calm as an angel, with a look as if nothing could ever go wrong.

"It is much honor, my ladies," she said, "that at last I may tell committee;" and then she began at the beginning with every detail, as she had told me, with their faces a sight to see, and Mrs. Munn, who is very excitable, laughing and crying by turns.

"And then," Britta went on, when the

preliminaries were all told, "I think in myself I must go every day for a while and make him know that I watch; but soon I see there is no need. One day I hear read that in great scare—a fire, maybe—a paralyzed one rise up and run so good as a well man. That is Nash, a little, for he has terrible scare that he never go home again; and then when reporter is come and call it fine thing, and he read in paper the same, he know there is someway mistake, and that he is honor to city and must live up to that, and the children too,—and so he work and work. And all the time the children go Saturdays and see him, for Norah will have it so; but she go not, because he choose to have it that way, and tell me to say to her, 'Come not yet, for I choose it so.' And first the children have fear and say nothing; but Jameson is there, that love all children and make plan with them, and Nash look and wonder, but know not to do the same; nor will he ever, my ladies, for the heart of a child is not for all, and he has never known it. But he hits no more,—and that is good; and yesterday comes great day for all—so great I would have committee see, but know not how, for it is not till night that I know I may speak with them. He is come home in sleigh, for Prouty bring him, and big roll of leather; and there is little shop that Norah has made in shed, with new window and sign outside:—

PATRICK NASH, SHOEMAKER,

and Jameson is come too, and I make dinner for all, and Prouty stay, and it is a feast. Nash look ashamed one minute when he see Norah, who cry a little and then is happy; and then he remember what all say now, and is proud once more—and all is well. And this is what committee has done,—and Britta will do again what they will; but there is no more work like that, for never again find we such another as Nash."

## OLD ST. JOHN'S PARISH, PORTSMOUTH.

*By Franklin Ware Davis.*



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

THE first public worship in the town of Portsmouth, or Strawberry Bank, as it was called in the beginning, was conducted after the manner of the Church of England; but the first parish permanently organized and established was of the old Puritan faith. The "minister's field" or "glebe lands" were granted in 1640; and on this grant from the crown was erected "a parsonage house, with a chapel thereto united." In the history of Rockingham County, by D. H. Hurd, the language of the grant is given, and a transcript from the royal charter of New Hampshire, which says: "Our will and pleasure is that the religion now professed in the Church of England and the ecclesiastical government now used in the same, shall be ever hereafter preferred, and with as much convenient

speed as may be settled and established." Thus the "inhabitants of the lower end of Piscataquack of their own free and voluntary mind, good will and assents, without constraint or compulsion," had raised money enough to build the chapel and "parsonage house."

In this grant of "glebe lands," Sir Richard Gibson is recorded as the first pastor. This same Richard Gibson, if we may accept the statements of history and tradition, had a mind and method of his own, and sought to abide by it, colonial law to the contrary notwithstanding. Not all of the settlers of Strawberry Bank agreed with him; witness his own statement: "I was called by this man a base priest, whereby I was much disparaged in my ministry." His sojourn at Portsmouth was but fleeting. He was called





JOHN WENTWORTH.

GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1717-1730. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY BLACKBURN.

to Boston to answer for his offensive conduct. It appears that between 1638 and 1642 Mr. Gibson held some services at the Isles of Shoals, just off the New Hampshire coast. The colony had not then come under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay; but Richard Gibson was summoned to Boston and charged with holding services and performing marriage and baptism at the Shoals according to the ritual of the Church of England. He made an attempt to persuade a minister at Dover to come to his aid, but was not successful. It may have been that the court found itself somewhat over-reaching its territorial boundaries, or the plea of Gibson, that he was a stranger and was about to leave the country, may have had some effect. At any rate, he was "dismissed without fine or imprisonment."

There is no record of any Episcopal worship in Portsmouth for ninety years

after the departure of Richard Gibson. During this time the South parish had been organized. An Episcopal church was erected in 1732, under the auspices of the English Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The site was that now occupied by St. John's, and the first rector was the Rev. Arthur Browne, a man of "real culture, unpretentious goodness and eminent worth." He was withal a liberal man. The marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth to Martha Hilton was solemnized by him much against his will. Longfellow has immortalized this tale of romance. The young Martha idling along the street, ragged and barefoot, had been ridiculed by her mistress of the Stavers Tavern, who called after her: —

"O Martha Hilton, fie, how dare you go  
About the town half dressed and looking  
so?"  
At which the gypsy laughed and straight  
replied:  
'No matter how I look; I yet shall ride  
In my own chariot, ma'am.'

After the death of Governor Wentworth's first wife, Martha was at the castle as housekeeper. The governor had a birthday. The frosts of sixty years were on his head. He gave a dinner in honor of the event, such as became him

"Who represented England and the king,  
And was magnificent in everything.  
He had invited all his friends and peers,  
The Pepperells, the Langdons and the Lears,  
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;  
For why repeat the name of every guest?  
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,  
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Browne  
Of the Established Church; with smiling face  
He sat beside the governor and said grace."

The food and the wine were excellent; but the ending of the feast was unusual and romantic. At a call from a servant, Martha Hilton, now blushing and beautiful, came unnoticed into the room, when —

"the governor, rising from his chair,  
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked  
down,  
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Browne:  
'This is my birthday; it shall likewise be  
My wedding day; and you shall marry me!

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the lady; do you hesitate?  
Then I command you as chief magistrate.'"

And straightway Martha became Lady Wentworth. But Governor Wentworth's life after this event was short, and at its close, with what may have appeared to others unseemly haste, Martha was married by the same Rev. Arthur Browne to Michael Wentworth, the governor's brother, then a retired officer in the British army. But Martha remained as mistress of the same house. To this day may be seen in the old parish record book, which is as carefully guarded from thoughtless hands as though made of glass, the names "Benning Wentworth, Gov., Martha Hilton, married March 15, 1760." The subsequent marriage of Lady Wentworth and the colonel is also there recorded. Space was precious in those days, and each item was squared about with lines and squeezed into the smallest corner possible. A page of this ancient book presents much the appearance of a small boy's first sum in arithmetic.

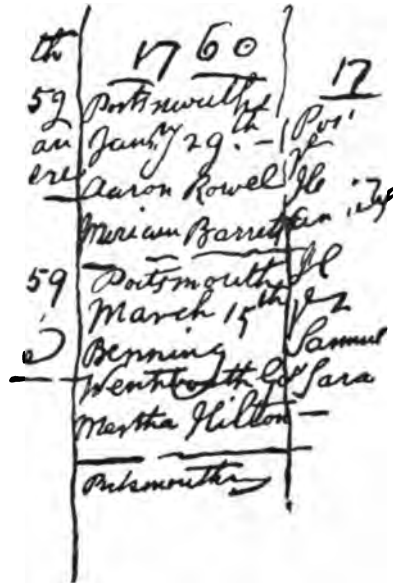
Queen's Chapel, the first place of worship of St. John's parish, had its beginning in a remarkable manner. In 1732



STAVERS TAVERN.

the site on the crest of Church Hill, a little eminence just at the river's edge, was given by a Mr. Hope of London. With the aid of Capt. Tomlinson of Eng-

land, the people built the edifice. It was named in honor of Caroline, consort of George II. By her Majesty's good-



A BIT FROM THE OLD RECORD BOOK.

ness the infant church was presented with a Bible, prayer books and a silver service for the communion table. The latter is in use at the present day, and bears the royal arms. The Bible has a strange history. It was published in 1716 by John Basket of Oxford, the king's printer, "on the best of vellum." A mistake was made in the guide line at the head of one page in the gospels, and the compositor made a few volumes and his employer's name famous ever after by setting up the words, "Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "the Vineyard." Forty copies had been struck off before this was noticed. Of these only four exist to-day. These are at St. John's, Portsmouth; Christ Church, Boston; Christ Church, Philadelphia; and the Lenox Library, New York.

A quaint memory, historical and traditional, hangs over the first prayer book used from the chapel pulpit. Like the Bible, it was the handiwork of John Basket. It is a large volume. When the infant colonies asserted their independence, the forms of prayer for the

English sovereigns became exceedingly distasteful to the colonists. They could not afford a new prayer book. It is doubtful whether they could have obtained one. The desired change was made by pasting the new forms of prayer over the obnoxious leaves. Tradition says that not long after this an English



REV. ARTHUR BROWNE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY, IN POSSESSION OF THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, BOSTON.

officer chanced to be looking at the volume, when he came upon these alterations. With a spirit zealous for an outraged church and an ignored sovereign, he drew his sword and slashed the offending page from the book. This story is not officially recorded, but in evidence can be shown the page, which has at all events been cut out, and that none too carefully, and pasted in again.

While Benning Wentworth was in office there came one of the many troubles with the French. Col. Pepperell of Kittery, just across the river, led the colonial forces against the defiant fortress of Louisburg. The English cause finally conquered, and Pepperell with his men came home triumphant. They had captured a bell, which had rung out its peals from the belfry of a French Catholic

cathedral. The officers of the New Hampshire company presented this bell to Queen's Chapel. In the fire of 1806 the chapel was burned down, and the bell cracked. It was sent to Boston, and recast by Paul Revere; and to-day in St. John's church tower it swings its summons forth on every service day. If only the tones of the old bell could be interpreted, what memories could be awakened! What tales they could tell of those fearful days and nights at Louisburg; of the assaults, overwhelming defeats, and finally the victory by the English colonists. How many souls have been sad as the funeral knell tolled forth from its ponderous tongue! What countless hearts with countless other hearts have been made to beat as one, by the gay and happy sound of its wedding chiming!

Great changes have come over the city since Col. Theodore Atkinson was one of its leading lights. By the common name of Puddle Dock, allusion is now made to what was the vicinity of his house. He was a power in the aristocracy of Portsmouth, and his coach was at one time *the* coach of the city. He left a legacy to the Episcopal Church, the income of which was to be used in doling out a portion of bread each Sunday to the poor of the parish. This custom is yet carried out. About \$6,000 has thus been expended, and the original fund is unimpaired.

An event in the life of his son, Col. Theodore Atkinson, Jr., had unpleasant results for Rev. Arthur Browne. Col. Atkinson married his cousin, whose earlier affections had been placed on John Wentworth, afterward governor. But he went to England, and she married young Atkinson. Wentworth returned, however, two years previous to the death of Mr. Atkinson, and came clothed with the dignity of "Governor of the Colony and surveyor of the woods of North America." The windows of the governor's house were in sight from those of Col. Atkinson. It would seem that Mrs. Atkinson had not forgotten her former lover, for gossips said signals were often exchanged between these windows. Be that as it may,

just ten days after the venerable pastor read the "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," of the burial service over the remains of Col. Atkinson, he was again called on officially. Mr. Charles Brewster, a local historian of the present century, in his "Rambles about Portsmouth," has thus described the funeral and the events which followed:—

"The widow was arrayed in the dark habiliments of mourning, which we presume elicited an immense shower of tears, as the fount was so soon exhausted. The next day the mourner appears in her pew at church as a widow. But that was the last Sabbath of the widow. On Monday morning there was a new call for the services of the milliner, the unbecoming black must be laid aside, and brighter colors, as becomes a governor's bride, must take its place."

All the bells in the town are ringing; the cannon are fired again in salute, as they had been on the day of the funeral, but ten days previous. The local papers of the time give no account of the bride's costume, but the wedding was in Queen's Chapel, and the same Rev. Arthur Browne performed the ceremony. As to the apparel of the governor, the royal groom on that occasion, the following bill, furnished by the same historian, may indicate it:—

	£	s	d
To pair of white silk stocking breeches,	1	18	0
To white cloth coat, unlined,	2	14	0
To blue corded silk waistcoat,		5	0
To a rich gold lace,		12	0
To gold button and loop, hat re- cockt, etc.,		2	0
To 3 yds. queue ribband,	1	3	

Rev. Arthur Browne may have been excited beyond his wont by the celerity of the proceedings, considering the mourning so hastily put off. Perhaps he was soliloquizing on the course of human events and wondering what might happen next. Be that as it may, he wandered absent-mindedly down the steps after the wedding ceremony, and, falling, broke his arm.

Marvellous tales are told of this eccentric Wentworth couple. They may be

legendary, but they are no more improbable than the wedding story, which is a part of history. The lady who put off one husband and took another so quickly, at times had a will of her own. It is said that one night she attended a husking without the approval of her lord and master. On her return she was amazed to find herself locked out in the cold. A few screams brought her husband to the window to enjoy the scene. But when she declared that if he did not let her in she would drown herself in the water



BENNING WENTWORTH.

GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1741-1767. FROM THE PAINTING BY BLACKBURN.

near by, and darted away from the door, he, badly frightened, rushed after. The wily woman had not gone far, and, regaining the door first, she turned the latch on the inside and left the unfortunate governor to take what comfort he could in the bleak night and his cool costume.

In Col. Atkinson's day there used to be an old Scotch baker in Portsmouth. This baker, Robert Macklin, as Dr. Belknap, the New Hampshire historian, calls him, bought his flour in Boston, and used to walk thither, going one day and returning the next. The distance was sixty-six miles, a wonderful journey in those days, even for a horse. Col. Atkinson, with a good horse and a light sulky, set out one morning to accomplish this feat. Macklin had also started. Both crossed the Charlestown ferry together. The sturdy baker performed this journey "on schedule time" when eighty years old. He lived to the age of one hundred and fifteen.

There are four great epochs in the history of Portsmouth. One of them was that of the visit of Gen. Washington, in 1789, just after his inauguration. Col. Michael Wentworth had a prominent part in his reception. Washington remained over a Sunday, and attended

gregational churches in which a Mr. Buckminster preached."

On Sunday morning, President Washington, dressed in an elegant complete suit of black silk velvet, with brilliant buckles, was escorted to Queen's Chapel. He occupied the old governor's pew, which was framed in red plush curtains with a heavy wooden canopy over it bearing the royal arms. The two chairs given by Queen Caroline were in this place of honor, and one was occupied by the very man who had done the most to overthrow her country's power in the New World. Washington was accompanied by his secretary, Tobias Lear, who was a Portsmouth man. When, a few years afterward, the chapel was burned, only one of these chairs from the governor's pew was saved. Tradition says it was the one in which the father of his country sat when in the chapel; but as an exact counterpart of it was made at once, and the two, unmarked, have



WENTWORTH HALL.—"A NOBLE PILE, BARONIAL AND COLONIAL IN ITS STYLE."

services, as he wrote in his diary for that day, Nov. 1, 1789:—

"Attended by the president of the State (General Sullivan), Mr. Langdon and the marshal, I went in the forenoon to the Episcopal church under the incumbency of Mr. Ogden; and in the afternoon to one of the Presbyterian or Con-

since stood in the chancel of St. John's, the sentimental visitor is obliged to be content with reflecting that in one of these two chairs George Washington once sat, and trying them both to make sure of touching the right one. The one which is accustomed to a place on the left of the chancel is apparently most



"Doors opening into darkness unawares,  
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs:  
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,  
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names."



worn and is somewhat cracked, and so people are wont to come to the contented conclusion that it is the older of the two; but the uncertainty lends a curious and abiding interest to the quaint old furniture.

As a relief to the weighty ceremony and sober display attending the visit of the distinguished guest, a fishing party was organized, and a trip down river taken to catch cod. But sport was not good that day. Whether the fish were kept at a distance by the white frocks of the oarsmen of the President's boat, or by the amateur band which "followed at a short distance and performed several select pieces of music on the water," is not known. Washington caught the first fish, — and this is how it happened. One Zebulon Willey was fishing not far from the party and had better luck. Taking pity on the conqueror of Great Britain, who, try as he might, could not hook a single cod, he waited until one took his own line, and then passed it to Washington, who thus drew out one of the two fishes caught on the trip.

During the troublous times of the Revolution no regular service had been held in Queen's Chapel. In 1775 Rev. Mather Byles, Jr., of Christ Church, Boston, so the records say, was appointed missionary to Portsmouth. He had accepted, and even resigned his charge at Boston. He was ready to take his departure for the new field of labor when, on the night of April 18, the lanterns for Paul Revere were hung in the steeple of the Old North Church, and the beats of his flying horse's hoofs spread far and wide the alarm of the coming of the British raiders. Mather Byles apparently failed in that steadfast devotion which characterized other men in those tempestuous times. He was just ready to leave for Portsmouth, but chose

Halifax instead, and fled precipitately. There is no record of his ever reaching Portsmouth.

In 1789 an Episcopal ordination, said on good authority to be the first in Boston, was held in Trinity Church, Bishop Seabury of Connecticut officiating. The candidate was none other than John Cousins Ogden, who was the first settled rector of the Portsmouth church after the Revolutionary war, and who was at Queen's Chapel when Washington took part in the service there.

About many of the characters of this quaint old church, history, having chronicled their existence, suddenly withdraws itself, and no more seems to be known about them except by tradition. It may be that the destruction of many of the town records, in one of the extensive conflagrations that swept over the growing settlement a hundred years ago, will account in part for omissions of the recorder in later years.

The parish was incorporated under the name of St. John's in 1791; and the new church edifice erected in 1807 took

that name. It yet stands, with the sacredness of memory entwined around the old landmark, even as the sacredness of worship dwells within. Generations of men have come and gone. Many of them were baptized at its altar. The old bell in the tower has rung out wed-

cated that the people of St. John's parish and of Portsmouth were endowed with the usual amount of eccentricities. At least one romance was acted out in St. John's, and that in a most original way. Mr. Charles Brewster, the Portsmouth "Rambler," thus tells the story:—



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, ON STATE STREET.

ding peals for them and their sons and daughters, ushering in a beginning of joy or sorrow, as the case might be, to hundreds of lives. Its mournful knell has tolled the years of many a noted man and many a noble woman, as the people have gathered to the burial service. The history of the old bell, ere the hands of the victorious colonists took it from its hangings in old Louisburg, no man living can tell,— and the dying in that dearly bought fortress left no sign. In its later home in the tower of Queen's Chapel, and later still in the belfry of St. John's, it has looked down upon quite as much of history and progress as it ever could have done, had it remained on the stormy Cape Breton coast.

In the good old days "before the war," and for many seasons since, the old brick walls of the church have no doubt looked down on many events which indi-

"Nicholas Rousselet was a man of good exterior, and when dressed in the official consular costume which he wore on public days, was a man to attract attention. Of his first acquaintance with Miss Moffatt we have no account; but tradition says that it was in the Episcopal church during service hours that the most important crisis in the courtship transpired. Sitting with her in her father's pew, Mr. Rousselet handed Miss Catherine the Bible, in which he had marked in the first verse of the Second Epistle of John, the words, 'unto the elect lady,' and the fifth verse entire, 'And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.' Miss Catherine, fully comprehending the appeal, turned down a leaf in the first chapter of Ruth, beginning with verse 16: 'Whither thou

goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"

A tale is told of a rector who did not suit a part of his people. It was decided to ask him to resign. He might perhaps have been approached quietly and asked to do so, or have been told the faults with which he was to be charged and given a chance

to reform. It was to be decided by a parish meeting, however. The proprietors met. Thus far all was easy; but the vote was not obtained so easily. Discussion was long and active, and at last, tired out, the people adjourned for a week. The day for the second meeting came. In the mean time, in some way, the minister had been apprised of what was going on; and the surprised leaders in the affair met at the appointed time to find the rector there before them and in the chair ready to preside. This was a dash of cold water on the spirits of many present. But, nothing daunted, up jumped one of the wardens, and, calling on the chairman, asked in a loud and emphatic voice, "Ain't there any possible way to get rid of a minister, when the parish don't want him?" The chairman calmly replied: "I don't know that there is." The warden, at this unexpected reply, flamed out impulsively, summing up his indignation in the most terse way possible, and emphasizing every word with a



ONE OF THE CHAIRS AND THE PRAYER BOOK PRESENTED BY QUEEN CAROLINE.

pointing thrust of his hand, "He hain't got no human heart in him!" The rector eventually concluded not to remain with a flock so unruly.

Could one have visited the church of a Sunday morning, a great many years ago, and watched the people coming in on almost any occasion for a long period, one would have seen appear, in good season for the service, a man of odd appearance. If the weather allowed he was barefoot. When he took off his hat one could see that his hair was cut pompadour, and his face was partly covered by side whiskers. Approaching the church, his shoes would be put on. His pew was in the left gallery. Often during sermon time he would pace up and down the aisle back of the row of pews,—and as there was no carpet, his cowhide boots made no little noise. Do it he would, however, and as he was an agreeable, well-educated man, and wealthy, he was not disturbed in his



THE COMMUNION SERVICE PRESENTED BY QUEEN CAROLINE.

promenade. He finally took a sitting in the body of the church. Instead of kneeling when he entered, he would stand holding his hat before his face, after an old English fashion. Walking seemed to be his chief amusement. At one time,





JOHN WENTWORTH.

GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE FROM 1767 TO THE REVOLUTION.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY.

when he was running for some town office and wanted to be popular with the people, he might have been seen tramping into town over the dusty road, bare-foot and in his shirt sleeves. He would, however, put on his shoes and coat on entering the city. He had relatives in a large metropolis three hundred miles away. It once occurred to him to visit them. He walked the whole distance, arriving at their home in the afternoon, hot and dusty, as may be imagined, and not in a very presentable condition for an elegant drawing-room. He was greeted pleasantly enough, but he did not relish the hospitality which led his hostess to ask if he would not like to go at once to his room and arrange his toilet before appearing in the reception room, where there was company. He took instant offence. "If you don't want to see

me enough to see me as I am," he answered shortly, "you need not see me at all," —and he turned and walked out and straight home to Portsmouth, after having taken the trouble to tramp the many weary miles for nothing.

It was a sad night in St. John's parish, and indeed in the whole city, — that otherwise glad Christmas tide, when Queen's Chapel was burned down. The event is described in the Parish Register, a written record of the events of the parish, by the present rector, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, as follows: —

"Early on the morning of Christmas eve, in 1806, one of the great conflagrations of the early days of Portsmouth began its desolating career, at almost the exact spot where the previous greater fire in 1802 had ceased. The fire caught in a store occupied by Stephen Little and others, on the north side of Bow Street, and spread with such velocity that it was shortly impossible to ascend the hill. Bow Street was literally a 'seeming river of ardent fire.' The church commenced to burn on the steeple above the cornice of the dome in which the bell was suspended, and soon



THE GOVERNOR JOHN WENTWORTH HOUSE.

the whole building was wrapped in a general blaze. The members of the parish

met in the North Meeting House to celebrate Christmas. The church service for the day was read by a lay reader, and the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Buckminster, pastor of the North parish. He took for his text the words: 'Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire.' Only a few of the pieces of church furniture were

a good name for sheltering his live-stock. One night a horse strayed out of the ramshackle old structure which he called a barn; and the next morning he was found high up on the steeple side, close by the bell deck, patiently awaiting the coming of help. The animal had been raised by the little elevator used to carry up material to the workmen.



CHANCEL OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

saved from the fire, and that by the personal effort of Alexander Ladd, one of the parishioners. The font, the communion silver, one of the Queen Caroline chairs, the books and a few other articles were all."

The parish at once set itself at work to build a new church. Trinity Church, Boston, contributed \$1,000 to this end. Several wealthy people of Portsmouth assisted, and almost in another year the present St. John's Church was standing on the site of old Queen's Chapel.

A queer incident occurred when the church was building, an old horse and his owner being the principal parties concerned, as the perpetrators of the joke were not discovered. "Shepherd" Ham, as he was popularly called, had not

St. John's Church has many pleasant memories for those who have once lived in Portsmouth or been often within its shadow. Sarah Orne Jewett, in her tale of New England life, "The Country Doctor," describes the quaint building. Her heroine, on her visit to Dunport, as she calls it, is made to attend service there. On a pleasant Sunday morning "Miss Nancy turned up a narrow side street toward a high-walled brick church, and presently they walked side by side up the broad aisle, so far that it seemed to Nan as if her aunt were aiming for the chancel itself, and had some public ceremony in view, of a penitential nature. Nan had taken the seat next the pew door, and was looking about her with great interest, forgetting herself and her



BAPTISMAL FONT, WITH THE TWELVE LOAVES  
OF BREAD GIVEN AWAY EACH SUNDAY.

aunt as she wondered that so dear and quaint a place of worship should still be left in her iconoclastic native country. She had seen nothing even in Boston like this, there were so many antique splendors about the chancel, and many mural tablets on the walls, where she read with sudden delight her own family name. The dear old place! Nan stole a look at the galleries now and then, and at one time was pleased with the sight of the red-cheeked cherubs, which seemed to have been caught like clumsy insects, and pinned as a sort of tawdry decoration above the tablets, where the Apostles' Creed and Ten Commandments were printed in faded gilt letters. The letter 's' was long in these copies, and the capitals were of an almost forgotten pattern."

The style of the old box pews may yet be seen in one of the galleries of the church. The other seats have been modernized; but the same old furniture remains. There in the chancel are the two chairs, the Queen Caroline chair which came through the fire and the one made to look exactly like it. There is the old altar table, over which stands the cross. There is a later addition, but one worthy of mention, a Credence

Table, made of solid live oak, with a bit of marble and a silver plate inlaid in the top. The inscription on the plate reads as follows: —

This  
Credence Table,  
presented to St. John's Church by G. V. Fox,  
Esq., is made of wood from the U. S. Frigate  
Hartford, the flagship of Admiral Farragut  
at the capture of New Orleans, April 24th, 1862,  
also in all the subsequent successful operations  
of that Christian hero.  
1872.

Admiral Farragut died at the Kittery Navy Yard opposite Portsmouth, and the funeral services were held at St. John's Church.

During the past season the interior of the church edifice has been thoroughly renovated and repaired; but great care has been taken that in furnishing, finish, and every detail the original work and



THE WENTWORTH GOVERNORS' TOMB.

appearance of the church should be preserved. Old parts have been brightened and repaired, but the appearance is as of long ago. No pains have been spared to make St. John's one of the best preserved churches of American historic memory.

Probably the oldest object in the house is the baptismal font. It is made of porphyritic marble of a dull brownish gray, finely veined. It is undoubtedly African, for it was taken by Col. John Mason from the French in 1758, at the capture of Senegal. The tradition is

that it had been taken by the French from some heathen temple and was very old at the time of its capture. Col. Mason's daughters presented it to Queen's Chapel in 1761.

The "Vinegar" Bible reposes in its mahogany case, just in front of the chancel. The old prayer books, though long since passed into disuse, are often shown the interested visitor. There are tablets on the walls, some of which were but recently taken down from an obscure corner under the roof, where they had lain no one can tell how many years. The Bible which is used on the reading-desk was the present of a grandson of Rev. Arthur Browne, once a member of the old Irish Parliament. This aged and sacred volume is occasionally a stumbling block for the young clericals who assist at the services. The old-fashioned long "s" is used in the print, which is peculiar at best, and many a hesitation has there been in reading an unfamiliar passage.

Another object of great historical interest, although not used in the church itself, is the old Brattle organ. It was originally the property of Mr. Thomas Brattle, who imported it from London in 1713. Mr. Brattle was an enthusi-



REV. CHARLES BURROUGHS.

astic musician, and one of the founders of the old Brattle Street Church in Boston, first known popularly as the "Manifesto Church." It is commonly supposed that he gave the organ directly to King's Chapel, Boston, but this seems to be a mistake, as the parish records of St. John's say it was left by his will to the Brattle Street Church — "given and



THE LANGDON HOUSE. DR. BURROUGHS'S RESIDENCE.

devoted to the praise and glory of God in the said church, if they shall accept thereof and within a year after my decease, procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise." His will provided that it should go to King's Chapel if not accepted according to the first provision. The non-compliance of the Brattle Street Church with these provisions would therefore seem to have been the gain of King's Chapel. After remaining unpacked in the tower for some eight months, it was used there until 1756. Then it was sold to St. Paul's Church in Newburyport, and



THE OLD MARSH HOUSE.

was in constant use there for the next eighty years. It was purchased for St. John's Chapel in 1836, by Dr. Burroughs, and is still used. The case is new, but the old wind chest and most of the pipes of the original organ remain, and some of the notes are even now of unusual sweetness. It was, according to the "Annals of King's Chapel," "the first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country." St. John's Chapel was built in 1832, on State Street.

The churchyard of St. John's was used as a burial place, history tells us, twenty years before the first interment was made in the old North cemetery. Within its

walls rest the remains of many of the highest and noblest in rank among the people of the older day. All who served in public position and who held authority by appointment or permission of the crown, felt in duty bound to worship at an English church; and from there they were buried. The governors, the secretaries and the councillors, all were in death borne thither. About 1858, in rebuilding the walls around the yard, it was necessary to open some of the old tombs. In one of them but one body was found, which according to the records must have been the body of

Christopher Rymes, who died one hundred and forty-five years ago, and this was doubtless the last time the vault had been opened. In the centre of the yard is the governors' tomb, where lie all the Wentworth governors and their families, except the last. The body of Rev. Arthur Browne was also placed in this tomb. When opened, over eighty years ago, there was found on one of the caskets a rusty remnant of a once highly polished sword. Here are the last resting places of many old famed families, the Sheafes, the Atkinsons, the Marshes, the Halls, and the Gardners.

A curious old vault, now sealed up for years, is under one corner of the church vestibule. At the foot of the stairs, which apparently lead to the cellar, is a narrow apartment, hardly wider than the stairway. The rest of the room has been filled in, and a brick wall with squares of lighter colored masonry, where the tomb doors once were, parts the cellar from the tomb. At one corner of the narrow passage at the foot of the stairs stands a long coffin falling to pieces and having a general appearance of great age. How it came there no one seems to know. It may have been taken from one of the two tombs, to make room for another body. Tradition says that the casket was too long to enter the



REV. HENRY E. HOVEY.  
THE PRESENT RECTOR OF ST JOHN'S.

apartment built for its reception, and the body was placed inside the apartment, leaving the coffin out to crumble to pieces in the damp cellar, or that from lack of space it was found necessary to place the wife in the husband's casket.

Rev. Charles Burroughs, D. D., a graduate of Harvard and a native of Boston, was the first settled pastor of St. John's parish, after the rebuilding of the church. He came there in 1810. The old Langdon house on Pleasant Street, which Gen. Washington said was the handsomest house in Portsmouth, and which once sheltered the young Louis Philippe, who was afterward exalted to the throne of France, was the residence of Dr. Burroughs. He preached to the people from the queer old wine-glass pulpit, ministered to them at their homes, attended burials, baptisms and weddings, and ruled like a king the little literary circle in Portsmouth of which he was undisputed head. Over his head on Sundays was the great sounding-board, which seemed to a certain little girl of that day "just put there on purpose to tumble down." She has acknowledged to the writer in later years, that the chief thought running through her mind

during sermon time used to be whether, supposing the sounding-board should fall, there was room enough for the preacher to crawl under the pulpit and be safe.

Dr. Burroughs was in his time quite a *litterateur*, but he did little work for the public eye. One of the hymns sung at the consecration of St. John's Church was composed by him, and is included in a little book of his poems written "for private circulation." The book is still in existence. In it he sings thus of Mount Washington:—

"Thy rocks, unhurt, have felt the tempest's power,  
And lightnings, harmless, have play'd round thy form.  
So, too, our Washington, in war's fierce hour,  
Did breast each shock, and triumph o'er each storm."

Among his minor verses are found some entitled "An Indian Lament, written on the death of Sachem Mogg, at Black Point Garrison." The dead Indian's dirge is sung in such words as these:—

"Wrap our chief in his shroud, lay his corse in the grave;  
Let his gun and his pipe be placed near him.  
And when he'll awake, o'er the far western wave,  
He'll find game and green fields there to cheer him."



"FROM THE STEEPLE OF THE NORTH CHURCH  
THE CURFEW IS STILL RUNG AS IN  
COLONIAL DAYS."

As a poet many might not rank Dr. Burroughs high; yet for half a century he was the centre of churchly and literary life in Portsmouth. "In fact," said the late Rev. A. P. Peabody, "it would be difficult to recall any movement or institution of that kind in the city of his residence, with which his name was not more or less associated." He was a



ST. JOHN'S FROM THE HARBOR.

long time president of the trustees of Phillips Academy, Exeter; and he originated the idea of the General Theological Library in Boston, of which he was president for several years. The old doctor was aristocratic, yet in his way kindly and benignant—a type of the old-fashioned English clergyman.

There was once a village at the Isles of Shoals, called Gosport, which was then, as the island hotels are now, a favorite place for spending a short vacation. Dr. Burroughs used to go there during the warm months. One summer he made a stay of four weeks. The little old church, yet in existence, was not used, as there was no pastor in the village. Anxious to do good, even in vacation, the kindly divine asked if the church could not be opened, and for four Sundays he held services there. No word of thanks came

to him for his effort, which he thought strange, although he said nothing. He was about to step into the little boat which was to bear him to the mainland, when he saw a lad running to the landing waving a paper. At once it occurred to him that it might be a resolution of thanks sent him at the last moment by the people on the island; and he had already begun to frame a fitting reply in his mind, when it was placed in his hand,—and, lo, it was a bill for the use of the church for four Sundays!

Dr. Burroughs was a distinguished-looking man. His head was bald and he had a scholarly appearance; his face was broad and smooth; his mouth had drooping corners, but was determined. He preached with gloves on, and wore his clerical robe through the streets to church. His favorite head covering was an old shovel hat. It has been thought that it was his long pastorate here and his reluctant resignation which suggested the starting point of Aldrich's "Prudence Palfrey," in which the "Old Brick Church" and several of its

rectors are apparent,—endowed, of course, with more or less fictitious attributes. After his resignation Dr. Burroughs made Boston his winter home, and was buried from Trinity Church.

It was during Dr. Burroughs's service at St. John's, in 1848, that the new edifice was consecrated. Some weeks subsequent to the event, the local paper, the *Gazette and Union*, with what would be to-day a woful lack of journalistic enterprise, printed an account of it, preceded by an excuse for publishing at so late a date "an article which was handed in several weeks since." The effect of the common paper shades with which the windows of the church were provided seems to have been extraordinary. The account says: "A very striking effect is produced upon the mind by the subdued and mellow tone of light pervading the

building (produced by new transparent shades at the windows) and which, from its soothing and hallowing influence upon the feelings, may be truly called a 'religious light.'"

For any one desiring to make careful researches into the history of the parish, it will be necessary to invade the rector's study and look at the old records. They are in several volumes. The most interesting of these is not the oldest one; that is too crowded and matter-of-fact in its jottings. It is the one in which Joseph Willard, in 1795, began his writings, and to which Dr. Burroughs and others who succeeded him contributed. The entries made by Mr. Willard and Dr. Burroughs are the most interesting. On the very first page of the old parish book Mr. Willard's item concerning a baptism indicates that he made no distinction between black and white at the font: "Clibs Osburne, a negro man aged thirty, after repeated examinations and instructions I found him a proper subject for baptism."

This entry, in 1804, is short and explicit: "An infant child aged three weeks, unbaptized, of Mr — & wife, of sore mouth & fitts." There are many entries in which men's diseases are described in painful detail. At the end of one entry, written in different ink, indicating its addition at a somewhat later period than the original record, are the significant words: "he left 1000 dollars to St. John's church." One of Dr. Burroughs's Latin records concerning "Thomas Chadbourne, aged 74 years," tells how while a youth he read "the pestiferous works of Paine, with a mind very slightly educated and with judgment exceedingly shallow — *minime profundo*," — being easily made a victim by "the captious cavils and the scurrilous jests of the 'Age of Reason.' Dying he did not believe in Christ and the Holy Scriptures, but he did not deny God and the immortality of the soul, expecting in the regions beyond the tomb the rewards of eternal joys! He walked the way of death tranquilly! The cause of his death was paralysis."

It has not been the writer's aim to touch generally upon the traditions and tales concerning old Portsmouth. These are not restricted to the walls of St.

John's Church nor the boundaries of the Episcopal parish. The parish is now divided. Christ's Church is built in the newer part of the town, and is a magnificent monument to the philanthropy and generosity of Mr. George Marsh, a life-long friend and member of St. John's. The old Marsh house, which stands next to the Episcopal chapel on State Street, was given as its rectory. The South Church, the first Puritan structure, was built near "Brimstone Hill," in 1658, and from it was rung the first church bell in New Hampshire. The North Church was erected in 1712; but both these structures have given place to newer ones within the last forty years. The old grant of glebe lands made quite a commotion between the North and South parishes when they separated two centuries ago. The lands were really given by the crown to the English Church, which was the first one erected thereon. But this church being destroyed or turned to other uses, the Puritan churches took part possession. "In order to people the town," these lands were let out in 1705, at a nominal rent, on leases of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The rents were collected up to the time of the Revolution. As the leases do not expire until 2730, it is hardly probable that the question of ownership will ever trouble the parishes again.

St. John's is the oldest church now standing in Portsmouth. Its walls never echo the clang of the street-car gong, for even a horse railroad never existed in Portsmouth except on paper. From the steeple of the North Church the curfew is still rung as in colonial days. The peal of the brazen-tongued messenger from the grim old fortifications of Louisburg is still heard from the brick tower of St. John's. On a summer Sunday the sombre brick walls, with their wealth of legend, of history and of religious meaning, attract large congregations from the visiting population. From the top of the lofty spire the vane faces the wintry wind and the summer squall; and the old church stands an everlasting sentinel over the swirling Piscataqua, the snug harbor and the old town.



## AT MENDON AND AFTERWARD.

By George W. Balch.



READERS of the narrative of the anonymous parishioner of Mendon, entitled "The Story of a New England Parish in the Days of the Province,"

in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for February, 1893, a narrative revealing a phase of ministerial life and employment in colonial days, of which traces have disappeared in our day, may be further interested in knowing who and what manner of man the incumbent of that pulpit really was. That article was surely calculated to beget a strong prejudice against the young preacher. The accidents of time having destroyed direct evidence presented at the time on the other side of the case, inferences to be drawn from the high character of supposed advisers within his own family, as well as the probity of his character as shown afterward, must be relied on to remove prejudice, if it is to be removed; while to many it will occur, in view of his subsequent career, that the spirit manifested in resisting real or fancied impositions and wrongs at Mendon gave promise in the young preacher of the God-serving patriot that he afterward proved to be. It so happens that the original contract made between the pastor and his parishioners is still in existence, complete, except in the names of some of the subscribers. It is as follows:—

MENDON, SOUTH PRECINCT,  
Feb'y 14th, 1768.

We, the subscribers for ourselves and heirs do promise to give to Mr. Benjamin Balch the sums hereafter expressed, provided he will settle with us in the ministry for said precinct, the sums hereafter mentioned to be by us paid yearly until the above said Mr. Balch hath got himself a farm and then the sum mentioned to cease, and then we promise as above that we will do all the work on his farm that shall be thought needful in order to the produce thereof, until such

time as that his salary shall be raised to such sum, and paid, as shall be thought sufficient to his maintenance, said sum not to be thought sufficient less than 50 pounds.

As witness our hands this day and date above written,

	Indian Corn.	Rye.	Pork	Beef.	Butter.	Cheese.
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Benoni Benson,	2 bu.	2 bu.	20 lbs.	20 lbs.	10 lbs.	20 lbs.
Jos. Benson, Jr.,	0	0	10 lbs.	0	10 "	50 "

Other names of subscribers are obliterated. Under such an arrangement it will be readily seen how easily disagreements and contentions might ensue. Such did occur when the pastor claimed that the family wood should be delivered by his parishioners at his door. The narrowness, not to say bigotry, of the times is again illustrated by the offence given when, on leaving the parish, he sold most of his belongings to a Quaker. In fact, this undoubtedly became the head and front of his offending, and the moving cause for rushing into print.

In following his movements from Mendon to the close of his life, reference has in most cases been had to documentary evidence, a task made easier by his connection with the Congregational church, whose parish records have been tolerably well preserved, but difficult indeed when looking to public records incident to military or naval employment during the Revolutionary period, by reason of the unorganized methods of gathering and preserving the same then in vogue.

Leaving Mendon, the young preacher returned to his father's house, at Dedham. Since it has been hinted by the anonymous parishioner that the minister's course was in some degree prompted by the advice of relatives and friends, it is fair to show, and it also may interest the reader to know, who these supposed advisers were.

His father was the Rev. Thomas Balch, born 1711, graduated at Harvard, 1733; married, 1735, Mary, daughter of Edward

Sumner of Roxbury (aunt to Governor Increase Sumner), and was settled as pastor of South Church, Dedham, 1736, remaining there to the time of his death, 1774, a period of thirty-eight years. He was a descendant in direct line of John Balch, who, coming to America from England in 1623 with Roger Conant, John Woodbury and Peter Palfry, finally settled at and founded Salem in 1626, and whose only son, Benjamin, is claimed to have been the first male white child born in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. "At the request of the Committee of War," and with the consent of his parish (Dedham), he served as chaplain at the siege of Louisburg, 1744-1745, and was present at its surrender.

Of his family, the eldest son, Thomas, aged eighteen years and eighteen days, died in Albany, 1756, "being of Captain Bacon's Company in an expedition to Crown Point." Another son, Thomas, born 1761, so named "to bear up the name of my son Thomas, deceased," was enrolled as corporal of Capt. Luke Howell's company, Col. Nathan Tyler's regiment, 1778-1779. This young man was educated by his brother-in-law, Manasseh Cutler, who also taught him the art of navigation. He sailed with Captain Edmunds, 1781, for Bilboa, Spain, was captured off Cape Ann by the British fifty-gun ship *Chatham* and taken to Halifax. Another American vessel, infected with smallpox and yellow fever, was subsequently captured by the *Chatham*. The captured crews being inhumanly forced to intermingle, these diseases proved fatal to nearly all. Young Thomas died of the fever at Halifax.

The daughters of the family married respectively the Reverend and Honorable Manasseh Cutler, Rev. Moses Everett (uncle to Hon. Edward Everett), Jonathan Dean, Dr. Hewins of Dorchester, and Rev. Jabez Chickering. The last named succeeded his father-in-law as pastor of the South Church at Dedham, continuing until his death, 1812. I quote from the "History of Dedham": "The successful labors of these two ministers in a period of seventy-five years was productive of

peace; no quarrel or discord is known to have existed worthy of notice. A more unequivocal evidence of their merit and of the good religious and good moral health of this people cannot be given."

Rev. Thomas Balch was named among the *literati* of New England in his day. Manasseh Cutler says of him (*vide* "Life of Cutler"): "He was a man of more than ordinary talents, and of thoroughly orthodox faith. He guided a number of young men in their theological studies preparatory to the ministry. As a Christian, he was highly and deservedly esteemed; as a minister, he was wise to win souls to Christ, and ranked high as a preacher." His wife survived him by nearly a quarter of a century, the central figure of a large family and social circle, "an amiable, accomplished and pious woman." She died in 1798, aged eighty-one years.

It was to this home of cultivated and pious men and women that the young minister of Mendon returned for a time; and it was presumably to that family circle that he gave an account of his stewardship at Mendon. Later we find him living at Danvers, in temporary employment as a minister. Meanwhile signs of the impending Revolutionary strife had appeared and continued to multiply. The inhabitants became restive under the rule of an insolent soldiery, homes were no longer deemed secure, and finally the alarm was sounded. I quote from the "History of Danvers": —

"The zeal of these times may be learned by the fact that on March 6, 1775, the Third Alarm List chose its officers as follows: —

Captain . . . . . Deacon Edward Putnam.  
Lieutenant . . . Reverend Benjamin Balch.  
Ensign . . . . . Deacon Tarrant Putnam."

This company was formed six weeks before the battle of Lexington, at which, with his Danvers comrades, young Balch was present, as shown by the muster-roll, being therein credited with forty miles travelled. After the affair at Lexington, he joined Col. Ephraim Doolittle's regiment, remaining with it at least until Oct. 6, 1775, when, in camp on Winter Hill, his name appears amongst the staff officers

as chaplain. The inference is that he did service at Bunker Hill as well; and it is known that his employment afterward, either in the army or the navy, was constant for nearly or quite three years. Aside from his regular duties, while connected with the military service, he seems to have devoted much energy to religious work in the camps and amongst the soldiery in and about Boston.

Meanwhile the imperative demands of an increasing and considerable family seem to have pressed heavily upon his limited resources. While temporarily supplying Rev. Mr. Hitchcock's pulpit, at Beverly, in the summer of 1778, he was drafted at the place of his nominal residence, Danvers. His situation then and his previous service to his country are best told by himself in a petition to the General Council, as follows:—

"To the Hon. The Council of the State of Massachusetts Bay:—The Petition of Benjamin Balch humbly sheweth that your petitioner has from the commencement of the war been employed as Chaplain either in the army or the navy, excepting some intervals of short duration, and is still ready and willing to serve his country in the same capacity should a door open for it; and which for several months past he has been wishing for; which time he has improved in preaching to vacant congregations, which yields him a very scanty pittance for the support of himself and wife and seven small children; notwithstanding which the Militia officers of the town of Danvers have draughted your petitioner to go as a common soldier into the army, or to pay a heavy fine, which will greatly distress his family.

"Therefore your petitioner humbly prays that the Honorable Court will be pleased to give such orders for his relief as they in their wisdom and goodness shall see meet. And your petitioner as in duty bound shall ever pray.

(Signed) BENJAMIN BALCH.

BOSTON, June 6th, 1778."

Whatever may have been the immediate outcome of this petition, his wish was gratified not long afterward, for, on Oct. 28, 1778, his name appears among the staff officers of the frigate *Boston*, Captain McNeil, as chaplain. He is supposed to have remained in this ship until transferred to the frigate *Alliance*, Commander James Barry, the first war-ship built for the Continentals, and afterward continued in the naval service to the close of the war. On one voyage, at least, his two sons, Thomas and Ben-

jamin, sailed with him,—“the two boys being entered and drawing pay as one ‘man’”; but his son Thomas was his constant companion, excepting when, for a short time, he served with his uncle, Captain O'Brien of Marblehead, in the private armed ship *Hannibal*. This son was captured and imprisoned in the Jersey prison-ship in New York until exchanged. Returning to Boston, he joined the frigate *Alliance*,\* December, 1780, and, with his father, sailed for France in the spring of 1781.

It was on the return voyage, December, 1781, in a severe engagement with a British ship and a brig, off Halifax, that the father earned, according to family traditions, the *sobriquet* of the “fighting parson.” In the midst of the fray he was seen doing execution, musket in hand. Searching for his son after the engagement and finding him uninjured, he embraced him, with the words: “Thank God, my son!”

Soon after the close of the war, he was settled over the Congregational church at East Barrington, N. H., 1784, in which connection he continued to the close of his life, thirty-one years later, in 1815. He retained his place in the pulpit until, with health broken, mind impaired, and so forgetful that it was said that he would often read the hymn the second time, he was induced by relatives and friends to retire permanently, but his death occurred two days following his last occupancy of the pulpit.

The extreme consideration manifested by his parishioners in his last days, born of respect for his character and services,

\* The *Alliance* is said to have been the first frigate built especially for the Continental government. The builder was William Hackett of Salisbury, Mass., who achieved renown in his day as a ship designer and builder. The excellent sailing qualities of the *Alliance*, shown by her ability to make at times fifteen knots “by the log,” was a tribute to his skill. General Lafayette crossed the Atlantic homeward in the *Alliance*, in twenty-three days (*vide* Cooper's Naval History). Other ship-builders declining to join Hackett in the construction of the *Alliance*, owing to political and financial uncertainties incident to the times, he completed her unaided and alone. Richard, a son of this William Hackett, married Mary, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Balch, whose son was the late Prof. Horatio Balch Hackett of Newton, Mass. (born 1806, died 1875), the eminent Biblical scholar, author and theologian, whose name has become illustrious in both continents. Prof. Hackett married his cousin, Mary Wadsworth Balch, daughter of Rev. William Balch (son of Rev. Benjamin Balch, born 1775, died at Dedham, 1842), who was, 1798, a chaplain in the United States Navy, and who afterward married a daughter of Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth, who for fifty-six years was pastor of the Congregational church at Danvers, Mass.

was touching in its sympathetic kindness, and in marked contrast to his experiences at Mendon at the beginning of his ministerial career.

Rev. Benjamin Balch was, as has been stated, the son of Rev. Thomas and Mary (Sumner) Balch, born at Dedham, 1743, graduated at Harvard, 1763, married Joanna, daughter of Jeremiah O'Brien of Machias, Maine, 1764. Twelve children were born of this marriage, — all, with two exceptions, surviving their parents. Many attained old age, and all led honorable lives.

Mrs. Balch's three brothers were actively engaged in the Revolutionary war, most of the time as commanders of armed vessels. Of one of these brothers it has been said (*vide* Centennial Celebration of Machias, 1863), referring to the capture of a British sloop-of-war early in Revolutionary times by a force of Machias men hastily gathered for the occasion: "No name is more conspicuous in our early history than that of Col. Jeremiah O'Brien, whose daring courage made him the leader of what accurate historians have pronounced the first naval battle of the American Revo-

lution." He was finally captured, and, being sent to England, was kept there, exchange being refused, until the declaration of peace.

Without undertaking to adorn the story of the Mendon preacher by drawing on the large fund of family traditions, his case is here submitted to the judgment of the intelligent reader, supported only by indubitable facts. The verdict claimed is: As a patriot, both by instinct and inheritance, he was filled with zeal for the cause of freedom; as a man and a citizen, his surroundings and his associates were of the best and most patriotic, and his name was unsullied by just reproach; as a minister of the gospel, his life work was a constant contribution to the religious and moral advancement of the people.

He was a true-born son of Massachusetts, with lineage running back to the first born on her soil, and was ever true to his birthright. His memory should therefore receive the full measure of reverence accorded to the noble army of Revolutionary patriots whose hardships and sacrifices achieved so much for the cause of human freedom.



## DEMOCRACY.

*By Richard Burton.*

**K**INGDOMS and crowns have been from storied years;  
 But older, sager, that Democracy  
 As wide as life, as sure as human tears  
 And smiles, that ever is and e'er must be.

Our great Republic of the common woe,  
 The common joy; no marks nor metes of man  
 Confine its borders, and no rivers flow  
 Splitting its people into tribe and clan.

One nation, breathing in the selfsame air,  
 All freedmen in the privilege of pain;  
 Each soul holds franchise in the right to dare  
 The altitudes, to fall, and dare again.

## A CASTLE OF ICE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

(Concluded.)



LILIAN was living only in the thought of the publication of George's book, when one morning at the breakfast table she opened the following letter from her mother:—

*My precious Lilian:*

You don't know how glad your last letter made me. It is such a comfort to think that one of my dear children has a comfortable home, and when I think of your nice house with water let in, and a good refrigerator, and that you can keep a girl all the time, I am very thankful you married at the East, though it does seem a great way off, and I don't know when I shall ever see you again. We are rather tired just now. Poor Grace's children have all had a hard time, one sick after another, and just in the midst of it she had to wean the baby, and they couldn't seem to find anything to feed it with. They had to use condensed milk, because she has no good place to keep her milk cool in, and it sours directly. The poor little creature had an attack of cholera infantum, and though it seems to be getting over that, it is nothing but skin and bone, and so weak that it is pitiful to see it. It frets a great deal day and night. Grace is hardly fit to have the care of it all the time. I have let Kitty go to help her, though I am afraid she will overdo herself, and I miss her terribly, but I couldn't bear to think of Grace's being all alone. The burner of my kerosene stove has given out at last. Mr. Jones says it is no use to do anything to it, it would cost as much as to get a new one at once. I have to do all the cooking in the big stove, and it is exhausting work. I get up at three o'clock this hot weather when I have to bake. But father hates a cold dinner, so that I have to keep the fire up most days. It will cost us more in fuel in the end, but we haven't the money to buy a new stove, and you know his feelings against running in debt; he says the Lord will provide. I wish I had some of his faith. The Wests have gone to Oregon for a summer trip. They did think of going east. I don't know but they expected you to ask them to visit you; but the captain says that the young folks must be left to themselves a while longer, he supposes. I was sorry they did not go that way, for I think if they had they would have asked father to go with them, and it would have done him so much good. You must not think that I am not grateful for my mercies, or that I mean to repine, only it comes natural to tell you of all my little worries, and you were always the one to see a way out somehow. I am glad my darling

Lily is so well off, and wish I were as much at ease about her soul's salvation as I am about her earthly welfare. Think, my dear child, I entreat you, how very short-lived at best will be your enjoyment of all the luxuries that now surround you, and heed the call of your Saviour while yet there is time. I have not time for more at present, but with kind remembrances to your good husband,

Believe me ever your loving

MOTHER.

"What's the matter?" asked George suddenly, as his wife read over her letter for the fourth time.

"Oh—nothing—that is, not much."

George silently reached out his hand for the letter, which he read with careful attention. "That is too bad," he said. "Write to your mother, and send her this." He drew a bank bill from his pocket and, crumpling it up, threw it across the table.

"Ten dollars! Ought you to send so much as that?" said Lilian, as she unrolled it with the tips of her fingers.

"Certainly. I always allow so much a month for unforeseen expenses, and last month I had none."

"Mother does not know—she does not realize how things are here," murmured Lilian; "but you are very kind, George—"

"Not at all. You ought to do something for your mother, and it is very natural that she should think so. Your father says the Lord will provide, and that means that somebody else must."

"That's his orthodox talk—they all talk like that."

"I don't know. My father is as orthodox as anybody, and I have never heard him use such an expression."

"I suppose," said Lilian, "he thinks it would be a work of supererogation on the Lord's part;" and as George regarded her, as he often did when she relieved herself by a repartee, as if she were a little out of her mind, she went on, with

a voice that was now quivering nervously, "I wish I had something of my own to give mother. Before I was married I had."

"This is your own. You have earned it, and more than earned it, by your good management. I hope I may be able to give you more to send to them."

George pushed his empty coffee cup across the table, equally unconscious of hurting or soothing her feelings by what seemed to him a matter-of-fact statement in either case.

August was over at last, and September half over; the final proofs of George's book had been read and returned, and he was off for an early course of lectures at the University of Vermont. Lilian drew a long breath of relief; she had never believed that he would be through in time, and could hardly take in the fact now that he was. She could have wished to go with him, and watch over the contents of that portmanteau, a better filled and better packed one than it had ever been his fortune to take before; and he had gone so far as to say that he should like to take her; but he regarded it on the whole as unnecessary and expensive, besides which she thought his room better than his company for a while, as she wanted to set her house and possessions in order after the rush of the last ten weeks. By careful economy she had saved enough money from her house-keeping expenses to set up fireplaces in her little parlor and George's study; and she thought he would appreciate the comfort when he had once felt it. Her undertakings were well planned and well carried out as usual; but in spite of being busy and successful, she felt terribly lonely and owned to herself that she should have been glad if anything would have shortened George's absence, even though he came home to catch her in the midst of the disorder. But she felt scornful of her silliness the while, especially as George, she was sure, was content enough to be away.

The book was out before his return, and a specimen copy or two came from his publishers. Lilian thought it looked better in print than it had in manuscript; and yet she was not sure but in those

rough-scrawled notes of his there were not hints at something—fragments of something—she could hardly say what—something which, could he explain or she comprehend, pointed to regions yet beyond. She longed for reviews, but knew she must not expect them yet; and her surprise was therefore great when almost as soon as the book was out a long one appeared in one of the leading periodicals. She opened it in a flutter of excited anticipation, soon merged in incredulous indignation, and hardly believing her eyes as she read. There was something in the haste with which the attack was made, as well as a peculiar spitefulness in the style, which seemed to indicate a personal animus in the author or editor; but there were also points of controversy raised, and particular exceptions taken, with a scientific handling at variance with other portions of the article. Lilian could not answer some of the arguments advanced, but she knew that George could, and she thought proudly that his way of making war would be different from that of his antagonist, whose attack, indeed, he might despise as too weak to notice.

She did not hear from him for the next day or two; but she did not mind, for he was not much of a correspondent, and he was due on Wednesday to give the opening lecture of an extra evening course to advanced students, and would hardly write again. But the matter of the lecture itself troubled her, for she had just found the rough draft of it among his papers, and could not help suspecting that he had forgotten to take it with him to prepare and get into shape. Should she send it to him? Perhaps he had another and did not need it; and if he had not, it might cross him on his way, which would be worse. She worried over the puzzle till struck by a bright idea. Why could she not, as a precaution, write out the lecture herself? She could follow the tenor of George's notes easily enough, and she had read enough of his lectures to give it the proper length and arrangement. She knew just how they looked when he took them in, scrawled in his great round "copying hand," a very different one from that he used in composition,

with wide margins and spaces here and there for corrections; and hers was carefully finished to the minutest detail, and laid away in her own drawer, and a fire blazing in the study fireplace, and the tea-table set near it, and she herself in the prettiest of tea-gowns ready to welcome her husband home late on that chilly Wednesday afternoon in October.

Her preparations seemed wasted upon George, who looked for once jaded and tired, with no notice to spare for blue ribbons or blazing logs. He ate and drank without his usual relish, answering her questions mechanically.

"Did you find it pleasant at Burlington?"

"Yes — pleasant enough."

"Did your lectures go off well?"

"Yes — well enough."

"Did you have a comfortable journey to-day?"

"Yes — comfortable enough."

This style of conversation might have gone on indefinitely, but that Lilian had learned by this time that the way to get anything out of George was to go directly to the point, and without more beating about the bush she said, looking straight across the table at him: —

"George, you surely don't mind that review — nasty, spiteful thing!"

"I do not mind its being nasty or spiteful, Lilian; but the worst of it is, it is true."

"George, you don't mean that you think that they are right and you are wrong!"

"My being right is of little consequence, as long as I cannot prove it."

"You haven't given up your theory!"

"Not as far as my own opinion is concerned; but I see now that I had not sufficient evidence to justify me in publishing it. I had no right to advance a hypothesis on so small a basis of fact and with a flaw in the main argument, which he has pointed out."

"I am sure every one will see that it was mere spite. I suppose it was Professor Hewett of Princeton, because you proved those statistics of his were not trustworthy. I should not mind what he said."

"That makes no difference. It was,

as he said, a case of blind and ignorant assumption. It would not have been any better for me if he had showed a more friendly spirit, though it would have been better for him."

George spoke as if talking to himself, his mind too full of one absorbing interest to take in with any surprise the fact of his wife's unexpected acquaintance with all his affairs. As he pushed his chair back, and the pile of books on the table caught his eye, he went on: "Of course I shall not push the sale of the book now. It would be foolish." There was a tremor in his voice, so slight as to be hardly perceptible, but which struck home to Lilian's heart — and bitter disappointment, wounded pride, and impatience at his giving up the point so completely, vanished into thin air as she hurried round the table and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Oh, George, don't mind it! They have all made mistakes — Darwin did — Newton did — you must get beyond it; and I know you are not mistaken — you will prove it yet. Put it all out of your mind; put the books away — don't think of it for a year or two; take up something else, and you'll see if you don't work round to it again when you are not expecting it. You have more than one path open before you, thank heaven!"

"You may be right," said George slowly, and as if for the first time struck with some astonishment at her words.

"Yes? Then follow my advice — go in to your lecture, and don't think a thing about it this evening."

"My lecture?" — and George, for the first time in his life, turned positively white. Lilian hurried breathlessly on. "Did you forget? I thought you must have, for I found your notes for it on Sunday — too late to send them to you, so I copied and arranged them, and I should think that what I wrote would do very well. I've read all your old ones, and I have made it just in the same style; and I can follow your notes without the least trouble. Do run it over, and see if it won't do!"

George mechanically took the paper she thrust into his hand, and slowly read the first page.

"Perhaps," he said doubtfully.

"You can read it, you know, going in the train," said Lilian cheerfully, "and can alter anything you object to; but really I think you'll find it will do. They can't expect all your lectures to be equally good; and when you are just off a journey, I don't doubt this will pass."

It was time for George to go; and as he was always punctual to the stroke of the clock, there seemed no other course open to him but to rise and depart, carrying Lilian's paper with him. She longed to sit up till his return, which was always late, but knew that he would not like it, so she went to bed at her usual hour,—but not to sleep. Whether joy or sorrow had the larger share in those quickened beatings of her heart which kept her awake, she could not tell. To suffer entirely for and through another is sharper pain than to suffer for one's self; but it is a pain that those who have felt would no more wish unfelt than the souls in bliss would grudge one pang of the purgatorial fires. Lilian knew by the very anguish she felt for her husband's sake that she loved him for himself, without reason or comment, as the mother loves her child, purely and solely because he was hers; loved him whether or not the world appreciated him; whether or not he could give her the wealth and position for which she had been willing to marry him; whether a genius or only an ordinary man. She did not even care to ask whether or not he returned her love in equal measure. George had been as wrapped up in his own plans as she had been,—perhaps too exclusively so, and too indifferent to other things. "But all his plans," she thought, "have been for giving, and mine for getting! He wanted to do the world some good, and I cared most for pleasing myself!"—and through her excited brain rang again and again the magnificent cadence of words carelessly read at the time, but never forgotten and now rising up as such words do when strong emotion proves them true:—

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?

A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.

Who buys a moment's mirth to wail a week?

Or sells eternity to get a toy?"

The clock had chimed in with them

again and again before she heard her husband's step on the stairs.

"George, are you there?" she called out; and as he came in and lighted the gas, she sat up in bed, flushed and eager, with all her bright hair streaming over her shoulders. "Did you read it?"

"Yes."

"Did it go well?"

"Very well, indeed. The class were delighted. They all said afterward that it was the best lecture I had ever given them."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes"—with a little hesitation.

"Wasn't it what you would have said yourself?"

"Yes—oh, yes, in essentials; and you mustn't think, Lilian, that I didn't like it. I thought it very good. I was astonished at it; only I did think that there was a good deal of repetition in it."

"Of course," said Lilian, "you must repeat a good deal in teaching anything."

"And that you explained more than was necessary."

"Not a bit of it. You must remember I've taught children for five years, and I know what they want; you must explain till they understand, if you go over the ground a dozen times."

"But these are not children."

"They are little more," said Lilian coolly; "and I've had pupils as old as they. It has always seemed to me, George, that you flew a little high for them. You think they can see a thing in a moment because you do. Why, I find it hard to follow you sometimes."

"What you say may be very true," said George reflectively; "and at any rate I ought not to say anything, when you've saved me from the worst scrape I ever got into in my life. How did you ever come to know so much about it?"

"I'll tell you that to-morrow; you must come to bed now, you poor dear boy, and get some rest, for I'm sure you need it."

Although George could sit up on occasion night after night without a nap between, yet he had never in his life shut his eyes with the intention of sleeping when the sleep did not come as a matter of course; and he said no more



till his wife was pouring out his coffee at breakfast the next morning, when he suddenly asked:—

"Lilian, how did you come to know so much about chemistry?"

"I studied your old schoolbooks."

"Those? Why, they are half obsolete by this time. You have wasted your time over them. I could have taught you all that is in them with half the trouble."

"Then I have read your papers— you don't mind, George, do you? You always left them lying about, and never said I was not to."

"I never dreamed you could."

"But you don't mind?"

"No, certainly not, if you care to."

"There is nothing in the world I care about so much!"— and as he looked amazement, "Of course, I should be interested in your work, if it were only cobbling old shoes, and when it is anything like this! Do, do teach me a little—all I can learn."

"I may teach you wrong," said George, with a little bitterness.

"Now, George, you know you are not going to say another thing about that. Don't now, at any rate. Tell me about Burlington, and what you did there. Is it a pretty place?"

"The prettiest place I ever saw. I wished all the time you were with me;"— then with some effort: "You know they were to give me three hundred for my lectures."

"Well, and did they not? Is not that good pay?"

"Yes, very; but I meant you should have it all."

"I! What for?"

"Why, to spend exactly as you please. I know there must be a great many things you would like; only, I shall have to put more money than I expected into the printing of that book. I thought it would at least pay its expenses; but I shall not let them push the sale of it now, it would not be fair;"— then after a pause: "I am afraid I cannot give you more than half."

"George, how very, very kind you are!" said Lilian, and tears rushed into her eyes, which she winked back, knowing

that he hated a "fuss." "But ought I to take it?"

"Yes, you have a perfect right to it; and you must spend it entirely to please yourself, for things which you could not use your allowance for. If you would like to send any of it—it doesn't matter how much—to your mother, do so, by all means."

Lilian said nothing; and when on his next return from town he silently handed her a roll of bank-notes, she took them as silently. She knew that he would like that best; and if he had not, she could not have spoken. She felt as if the spending of that money would give her more pain than pleasure; but still she planned such a Christmas box for her father's home, and for her sister Grace's, as she had never dreamed of before. Her sister Fanny lived as far beyond reach as Ferdinand's sister Claribel, and the family were wont to say regretfully that it would never pay to send poor Fanny anything by express; but a check in a letter would go anywhere, and Fanny would need no advice how to use it. Her heart grew lighter as she carried out her plans, and George would hear her singing at her work, which pleased him somehow, though he had never betrayed any sensibility when she sang in company at the piano, in a formal and proper way. He was as busy as ever. His regular work had begun again, and in his leisure hours he was following up a different line of inquiry of a more practical nature than his last wasted labors, for which he showed no more regret and asked no consolation. Lilian longed for more of his confidence, but knew better than to ask it. However, her patience was rewarded when he came to her the day before his next lecture and said: "Would you mind letting me read my lecture over to you?"

"Oh, no! I shall be delighted!"— and as he began on the rough draft, and stuck fast in a moment in the difficulties of his own handwriting, "Please let me copy it out fair—and then you can read it to me, or I to you, whichever you like the best."

"Well—if you can—and if you really want to. It will give you a great deal of trouble, I'm afraid." But his accent was

yielding, and he allowed the paper to be drawn from his hand. Lilian copied and read. George grew interested and excited, and began to dictate improvements, walking about the room, with something of the fire which glowed through him on the platform, and which fascinated her while her fingers flew; and now and then she hazarded some question or suggestion, which when it suited him he would work in as if it were his own. When, after their early dinner, she read it over again, "Thank you," he said; "it goes very well, and it is greatly owing to you. I told the class last week, when they admired my lecture, that my wife had prepared it from my notes, and that most of their gratitude was due to her."

"How could you do such a thing?" cried Lilian, alarmed. "You surely don't want me to get the reputation of one of those terrible strong-minded women!"

"I did not like to mention you, of course, but I thought it would be doing the square thing. But you needn't be frightened, Lilian, for I don't think they half believed it."

"Don't do it again, for heaven's sake!"

"I can say you act as my private secretary — there is no harm in that. I am sure I have wanted one, but I could never find a soul before who could do anything for me. That is all now, thank you," as he reached his hand out for another pile of papers.

"Oh, George — do, do leave off and take a little rest."

"This is rest."

"But you ought to have some air. Do come out and take a walk. Can't the people wait to have their dyestuffs a little cheaper?"

"I don't care to have them cheaper — what I want is to make them better for the price. It is a shame that cotton dyes should be so poor at this age of the world."

"Can't I help you?"

"Not now; by and by, very likely, you can. There, my dear, just let me alone for a little while; I'll walk with you later."

"Will you go at four o'clock?"

"Yes, I will."

Lilian left off, only half satisfied. What was strolling about with her for a man of

George's build? If they only had a garden, she would try to make him work in it; for that he would ever take to a horse, or a boat, or anything, purely for the sake of his constitution, she could not believe. But she kept him out for an hour, and then on their homeward way left him to go in and take a look at the Fosters, who had returned late the evening before, — and was met at the door by Helen herself.

"Dear Lilian, how kind you are! I am delighted to see you. You find us all in confusion; but you won't mind." The little drawing-room did indeed appear to need a good putting to rights, but neither its mistress nor Fred Sandford, who was comfortably lounging on the sofa, seemed to notice it. "Do sit down and have some tea with us; Mr. Sandford has just been driving me over to mother's."

"She means she has been driving me," said Fred, laughing as he rose, "and nearly spilling us out into the bargain."

"Now, Fred, you ought not to criticise my driving before Mrs. Mackenzie, who probably does that as well as she does everything else."

"No," said Lilian, "I never had the chance to learn."

"Only fancy! Why, I thought out on the prairies you passed your whole time riding and driving."

"I did not know you had returned, Mr. Sandford," said Lilian.

"I only landed the day before yesterday, or you would have seen me," said the young man, with a glance to point his words.

"How are the children?" she went on, without noticing it.

"Oh, very well. They are out somewhere. I wish nurse had some discretion about bringing them in in the afternoon; but I can't expect perfection at three dollars and a half a week."

"Don't you want to let me have them to-morrow morning? That will give you time to get their things to rights a little."

"Yes, indeed, thank you, since you are so good. They will be wild with joy to see you again; and oh, Lilian, before I forget it, don't you want to join the Thursday Club? I spoke to Alice Murray — she's the president — about it, and

she would be delighted to have you, and I know all of them would; and I should enjoy so much having you to go with — just think how nice it will be!”

“Thank you very much. I should enjoy it highly; but Mr. Mackenzie is always at home on Thursday mornings, and wants me.”

“What can he want you for?” pouted Helen, disappointed. “Not half so much as we do, I am sure.”

“He does a great deal of work when he is at home.”

“He’ll work all the better when you are out of the house. Won’t he, Fred?”

“I fancy I should work to some advantage if I had Mrs. Mackenzie’s assistance,” said Fred, skilfully combining a smile of amusement at his cousin with a regretful gaze from his fine eyes at Lilian.

“Wait till you are married, Fred. I am sure Harry can’t work a moment when I am in the room; indeed, I never let him. I think a man ought to be willing to give a little time to his wife. We poor women have to stay at home day after day while you are in town meeting all your friends and lunching at the club; and we ought to have a little amusement. But cannot Mr. Mackenzie change his day, Lilian?”

Lilian was glad that the appearance of the children saved her the trouble of replying. Harry rushed up to her with cries of joy, while Reggie dropped his chin and stood looking at her through his long eyelashes, while a shy smile stole slowly over his face. “Little Helen looks tired,” she said as the little girl lagged behind.

“Yes. I do wish nurse would not take them such long walks. There, my own precious, come to mamma;” — and as the weary child, at the soft caressing touch and tender tone, broke into sobs, “Don’t cry, darling. Really, her head *is* rather hot.”

“I would put her to bed directly, and not give her any supper, unless she seems hungry.”

“Dear me! that is always the way when I have an engagement. We were going to the Martins’ to-night, you know, Fred, and I don’t see how I can well give it up, for we were to cast all the parts for

the theatricals; and now I shall be worrying all the evening.”

“It is Mr. Mackenzie’s evening in town,” said Lilian. “I can come over and bring my work and sit here after he is gone. I don’t doubt she’ll sleep it off; and if she doesn’t —”

“Oh, thank you! thank you! I shall feel safer than if I were here myself. You are a perfect angel, — isn’t she, Fred?”

“Too much of an angel, I am afraid!” said the young man, with another meaning look of respectful but fervent admiration. He did not know that his enslaver was finding it difficult not to laugh at him. He and Helen seemed to her like a couple of babies, for whose moral training she was not responsible. She sat that evening in the Fosters’ empty nursery, listening to the quiet breathing of the children through the open door. A few slight magical touches of her practised hand had soothed little Helen into peaceful slumber, and she had time to borrow some telling points for the clothes she was making for her sister’s children, from the wardrobe of the little Fosters, enriched as it was by the outgrown garments of Mrs. Thomas Murray’s youthful family. She felt very happy from a multitude of causes, not the least among which was a very comfortable and cheering sensation of pity for Mr. Frederick Sandford, with his fine eyes, his elegance and his languid love-making. “As if,” she thought, “a girl who could have George was going to take him!” — and with the usual tendency to look at our past in the light of our present, she even felt sure that she would not have taken him, had she never seen George.

Her high spirits were not quenched when, as she was busily engaged on the morning after next in the agreeable puzzle of getting more into her box than it would hold, Mrs. Melcher’s shadow, always a little blacker than any one else’s, darkened her door; and she greeted her sister-in-law cordially, exhibited her gifts, explained their destination, and even asked for advice and assistance in packing them. Mrs. Melcher made little response, but that evening she called again with her father. The old

gentleman took up George's newspaper, a different one from his own, which he always liked to see, though he would not commit the extravagance of taking two; and Lilian sat dutifully beside him with her sewing. George was in his study, where his sister sought him and plunged without ceremony or preliminary into the subject that occupied her mind.

"Do you know, George, what a lot of things your wife has been sending off to her relations?"

"I believe she has been getting up a box."

"A box? A packing case, I should call it — and the things in it — did you see them?"

"No, — that is, I did see a few things about."

"I should think so! I never saw anything like them! Two fancy caps for her mother, not at all proper for a minister's wife, and as old as she must be, — a great deal nicer than any that ma has; and a perfect outfit for all those nephews and nieces of hers, — clothes really good enough for anybody's children to wear; and flannels — you can't get them for nothing, I can tell you."

"She must have made the money I gave her go a great way," said George.

"You gave her money!" said Mrs. Melcher, staring.

"Yes — not very much. I hope some time to be able to give her more."

"Well!" said his sister, gulping down a useless protest, — then in a sharper key: "Well! won't you come in to see father?"

George resignedly followed her into the parlor, where she looked askance at the crackling fire, and listened in an absent manner to Lilian's remarks. Both wanted to hear what the men were saying, but Mrs. Melcher could not rattle off small talk and listen meanwhile, as Lilian could.

"It seems your book ain't selling very well after all," said Mr. Mackenzie.

"No — I don't care to have it."

"Why not?"

"I consider Professor Hewett's strictures on it to be on the whole well merited; at least, I do not think that I have sufficiently proved my view of the subject.

I shall not have it advertised, nor push its sale."

Mr. Mackenzie gave a contemptuous grunt. "Any one, to hear you talk, would think you were an absolute fool! You ought to have argued the point in the newspapers, — and the more he pitched into you, the better. If you had kept up the fight, hot and heavy, you would have made a run on the book that would have cleaned out your first edition in no time."

"Yes — I wonder you don't take pa's advice, George, when you know how successful he has always been," chimed in Mrs. Melcher.

George was silent, and Lilian hastened to say, smiling sweetly, "that doubtless Mr. Mackenzie's advice was invaluable in all business matters, but this was in a little different line."

"Hmm," said her father-in-law, "some folks can make money out of chemicals."

"Yes," said Mrs. Melcher, "there's Dr. Elder. Everybody buys his tonic draughts — and how they must pay! I'm sure Hattie has taken a hundred bottles, first and last, at a dollar apiece."

Lilian made a desperate effort to change the subject, by asking Mrs. Melcher's advice on pickles. But the lady seemed rather offended that Lilian should think herself able to emulate her pickles, and replied rather shortly; nor was she mollified by a delicious little supper of raw oysters and bitter beer, which was now brought in, but tasted them critically and looked as if balancing the expense in her mind. Mr. Mackenzie, however, as is the wont of his sex, was more easily approached through his stomach, and thought such a daughter-in-law might be a luxury, though a costly one.

When they had taken themselves off at last, and George, after standing musingly before the fire for a few minutes, said, as if in reply to some unspoken comment of his wife's: "My father really does care for me — a good deal — in his way," Lilian had no repartee to make. She only said, as she stood on tiptoe, to give him a kiss — for George, she now knew, liked petting in moderation, when it did not interrupt him — "I'm very sure he does."

There is no end to what a man will take, if a woman will give it; and Lilian gave exultingly. When it came to George's reading her writing better than his own, understanding her reading better than he did reading himself; when he could not think unless she were in the house, or write unless she were in the room, ready to listen and respond while he cleared his brain experimentally, she so arranged her hours as never to be away from him. She took all household cares upon her shoulders, as a matter of course, just as she filled his stylographic pen or filed his papers. She grew to find the work its own reward, as he did, and made no sacrifice when she gave up her own once cherished wishes and plans for it, because she had ceased to care for them. When, at little past forty, he was recognized, not only at home, but abroad; not only by his compeers, but by the world at large, as a light of the age; when fame came unsought, and fortune was almost repelled; when the popular amaze greeted each successive achievement; when it was discovered that his wife's grace and charm made her a worthy companion of greatness; when every door, from royalty down, was thrown open wide for both, — Lilian lingered at the portals, careless whether she ever passed them or not. She knew that George was greater than his work, and that the ever-growing vision of his ideal showed so clearly the limitation of his accomplishment, as to leave no room for pride. The mount he had climbed is only one from which the higher peaks are seen; but he who has once looked up to them can never look down again; and Lilian had learned to stand where he did, and look through his eyes, though but as through a glass, darkly.

The Mackenzies thought she took her triumphs very coolly. Her dislike to themselves had long faded, with other things that had once moved her powerfully. They did but act according to their kind, and she could pity their monotonous lives, and was glad if George's successes could brighten them a little, conscious that she had once craved renown for him herself with but little higher aim than they. She had

been wont to excuse her resentment against them with the mental plea that it was for his sake, not her own; but now, "What does it matter to George," she thought, "whether his family can sympathize with him or not? A man can't have everything in the world, and he has *me!*"

Whether or not they liked her was a matter of comparatively small account. She could forgive their impatience at her childless state; could bear with Mr. Mackenzie's peevish discussions, as time went on, as to what charity he should make his eventual residuary legatee, and even with Mrs. Melcher's hints and looks. She knew that they were most to be pitied for the want, though this was the one hope she had found it hardest to give up. She could bring herself to see that, had she been a mother, her children's claims would have sadly interfered with her devotion to her husband's work — that work which might be, though she never asked him, more to him than child or wife; but the Mackenzies had no compensation for what was indeed a positive harm to them. Old Mackenzie, she well knew, though stiffened with the frosts of years of niggardliness, would have been pliant as wax under the handling of a grandson; and even Mrs. Melcher, though children in the abstract took so much time and trouble, would have succumbed directly to the formless, aimless, careless charms of a baby in the family. But it was not to be.

It was long before all this, indeed not much after the events we have just recorded, when George said suddenly one day to Lilian, across his study table, "Wheaton Brothers have offered me a hundred thousand dollars for my cotton dyes."

"Indeed! that is very nice!" said Lilian, raising her head, the pen poised in her hand.

"Had I better take it?"

"Why, what else can you do?"

"Father says if I keep the patent right myself, and work it as it ought to be worked, I could make a million."

"And you do not wish to?" asked his wife, now leaning back in her chair, and regarding him more attentively.

"No. I have no time to spare for making money."

"Then, if you have not, I am sure I have no time for spending it."

"Thank you, Lilian," said George, with more than his usual emphasis, and with such an expression of relief in his face and voice that, half hurt and half amused, she burst out with:

"Oh, George! George! what ever in the world did you marry me for?"

"Of course it was very lucky for me that I did."

"That's not a reason," said his wife scornfully.

"Why, no. Well, to tell the truth, I might never have come to it, if I had not kept getting letters from father and mother, bothering me about marrying Sadie Converse."

"You *were* in luck!" said Lilian dryly.

"I know it."

Lilian thought that strict justice demanded that George should now ask her why she had married him, but she did not expect it, well knowing that he shared with the greater number of his sex the belief that a woman always says yes when asked to go through that ceremony. She could have laughed or cried with equal readiness; but she did neither, and relieved her feelings by telling George that he was a dear foolish old thing, which he received as flattering, though irrelevant. He said no more then, but a week after began under the same circumstances: "I think it would be a good plan to buy a house with part of that hundred thousand."

"What for — an investment?"

"No, to live in."

"What do we want of one?"

"Why, do you like this house? I always thought you did not."

"I have grown rather attached to it now," said Lilian, looking round with some complacency upon various little improvements which she had brought about by degrees; "it suits me very well."

"But I think it would be a good plan to live in our own house."

"Yes — there is something in that."

"And I should like some place for laboratory work at home — it would be a great convenience."

"I suppose it would."

"It would not be worth while to build one on a hired house."

"Could not we buy this?"

"They ask more than it is worth. I think we could do better somewhere else."

"Well — if you want to," said Lilian slowly and hesitatingly.

"The Turner house is for sale, and I think it would be a good purchase to make."

"What! that great house! it would be very expensive to live in. Do you think we ought to undertake it?"

"I think I could well afford whatever added expense there might be, and I do not think we can get on now living in this way. It was bad enough when the Wests were here — and of course we shall want them again; and when Sir Edward Mallet came over for the scientific congress, and brought letters to me, we had no proper place to ask him to stay in, and hardly to give him a dinner."

"I gave him a very good one."

"So he seemed to think; but I should have liked to ask some people to meet him. There is Farquhar, he would have enjoyed it, and it would have been an advantage to him."

"Well!" said Lilian resignedly, "I suppose we cannot expect not to have some of that sort of thing now."

"You would like to ask some of your own family, would you not?"

"Thank you — if it would not interrupt you too much."

"It need not, if I had a place of my own to be in while they are here."

"I would not let it. But indeed, George, I leave the decision entirely to you."

She was sorry she had not spoken with more interest, when she fancied a shade of disappointment on his face. The next day he asked her to go over the house with him. He had the keys, and they were alone and undisturbed as they walked about the pretty garden, and into the house, — a charming one, of modern-antique style, which had been built and lived in just long enough to take off the rawness of itself and its surroundings. As George carefully pointed out every beauty

and convenience, looking somewhat wistfully at Lilian the while, and she responded with an air half absent, half reluctant, husband and wife might be supposed to have changed characters.

"Don't you like the fireplaces? They were taken from old models."

"Yes — oh, yes, they are very pretty."

"And the conservatory — see what a beautiful sunny exposure it has."

"Yes, — very pleasant indeed."

"There is hot and cold water in the butler's pantry, you see; and bathrooms on all the floors."

"Yes — very convenient."

"Why, Lilian, don't you like the house? I thought you would be delighted."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Lilian, rousing

herself; "it is beautiful — only too good for us. I am afraid it will cost a great deal of money to live here."

"That's my affair," said George, a little hurt.

"Indeed, it is just what I always wanted," said Lilian apologetically; "only — I had given up thinking of it — and it does seem very large for — for only two of us."

A great choking sob rose in her throat, and she turned to the window, and looked out through tears that blurred the fine tracery of budding boughs outside.

"My dear Lilian — do you really care for that so much?"

"Oh, George — don't care too much! But you'll care a little, won't you — for my sake?"



## MY WISH.

*By Alice Purcell.*

TEN summers passed since first it came to me,—  
 Ten happy golden summers since this thought,  
 This little timid wish, with drooping head,  
 First came and nestled close and would not flee,  
 But grew apace — the while I deemed it dead.

And now 'tis no more timid, but so strong,  
 E'en if it stood alone it would not faint,  
 But combat bravely and the victory win,—  
 This wish, no longer timid, that so long  
 Has nestled closely deep my heart within.

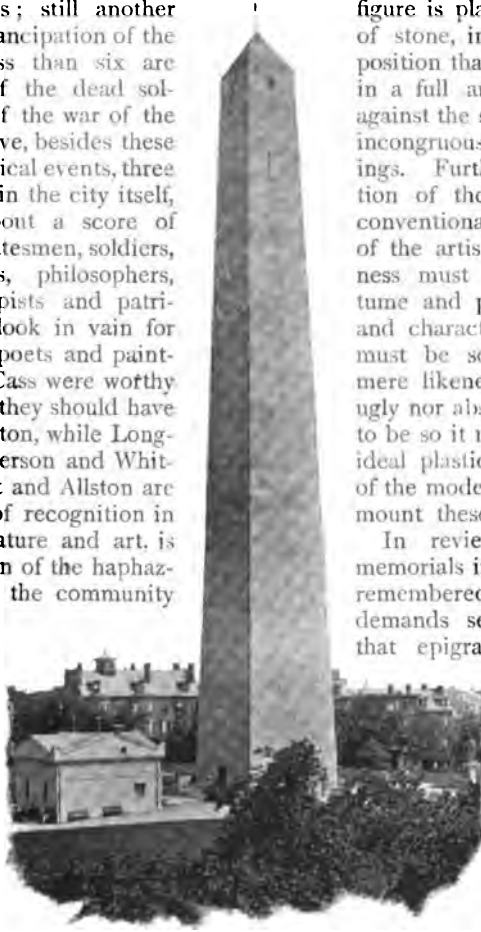
## MONUMENTS AND STATUES IN BOSTON.

*By William Howe Downes.*

OF the thirty odd existing public outdoor statues, monuments, memorials and graven images of one sort and another, within the corporate limits of the city of Boston, nearly two thirds are portrait statues; one is a famous monument reared to commemorate a bloody defeat and a moral victory; another perpetuates the memory of a massacre; three bring to mind important discoveries; still another symbolizes the emancipation of the slaves; and no less than six are raised in honor of the dead soldiers and sailors of the war of the Rebellion. We have, besides these memorials of historical events, three of which occurred in the city itself, the effigies of about a score of great American statesmen, soldiers, orators, reformers, philosophers, sailors, philanthropists and patriots; but we still look in vain for the statues of our poets and painters. Glover and Cass were worthy soldiers; but that they should have monuments in Boston, while Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and Whittier, Copley, Stuart and Allston are without this form of recognition in this centre of literature and art, is a strange indication of the haphazard way in which the community undertakes to express its sense of the eternal fitness of things. Perhaps the time is coming when a portrait statue will not be considered the most appropriate memorial of a great man; and all things considered, perhaps the future citizens of

Boston will have cause to feel that it was well that the poets and painters had to wait a certain term. Be this as it may, it is beyond question that a portrait statue, erected outdoors, is in the nature of the case one of the most difficult of art problems, and that the chances are vastly against the success of such works. The conditions present a peculiarly trying combination of drawbacks. The figure is placed on top of a block of stone, in such a conspicuous position that every line is revealed in a full and untempered light, against the sky, or against an often incongruous background of buildings. Furthermore, the combination of the naturalistic and the conventional creates a terrible test of the artist's powers. The likeness must be truthful, the costume and pose must be correct and characteristic; yet the work must be so much more than a mere likeness, for it must not be ugly nor absurd, and in order not to be so it must have some of the ideal plastic quality. How many of the modern portrait statues surmount these difficulties?

In reviewing the sculptured memorials in Boston, it should be remembered that a serious subject demands serious treatment, and that epigrams, however pointed and amusing, seldom serve the cause of critical justice. A bad statue is ridiculous in itself, and to make it the subject of a jest is like hitting a man when he is down. On the other hand, a very worthy work of art may be made to seem absurd to the



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

*"The most important monument in Boston."*





THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, WORK OF MARTIN MILMORE.

...is imputed upon the  
 ...important monu-  
 ...owing to its  
 ...and ap-  
 ...and the  
 ...of its  
 ...purpose, is  
 ...Monument, in  
 ...Square, Charles-  
 ...work of national rep-  
 ...which, however, owes  
 ...of its prestige to its di-  
 ...and the celebrity of  
 ...battle that it commemo-  
 ...than to its purely artistic  
 ...character. Although the con-  
 ...struction of this work was  
 ...under the immediate direc-  
 ...tion of Solomon Willard, there  
 ...is good authority for the state-  
 ...ment that the design was made  
 ...by Horatio Greenough while  
 ...he was an undergraduate in  
 ...Harvard.\* There is no origi-  
 ...nality about it. It is a gran-  
 ...ite obelisk two hundred and  
 ...twenty-one feet high, thirty  
 ...feet square at the base, taper-  
 ...ing gradually to fifteen feet  
 ...square at the apex, contain-  
 ...ing some six thousand seven  
 ...hundred tons of granite, and  
 ...costing over \$150,000. It  
 ...was begun in 1825 and fin-  
 ...ished in 1843. The ancient  
 ...Egyptian obelisks, after which

...drawing attention to some  
 ...which once re-  
 ...thrust  
 ...with an im-  
 ...real im-  
 ...of  
 ...to  
 ...more  
 ...than  
 ...of  
 ...and  
 ...to the  
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this column and many other modern columns are patterned, depended for the beauty of their effects upon the perfect purity and balance of their proportions, the subtle and graceful curving lines of their profiles, and the highly decorative character of the elaborate inscriptions of hieroglyphics which covered their faces with a rich arabesque of incised lines. As none of these features or characteristics are to be found on any of the lofty modern obelisks (except Mr. J. Ph. Rinn's noble Battle Monument at Bennington, Vt.), it is almost needless to conclude that what dignity they possess is entirely due to their exceptional height

\* See G. W. Warren's "History of the Bunker Hill Monument Association;" also Frothingham's "Siege of Boston."

and the way in which a conspicuous object of this form and character takes the light. Of course, as a merely big thing, the Bunker Hill Monument is to-day much less a marvel than at the time of its completion; we have the highest monument of this class in the world at Washington, and there are several other obelisks, including that at Bennington, which are higher than the Bunker Hill shaft. Although the outlines of the latter are straight, hard and rigid, the gray stone of which it is made takes the sunlight at times with a very pretty effect; and in certain angles of light, from certain not too distant points of view, and against certain cloud effects, such for instance as an approaching squall produces, the towering column assumes for the moment a majesty



THE ETHER MONUMENT. WORK OF J. Q. A. WARD.

*"Among the few ideal works."*

commensurate with its historic purpose and its position and its name. In spite of this fortuitous splendor, it were to be wished that we had here something more intelligently adapted from the antique motive, which seems to be so generally misunderstood by modern artists.

The Army and Navy Monument on Boston Common, by Martin Milmore, dedicated in 1877, and built at a contract price of seventy-five thousand dollars, is a granite decorated Doric column, surmounted by a colossal bronze figure of the Genius of America, and surrounded at the base by four heroic bronze figures and by bronze reliefs. Its chief member is the granite Doric column, some seventy feet high, slightly tapering, and divided at graduated intervals by carved bands



THE BOSTON MASSACRE MONUMENT.  
WORK OF ROBERT KRAUS.

*"The author is disappointed by its awkward lines and the incongruity of the forms."*

projecting in the form of wreaths. This is supported by a solid substructure of granite of considerable proportions, with pedestals projecting from the four corners of the plinth for the support of the bronzes above mentioned, which represent respectively a soldier, a sailor, history and peace. Between these figures are the bronze reliefs, five feet six inches in width by two feet six inches in height,



CHARLESTOWN ARMY AND NAVY MONUMENT.  
WORK OF MARTIN MILMORE.

*"Nothing could be more crude."*

containing portraits of some thirty Massachusetts worthies of the civil war period, and representing respectively "The Departure of the Regiment," "The Sanitary Commission," "A Naval Action," and "The Return from the War and the Surrender of the Battle Flags to the Governor." At the base of the shaft itself are four figures carved in relief in the granite and typifying the North, South,

East and West. The capstone is a circular granite block two feet eleven inches high and five feet in diameter. On this stands the colossal figure of America, a female in a flowing robe, over which is a loose tunic, bound with a girdle at the waist. A heavy mantle clasped at the throat is thrown back over the shoulder and falls the full length of the figure behind. On the head is a crown with thirteen stars. The right hand holds an unsheathed sword and two laurel wreaths; the left hand holds a banner draped about a staff which reaches to a height of about six feet above the head of the statue. This monument, considered as an architectural composition, is one of the least meritorious, for its size, cost and pretensions, in the city. Its proportions are almost entirely devoid of style, distinction and harmony. It appears indeed to have been thrown together without much thought of the ensemble; certainly it is quite wanting in a good disposition of masses, a pleasant movement of its lines, and an organic correlation of its parts. There are some good bits of sculpture in the details, — the figure of the blue-jacket, for example; but a monument of this character is primarily an architectural work, and there is hardly a respectable architectural principle but is violated by it as it stands. The heavy figure of the Genius of America, at the summit, matronly and melancholy, has no fit place on the top of a column, and at the angle at which it is seen from the ground it suggests little meaning and possesses little grace. The reliefs are diverting specimens of that dreadful thing, realism in sculpture. Here indeed was a tempting opportunity for Wendell Phillips to be as funny as he could; but no, he took this monument seriously, and thought it wondrous fine. It is, on the contrary, one of the poorest monuments in Boston, and even one of the poorest army and navy monuments of all the innumerable poor ones in the country; and yet it stands in the most conspicuous position on Boston Common. The inscription, written by President Eliot,



THE EMANCIPATION GROUP. WORK OF  
THOMAS BALL.

*"Wanting in nobility and historic dignity."*

is a noble example of terse and strong English: —

TO THE MEN OF BOSTON WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY ON LAND AND SEA IN THE WAR WHICH KEPT THE UNION WHOLE, DESTROYED SLAVERY AND MAINTAINED THE CONSTITUTION THE GRATEFUL CITY HAS BUILT THIS MONUMENT THAT THEIR EXAMPLE MAY SPEAK TO COMING GENERATIONS.

These simple, stirring words suggest the thought that the men of Boston who died for their country deserve a far better monument, — the best that art can devise, — and the hope that coming generations may be sufficiently patriotic to provide a memorial worthy of their heroism.

The Boston Massacre Monument, on the Common, near Tremont Street, was erected in 1888 by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in honor of those who fell in the Boston massacre of 1770.

This work, which is by Robert Kraus, cost \$12,000. It is a structure of granite and bronze, the main part of the composition consisting of a round tapering monolith in the form of a Celtic tower, with a pedestal in front of it supporting a heroic bronze figure which symbolizes the Spirit of Revolution, — a spirited female figure, in a dramatic attitude, holding a flag furled on its staff with one hand, while in the other she brandishes a broken chain. An American eagle, with outspread wings and a belligerent mien, is perched at the left of the Revolution, and under her foot lies a shattered crown. The principal figure, which is thinly draped and wears a Phrygian cap on her head, has a great deal of energy and life. The names of the five victims of the massacre are carved in relief in block letters on the front of the shaft just above the bronze figure. Beneath the figure on the front of the pedestal is a large upright bronze bas-relief depicting the massacre, with its background of the Old State House, at the head of State Street; and in the upper corners of



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. WORK OF  
THOMAS BALL.

*"One of the most interesting and spirited statues in town."*

the relief are quotations from John Adams and Daniel Webster, alluding to the important results of the public feeling aroused by the massacre. The author of



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. WORK OF RICHARD S. GREENOUGH.

*"Franklin in his habit as he lived."*

this monument apparently gave no especial attention to the architectural part of his problem, which was by far the more important part; and he has been much disappointed since the work has been in place by its awkward lines and the incongruity of the forms. He has suggested that it would be a good idea to set out ivy to clamber over the granite, leaving only the bronzes uncovered; and since no attention has been paid to this suggestion, he now states that he would like to make a radical change in the composition by cutting the shaft off at the level of the top of the pedestal.

The Ether Monument, in the Public Garden, appears to have been originally intended for a fountain as well as a mon-

ument, since it rises from the centre of a basin which usually contains a stagnant pool of water, and the monument has on each of its faces a carved lion's head and a cluster of water-lilies; the lions' open mouths being evidently intended to serve as the source whence the water should spout into the basin. Like most of the Boston fountains, however, it is usually without water. This interesting memorial, which was erected in 1868, is of gray unpolished granite and red polished granite. It cannot be said that the two materials go together very well. The monument is thirty feet high; it is crowned by a sculptured group of the



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. WORK OF OLIN L. WARNER.

*"Among the most respectable statues in Boston."*

Good Samaritan and the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. This, which is cut in granite, is by J. Q. A. Ward, who also carved the bas-reliefs; but the architect has not signed his work. This modesty is as unusual as it is becoming. The work has been much admired;

but it seems to me badly cut up and clumsy in proportions. The granite base is square; upon it rests a surbase decorated with mouldings; and on this is a die bearing upon each face an inscription surmounted by a small marble bas-relief. Two of the reliefs depict surgical operations in hospitals, and the other two represent allegorical subjects,—the Triumph of Science and the Angel of Mercy. The reliefs are sunk in the tympana of four pointed and cuspidated arches, each supported by two stunted shafts of the red granite. The capitals of the shafts are ornamented with carved oak leaves and poppies. The same decoration is carried around the monument in a string-course. The arches form canopies, shadowing the bas-reliefs. Above them a grouped quadripartite shaft of red granite rises, its capital also carved with



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT. WORK OF HENRY H. KITSON.

*"It will easily rank with the best statues we have."*



COLONEL WILLIAM PRESCOTT. WORK OF W. W. STORY.

*"For some reason it fails to move."*

oak leaves, and on this rests the Biblical group before mentioned. The Samaritan is a patriarchal figure, who holds the wounded man against his knee while he stanches his wound. The group has an excellent effect seen from the point of view that is usually and naturally taken, and it may be said to embody a fine conception of the subject. It is a little cramped, and the material is an ungrateful one for sculpture, in spite of which the group is among the few ideal works of the sort which demand serious consideration.

The very best ideal sculptures in Boston, however, up to date, are due to Daniel C. French, and are to be seen in Post Office Square and in Forest Hills Cemetery. The great marble groups on their dizzy pedestals, at a height of one



EDWARD EVERETT. WORK OF W. W. STORY.  
*"There is no life in it."*

hundred feet above the pavement, which adorn the United States Post Office, are rich and lovely examples of emblematic art, of a sort which it is to be hoped we shall employ more and more in conjunction with architecture, in obedience to the eloquent and irresistible example of the Columbian Exposition. These two groups set up on projecting masses of granite masonry, at the right and left of the façade, consist of figures over fifteen feet high, and are cut in Vermont marble. The northern group represents "Science controlling the Forces of Steam and Electricity." The southern group represents "Labor protecting the Family and the Arts." In the first-named composition, Science is typified by a noble female figure between Steam and Electricity. Steam is a powerful male figure chained to a wheel; Electricity is a supple youth,

ready to put a girdle round the earth more rapidly than Puck at the bidding of Mother Science. In the other group, we have Labor depicted in the guise of a magnificently developed blacksmith, with his hammer and anvil; the family is a beautiful mother and child; and on the other side the arts are symbolized by a young girl with a vase. Owing to their great height above the square, these groups have been comparatively unremarked; but they merit attention, and will be found to be more satisfying and refreshing the better they are known.

In Forest Hills Cemetery stands French's great monument to the Milmore brothers, the bronze high relief, "Death arresting the Hand of the Sculptor." The hooded figure of Death, advancing unperceived, extending its hand with a deliberate and firm movement of command, surprises the young artist at his work, full of plans for the



LEIF ERICSSON. WORK OF ANNE WHITNEY.  
*"It has an uneasy and strained appearance."*

future, full of mundane ambitions and engrossed by his art, incredulous of his fate, unable to conceive of the possibility of being cut off at a moment. He turns reluctantly to see who has the temerity to interrupt such important proceedings as he has in hand, and confronts this stranger, who, with a touch as light as a feather, but as irresistible as destiny, beckons the blithe youth away from all that he loves. The story is told with wonderful beauty, tenderness and sympathy; and in this grand bronze picture of Death and the Sculptor we have one of the purest and noblest contributions to American art which has been made by any sculptor of our time. To see it as it stands, under the trees, on the summit of a little hill, with the shadows flickering over it, among the graves, and to meditate on its purport, is an experience that leaves an ineradicable memory of something at once majestic and infinitely sweet. The Milmore monument marks one of the spots whither pilgrimages will be made in the future. And, better still, it points to the time, not now so far away, when our memorials to the dead shall be works of art.

There are army and navy monuments, not only in the city proper, but also in Charlestown, Roxbury, Dorchester, Jamaica Plain and Brighton. I shall have occasion to speak only of that in Charlestown, which is a heavy granite memorial in the centre of Winthrop Square. It is the work of Martin Milmore, and was erected in 1872, at a cost of \$20,000. The work is puerile. On an ill-proportioned pedestal, not far from sixteen feet high, there is a group of three colossal figures, namely, America in the centre, who holds out in both hands laurel wreaths, above the heads of the soldier and the sailor, who stand on each side of her. The group is hardly worth serious consideration as sculpture. Nothing could be more crude.

In connection with the subject of memorials relating to the civil war a few words must be said with respect to the Emancipation group, in Park Square, by Thomas Ball. This is a replica of the Freedmen's

Memorial, in Washington, D. C. It was erected in 1879, at a cost of \$17,000, being a gift to the city from Moses Kimball. The figures of Lincoln and of a negro are set upon a clumsy pedestal, the President standing, with the black man kneeling at his feet, the broken fetters falling from his limbs. The conception is wanting in nobility and historic dignity, and the execution of the work is stupid.



SAMUEL ADAMS. WORK OF ANNE WHITNEY.

*"Fatally wanting in life and beauty."*

Here was an inspiring subject, of grand historical character, worthy of the attention of the greatest masters. The opportunity was not taken. Yet the same artist had modelled the equestrian Washington, in the Public Garden, and had acquitted himself most honorably. The fact is, Ball's first important public commission appears to have exhausted him, and after making his reputation by the equestrian Washington, he never made another good statue for Boston. His Quincy comes



the nearest to being acceptable. The Sumner is the acme of plastic inanity; the Lincoln is flat and vapid; and the marble figure of Andrew in the State House has no merit beyond its literal truth as a likeness of the war governor.

Looking at the equestrian Washington, which is one of the most interesting and spirited statues in town, it is hard to realize that the same man who made it



QUINCY. WORK OF THOMAS BALL.

"The horse is dignified, if somewhat self-conscious."

should be capable of producing such inferior things as the Quincy, the Sumner, the Lincoln and the Andrew.

We owe the Washington statue to the unselfish efforts of the artists of Boston, who, in 1850, started the movement and chose the committee and signed an ap-

peal to the public for funds. Ball had already modelled a sketch of the work, half the size of life, and this the artists approved unanimously. The statue, which has a very favorable location in the Public Garden, was erected in 1869. It cost exactly \$42,442.28. Of this sum a great fair held in 1859 supplied \$10,984.03; the donations of friends came to a total of \$12,875; a surplus of \$5,000 was contributed by the committee on the Edward Everett statue; the city appropriated \$10,000; and the accrued interest on the fund amounted to \$3,583.25, making the grand total over \$42,000. The dimensions of the monument are as follows: The pedestal, of Quincy granite, designed by Hammat Billings, is fifteen feet long, seven feet six inches wide, and eighteen feet high. The ends are rounding. Of the statue itself, which is bronze and which weighs one thousand pounds, the extreme length is sixteen feet, height sixteen feet, height of the figure of Washington alone twelve feet, height of the plinth thirteen and one half inches; the total height of the monument is therefore about thirty-five feet. This is the only equestrian statue in Boston. It has a grand air, and the impression that it makes is gallant and romantic. In the pose there is life enough, but it escapes the imputation of violence. The apparent relation between the horse and the man is good, in scale, movement and balance. The conception is heroic, romantic and picturesque, rather than realistic. There are some weak spots in the modelling, "holes," such as are not seen in the work of the first masters; but the whole composition, as one walks around it and surveys it from different points of view, offers so much that is spirited and attractive,—if somewhat conventional,—that it may fairly be classed among the four best statues in Boston, the other three being the Franklin by Greenough, the Garrison by Warner, and the Farragut by Kitson.

Ball's equestrian Washington is a lively embodiment of the idealized *Pater patrie* of the school histories and the reading-books,—noble, grave, remote and a trifle stilted. The horse partakes of his



CHARLES SUMNER. WORK OF THOMAS BALL.  
*"The pedestal is about as bad as the statue."*

master's characteristics. Fully aware that he bears no ordinary rider, he may be said to lift his foot with a visible sense of historic dignity.

The statue of Benjamin Franklin, in the City Hall yard, School Street, is by Richard S. Greenough. It was erected in 1856, at a cost of \$20,000. This is one of the most picturesque, interesting and storied monuments in Boston. It is one of the few portrait statues outdoors which are satisfactory, which wear well, and which are in no respect ridiculous or offensive. It shows us Franklin "in his habit as he lived," without any toga nonsense, without any posing, but apparently walking along in a thoughtful mood, as he must have walked down School Street hundreds of times. It is considered a good likeness, and it has the quality of intimacy; it satisfies the literary ideal as to Franklin's aspect and carriage. The

costume is excellent; it consists of a long top-coat trimmed with fur and worn unbuttoned, a waistcoat and knee breeches. The cane held in the right hand, and the three-cornered hat held under the left arm, complete the outfit, so much more congenial to the sculptor than the modern costume of frock coat and trousers, the *bête noir* of artists. Franklin's head is drooping a little, indicating his meditative habit; and nothing could be farther from the truth than Wendell Phillips's fantastic imputations. The figure is eight feet high. It is set upon a very handsome and elaborate pedestal, which is worth a somewhat particular description. The base is of granite, on which is set a die of handsomely veined verd antique marble framing four



GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW. WORK OF  
 THOMAS BALL.

*"It is considered a good likeness."*



COLONEL THOMAS CASS. WORK OF JAMES KELLY.

*"Mr. Kelly supposed the statue was to be placed in a cemetery."*

bronze bas-reliefs, presenting as many scenes from the life of Franklin, and illustrating in a striking manner his extraordinary achievements in the realms of invention, statesmanship and diplomacy. Beginning with the front of the die, we have a bas-relief depicting Franklin as a youth in his brother's printing office in Boston. There are two figures, those of Franklin and of his brother, and at the left is the old hand press, which is still owned by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. Type-cases, forms, copy and all the objects to be seen in a printing office, are shown. The youthful figure of Franklin is charming for its innocence and ingenuousness and candor. His brother is engaged in "locking up" a form. I like this bas-relief better

than any other in Boston. It is done with delicious simplicity of feeling, and is not overcrowded with figures and accessories. On the back of the die is a bas-relief representing the renowned experiment with the kite and the key, — the discovery of the electrical character of lightning, so wittily described in the well-known Latin epigram carved underneath: —

ERIPUIT COELO FULMEN SCEPTRUMQUE  
TYRANNIS.

This also is a delightful picture in bronze. The shed with the two figures in the foreground, and the distance at the left with the two horses in a pasture, the trees, fences, and the chain-lightning against the cloud overhead, all are executed with loving care, and form interesting details to study. The other two bas-reliefs on the sides of the die are by Thomas Ball, and are not as good as Greenough's. They represent the negotiations for the Treaty of Peace and Independence in Paris, in September, 1783, with six figures, those

of Franklin, Jay, Adams and the British commissioners; and the "Declaration of American Independence," after Trumbull's picture, which Randolph of Roanoke called the "shin piece." In the form of a bas-relief the shins of the signers are especially conspicuous.

The heroic bronze statue of William Lloyd Garrison, in Commonwealth Avenue, near Dartmouth Street, is to be numbered among the most respectable statues in Boston. It is worthy of respect as a serious and studied work and a faithful presentation of a personal character; but it cannot be called in any degree a beautiful example of sculpture, as a whole, nor can it be regarded as an inspired work. Garrison is shown in a sitting position, in an arm-chair. His head is erect, and is turned slightly toward the right, and in his right hand, which rests upon his knee, he



DANIEL WEBSTER.  
WORK OF HIRAM  
POWERS.

*"Everything about the statue is ordinary."*

holds that roll of manuscript which is the last resort of the distracted sculptor who does not know what to do with his subject's hands. Beneath the chair lies a



HORACE MANN. WORK OF EMMA STEBBINS.

*"A distinctly inferior piece of sculpture."*

volume of Garrison's anti-slavery paper, *The Liberator*. On one side of the rather too low granite pedestal is the following quotation from the reformer's writings:—

"I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard."

And on the other side is this quotation:—

"My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind."

If all parts of the figure were equal in merit to the head, it would be a masterpiece. The expression of intellectual life and of intensity of purpose in the face is highly remarkable. The work is by Olin L. Warner. It was set up in 1886.

The statue of Admiral Farragut, erected in 1893, in the Marine Park, City Point, South Boston, is by Henry Hudson Kitson. It is a heroic bronze figure, eight and a half feet high, and it stands on a massive pedestal of dark gray granite, near the water's edge, and facing the harbor and the distant ocean. This is the work of a competent and trained hand, and it will easily rank with



ALEXANDER HAMILTON. WORK OF DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

*"The figure suggests a snow image which is partially melted."*

the best statues we have. The figure stands uncommonly well, with a firm and natural pose and a virile bearing. The left foot is somewhat advanced, but the

weight of the body is thrown on both feet. The admiral is represented holding a double-barrelled marine glass close to his hip in his right hand, and the left hand is passive, the arm being swung slightly forward in a movement which is problematical and not altogether easy. The skirt of the double-breasted frock coat is blown back by the breeze, the action of which is also shown in almost all the lines of the drapery, which is managed with considerable tact. It is in the head of course that the interest properly centres; and it is here that the artist has displayed his force. The face is very stern and intent. The prominent brow, aquiline nose, strong chin and earnest mouth manifest the great strength of character and the inexhaustible fund of grit and determination and steadfastness of the great admiral. There are intellectual vitality, sturdy character and a plenty of latent pugnacity in this severe



GENERAL JOHN GLOVER. WORK OF MARTIN MILMORE.

*"The faults of form in the figure are glaring."*

countenance. The visor of the cap shades the forehead, and the curly locks of the hero's hair escaping from the confinement of the cap at the sides of the head, just above the ears, aid in giving an agreeable form to the head. The back is fine, and gives almost as much of the expression of individual character as the front. When this can be said of a statue, it is going far. The location of this statue is not only in accordance with the finest fitness, but it has the advantage, which will be permanent, of the clear open background of the sky. There is at present no inscription on the pedestal; and a friend suggests this profane and plucky signal, which was made on the flagship at Mobile Bay when the fleet showed signs of demoralization: —

DAMN THE TORPEDOES: GO AHEAD.



GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP. WORK OF RICHARD GREENOUGH.

*"One of the weakest and most ludicrous effigies in Boston."*

This has already been adopted, I am told, as a motto in a manual of signals used by the Russian navy. The phrase belongs to the category of those objectionable expressions at which the recording angel is said to wink.

In Monument Square, Charlestown, near the base of the Bunker Hill Monument, stands the bronze heroic statue of Col. William Prescott, by W. W. Story. Prescott was one of the commanders of the American forces in the battle (that is a sufficiently guarded statement), and he was the author of the immortal injunction, "Don't fire until I tell you; don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." The pose of the figure is active, and should express action, but it does not; for some reason it fails to move. The right leg is advanced, the right hand holds a sword, with its point lowered, and the left hand is held back in a movement of repression, of restraint, as if to emphasize the order to the men to hold their fire. The rigidity of that gesture is painful, and yet the action was well conceived. The front view is fairly pleasing, with the monument for a background. The costume, literally true to history, but untrue in a large sense, since it presents an essentially soldierly character in a most unmilitary light, lends itself to sculptural effect, but its treatment is crude. Although much serious thought and study appear to have been given to this work, yet as a whole the effect is missed, not so much through a want of plastic sense as through a want of the executive ability to carry out the conception in an adequate way. The statue is nine feet high; the pedestal, of polished red granite, is only seven feet high. The work was erected in 1881.

On looking at the statue of Edward Everett, which is by the same artist, and which stands in the Public Garden, the same weaknesses become evident. The action intended to be portrayed is dramatic, but the figure is stiff, and gives no idea of movement. Everett is shown in a distinctly oratorical attitude, but there is no life in it. Story's work is careful and scholarly, academic and sufficiently original in motive, but it is wholly un-

inspired. The Everett was erected in 1867.

The statue of Leif Ericsson, the Norseman, who, according to the Scandinavian folklore, landed on this part of the New England coast some eight hundred years ago, stands in that part of Commonwealth Avenue which forms the approach to the Back Bay Fens. It is the work of Anne Whitney. The figure,



COLUMBUS. WORK OF ALOIS BUYENS.

*"The modelling is neither very good nor very bad."*

which of course is ideal, and is intended to represent a racial type merely, is that of a powerfully built young man, with long hair falling down his back. He wears a casque, a shirt of mail, close-fitting breeches, a belt and circular breast-plates. He holds a horn in his right hand, partly behind him and resting upon his hip, and with his left hand he shelters his eyes from the glare of the sunlight as he gazes at the distant land.



BEETHOVEN. WORK OF THOMAS CRAWFORD.

*"Considered by good judges a fine and noble work."*

The weight of the body is thrown on the left foot, and the head is turned slightly to the left. The attitude and action imply that the Norseman is standing at the prow of his vessel as he approaches the unknown continent; and the form of the pedestal, which is of red stone carved to represent the bow and stern of a Viking ship, further explains the nature of the motive. The subject was of a sort to give every advantage to the artist and a free scope for the imagination, — a hardy and adventurous and primitive type of explorer; a costume which has none of the vulgar ugliness of the modern coat and trousers; and above all the commemoration of a distant, heroic, picturesque, romantic episode. The sculptor has conceived a Norseman who, although big enough, looks soft and flabby, and whose features are those of a gentle youth who would be more at home at an afternoon tea than on board a Viking ship roving in strange seas. The pose

is exceedingly suggestive of a conscious attitude. It is not happy in its lines, for it has an uneasy and strained appearance. The position of the right arm seems artificial. It is generally thought, I find, that the figure is effeminate, and it is unquestionably true that it produces that impression. At all events, it answers to no plausible ideal of the Norseman's character. There is a duplicate of this statue in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The statue of Samuel Adams, in Adams Square, is by the same artist. It is a counterpart of the statue in the Capitol at Washington. It was erected in 1880, and the cost was \$6,856. It represents Adams striking an attitude of defiance and resolution, and is held to portray him as he may have looked after demanding of Governor Hutchinson the immediate



THEODORE PARKER. WORK OF ROBERT KRAUS.  
ON TEMPORARY PEDESTAL.

removal of the British troops from Boston, and while awaiting the Englishman's reply. The costume, of the revolutionary period, is not bad for a statue, and there is a sort of sturdy simplicity about the dogged pose that is true to Adams's character; but the work is fatally wanting in life and beauty.

This statue, as well as those of Quincy, by Ball, in the City Hall yard, and of Winthrop, by Greenough, in Scollay Square, was paid for by the fund left to the city in 1860 by Jonathan Phillips, who left twenty thousand dollars, from the income of which these works were bought "to adorn and embellish the streets and public places." The intention was noble.

Ball's statue of Josiah Quincy is the one that reminded the slashing Phillips (not Jonathan, but Wendell) of a dancing-master clogged with horse-blankets. I have never been able to perceive any suggestion of the dancing-master in the figure. It is, of course, extremely unnatural to swathe a portrait statue in draperies such as no one nowadays wears in real life; but the obvious purpose of it, unnatural as it may seem, should excite only compassion for the sculptor, who is trying to hide the trousers and the coat. A statue is all conventionality, anyway; and why not allow the artist to clothe it as he pleases, so long as he escapes ugliness? The pose of the Quincy is dignified, if somewhat self-conscious. The work makes an impression of stately conventionality. The head is fine. The draperies are not well modelled. The large pedestal of Italian marble, rich in color, is quite imposing. Erected 1879. Cost \$18,000.

I have studied all of Ball's statues in Boston with uncommon attention; and the more I look at them the more difficult it is to believe that the same man made the Washington, the Quincy, the Sumner, the Emancipation group, and the Andrew.

The Sumner is certainly the worst of the lot; I do not believe there is a redeeming feature in it. The pedestal is about as bad as the statue. The cost of this thing was fifteen thousand dollars. It was put up in 1878. I have been told

that "it looks like Sumner." If this be true, he was overrated. Ball has posed him in a phenomenally awkward attitude, holding that tiresome roll of tin manuscript in one hand, and with the other making a gesture of the most remarkable clumsiness and the most complete emptiness of meaning.

The statue of Governor John A. Andrew, in the Doric Hall, at the State House, is of marble; was set up in 1872; and cost \$10,000. It is considered a good likeness, and this is a merit that should never be despised.

In the same room is Chantrey's well-known marble statue of Washington, draped in the voluminous folds of a military cloak. It cost \$15,000, and was given to the Commonwealth in 1828 by the Washington Monument Association.

In the little museum building at the base of the Bunker Hill Monument there is a marble statue of Gen. Joseph Warren, by Henry Dexter. It was made in 1857. The pose is decidedly artificial, the face being upturned, and the hands being theatrically disposed, the one resting on the hilt of a sword, and the other pointing toward the sword. The pedestal is of green marble.

The two little statues of Columbus and Aristides, in Louisburg Square, are also cut in marble. Their authorship, alas! remains shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

The little statue of Col. Cass, in the Public Garden, which is of granite, was made by Mr. Kelly, who, in explanation, is reported to have said that he supposed the statue was to be placed in a cemetery. The curious thing about this remark, I think, is the side light it throws upon the customary estimation in which the memorials to the dead are held in this country. The idea is that anything is good enough for a cemetery.

It remains to speak of the statues of Daniel Webster, Alexander Hamilton, John Winthrop, Horace Mann, John Glover and Christopher Columbus, before touching upon the prospective additions to our bronze population.

The statue of Webster, which stands in the State House yard, on Beacon Street, is the work of Hiram Powers. It is a



heroic bronze figure, on a pinched granite pedestal, and it was set up in 1859, at a cost of \$10,000. Webster's left hand rests on a cluster of fasces, and with his right hand, which holds the overworked roll of manuscript, he points to the aforesaid fasces, thus, it may be supposed, indicating that he represents the principle that union is strength. The conception and the execution of this extremely commonplace work are on a par. The face does not look like the pictures of Webster; and we are told by the "Memorial History of Boston" that the statue met with so much adverse criticism at the time it was made, that Mr. Everett, who delivered in 1859 an oration at its dedication, felt called upon to defend it. George Ticknor Curtis and J. T. Stevenson argued publicly that the work should not be accepted as an adequate representation of Webster; but the most cutting remark that has ever been made about it was that of the late James Jackson Jarves, who observed that it "was built up after an intense study of his [Webster's] last suit of clothing." Everything about the statue is ordinary, uncouth and coarse; as a portrait it presents Webster to us in the guise of a narrow-minded and stubborn person of limited scope and sympathies.

The statue of Horace Mann, in the State House yard, is by Emma Stebbins. It was erected in 1865. The fund to pay for it was raised by the school children of the state. The bronze figure of Mann, on a brown stone pedestal, is wrapped in a copious array of cloak. In one hand a book is held, and the other hand is extended in a gesture of supplication. The expression of the face is problematical. This is a distinctly inferior piece of sculpture, but it is less offensive, less hideous, than some figures by artists of far greater reputations.

A curious work is the granite statue of Alexander Hamilton, by Dr. William Rimmer, in Commonwealth Avenue. It stands on a high and massive granite pedestal; and it was given to the city in 1865 by Thomas Lee, who also gave the Ether Monument. There is little or no modelling except about the head, and the

appearance of the figure suggests a snow image which is partially melted.

The Winthrop statue, in Scollay Square, is by Richard Greenough, the author of the Franklin statue; but what a difference there is between these two works! The Winthrop is one of the weakest and most ludicrous effigies in Boston. Yet the subject was a first-rate one for the sculptor. He has depicted the first governor of the colony as if he had just landed here. He wears the picturesque costume of 1630. In his right hand he bears the inevitable roll of manuscript (this time it is the colonial charter), and in his left hand he holds the Bible. Behind him, a little to the right, is the stump of a tree, and a bit of rope,—charming illustrative accessories, rather crowding the already undersized plinth, but explicitly giving the world to understand that Winthrop has just stepped ashore and that the boat is securely moored. The pedestal is a horror, made of polished red granite, set on a gray granite base. This statue is a replica of that in the Capitol at Washington; it was erected in 1880, and its cost was \$7,391.

Of the statue of Gen. John Glover, in Commonwealth Avenue, by Martin Milmore, I quote the following terse description from "Bacon's Dictionary of Boston": "The statue in Commonwealth Avenue, of General John Glover, a revolutionary general, who commanded a regiment raised in Essex county, especially in Marblehead, was given to the city by the late Benjamin T. Reed, in 1875. It is the work of Martin Milmore. It is of bronze, heroic size, and represents the sturdy old soldier in his continental uniform with a heavy military overcoat hanging in graceful folds from his shoulder. His left leg is advanced, with the foot resting on a cannon, and in his right hand he holds his sword, the point resting on the ground, while the empty scabbard is grasped in his left." The work is rather showy and theatrical, and comes near to being bombastic in its effect. The subject was fine; but the faults of form in the figure are glaring.

The statue of Columbus, by Alois Buysens, a Belgian sculptor, stands on a large pedestal in front of the Cathedral

of the Holy Cross, Washington Street. It was erected in 1893. The figure is about eight feet six inches in height. Columbus points downward at a globe with his right hand, and lifts his left hand in a gesture which is doubtless intended to signify his gratitude to Heaven and his acknowledgment of the divine favor by virtue of which he has been able to accomplish his purpose. At the same time he uplifts his countenance heavenward, as it might be in prayer. The artist has conceived Columbus primarily as a man of piety, and has expressed the religious phase of his character with more than sufficient distinctness. The globe and the index finger pointing to it are childish symbols of discovery, like the tree stump and rope in the case of the Winthrop statue and various other illustrative devices of the sort. The figure stands well on its legs, and it is correctly and picturesquely costumed. The modeling is neither very good nor very bad.

The three figures in granite which adorn the façade of Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, are by Martin Milmore; they represent Ceres (surmounting the central division) and, on the north and south buttresses of the second story, Flora and Pomona. They are the first public works executed by Milmore, and are obviously callow performances.

The scope of this paper does not extend beyond Boston; but the reader who is especially interested in sculpture should not fail to visit Cambridge, where French's seated figure of John Harvard and a few other notable works are to be seen. In the chapel of Mount Auburn Cemetery may be found four celebrated marble portrait statues, namely, those of Judge Story, by W. W. Story, of Governor John Winthrop, by Richard S. Greenough, of James Otis, by Thomas Crawford, and of John Adams, by Randolph Rogers. Just outside this chapel is a remarkably impressive colossal granite sphinx, modelled by Martin Milmore as a memorial of the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union. Near by is the seated bronze statue of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous mathematician and nautical writer, by Ball Hughes. Mount Auburn contains many other interesting sculptures, some

very beautiful and touching memorials, and some painful and absurd manifestations of perverted taste as well.

The statue of Beethoven, by Thomas Crawford, in the Boston Music Hall, has always been considered by good judges a fine and noble work. The figure is completely enveloped in a long cloak, and the head is bowed; the hands hold a pen and a scroll. There is real dignity in this figure, which is also much aided by its favorable location. Crawford's "Orpheus" is in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Among the projected monuments and statues for Boston, I shall allude briefly to those which seem to be reasonably certain of realization. The memorial to Col. Robert Gould Shaw and his negro regiment, to be erected in Beacon Street, opposite the State House, will be a bronze high relief, by Augustus St. Gaudens; it has been under way a long time; and those who have seen the sketches for it promise us a masterpiece. The same sculptor has been commissioned to make the monument to Phillips Brooks, for which a very large sum of money has been raised; and the statue is to be located close by Trinity Church in Copley Square. A monument to the poet John Boyle O'Reilly is in the hands of Daniel C. French. This work will consist of a sculptured monolith forming a background for a bronze portrait bust in front and for a bronze group of three symbolic figures behind. The monolith will be about fourteen feet high and six feet wide. On the lower part of it the inscriptions will be cut, and above will be low relief patterns derived from ancient Celtic motives. The bust will be set on a pedestal about ten feet high. The group of three bronze figures at the back of the monolith will also rest upon a pedestal, and will typify Mother Erin, Patriotism and Poetry, the two last named being nude male figures. Behind this group the monolith will be carved with a large Celtic cross surrounded by a rich pattern of shamrocks, etc. The monument will stand on a platform of low steps, making the total height not far from sixteen feet. Mr. French is to make a portrait statue of Ralph

Waldo Emerson, his fellow-townsmen, and some generous donor is said to intend to give it to the city, to be placed inside the new Public Library, Copley Square. Mr. MacMonnies's statue of Sir Harry Vane, which was much admired in the Paris Salon of 1894, has been given to the city by Dr. Charles G. Weld, and it has been set up in the new Public Library. A portrait statue of Theodore Parker, by Robert Kraus, the author of the Boston Massacre Monument, is already completed, and only awaits the edict of the Boston Art Commission to be put in place. Of the proposed monuments for which the means have been provided and of which the authorship is settled, I may mention also the statue of Gen. Charles Devens. The legislature of 1891 appropriated the sum of \$15,000 for this work, and the Boston Art Commission, having been intrusted with the duty of selecting the sculptor, gave the commission to Olin L. Warner. The statue will represent Gen. Devens in his military character, wearing the uniform of a major-general. The sites talked of are the space in front of the new Suffolk County Court House in Pemberton Square and the open ground between the State House extension and Bowdoin Street. In 1889 the city of Boston opened a competition for proposed statues of Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. Philip H. Sheridan and Admiral Farragut. The Sheridan statue was of course to be equestrian. The competition was two

thirds a failure. It resulted finally in the order for the Farragut by Mr. Kitson, alone; and, for the time at least, the Grant and Sheridan projects were dropped.

The suggestion made by Anne Whitney not long ago, that the Parisian custom of erecting provisional statues be adopted here — that is to say, the device of setting up a sketch statue, full size, in place, before deciding definitively upon the acceptance or rejection of the work — is to be unreservedly recommended. This custom has good sense to recommend it, and would have saved us some of the inflictions which have been a part of the theme of this paper. An example of the way they do these things in France is the course of proceedings respecting the statuary on the top of the Arch of Triumph of the Star. The colossal group for this important place was modelled in plaster, full size, by Falguière, and was set in place, and left there for a long time, several years, if I am not mistaken. At last it was taken down and definitively rejected, as being out of harmony with the architecture of the monument. Fremiet, the sculptor who made the equestrian Joan of Arc, in the rue de Rivoli, after the work had been in place some years, saw how he could improve upon it; he thereupon got permission to remove it, had it taken down, remodelled the whole thing, and at his own expense had the work recast and erected in the same site. He thus gave one of the most striking examples on record of artistic conscience.

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## LOGIC.

*By Katharine Lee Bates.*

SINCE hunger is, bread needs must be.  
 Man begs from west to east  
 And, starved on human charity,  
 Looks for celestial feast.

Sublimely invincible,  
 When earth his claims denies,  
 When flint and thorn his foot repel,  
 He arrogates the skies.

## A NEW ENGLAND PIRATE.

By David Buffum.



WE are not accustomed to look for much romance in early New England life. Yet human nature is everywhere much the same whether in cavalier or roundhead; and the stern spirit of early New England could not restrain the more powerful passions, ambitions, loves and hates which sometimes asserted themselves within its pale. The story which I am to relate partakes in some of its details of the nature of a tragedy; and though its leading characters were born in the very atmosphere of Puritanism, they were certainly not dominated by its spirit.

In a small town on the New England coast, which I shall call Charlestown, dwelt two men, Joshua Pelham and Harvey Currier. Both were well-to-do for those times, and the houses in which they lived, much more pretentious than those of their neighbors, were standing until a quite recent date. The Pelham house was on the main street of the village, square, white, and with a handsome railing round its hipped roof. The Currier mansion, somewhat plainer, yet very large, was at Smugglers' Cove, about a mile and a half from the village.

The two men were bachelors, and had been warm friends; but about the time when our story opens their friendship was broken by what so often breaks men's friendships,—a woman. A certain young lady named Sally Thornton, scarcely out of her teens, came to the village, and made her home with her guardian,—an astute, shrewd Puritan gentleman, known as Deacon King. That the young lady was beautiful I can assert without hesitation, for I have seen her portrait. Both men fell in love with her; and Currier won the prize. The young lady did not choose wisely, as the sequel showed. But her choice was natural enough. Currier was much younger than Pelham, whose hair was already turning gray, was

handsomer, and his character was believed to be excellent.

The two men were fair rivals when the courtship began; before it ended, they were bitter enemies. Very soon after Currier and Miss Thornton were married, Pelham sold his horses and cattle, closed his house, and left Charlestown for "parts unknown"—at least unknown to his neighbors. Had the mail facilities of those days been better, they would have had little trouble in learning where he went; for he took passage from Boston in the ship *Leon*, Manuel Silveria, master, bound for Honduras. His passion for Sally Thornton appears to have been very strong; and the following letter, which he sent her on the day on which he left Charlestown, throws some light on his character. It was dated at Charlestown, and is still in the possession of his descendants.

*My beloved Madam:*

Inasmuch as youre honoured husbände hath forbidden mee to visit at your mansion, this is ye onlye waye lefte openne to mee in ye wch to saye farewell. For knowe by this yt I goe to a farre cuntrye, and it maye bee manye yeares before I se thee againe. Your husbände could safely have trusted to your honour: and yet methinks he was right in forbiddinge mee: for ye fleshe is weake and ye love w'rewith I love thee is very greate. Ye persuasion of my mynde now is yt this will continue alwaye. Yet experience hath taught mee yt time often changeth a bente of ye mynde as strong as this in mee: and God grante yt it may be soe, for suche change will bee conveniente for us bothe. As it is now I could not endure to bee neare thee and stille bee cut offe from thy societie.

And now, deare Madam, as I desire greatlie your happinesse, permitte a worde of admonition, ye wch is not polite, but wch is for youre beste good. I perceive yt since your marriage your manner of livynge is very expensive. An estate even as faire as your husbände's will bee dissipated soon, if such style continueth. It is better to ride always on horsebacke than to travel for a brieve space in a coach and after go afoot: ye wch is unmeete for gentil-folk, besides very unpleasante.

And now, beloved Madam, farewell: and maye ye blessing of God reste uponne you.

Your very obedient, humble servant,

JOSHUA PELHAM.

## II.

As Pelham had intimated, the extravagant style in which Currier and his young wife lived was making rapid inroads on their fortune. Sally was a thoughtless, pleasure-loving little creature, sweet-tempered and good, but with little idea of the value of money; and unfortunately her husband's views on money-spending were no better than hers. Though not of dissolute habits, he loved luxury and display. He imported a coach from England, had liveried servants in his house, and though these expenditures did not seriously impair his estate, the end of the very first year of his married life found him sadly cramped for ready money. In his dilemma he went to Deacon King for advice, and that worthy proved to be no mean adviser. Currier had been bred a sailor, his father having been a sea-captain, and he owned a fine ship, called the *Bessie Rogers*. The advice of the good deacon was this:—

“Sell your coach, horses and other luxuries, and fit out the *Bessie Rogers* with a cargo of New England rum. Take command of her yourself. Go to the African coast and trade your rum for negroes. Then sail to the West Indies, sell your negroes, and come home with a cargo of molasses.”

This was a trade much engaged in in those days; and it will be seen that in this way the vessel would never sail empty, and the business was extremely profitable.

The advice was followed. The deacon suggested that Sally make her home with him during the voyage; but she preferred to accompany her husband, and in due time they set sail. The voyage was necessarily a long one. But the time when they were expected back at Charlestown came and went; month after month passed, and still the *Bessie Rogers* did not return. Neither had Currier written; and gradually people came to the conclusion that the *Bessie Rogers* had been lost at sea.

## III.

Five years passed, during the whole of which time Joshua Pelham remained in

Honduras; and for some reason, probably for gain, he had identified himself very thoroughly with the interests of that country. In one of the many insurrections which from time to time have broken out in Honduras, he had ranged himself upon the side of the government, and was now a captain of volunteers. He was stationed at a point some fifty miles south of St. Thomas, when he received a letter from the commander-in-chief. It was, of course, in Spanish; freely translated, it ran as follows:—

TRUXILLO, May 10.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA PELHAM:

Sir,—Since arriving at this place, an affair has been brought to my notice which calls for immediate action, and in which I shall require your assistance. It seems that a certain Captain Harvey Currier, a native of your country, came here in his own ship some six months ago, and became a great friend of the wealthy Don Juan Alvarado, whose hacienda is on the banks of the river. Alvarado had a great amount of treasure in his house, some of which belonged to the government and had been placed in his keeping during the insurrection, because his place is well fortified; but the insurgents learning of this and preparing for an attack, he decided to conceal it. There was on the river a number of mahogany logs which had been floated down for export. One of these being rotten inside, he hollowed it out and placed the treasure in it; then fitting the outside wood and bark carefully back into place, he marked it and left it with the others. But Currier suggested that, as his vessel was well armed, the log had better be floated out and moored near by, where he guaranteed to protect it. This was done in good faith; and so well did he protect it, that on the following morning neither vessel nor log was to be seen. It is beyond the reach of the insurgents, surely. Alvarado has been blamed by the government for trusting so implicitly to Currier; but the latter was a man who easily inspired confidence. He was of fine appearance and manner; and his wife, whom he married in Cuba, claimed to be a distant relation of the Alvarados.

Now, if it is possible, we must recover this treasure, secure the traitor Currier and bring him back to justice. We believe that he has returned to his home; and as we fear your country, the expedition must be conducted as quietly as possible. It can be done better by you than by one of our nationality; and I have arranged for you to go in charge, taking with you a company of marines. I have secured for the undertaking the services of Captain Manuel Silveria and his excellent vessel; and as she is now ready to sail, you will please report to me at Truxillo as soon as possible, leaving your command with first lieutenant. GEN. ANTONIO MOYATILLA,

Commander-in-Chief.

It is needless to speak of Pelham's sur-

prise. Harvey Currier in Truxillo! So he had taken to the sea, and was commanding the *Bessie Rogers*! But what could it mean about his Cuban wife? Was it possible that Sally was dead? Or had he fallen in love with some other woman, and found some means of getting rid of Sally? Curse him — he was capable of it! Poor Sally! As he hated Currier most cordially, it was easy for Pelham to come to this conclusion. But looking at the matter more rationally, he saw the absurdity of this. It was much more probable that Currier had left his wife at home comfortably provided for, and that the Cuban "wife" was one whom he had wedded without the formality of ring and book.

Pelham made his simple preparations for the journey, and, taking with him a single servant, started on horseback for Truxillo. Toward evening of the second day he came in sight of the white walls of a convent. A nun was just crossing the road in front of it; and there was something about her, he did not know what, that made his heart beat wildly and sent a flood of recollections surging through his mind. Instinctively he urged on his horse that he might get a better view of her. As he reached the convent, she was standing in the doorway of a little porch that stood just at one side of the arched entrance to the courtyard. There was surely something familiar in her attitude and figure; and as she turned slightly and he caught at the back of her neck a glimpse of bright yellow hair, her identity was clear. With a cry of recognition which even his astonishment could not check, he sprang from his horse and approached her. It was Sally.

At first, though she looked at him intently, she failed to recognize him; the gaudy military trappings, the mustachios and long peaked beard, which he wore in the Spanish fashion, had changed him greatly. But at the sound of his voice she knew him at once, and ran to him, holding out both her hands. Taking them in his, he stood and gazed in her face in silence; then he asked her to tell him her story. She entered the little porch, sat down on one of the benches

which ran along its sides, and sobbed convulsively. But gradually growing calmer, she raised her face and said:—

"Well, it is no secret. Harvey left me at St. Thomas." She then gave an account of her voyage with her husband; and though she did not allude directly to the episode of the Cuban girl, Pelham could see that she knew all about it. Then she told him how, not knowing where else to seek for protection, she had brought all her troubles and sorrows to this quiet spot and laid them at the feet of her Saviour,—ending her sad story with the words spoken when she took the vows of her novitiate.

There was a pathos in the tale that would have touched Pelham, even if he had never known and loved her. As it was, remembering the gay, thoughtless girl he had left in Charlestown, and looking on her now, it seemed to him that no fate was too severe for the man who had caused it all,—and he felt a satisfaction in the thought that Currier's punishment was in his hands. But when he told her of his connection with the army, and showed her a letter from General Moyatilla, he received a reply that surprised him. She said:—

"I am so glad that this has been intrusted to you! For though I believe God will punish Harvey, yet I have forgiven him and will avert his punishment if I can. You surely will not injure him nor bring him back."

Pelham's face clouded, and he stood silent for some moments before replying. "I must," he said at length. "It is military duty."

"Military duty!" she repeated. "And is military duty so sacred that all other duties must yield to it—even the duty of Christian forgiveness? Oh, promise me, my dear friend, promise me!"

Promise her? There was little, in his state of mind, that he was not ready to promise this woman. Though it was much against his will, he finally gave his word that he would not bring Currier back, nor permit any injury to his person.

"After all," he said to himself, "the treasure is the main thing. Silveria and I will be paid if we bring that back, whether we fetch Currier or not."

A beam of the setting sun shone through the narrow latticed window and touched the soft gold of Sally's hair. It seemed to Pelham, in spite of the change that trouble had wrought, that she was more beautiful than ever. Her face was more thoughtful, more *spirituelle*, and the clean-cut features were, if possible, finer and more delicate. Moved by the passion that still dominated him, he clasped her in his arms, and, drawing her face to his own, covered it with kisses. There was no response on her part; but she did not resist; and as he pressed her head to his breast, she gave a little sigh, like a tired child. He sat in silence, stroking her soft hair and caressing the hands that now lay willingly in his. Beyond the whitewashed walls, he could hear the tinkling of the mass-bells, and through the arched doorway were borne faintly the voices of the nuns at their evening prayer. Who would attempt to analyze his feelings? The woman he loved was at last in his arms. Hitherto he had had no thought of possessing her. She was married; he was an honorable man — there was an end of it. But here it seemed as though fortune had thrown her at his very feet. He did what most men would do in such circumstances; he begged her to place herself under his protection and accompany him home — to England — anywhere — or else to wed him and remain in Honduras. Surely her marriage was dissolved by the conduct of her husband.

But the Puritan training of her girlhood was not so easily set aside. She looked up with a frightened expression in her eyes, and laid her hand on his lips.

"Oh, don't!" she cried beseechingly. "It would be a great sin. Don't tempt me."

The fact that it was a temptation to her sent a thrill of joy through him; but, bred himself in the strict tenets of the Puritans, he did not urge her more.

"But," he urged, "you must promise me not to take the vows of the sisterhood till I return. For I shall come back as soon as I finish this undertaking which I have on hand."

"Will you, surely?" she asked eagerly; and there was a light of pleas-

ure in her eyes which he had not seen before.

"Surely," he answered, "in three months, at the latest, I shall be back. You will not take the vows?"

"No," she said. "My novitiate does not expire for a year."

It was growing late; and presently she rose and said:—

"You must go now, dear friend; I cannot remain here any longer. Farewell."

"No, not farewell," he cried passionately. "Not farewell, — for we shall meet again!"

"Then, till we meet again," she said.

He clasped her in his arms in a last long embrace, strode out to his horse, and was gone.

In real life people do not soliloquize much. If Sally's thoughts as she entered the convent had been expressed in words they would have been like these:—

"So there are still those who love me. Three months! It is only a little while. Life may be worth living yet."

#### IV.

The good people of Charlestown had been much excited over the sudden appearance and disappearance of a vessel bearing a striking resemblance to the *Bessie Rogers*. She had anchored one evening off Smugglers' Cove, and the next morning was gone; and superstition being pretty active at that time in Charlestown, many expressed their belief that she was a phantom ship, the ghost of Harvey Currier's castaway vessel.

Had they taken the trouble to visit the Currier house they would have found that some very substantial ghost had landed from her; but under the terrifying circumstances this was the last place they cared to visit.

But still greater was the excitement a few days later, when a large black ship, carrying a heavy armament and having many men on board, anchored at the mouth of the harbor. That oracle, the oldest inhabitant, gazing at her through his glass, declared that she was a Spaniard; but this was pooh-poohed by the others. What possible business could a Spanish vessel have in the harbor of a little village like Charlestown?

About sundown they were further astonished. A horseman, evidently a stranger, was seen coming along the beach which bordered the harbor. He was heavily armed, wore a long peaked beard, and the richly ornamented saddle and bridle were of Spanish make. He appeared to wish to avoid notice, for he kept to the beach instead of the travelled highway, and rode rapidly. He disappeared in the direction of Smugglers' Cove.

There was something in the appearance of the stranger and his style of riding that reminded more than one of Joshua Pelham. It had been rumored that he had taken up his abode in some outlandish southern country. Did he return in the strange vessel? Could the strange rider be he?

It was none other; and the vessel in the harbor was the *Leon*, Manuel Silveria, master. About dusk Pelham reached Smugglers' Cove, where he was met by Captain Silveria.

"You are in good time," said the latter. "I have ordered the men to land on the beach north of the house at seven o'clock. Thus we shall all get there about the same time."

Pelham dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree.

"We have a little time to spare," said he, consulting his watch; "and there is a thing I want to tell you before we go on."

He then proceeded to tell Silveria of his visit to Sally at the convent, not omitting the whole story of his past attachment.

"And I have promised," he concluded, "that I would not injure Currier, nor take him back to Honduras. After all, the treasure is the main thing."

Silveria became thoughtful. "Well," he said at last, "for my part, I'd like to see the villain tried and executed. But you are the chief in this expedition, and I shall defer to you. He may be troublesome, however. Let it go at this — that we won't hurt him if it can be avoided."

"Of course," replied Pelham; "that's all we can do. We don't propose to make a failure of the expedition on his account."

It was now seven o'clock, and the two men moved quietly along the beach toward Currier's house. They went slowly, for they did not wish to reach it much before the men and boats that were to carry the treasure to the ships.

Suddenly a voice called "Halt!" — and out from behind a large rock stepped Harvey Currier and a negro servant. Both men were well armed and evidently prepared for the attack.

"Captain Currier," said Pelham, "lower your pistol! We needn't have any bloodshed; but I want you to answer a question for me. *Where is your wife?*"

Currier turned pale; the question was indeed an unexpected one. But he was equal to the occasion, and replied, with a sneer on his lips: —

"An insulting question! But I don't mind answering it. She died at sea."

"You lie!" shouted Pelham. "I myself saw her and talked with her only five weeks ago."

It was an unfortunate reply; it made Currier desperate. "You idiot!" he shouted, "don't come to me with your ghost stories; keep them for the old women in the village. This is my land, Pelham; and if you want to save your head, get off of it."

"Not yet!" said Pelham. "I am here in the employ of the Honduras government, to take back the treasure you stole, — and you too. I shall take the treasure; but if you give us no trouble, I'll let you alone."

The light of battle came into Currier's eyes.

"Molest me on American soil?" he cried. "In the eye of the law you're a common robber if you try it, — and I'll treat you as one. Vacate my premises at once, or I'll put a bullet through you!"

Raising his pistol, he fired. The ball pierced Pelham's hat, and he felt it plow a little furrow in his hair. A thought of his promise to Sally flashed through his mind; but he did not for a moment hesitate as to what to do next. He drew his pistol and fired. Currier turned his head to one side, uttered a sharp cry and fell to the ground. Pelham and his companion approached and examined him.



The bullet had passed through his lungs ; he was unconscious and bleeding. It was the opinion of both men that the wound was fatal and that he would live but a few hours.

Pelham's conscience did not trouble him for the shooting. It was an act of self-defence. But he had done the very thing he had pledged himself to prevent : he had broken his promise to the one woman who in all the world was most dear to him.

But the work of the evening was to be done, and they left the wounded man with his servant and hurried on to the house. The men and boats were already there ; and by early morning all the treasure was on board the ship. It was a wild, gusty morning ; but Captain Silveria gave orders to sail.

"We have had great luck," said he to Pelham ; "and now the quicker we get out of American waters the better. This wind will moderate when the tide turns."

But it was not such an easy matter to get out of American waters. As Captain Silveria sagely observed, some months later : "The devil was in that expedition, and the cursed Americans knew too much." At the mouth of the harbor was Fort Gurney, now in ruins, but at that time well garrisoned. The Spanish ship had been allowed to enter the harbor, but when she attempted to sail out she was hailed. As she paid no attention to the signal, a few cannon-balls were sent into her wooden hull, just at the water line. She was obliged to drop anchor, and in a few hours sunk in shoal water.

Then the supposed corpse at Smugglers' Cove gave all parties concerned a convincing proof that a bullet through the lungs does not always kill. He sent for the authorities to come and hear his statement ; and as this left no doubt in their minds that the treasure was all lawfully his and that Captain Silveria was a pirate, the Spaniards were dispossessed of it and it was duly returned to him. The statements of Pelham and Silveria to the contrary were not received. It was easy to believe that any or all Spaniards were pirates ; and a New Englander who consorted with them was not much better. Nor was this all. Joshua Pelham, gentle-

man, and Manuel Silveria, sea-captain, were arrested "for ye robbery of Harvey Currier, merchant, and for ye willfulle attempte to tayke his life," and were incarcerated in the county jail. As to Harvey Currier, I may say here that in time that enterprising gentleman fully recovered from his wound, lived for many years in the enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth, and with a part of it built a fine mansion, which is still standing in Charlestown.

## V.

Return we now to the convent in far-off Honduras. There are lights in the upper windows, and it is evident that something beyond the ordinary routine of convent life is occupying the attention of the inmates. Can it be that the occupant of that bed, at the foot of which tapers are burning, and which is surrounded by praying nuns, is Sally Currier? It is many weeks past the time at which Pelham was expected to return ; but she was a strong, healthy young woman when he left her. Is it possible that homesickness or sorrow can kill one? Does hope deferred really make the heart sick unto death? Does any one in real life ever die of a broken heart? Of course not. It must have been some other malady.

The fact remains, that Sally Currier is dying, and the last sad rites are being performed by the nuns. I can fancy that at that hour the half-conscious sufferer realized but little of the scene around her ; that instead she saw the grass-grown streets and quaint, sober-looking houses of a little New England town ; that she could see the bright moonlight streaming over its harbor, and on the glittering shore she was walking hand in hand with those she loved. But the end is drawing near. The lady superior raises the cross, and the lips of the sick girl faintly repeat the words : —

"The pleasures of life, the riches of empire and all the splendors of the prince of this world fade and grow dim before the glory of Him to whom my heart inclineth : who washeth away my sin, who comforteth me in my sorrow, and who wipeth away all tears from my eyes."

Amen. It may be, after all, that it is of little consequence who possessed the treasure. But the wrecking of a young life, — ah! that is another thing.

## VI.

We come to the last chapter of the story. The Spanish ship was repaired; and for many weeks she lay awaiting the fate of her commander. Had Pelham been alone, he would doubtless have been brought to trial. But the Spaniard was of a different mind. He had been in prison before, he said; and after being put in prison, the next thing to do was to get out. This reasoning his companion agreed was sound, — but how to do it? The little building was strong and well guarded. Nevertheless, on one very dark night they did get out, reached the ship and set sail; and though the vessel was scantily provisioned, she reached Honduras in safety. The jailer, in his written explanation of the affair, stated that his prisoners overpowered him; that they were "as stronge and ferocious as demonnes;" and as proof of this he exhibited a tiny scratch on his arm. Some time afterward, however, it was noticed that he was remarkably flush of money. But with the conflicting statements of the prisoners and Harvey Currier the authorities had been much perplexed, and on the whole they were not sorry to thus end the affair.

Pelham never returned, but ended his days in Honduras. Shortly before his death, he wrote a letter to a New England relative, from which I give the following extract — and this ends our story: —

"It is nowe manye yeares since I came to this, ye cuntrye of my adoption. It is sayed yt time tempereth ye passions, and yet it hath been harde for mee to conquer my regret yt when I essayed to slaye ye perfidious Harvey Currier, I did not succede. Peradventure it was for ye beste, and his punishmente in livynge maye have been greater than had he died by my hande. For his conscience muste have pricked him sore. Concerning this lande, it is very goode, with greater riches, both of soil and otherwise, than ye lande of my nativytie: and with my wife, who is a goodlie dame of ye Spanish stocke, and my children, I have been constrained to be welle contente. But nowe, lyke them of olde, I desire a better cuntrye: and in that Lande to ye wch I soon shall goe [for knowe yt I am very olde] I truste there will be no palm-trees, in despyte of what is sayed in ye Holy Writte to ye contrayrie: neither bananas, mangoes nor yams: but ye shorte, sweete grasse, ye goodlie shade trees and agreeable frutes of ye temperate zone. And I faine would heare ye birdes singe againe, for in hot countries theye are not wont to singe as in ye northe. But ye joy to ye wch I looke forwarde with most contente is yt ye manye things wherein here we are not understoode will bee cleared awaye. It hath always been moste grievous for mee to knowe yt formerly one whom I greatly loved, died in a strange lande, believyng mee to have broken my promise to returne to her: even as he who had sworne to protecte and cherish her did shamefullye breake his vows. Peradventure it was so ordered of ye Lorde whose wayes are past our fathomyng. If so, it is welle: as I promised, we shalle meete againe."

## TO A BED OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

*By Curtis Guild, Jr.*

THE long brown rushes shiver with the cold  
 And whispering mark the passing of the year,  
 Her shrunk shape wrapped in Autumn's tattered gear,  
 With weary steps across the stiffening mould.  
 Where blackbirds sang, crack-throated ravens scold  
 At gray November's harsh and niggard cheer.  
 The lush green moss rusts red and rough rains smear  
 With dingy stains the maple's falling gold.  
 Last of the hosts made quick by Summer's breath,  
 Erect amid the grass that withereth,  
 In flaunting crimson flames one shattered square  
 Gayly defiant of the bitter air,  
 Like those brave souls that stricken unto death,  
 Dying charge home and triumph in despair.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship was fortunate, when it was organized seven years ago, in securing for its secretary a man whose conceptions of citizenship were the highest and whose high conceptions were backed up by great devotion and willingness to work. Dr. Charles F. Crehore, as many of us now look back to him, seems almost the ideal private citizen. A man of fine culture and fine feeling, warm-hearted, generous, enthusiastic, willing and quick to bear always the heavy end of every burden, he was singularly free from personal ambition, entirely careless as to any honor or recognition, concerned only to do the thing needing to be done and to do it well. In his "Under the Old Elm" poem, read at Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the army, Lowell wrote:—

"The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive,  
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,  
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the  
    fen,  
The more we feel the high stern-featured  
    beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

Dr. Crehore was a man of plain devotedness to duty, not paid with praise, but finding recompense and satisfaction in square work. In his faithful attention to detail, in his kind readiness to assume responsibility for drudgery, in his untiring thoroughness in his office, even when infirmity had begun to creep upon him, he constantly put to blush many of us younger men associated with him, who now remember him so tenderly. Entirely modest, he was entirely public-spirited, the thought of the community and the commonwealth ever uppermost with him. And he had not merely public spirit, not merely a heart warm for the state; he had a hand for service. He was a good citizen who was willing to take pains. The danger of America to-day, especially the danger of our American cities, is in the apathy and neglect of the "good citizen." The "good citizen" is not willing to take pains; he is willing to let things drift, — and in a democracy things which are allowed to drift will inevitably drift into the hands of those, for such there always are, who *are* willing to take pains. "An indolent majority," said Mill most truly, "like an indolent individual, belongs to the person who takes most pains with it." Are good citizens willing to take pains? — that is where it all comes to in the end in our democracy. We are safe if there are enough active good men in the community to overcome the machinations and influence of selfish men; we

are doomed if there are not enough such active good men — citizens who are willing to take pains. It is Dr. Crehore's highest praise, that he was a citizen willing — willing all the time — to take pains. In his death, the Good Citizenship Society, and not alone that, but the general cause of good citizenship in Boston and Massachusetts, sustained a severe loss. Ten such men as he will save any city.

Just before Dr. Crehore died, he wrote for the use of another officer of the society, the following summary statement of the work of the Good Citizenship Society from the time of its organization up to the close of the last year. For all that time he was the secretary of the society. The statement is largely, therefore, a monument to his patient and persistent endeavors. It is also the best possible brief answer to the inquiry which often comes to us as to what the work of the society has been. We are glad to be able to give the answer — using the little manuscript, hastily prepared, not meant for publication — in the words of him whom all in the society so greatly honored.

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"In December, 1887, a circular letter signed by a dozen Boston gentlemen was distributed to those who presumably might be interested in its subject. It began as follows: 'Three existing conditions threaten the stability of our republican institutions. The first of these is the prevalent indifference among instructed American citizens to the observance of their duties as such, and their apparent forgetfulness of the principles upon which those duties are based. The second is the greater or less ignorance of those principles and duties which prevails among a very large class of citizens, especially those of foreign birth. The third is the avowed, deliberate purpose of a large number of citizens, and of residents who are not citizens, to change our present time-honored form of citizenship for other and experimental forms. . . . All who desire the perpetuity of our institutions must admit that it is necessary to arouse the first named from their indifference, to instruct the second, and to combat the intentions of the third.'

"The circular proposed the formation of a society to carry out these purposes; and in response to its suggestions the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship was organized, December 20, 1887. It is not proposed to give here a history in detail of the work of the society. The following brief *résumé* will enable the reader to form some estimate of what it has done.

"At the regular quarterly meetings, which have been open to the public, the following addresses have been given:—

"Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D., 'Our Wealth in Common;' William E. Sheldon, 'Instruction in Citizenship in the Public School;' Rev. C. F. Dole,

'The Trustworthy Citizen;' Dr. William T. Harris, 'The Study of History Productive of Good Citizenship;' Gamaliel Bradford, 'The Government of Cities in Massachusetts;' George Makepeace Towle, 'The French Republic;' Arthur May Mowry, 'Influence exerted by John Calvin upon the New England Town;' Arthur Lord, 'Civil Service in Massachusetts;' Rev. Charles G. Ames, 'The Duty of the Present to the Future;' Curtis Guild, Jr., 'Immigration;' Horace G. Wadlin, 'Immigration in Massachusetts;' Sylvester Baxter, Robert A. Woods and Charles W. Birtwell, 'The London County Council;' Samuel B. Capen, 'The New Municipal League.' In addition to the formal addresses, many discussions and informal talks have been held; and five courses of lectures, free to the public, have been given in the Old South Meeting-house, as follows:—

"1889. *Municipal Government and Reform.* Rev. C. F. Dole, 'The Trustworthy Citizen;' Prof. Albert B. Hart, 'The Rise of American Cities;' Rev. John Cuckson, 'Birmingham—A Study of Municipal Government in England;' Sylvester Baxter, 'Berlin—A Study of Municipal Government in Germany;' Richard H. Dana, 'The New Ballot System;' William A. Mowry, 'The True School Board;' Henry H. Sprague, 'The Government of Boston;' Mellen Chamberlain, 'Josiah Quincy, the Great Mayor;' Rev. E. E. Hale, 'The Possible Boston.'

"1890. *Municipal Government and Reform.* II. President E. Benjamin Andrews, 'Economic Friction and the Problems of Cities;' Prof. Woodrow Wilson, 'Modern Systems of City Government;' James M. Olmstead, 'The Reform of the Caucus;' Robert Treat Paine, 'The Tenement House Question;' Charles W. Ernst, 'The Boston City Government;' Rev. Philip S. Moxom, 'The Citizen's Duty to the City.'

"1891. *Political Ethics.* Col. T. W. Higginson, 'The Aristocracy of the Dollar;' William Everett, 'The Ethics of Political Service;' President E. B. Andrews, 'The Ethics of Citizenship;' Gamaliel Bradford, 'Political Problems for the Rising Generation;' Josiah Quincy, 'Practical Politics.'

"1892. *Qualifications for Citizenship.* Edwin D. Mead, 'Representative Government;' Herbert Welsh, 'How to make Citizens of the Indians;' Rev. John W. Chadwick, 'Education as related to Citizenship;' Theodore Roosevelt, 'Qualification for Office;' Henry Cabot Lodge, 'The Problem of Immigration;' George W. Cable, 'The Problem of Negro Suffrage.'

"1893. *The Newspaper in American Life.* Frederic T. Greenhalge, 'The Modern Newspaper;' Edward Stanwood, 'The Newspaper and Our Young People;' Prof. Charles H. Levermore, 'An Endowed Newspaper;' Charles Dudley Warner, 'The Newspaper of the Present and of the Future;' A. K. McClure, 'The Editor and the Public;' Rev. E. E. Hale, 'The Newspaper of the Past and the Present.'

"These lectures have been well attended and cannot have failed to exert a widespread influence for good. In the matter of publication, the society has put out in pamphlet form a critical estimate of a number of books relating to Civil

Government, which met with general approbation and for which a demand still exists, although the edition is exhausted. A series of articles by gentlemen in charge of that department, upon instruction in citizenship in New England colleges, has been published in *Education*. Mr. Chamberlain's lecture upon Josiah Quincy has been reprinted in pamphlet form, with an engraved portrait of Mr. Quincy,—this being a gift to the society by one of the family. Reports of the last two courses of lectures have appeared in the *Commonwealth*. Leaflets, *résumés* of lectures, and special articles have been published independently or in various journals. A voluminous correspondence with interested persons in various parts of the country is evidence that the influence of the society is widely extended and that a broad field for future usefulness lies open before it. The total amount of funds at the disposal of the society during the five or six years of its existence has amounted to less than \$1,400. When it is considered that with this lectures, rooms for meetings, printing, postage and other current expenses have had to be provided, it would seem that the society has accomplished a good deal with slender means. To do an efficient work, however, two things are imperatively demanded,—first, a largely increased membership, so that the revenue from the annual dues (one dollar from each member) may be largely increased; and, secondly, contributions of money from those interested in the society's work. Its officers have given much time and labor to promoting good citizenship in the manner shown in the foregoing statement, besides contributing directly to its means. They now feel that they have done a work which entitles them to ask the public to come to their aid in either of the two ways suggested."

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THIS statement by Dr. Crehore, as we have said, covers the work of the Good Citizenship Society from its organization to the end of last year. Since that time a single course of lectures has been delivered at the Old South under the society's auspices—the course on "A More Beautiful Public Life," which was made the theme of extended comment in the Editor's Table of the May number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*. We repeat here the list of those lectures, to make this record of the work of the Good Citizenship Society complete:—

"The Lesson of the White City," by Prof. Edward S. Morse; "Boards of Beauty," by C. Howard Walker; "Municipal Art," by Edmund Hudson; "Art in the Public Schools," by Percival Chubb; "Art Museums and the People," by Prof. Ernest F. Fenollosa; "Boston—the City of God," by Rev. Charles G. Ames.

It has been our aim to keep the work of the Good Citizenship Society before our readers, in these columns, year by year, as it has been our aim to keep them similarly informed always of the progress of the Old South work, to which our July Editor's Table was largely devoted. We remarked then that we wished that the Old South lectures for the present season, on "The Founders of New England," might be repeated in every

leading New England city. We remark here that we wish that there might be in every city a Good Citizenship Society. We shall be glad if the publication of this brief record of the work in Boston in these eight years suggests good programmes for any such societies which now exist, or any which in these days may be born.

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A MORE beautiful book than "An Island Garden," by Celia Thaxter, which came to us in the springtime from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., was never, we think, laid upon our table. The unique cover by Mrs. Whitman, at once so graceful and so bold, the illustrations by Childe Hassam, harmonizing so rarely in their conception with the text, and reproduced, in all their gorgeousness of color, with a fidelity which is remarkable, the delicate illuminations and the exquisite presswork, all contribute to make the most fitting garment which could be conceived for a work as unique and beautiful in itself as the glowing and elegant pages are to the eye. The soul and body of the book are of one piece. The book seems, in its wealth of harmonious color, its brilliancy and beauty, itself a garden — or a wreath; and as at last we lay it down, it seems a wreath laid down upon two graves. "To Mrs. Mary Hemenway, 'whose largeness of heart is even as the sand on the seashore,' this volume is affectionately inscribed." Mrs. Hemenway was the dear friend of Mrs. Thaxter. Each summer found her, often for weeks, at Appledore. Nothing was dearer to her there than the little "island garden" by the cottage among the rocks; and it was her generosity and love which made possible the publication, in this sumptuous form, of this memorable story and picture of it. She did not live to see the book, to whose appearance she looked forward with such eager interest; she died as it was on the press. And hardly had the beautiful book been laid upon the table, when the gifted author followed her, dying amid her flowers among the rocks and by the murmuring sea, which she had loved so well as girl and woman. Tender and mournful indeed sound now these words of the preface, given a new meaning so deep by the death of the friend and the death of the writer: "The dear flowers! Summer after summer they return to me, always young and fresh and beautiful; but so many of the friends who have watched them and loved them with me are gone, and they return no more. I think of the lament of Moschus for Bion: — 'Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they spring, in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence.' Into silence! How deep, how unbroken is that silence! But because of tender memories of loving eyes that see them no more, my flowers are yet more beloved and tenderly cherished."

Mrs. Thaxter's island garden was a long evolution, associated in some sort with her whole life. "At the Isles of Shoals, among the ledges of the largest island, Appledore," — so her book begins, — "lies the small garden which in the following

pages I have endeavored to describe. Ever since I could remember anything, flowers have been like dear friends to me, comforters, inspirers, powers to uplift and to cheer. A lonely child, living on the lighthouse island ten miles away from the mainland, every blade of grass that sprang out of the ground, every humblest weed, was precious in my sight, and I began a little garden when not more than five years old. From this, year after year, the larger one, which has given so much pleasure to so many people, has grown."

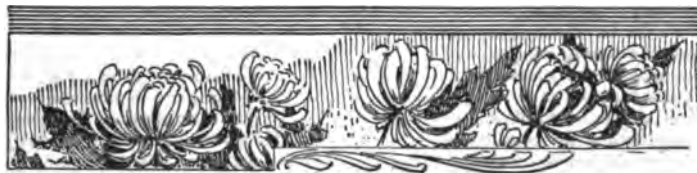
Among all the words which have ever been written about flowers — we think of pages in White's "Natural History of Selborne," of Lowell's "My Garden Acquaintance" and his flower poems, of the poems by Emerson and Wordsworth and Burns, of the things said by Thoreau and John Burroughs, and so many — we know of none so full of tender personal affection as the words of Mrs. Thaxter's "Island Garden." We have elsewhere admiration, we have sympathy, we have friendship, and we have affection, too, but nowhere else such close personal affection as here — the affection of one coming to her flowers as to her sisters or her children, putting her heart close to their hearts and feeling that they understand and love each other. "Like the musician, the painter, the poet, and the rest," she says, "the true lover of flowers is born, not made." Mrs. Thaxter was a born lover of flowers. She quotes with satisfaction Lord Bacon's words, "God Almighty first planted a garden;" and in every page of her book we feel that her garden more than any other place is her home. "When in these fresh mornings," she says in one place, "I go into my garden before any one is awake, I go for the time being into perfect happiness. In this hour divinely fresh and still, the fair face of every flower salutes me with a silent joy that fills me with infinite content; each gives me its color, its grace, its perfume, and enriches me with the consummation of its beauty. All the cares, perplexities and griefs of existence, all the burdens of life slip from my shoulders, and leave me with the heart of a little child that asks nothing beyond its moment of innocent bliss. These myriad beaming faces turned to mine seem to look at me with blessing eyes. I feel the personality of each flower, and I find myself greeting them as if they were human. 'Good morning, beloved friends! Are all things well with you? And are you tranquil and bright? and are you happy and beautiful?' They stand in their peace and purity and lift themselves to my adoring gaze as if they knew my worship, — so calm, so sweet, so delicately radiant, I lose myself in the tranquillity of their happiness. They seem like sentient beings, as if they knew me and loved me, not indeed as I love them, but with almost a reliance on my sympathy and care, and a pleasure in my delight in them. I please myself with the thought that if anything goes wrong with them, if a vine or tender stalk droops for lack of support, or if some insect is working them woe, or threat of harm comes to them from any quarter, they say to each other, 'Patience! She will be coming soon, she will see our trouble, she will succor us, and all will again be well.'"

It is surely a spirit of rare appreciation and love which finds expression here; and this is the spirit of the book. Yet it would be a great mistake to think the book a sustained sentimental rhapsody. It is the farthest in the world from that. It is a most practical book, and a scientific book. We can think of nothing published in these days likely to prove of greater service to the amateur gardener. Everywhere we touch the trained botanist. Every flower is understood, in all its varieties and all its habits, as exactly as it is understood at Kew; and the gardener learns how to manage each flower best, and how to guard it best against its special enemies. The book, too, is a school for the development of taste. It deals not only with the flower in the garden; it deals with the flower plucked for the parlor; it tells us charmingly, and makes us see, why such a flower is fairer placed alone in its own little vase in the corner, and why such others should be massed together thus or thus. There are not in the book any more interesting pages than those which take us out of the garden into the house, and show us how the flowers glorify and humanize it also. "Within doors as well as without they 'delight the spirit of man.' Opening out on the long piazza over the flower beds, and extending almost its whole length, runs the large, light, airy room, where a group of happy people gather to pass the swiftly flying summer here at the Isles of Shoals. This room is made first for music; on the polished floor is no carpet to muffle sound, only a few rugs here and there, like patches of warm green moss on the pine-needle color given by the polish to the natural hue of the wood. There are no heavy draperies to muffle the windows, nothing to absorb the sound. The piano stands midway at one side; there are couches, sofas with pillows of many shades of dull, rich color, but mostly of warm shades of green. There are low bookcases round the walls, the books screened by short curtains of pleasant olive green; the high walls to the ceiling are covered with pictures, and flowers are everywhere." And then follow a dozen pages about the nasturtiums and marigolds and dahlias and chrysanthemums and sweet peas and poppies—above all, the poppies, of which the loving gardener seems to have been fonder, if possible, than of any other flower. "All summer long within this pleasant room the flowers hold carnival in every possible combination of beauty. All summer long it is kept radiant with their loveliness,—a wonder of bloom, color and fragrance. Year after year a long procession of charming people come and go within its doors, and the flowers

that glow for their delight seem to listen with them to the music that stirs each blossom upon its stem. Often have I watched the great red poppies drop their fiery petals wavering solemnly to the floor, stricken with arrows of melodious sound from the matchless violin answering to the touch of a master, or to the storm of rich vibrations from the piano. What heavenly music has resounded from those walls, what mornings and evenings of pleasantness have flown by in that room! How many people who have been happy there have gone out of it and of the world forever! Yet still the summers come, the flowers bloom, are gathered and adored, not without wistful thought of the eyes that will see them no more."

Such passages as these—and there are many such—give the book a high autobiographical value. It will be read scarcely more by the lover of flowers than by those who would know more intimately the life of the beautiful poet who has gone from the world's garden where she toiled so faithfully. Pleasant are the pictures of her winter life in old Portsmouth, when she tended the seeds and shoots by the sunny windows through cold weather; and pleasant the picture of the spring, when the time came for Appledore again. "A small steam tug, the *Pinafore*, carries me and my household belongings over to the islands; and a pretty sight is the little vessel, when she starts out from the old brown wharves and steams away down the beautiful Piscataqua river, with her hurricane deck awave with green leaves and flowers, for all the world like a May Day procession."

The memory of Celia Thaxter will be forever one of the most precious possessions of the Isles of Shoals. She has stamped herself upon the rocky little islands as Whittier stamped himself upon the Merrimac. It is through her eyes that they will be seen in the days to come. Her little book of years ago, "Among the Isles of Shoals," did a great service in gathering in most charming form the history and traditions of the islands, in painting their natural and social life in all their varied aspects, in taking us among those same flowers in the island garden to which this last beautiful work is devoted. We wish that "Among the Isles of Shoals" might be brought out, if not in a form so sumptuous as that of "An Island Garden," still in a rich and generous form, with the strong and striking illustrations which the text everywhere suggests; and we wish that there might be gathered into the same volume the poems by the gifted author which touch, as so many do, this rocky home of hers in the sea.



## OMNIBUS.

### TO THE OCTOBER WIND.

OLD playmate showering the way  
 With thick leaf-storms in red and gold,  
 I'm only six years old to-day,  
 You've made me feel but six years old.  
 In yellow gown and scarlet hood  
 I whirled a leaf among the rest,  
 Or lay within the thinning wood,  
 And played that you were Red of breast.

Old comrade, lift me up again, —  
 Your arms are strong, your feet are swift, —  
 And bear me lightly down the lane  
 Through all the leaves that drift and drift,  
 And out into the twilight wood,  
 And lay me softly down to rest,  
 And cover me just as you would  
 If you were really Red of breast.

*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

•••

### JEANIE'S REPENTANCE.

AH, how I teased ye, Peter;  
 I'll greet for unco shame;  
 I flouted at a Scotchman  
 Wi' such a foreign name.  
 "It's like my luvie," quoth Peter,  
 "That's founded on a rock,  
 And will always be as faithfu'  
 And steady as a clock."  
 I said I weel believed it,  
 'Twas like our clock below,  
 A wee bit fast it travels,  
 Or else a wee bit slow.

I ken I teased the laddie; —  
 'Tis just a week gane by  
 He threw his arm aroun' me.  
 "It's only *you*!" said I;  
 "I hoped it wad be Sandie,  
 Or Jock, or baith the twa."  
 What did the fulish duncie?  
 He tuk his arm awa!  
 Och, such a stupid fellow;  
 The like I never heard;  
 I thocht ilk lad kenned better 'n  
 Tak a lassie at her word!

He spiert wad I come gather  
 The gowans i' the brae —  
 How white the hawthorn shimmered,  
 The lintwhites sang sae gay.  
 "I canna miss the holy kirk,"  
 I said, and linked awa;  
 I thocht of course he'd follow;  
 He stant there white as snaw;  
 I wiss I'd back again and feigned  
 I'd let my kerchief fa'.

O' a' man's sins sae countless,  
 The warst's nae tongue to hae —  
 His gray een how they talkit  
 The whiles I tauld him sae.  
 'Twas saucy Robin answered,  
 And wadna let me pass:  
 "Man's lips hae ither uses  
 In wooing o' a lass!"

'Twas Peter brang a ribbon  
 To tie my curlic hair.  
 "Och, why," quoth I, "the crimson?  
 I'll nae wear crimson mair."  
 "Ye tauld me crimson yester,"  
 Said he, bewildered quite.  
 "Ah weel," said I, "that hae I,  
 But that was yesternight."  
 "Twad tak' a blessed angel  
 To please thee!" mither spak;  
 "Then ne'er," quoth I, "poor Peter  
 For me his heart need brak."

What deil possessed this lassie  
 Last gloamin' at the stile;  
 I thocht ye kenned it, Peter,  
 I lo'ed ye all the while.  
 Ye maun hae kenned it, Peter,  
 Despite my words yestreen,  
 The luvie o' a' the warld's no worth  
 Ae blink frae out your een.

I've feigned I hae na seen ye  
 Sae aft amang the thrang —  
 Wae's me! I've seen nane ither  
 Save ye the whole day lang.  
 O can ye e'er forgie me?  
 O wad ye come again  
 I'd tell ye how I lo'e ye,  
 And be for aye yer ain.  
 Wha's this ayont the burnie? —  
 It's Peter! sure, 'tis he!  
 His een wi luvie are shining;  
 He's coming straight to me!

I trow I'll no be forward;  
 A lassie maun na move;  
 He's nane the warse for biding;  
 Men dinna die o' luvie.  
 'Twill na do for the laddies  
 To ken the fules we be;  
 I'll hide I hae been greeting,  
 I'll mak him bide a wee.

'Tis na guid for the laddies  
 To hae their ain, ain way.  
 "Why, Peter, back frae Glasgow?  
 Ye said ye'd gane for aye!  
 And hae ye no met Sandie? —  
 He leukt sae braw and fine;  
 He's been here a' the morning  
 And aff a minute syne."

*Charlotte W. Thurston.*

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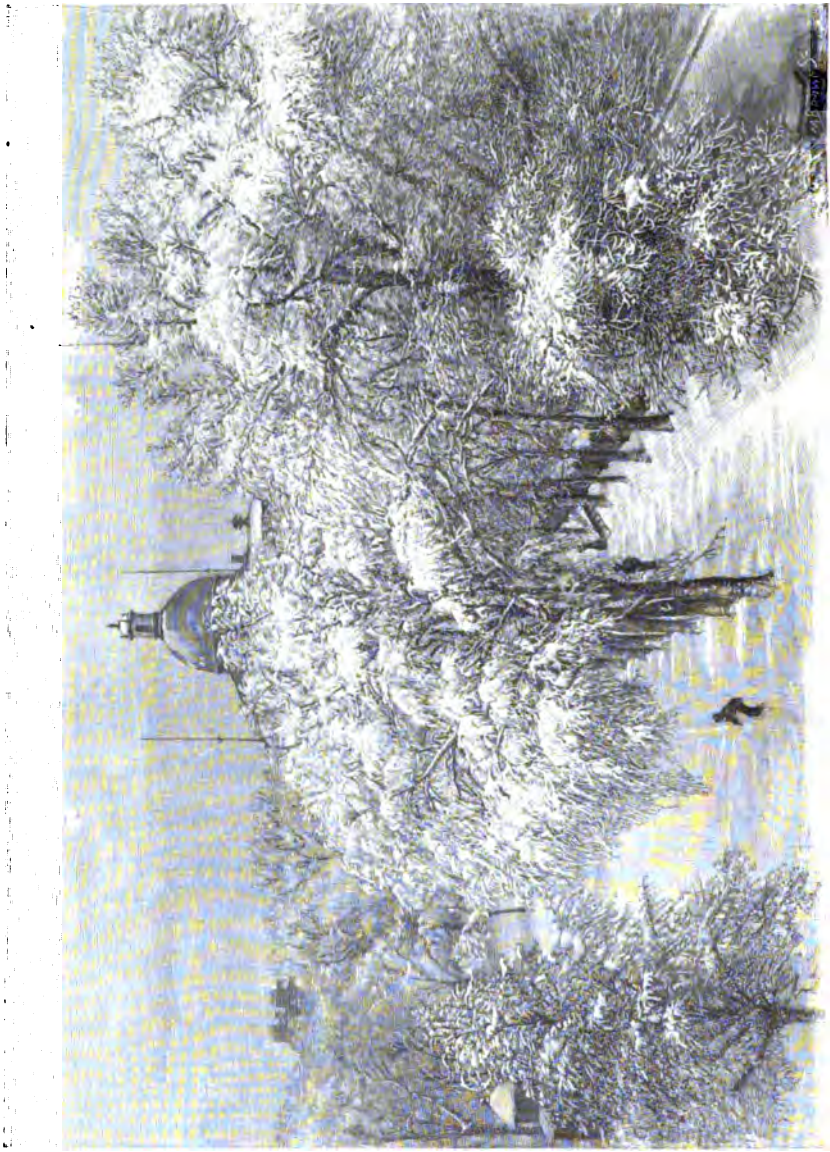
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ENGRAVED BY M. LAUREY BROWN.

BOSTON COMMON IN WINTER.

THE  
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EARLY RELIGIOUS PAINTING IN AMERICA.

By Clara Erskine Clement.



FROM A DRAWING BY  
ALLSTON.

IF imitation was the mother of art, religion was its teacher and inspiration. Its loftiest triumphs in painting, sculpture, music and architecture have been achieved in the spirit of worship. Statues of gods, temples, cathedrals, oratorios, masses and paintings of religious motives bear witness to the truth that the rarest geniuses of our race have risen to their grandest heights under the inspiration of religious sentiment.

The more materialistic the religion, the more it has called for artistic expression. It is not, as has been said, the decline of religion that has caused the decadence of religious art; the religion that conceives of God as a spirit absolutely removed from all material expression is a loftier conception of the soul than that which expresses itself in the representation of a godlike man. A religion whose gods are essentially incarnations of national characteristics — such as Zeus and Apollo — is vastly conducive to artistic representation. A man who actually believed that at the end of time God will appear as represented in Luther's hymn, would find an inspiration in this thought such as would never come to one who interpreted the day of judgment as simply symbolical. The artist who is surrounded by the thought of the present day would either not endeavor to depict so unthinkable a scene at all, or, if he did, the result would be a *tour de force*, theatrical and insincere, utterly wanting in that spirit of reverence which pervades its most grotesque representations in mediæval days.



PETER DENYING CHRIST. BY BENJAMIN WEST.

The early settlers of America, especially in New England, were certainly not wanting in religious spirit: they came here in many instances precisely to establish a theocracy; but they were dominated by the most inartistic religion of which we have any knowledge. They gave the broadest application possible to the commandment against graven images. They cherished the spirit which robbed the English churches of their artistic treasures and substituted for stained glass, marble effigies and glowing canvases, the barest and most unattractive conventicles, and for an æsthetic service a rigid, matter-of-fact meeting in which all imagination and poetry were studiously repressed. To such an extent was the prejudice of the Puritan carried, that the very name of "artist" was a term of reproach; less

bitter, indeed, than that of "play-actor," but quite sufficient to deter a sensitive nature from incurring the criticism which followed every unusual act, in a community where one stringent rule was made for all; where such individualism as could not walk in the prescribed path was at least suspected of being an emanation from the father of evil.

Doubtless many a New England grave closed over hearts and brains which had been fired by artistic longings and inspirations which had been bravely suppressed and forced to spend themselves in the hard, narrow life by which they were surrounded. Poverty, too, must be taken into account, as well as the absolute absence of opportunity for artistic training and development. And yet, had there been any atmosphere of

encouragement, any longing for the ministry of art, would it not have been answered? But, alas, if any American Giotto, drawing his inspiration from nature, ever made his sketches on the granite of our hills, there was no Cimabue to discover his genius and no Florence to which he could go.

The early records of the colonists afford minute details of the daily events in their lives; the struggle for existence, the taming of the wilderness, the sufferings from Indians and the dealings of Providence are carefully rehearsed; and quite by chance, as it appears, we are told that in the time of Winthrop a "limner" flourished, who painted portraits. So unimportant was he considered that his name is not mentioned, and it is not

severely punished — set in the stocks or publicly whipped, at the very least. For half a century after Winthrop's death the artistic genius of America found its expression in portraits alone, or in the melancholy outlet of the swinging tavern sign.

In 1729 Bishop Berkeley indirectly gave the first effective impulse to American painting. "Ancient learning, exact science, polished society, modern literature and the fine arts contributed to adorn and enrich the mind of this accomplished man;" and when he embarked on his Utopian scheme of establishing a university in the "Vext Bermuthes" and landed at Newport, R. I., he was accompanied by John Smybert (Smibert or Swibert), who was born in Edinburgh



IN POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

CHRIST REJECTED. BY BENJAMIN WEST.

probable that any work of his is still in existence. Had he ventured to paint a religious subject in that day, when the picturesque — especially in religion — was as remote from the consciousness of New England as the invention of the telephone, he would probably have been

and had studied painting in London and Italy.

Smybert settled in Boston, where he married Mary Williams. He has been called "the patriarch of American painting." His portraits of the early divines and notable men of New England are

numerous, and have frequently been described as the best pictures painted in America before the Revolution; but the great favor which Smybert conferred upon American painters was by his copies of Vandyke, Poussin and Raphael. These were of inestimable value to Trumbull and other artists. His copy of Vandyke's portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio is now at Harvard University. Allston studied this picture and expressed his gratitude to Smybert for the instruction he had derived from his works.

Seven years after Smybert came to America, John Singleton Copley was born in Boston. In his early childhood he showed a talent for drawing which later developed into portrait painting. His "likenesses" became very popular, and are too well known, both in America and England, to require notice here; they earned for him the title of the "American Vandyke," — and the possession of "a Copley" is a matter of congratulation to its owner. Lord Lyndhurst, Copley's son, in 1827, wrote a letter in which he

said that his father "never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age."

In 1760 Copley sent his picture of "The Boy and the Flying Squirrel" to the Royal Academy Exhibition in London. The enthusiasm with which it was received, and the friendship of Benjamin West, which resulted from it, were doubtless potent influences in shaping Copley's future career, although fourteen years elapsed before he accepted West's urgent invitation to visit him.

Meantime Copley had married Susannah Farnum Clarke, whose face was frequently depicted on his canvases. She was the Mary of the "Nativity," the mother in the "Family Picture," and one of the group of women in the "Death of Major Pierson," which the Duke of Wellington declared to be "the only picture of a battle that ever satisfied him or displayed the reality of the scene."

When at length, in the summer of 1774, Copley went to London, he received much attention from West and Sir Joshua



FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY HENRY MOSES.

CHRIST CONVERSING WITH THE DOCTORS. BY BENJAMIN WEST.



FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY HENRY MOSES.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN. BY BENJAMIN WEST.

Reynolds, — then the first artist in England and president of the Academy, — as well as from many people of position in society. During this visit he painted for Governor Wentworth portraits of George III. and his queen, which were placed in the Wentworth House near Portsmouth, N. H. In October of the same year Copley went to Rome, and in one of his earliest letters from that city he dwelt at length upon the wonderful qualities of the "Transfiguration" by Raphael. It would seem that the sight of this immortal work incited him to attempt re-

ligious painting, for very soon after he wrote to his wife: "I think of engaging in a work that will cost me about three months' time, the subject 'The Ascension of Christ.' I have made a drawing which has the approbation of all who have seen it. I am encouraged to paint it; Mr. Hamilton also assures me it will please, and advises the same." This picture was probably finished in London, as Lord Lyndhurst remembered seeing his father at work on it; but it does not appear in any list of his works.

Returning from Rome, Copley remained in Parma to make a copy of Correggio's "St. Jerome," for which he had received a commission from Lord Grosvenor. Sir Edwin Landseer pronounced this the best copy ever made of this famous picture. It was sold after the death of Lord Lyndhurst, in 1864, for the small sum of fifty-one guineas.



IN POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS  
THE DEAD MAN RESTORED TO LIFE BY TOUCHING THE BONES OF  
THE PROPHET ELISHA. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Copley was a man of strong religious sentiments and of quick and earnest sympathy, and in his letters written to his wife from Italy, while he speaks enthusiastically of statues, of pictures of classical subjects, and occasionally of a portrait, he dwells at far greater length upon

paintings of religious subjects. About twenty years later he devoted himself to a series of such pictures. In 1796 he exhibited "The Sacrifice of Abraham," followed two years later by a companion picture, "Hagar and Ishmael," and in the same year "Saul Reproved by Samuel." His picture of "The Tribute Money" was painted for the Royal Acad-

emy, to which each member, on his admission, contributed a painting. The precise dates of "The Nativity" and "Samuel and Eli" are not known. The latter, sometimes called by the text, "Speak, for thy servant heareth," was remarkable for its composition and color. Eli was an especially fine figure; the silvery beard and exquisite flesh tints were much admired, as was also the figure of the youthful Samuel, for which the future Lord Chancellor of England was the model. This picture was painted for an illustration to the Macklin Bible, and was engraved by Valentine Green. It was sold by the executors of Lord Lyndhurst for one hundred and five pounds. The "Saul Reproved by Samuel" was sold at the same time and

brought to Boston by a relative of the artist. It is one of his most vigorous works. Samuel, with raised hand, is saying, "The Lord hath rent thy kingdom from thee," while Saul is filled with dismay; David is seen behind Saul, bearing his armor, while his horse is by his side.



IN POSSESSION OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

These figures are most expressive, and the color of the picture is rich and well preserved. Copley gave a certain dignity to his figures, both in his portraits and in his other pictures, which makes them most attractive and imparts to them an air of being truthful representations of his sitters and of the imaginary characters whom he wishes to present to us, as he pictured them in his own mind.

Copley's last work was a picture of "The Resurrection," of which his wife spoke in a letter written to her daughter in September, 1811, as "almost finished" and "much liked." This remains in England, as do nearly all of his religious subjects.\*

No other American painter attained so important and brilliant a position in the art world of the eighteenth century as did Benjamin West, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1738, and was twenty-five years old when he first went to England. The

\* Almost all of Copley's religious pictures have been engraved, but the plates are now very rare. An invaluable collection of them was destroyed in the great Boston fire, in 1872. — EDITOR.

story of the most important part of his artistic career belongs more fitly to the annals of British than to those of American art; but the steady friendship and the persistent benefits which he bestowed upon young American artists in England is the best possible testimony to his loyalty to his native land, while his refusal of the baronetcy which was offered him unmistakably emphasizes his genuine republican principles.

Happily, his mother, though a Quakeress, encouraged his childish talent for drawing, and all the influences of his life were helpful to his artistic development. His family antecedents in England were such as easily led to royal favor and to his appointment as historical painter to the king. His whole career was prosperous in a way that could but end in a happy old age. Cradled in a cottage, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his many honors were the legitimate result of unswerving effort to merit them. To have been the president of the Royal Academy for almost twenty-eight years was certainly



a rich reward for orderly living and the determined development of such talent as he possessed.

However, West was not of an intense nature, nor was his experience such as stirs the soul and awakens spirituality. His works bear witness to this truth; for while we may congratulate ourselves that he may be ranked among the earliest

was slight, his color monotonous, and his vitality feeble.

"Christ Healing the Sick" was painted for the Pennsylvania Hospital when the artist was sixty-five years old, but was sold to the British Institution for £3,000 and a replica sent to America. It is said that the paralytic woman in this picture is a portrait of West's mother.



JACOB'S DREAM. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

American painters, there is nothing in his pictures to arouse enthusiasm in their presence or to inspire that vivid recollection of them which results from the study of works of genuine power.

The number of his pictures has been estimated at three thousand; they naturally embrace a large range of subjects, and many are taken from the Scriptures. The entire list is too long to be given here, and most of them are in England. Seven pictures illustrative of "Revealed Religion" were painted by West for the oratory at Windsor; his "Raising of Lazarus" is in Winchester Cathedral. Waagen thought his picture of "Alexander the Great and his Physician" his *chef d'œuvre*; but other good critics consider that he reached his greatest excellence in his "Christ Rejected." But when all is said, his skill in composition is his only praiseworthy quality; his imagination

A far more varied and interesting career was that of John Trumbull, who came of genuine Puritan stock, and was born in 1756. His father was a colonial governor of Connecticut, and a man of unusual force of character; on his mother's side he was a descendant of John Robinson. Trumbull was a very delicate child, and when four or five years old he fell downstairs and injured his left eye so seriously that it was never again of much use to him. Not being robust enough to engage in the customary boyish sports, he devoted himself to drawing with great industry and enthusiasm; and when, at fifteen and a half, he was fitted to enter the junior class at college, he so greatly preferred the study of painting that he begged his father to apprentice him to Copley rather than to send him to Harvard. Governor Trumbull wisely insisted upon the college, and in the library there

the young painter found what he called "The Jesuit's Prospective Made Easy," by Brooke Taylor, and Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty."

While at Harvard Trumbull copied Copley's picture of "Vesuvius" and Noel Coypel's "Rebecca at the Well," from an engraving in which he was forced to rely upon his own taste in color. After his graduation he devoted himself enthusiastically to his art, but his work was interrupted by the breaking out of the Revolution. He at once entered the service and was made *aide-de-camp* to General Washington, but on account of some misunderstanding with General Hancock he left the army in 1777, in the hope of realizing his ardent desire of studying with Copley. Finding that the latter had gone to London, Trumbull was fortunate in taking a room that had been occupied by Smybert, where he found copies after Vandyke, Poussin and Raphael. In the absence of all instruction, these pictures were invaluable to him, and he diligently copied them.

A second time he entered the army, and during a period of gallant service fitted himself to become what he is often called, "the painter of the American Revolution." Soon after returning to private life he went to London to study under Benjamin West, having already drawn and painted sixty-eight subjects, among which were a "Crucifixion" and "Elisha Restoring the Shunammite's Son."

A letter from Benjamin Franklin so recommended Trumbull to West, that, although he was the son of a rebel governor and had served in the rebel army, he was permitted to study in London;

and West, after seeing a copy which Trumbull made of the "Madonna della Sedia," assured the young artist that nature had "intended him for a painter."

Shortly after this, at the instance of some unfriendly Tories, Trumbull was arrested and thrown into prison, charged with high treason. When examined by the authorities he boldly said: "I am an American; my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel governor of Connecticut. I have served in the rebel army; I have had the honor of being *aide-de-camp* to him whom you call the rebel George Washington. I am entirely in your power: treat me as you please, always remembering that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine."

In prison Trumbull continued to make copies from the old masters, and after eight months, at the personal solicitation of West to the king, he was released on the condition that he should leave London



FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY J. & S. W. CHENEY.

DETAIL FROM JACOB'S DREAM. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.



BY PERMISSION OF THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.



IN POSSESSION OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

and not return until a peace was concluded with the colonists. It was on his forced return to America that Trumbull painted numerous portraits of the men who were engaged in making most important history by forming the new republic.

Like Copley and West, Trumbull was greatly influenced by the masterpieces of religious painting, and frequently chose his subjects from the Bible. He copied Raphael's "Transfiguration," and painted his own conception of "The Preparation of the Body of Christ for the Sepulchre," "The Saviour Bearing the Cross," "The Woman Taken in Adultery," "The Holy Family," "The Saviour Blessing Little Children" and "The Infant Christ and St. John." Many of these are now in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven and are extremely interesting as specimens of genuine academic painting, although the coloring has so suffered that it is difficult to imagine what it was originally.

Another military artist was Henry Sargent, who was born in Gloucester in 1770; and although, like other painters, he showed a love of his art as a child, he

followed several other occupations. He was, by turn, merchant, politician, artist and soldier. Having risen to the rank of colonel in 1799, he was frequently seen drilling his regiment on Boston Common. Colonel Sargent was much admired in society, and was altogether an unusually attractive and accomplished man. His picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" was somewhat famous in its day; and his representation of "The Crucifixion" belongs to the Roman Catholic Society of Boston.

Washington Allston, although born in the same country with Copley, West and Trumbull, was much younger than they, and was able, after his graduation from Harvard College, in 1800, to go at once to London to study in the Royal Academy. Three years later he proceeded to Paris and Italy, where he spent four years. In Rome he associated intimately with Coleridge, Thorwaldsen and other congenial men, and was the first American painter who enjoyed the advantages of surroundings and study suited to artistic development.



IN POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK. BY BENJAMIN WEST.

His pictures embrace a great variety of subjects; but we must here speak of the religious pictures only. In 1811, "The Dead Man Revived by the Touch of Elisha's Bones" gained a prize of two hundred guineas at the British Institution; it is now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. The next sacred subject which he painted, "The Liberation of St. Peter by the Angel," is now in the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, Mass.; while "Jacob's Dream" and "The Repose in Egypt" remain in England.

In 1818 Allston returned to Boston and began to work on his pictures of "Belshazzar's Feast" and "Elijah in the Desert." Both of these are now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. His "Jeremiah and the Scribe" is at Yale College; "Miriam Singing the Song of Triumph" and "Saul and the Witch of Endor" are in private hands. The prophetic sternness of Jeremiah and the grace of Miriam afford, in their contrast, a good illustration of the versatility of Allston's artistic conception.

It is now difficult to understand the enthusiastic admiration for Allston's works which at one time gained for him

the title of the "American Titian." He was not great as a colorist, and one of his peculiarities is that the subordinate portions of his pictures frequently excel the figures from which they are named. For example, in his "Jeremiah," which has frequently been called his *chef d'œuvre*, the scribe is far superior to the prophet, whose sacred office of revelation does not render him self-forgetful. So, too, in the "Elijah in the Desert," the landscape, in its severe dignity, is far more admirable than the figure of Elijah and the curiously distorted banyan tree. The "ideal and spiritual" qualities which were attributed to his female heads seem to me to merit much less lofty adjectives, while the distortion of faces intended to express fear — as seen in the picture of "The Dead Man Revived by Touching Elisha's Bones" — is far from suitable or impressive.

There are few more pathetic stories in the history of art than that of the unfinished picture of "Belshazzar's Feast." The subject was sketched in 1817; and as the "Elijah" was painted in three weeks, and "Uriel in the Sun" in double that time, I doubt if Allston or any of his friends would have thought that more

than a year would be required for this work, for which he felt great enthusiasm. In a letter to Washington Irving, Allston, speaking of the subjects in his mind, said: —

“One of these (and the most important) is the large picture, — the prophet Daniel interpreting the handwriting on the wall, before Belshazzar. I have made a highly finished sketch of it. I think the composition the best I have ever made. It contains a multitude of figures, and (if I may be allowed to say so) they are without confusion. Don't you think it a fine subject? I know not any that so happily unites the magnificent and awful. A mighty sovereign, surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revelry palsied in a moment, under the spell of a preternatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, while his heart, compressed to a point, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of the mysterious sentence. His less guilty but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet-table, the half-arrogant, half-astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the temple (shining as it were in triumph through the gloom), and the calm, solemn contrast of the prophet, standing, like an animated pillar, in the midst, breathing forth the oracular destruction of the empire!”

This shows a clear vision of a most powerful subject in the painter's mind; and he began to work upon it with courage and hopefulness. His canvas measured sixteen by twelve feet, and when he brought it to America in 1818 he said that the most difficult part had been accomplished and but six or eight months would be required for the completion of the picture. Ten of Allston's friends, wishing to enable him to work without financial anxiety, appraised the picture at \$10,000 and took shares of \$1,000 each and advanced him a portion of the money.

Before continuing his work, Allston asked Stuart's opinion of it. The criticisms which were made appealed to Allston as just, and he at once began to change and correct his design. It would have been vastly better if he had abandoned the well-advanced picture and begun another; for, from this time until his death — a period of twenty-five years — he endured great mental suffering on account of this work, which he had hoped would prove a masterpiece and place

his name among the stars in the mid-heaven of artistic greatness.

Stuart attributed Allston's frequent changes and his nervous fears to his constant mental growth; and Charles Sumner believed that had Allston's last illness been long he would have had the picture destroyed. At times he would not permit it to be seen; but in 1823 he showed it to Chester Harding and Jonathan Mason and wished them to describe it to Leslie in England. At that time the figure of Daniel alone was unfinished, but several years later he said to a friend, “I have to-day blotted out my four years' work on the ‘Handwriting on the Wall.’”

He was tortured by a fear that the picture would disappoint his friends. It became hateful to him. It was never absent from his thoughts, and he abandoned it and returned to it again and again; growing more and more feeble, he mounted the ladders and stagings before the enormous canvas, and did the fatiguing work of priming coats and other details which he should have delegated to assistants. Seven hours before his death he was thus occupied, and, returning home much exhausted, he fell asleep to awake in another world, leaving this picture a pathetic monument to a quarter of a century passed in acute mental sufferings and great physical struggles.

The architecture of the picture is worked up with infinite labor, and some of the objects of still life — the metals and other details — are of admirable excellence; but as a whole, with the original hopeful scheme of the work still showing through the later, despairing one, it arouses the deepest sympathy for the artist to whom death must have come as a welcome release from the painful years which should have brought a crowning success to his promising youth and middle life.

Among the many friends who loved and admired Allston was the artist Charles Robert Leslie, who, though born in London in 1794, was the son of American parents who soon returned to this country. When again in London, at the age of seventeen, and under the influence of West and Allston, Leslie was

bitterly homesick for Philadelphia; but England was essentially his home.

Leslie attributed to Allston his sensibility to the beauty of color, and in following Leslie's career one sees that he was also indebted to the elder artist for the valuable acquaintances, social privileges and distinguished associations which

of which were in the Lenox gallery in New York. These works lack the highest qualities of historical and dramatic art. All that Leslie did was academic and confined within the limits of the English school of his day; his skill in grouping figures, his color and refinement of sentiment have been praised; but as



FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY HENRY MOSES.

AARON STAYING THE PLAGUE. BY BENJAMIN WEST.

aided him in becoming the scholar, gentleman and artist that he was in later life.

Leslie's close companionship with Allston while he painted his "Dead Man Revived" was doubtless a potent influence in turning the thoughts of the younger artist to Scripture subjects, and he later painted "Christ Teaching his Disciples," "The Pharisee and Publican," "Christ," and "Mary and Martha," all

a whole his development was narrow and his pictures lack spirit and earnestness.

It is not yet a half a century since Thomas Cole died; and he is almost forgotten, despite the immense popularity which attended the engravings illustrative of his four paintings called "The Voyage of Life." In all his works the beauty of the landscape, rather than of the figures, merits praise; indeed, Cole

may be called the first successful landscape painter of America. He passionately loved the scenery of our country, and wrote from Italy, "Neither the Alps, nor the Apennines, nor even *Ætna* itself have dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." It has been said that his brush rendered the same service to our scenery as did Bryant's pen; and when the religious spirit in Cole's pictures and Bryant's poems is compared, their fondness for each other is easily understood.

Cole's picture of "The Expulsion from Eden," "The Angels Appearing to the Shepherds,"—belonging to the Boston Athenæum,—and the two series of "The Voyage of Life" and "The Cross and the World," abundantly prove his earnestness, "the depth of his emotions and the greatness of his thoughts." The picture which represents his pilgrim of the cross peacefully entering heaven was scarcely completed when he passed to that world which he had so devoutly tried to imagine.

Robert W. Weir was best known as a painter of *genre* subjects and for his large picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims;" but his portfolios contained some promising sketches of sacred subjects, while his pictures of "Christ and Nicodemus" and "The Angel Liberating Peter," painted in Florence, manifested a deep religious feeling in the artist.

George W. Flagg is entitled to attention on account of the affectionate interest which his uncle, Washington Allston, felt in him; and certainly the youth enjoyed unusual privileges for his day in New England; for not only did Allston make him his pupil in his studio, but he devoted many hours to various kinds of instruction such as would reveal to the boy the religious tendencies of art and awaken the loftiest aspirations of his nature. Few scenes in the life of Allston are more attractive than those in which he related to his nephew the story of his experiences in Italy and other countries, told him of the famous men and beautiful women whom he had met, and disclosed to him the far-reaching ambitions which every artist may entertain. Among Flagg's early works was a picture of "Jacob and

Rachel at the Well," which so delighted Allston that he exclaimed, "Now you may consider yourself an artist." Later he painted "The Good Samaritan;" but neither in this nor in his later works were the fond hopes of Allston fully realized. A brother, Jared B. Flagg, was also instructed by his uncle, and painted, in 1850, a picture of "Paul before Felix." Four years later he became a clergyman, was rector of a parish in New Haven, and his services were of much advantage in the arrangement of the Yale Art Gallery.

Peter F. Rothermel may be said to have become an artist without instruction and rather late in life, as he followed the profession of a surveyor until after his majority. His only picture of a Biblical subject represented "St. Paul Preaching to the Athenians," in which there are about thirty figures, with the Acropolis in the distance. He is better known by his "St. Agnes," now in Russia, and "The Christian Martyrs in the Colosseum," which attracted much attention at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

Thomas P. Rossiter was a contemporary of Rothermel's and, like him, painted historical and scriptural subjects. Rossiter's large pictures of "Noah," "Miriam," and "The Jews in Captivity" were extensively exhibited in the United States about forty years ago. He also painted "The Parting of Ruth, Orpah and Naomi," "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," "The Ascension" and "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," and devoted his later life to a series of pictures representing "The Life of Christ."

We have traced the story of what may properly be termed early religious painting in America to a time when a few gifted and original artists inaugurated a new epoch and imparted a lustre to art in our country which has revolutionized painting in all directions and not least in the representation of sacred subjects.

It has not been our custom to congratulate ourselves upon a school of religious painting, but when all the influences surrounding the earliest American artists are taken into account, we may feel a certain pride in the fact that this phase of art has never been wanting to us, but



actually existed before we had established our independence as a nation.

We may now assure ourselves that the religious sentiment in art is strengthening its hold upon our people through the

decoration of churches with frescoes, sculptures and glorious windows, the changing lights of which impart new charms to the sacred stories painted on them.

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## THE WORLD ACQUITS.

*By Hannah Parker Kimball.*

THE world acquits, it seems, — but what of thee?  
 The blind, old world that loves duplicity,  
 That stones the prophet and that feasts the foe,  
 That mumbles out a dusty *con* or *pro* : —  
 What should I care for such crude equity?

To thee I turn, O my divinity :  
 Is to acquit enough 'twixt thee and me?  
 Richer the gifts thy generous hands bestow ; —  
 The *world* acquits !

O thou white soul of spotless purity,  
 Behold my heart laid bare, look, search, and see  
 The deed undone, was the will pure or no?  
 Absolve me if thou canst before I go ; —  
 Else what avails that silly mockery, —  
 The world acquits?

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## IF JESUS CAME TO BOSTON.

*By Edward Everett Hale.*

MR. Stead has written a valuable book, under the striking title, "If Christ Came to Chicago." It has excited much comment and much alarm. It has suggested to ill-informed people that Christ's plans have failed badly and that, as a correspondent says, "we are all going to hell remarkably fast, — as we are not." We have no wish to abate the force of any one of its warnings. We have no desire to contrast the cities of Boston and Chicago, — which are, indeed, cities curiously alike in many important regards, though not always thought so. But we believe it so important that every student of life should take all points of view, that we are glad to be able to present another picture, as our friend Dr. Primrose happened to see it.

He had noted the title of Mr. Stead's sketch, and, to some notes of his week's experience with his unknown friend, we venture to give the title above, "If Jesus Came to Boston."



I HAD Mr. Stead's book in my pocket one afternoon when I called on Dr. Primrose. I am used to advising with him, and I get good sense from him, if I let him have his head and do not interrupt him. I found him on the back veranda of his pretty house in South Boston, — high enough it stands to overlook the whole bay. A pretty sight, of an October afternoon, when the yachts are all astir, and everything is sunny and the sea is blue.

It is the old Fred. Ingham house, if you remember it. The doctor was at home, from his day's round, and was reading his *Outlook*. But he threw the paper down, found two chairs for me, one for my body and one for my feet, resumed the two in which he had made himself comfortable, and bade me watch the *Pilgrim* as she beat up the narrow channel against the southwest wind. I did so. But I told him why I had come. I took out Mr. Stead's book. I found he had seen it already.

"Yes," said he, "and they took the Saviour into very bad places. I could do it here. Hells, and slums, and dives, — opium, gambling, adultery and murder, — I could show it all to him here, as I could have showed it to him in Jerusalem or Tiberias, or as they can in Chicago now. But I could show him other things, too, which I could not have shown him in Jerusalem or Nazareth or Bethlehem, — and they could have done so there."

He spoke earnestly. He turned and looked me square in the face. He saw he had my attention, and he went on.

"I should hardly tell you this experience of mine but that you brought Stead's book. It was all a little strange to me. But there was no secret."

He called Ellen, and told her to bring a paper bag of peaches she would find on the hall table, and some knives and plates and napkins. When she had done this, he bade me help myself, and he began.



#### DR. PRIMROSE'S STORY.

IT was when I was coming home from England last. We had not a full list, for it was rather early in the year. But I thought I knew every man on board in the first cabin. So I was a little surprised one morning at breakfast, where I was always early, to see a man opposite me, whom I had not seen before. We were then within two days of Boston; we had been on the Banks, oh, two or three days. But I bowed to him, and he to me, and we fell to talk, — no one else there. The night had been rough, and they were all sick again.

There was, perhaps, the least possible accent in his voice, — or was there? Was it possible that he spoke the English of books, and not that of every day? But his face was all alive, his eye told what he was saying before he spoke, and, in spite of you, you said your best to him, as you do when any man tells you the whole, without reserve. We had not talked two minutes before, — well, he could have got out of me all he chose. He was ready to tell me all he wanted, and he seemed to know that I should want to do it. We sat long at breakfast, then we went on deck to walk, and, — well, I stayed with him all that day. This was perhaps ten o'clock.

I had guessed that he was from the east of the Mediterranean, a Syrian. He had that firm, strong look that you have seen among the Druses. Tall, — six feet high, — as dark as some Italians in complexion, this charming smile I tell you of, and a perfect sympathy as he listened. Strong? Yes, as Julius Cæsar; but affectionate, almost caressing.

He was on a queer errand, which he revealed to me at once, because, as he said, I could help him. He seemed to think that this made it sure I would, — and, indeed, he was right there. Why, if he asked a deck-hand to go down to the steerage with him, the man went at once, as my boy Will there always comes with me, unless I send him away. So, as I say, we walked the deck together, while he told me what brought him to America.

He had a brother over here, he said, — "at least I call him my brother," — whom, oddly enough, he had never seen. In fact, before we were done, I came to think that this was only a half-brother, or maybe some far-away cousin who was called a brother, — clearly enough, a sort of an Ishmaelite. This fellow had strayed away, they did not know where at first, till something turned up which showed he was or had been in America; and my friend had come to look him up. I asked about the family, and then he smiled with that friendly smile of his.

Oh, nobody knew how many children there were! Wife? She was a sort of Arab or Edomite of some kind; she must be dead. But he knew certainly of a

dozen children, boys and girls both; I think he thought there were thirteen, all told. Anyway, they were lost, and he was bound to find them.

In my stupid way, I tried to make him understand that our country is very large, and that people scatter, and that we keep no statistics about such people if we can help it. But he did not attend much to what I said. It was clear that he was used to success and he meant to succeed. "Legions of people to help, you know," he said, and implied rather gently that he should not give it up before he began. And I, — well, if you knew him you would not wonder, — I "highly determined" that I would not leave him till they were found.

Well, that seemed to be the way right along. I told him, of course, that he must come to my house and stay with me here; and he said he would. But actually, on the pier, after the ship was made fast, waiting on the end of the steerage gangway I saw Miss Burnett, the Young Traveller's Friend, and a girl, whose name I do not know, with the uniform of the Salvation Army. To their surprise and mine, my friend shook hands with them both, and they tried to remember where they had seen him before. I told Miss Burnett that we had these people to look up, and she laughed and said we had come to the right office this time. She was here, and her friend, for the exact purpose of meeting the steerage-women, as they landed, to see that they got into no scrapes. They had the name of a family from Genoa, about whom the Army people had telegraphed from Italy; and, when all the steerage people had landed, she could go to the office with us and hunt up our baker's dozen.

When they said "hunt them up," my friend looked at me, and intimated that this thing was easier than I had thought. But Eliza Burnett said at once: —

"But, Dr. Primrose, why do you wait? Why not go yourself to Miss Drinkwater, and see if she has not run across them? Then she will telephone to Miss Smith, and they will tell you what they know at headquarters."

And so she took down on her book the name, "Ishmael Benagar," which I came

to know so well, nodded, and ran into the steerage with her friend, to find the Genoese girl.

I and my companion went our way. I found myself calling him back sometimes, where he undertook to lead; for I did think that if I knew anything, I knew about the North End streets, and I did not suppose he did. He was amused at my persistency in my own plans, and yet, oddly enough, he seemed always to come out right in his. We struck just the right cars, without waiting, and brought up in twenty minutes at the Y. W. C. A. office in Berkeley Street. We were shown into the office, — carpet rather worn, long table in the middle, four or five chairs, book-case with glass doors, well stocked. My friend began to look at the books. But he had no time to read before Miss Drinkwater, the chief, came in. It seemed almost as if she had been waiting for us. The upshot of it all was this: —

Their index, for years back, showed no Benagar. But every one remembered "that pretty Benaco girl," and every one knew where she was, — with a nice family in Malden, where she took care of the little children. The people were much interested in her, and made of her an older sister in the family. The description tallied so well with my friend's recollection of Benagar's mother, that he took a note of the Malden home, — sure he should find it, as I noticed, — and determined to go there. Miss Drinkwater meanwhile had called Miss Zilpha Smith, and was talking to her, at the Chardon Street Bureau, through the telephone.

In my dull Western arrogance, I fancied that the telephone might surprise him. I did not suppose they had them at Acre or at Petra. But no. He took all such marvels as things of course. He had to guess from what Miss Drinkwater said what were Miss Smith's replies. And, where he could not guess, Miss Drinkwater interpreted.

"We want a family named Benagar, Syrian people." — "Yes" — "B-e-n-a-g-a-r. If you do not find that try Benaco, B-e-n-a-c-o." — "Yes" — "Yes" — "Twelve children beside a girl at Malden." — "Yes" — "No." Then she

laughed and turned to us. "They have not found any Benaco but ours; they had her. But they are a bright set there. They think they have them as "Vinegar," — but they have called a visitor in Salutation Alley, and they will know in a few minutes."

So we waited, and my friend asked Miss Drinkwater how she fell in with Miriam, the girl he felt sure of. It was a pretty story.

"This Miriam — oh, such a pretty, graceful creature — found herself at a railroad station alone, at ten o'clock. Her father had undertaken to meet her, and was not there."

My friend bowed gravely, as if such were his brother's custom. He said beneath his breath, but so I could hear him, "I go, sir, and he went not." Miss Drinkwater did not observe, and went on with her story.

"If the child had not been frightened," she said, "Mr. Parvis would have sent her to us. The carriage men are very good to us, and she would have been here in five minutes. But she thought she could find her father. He had written where he lived, and that child, at ten at night, set out to find her way in Boston. Where she went, the recording angel knows. Where she came out was at Miss Gardner's house in Berkeley Street. They saw she was all right, and they took her in."

"What do you mean when you say 'all right'?" said he gravely.

"Oh, I mean she was a stranger, and they took her in. That is what they are for."

Then he turned to me, and said he thought we had better go there on the way to Malden. But at this moment the telephone rang.

"Yes" — "Yes" — "No" — "Certainly" — "Spell it." And then she turned to us. "There is one of the children, Mahalath Vinegar, now at the Hancock school. If you get there before twelve you can see her. She will take you to her brother's house. They know nothing of any father."

My friend smiled gladly as he heard the name Mahalath, and said, "That is right, that is right. I know he would have named one child for her grandmother."

"But at the office they call them Egyptians. They thought they were gypsies."

"Well, of course, his mother was an Egyptian."

And then, promising to come again, we left in hot haste for the Hancock-Cushman school. But we did not find it, for all our haste, until the afternoon.

We were crossing Pleasant Street, — running, indeed, to take a cab, — when a dark-faced young man, just ahead of us, slipped and fell on the wet pavement. A heavy coal cart was just turning round, knocked him down, and the wheel jammed his foot horribly. A fez fell from his head as he fell. Quick as light, my companion was at his side, and lifted him to the sidewalk. I followed, as soon as I could, and I saw that they were talking in some tongue unknown to me. I helped to carry him into a shop; but at the moment a policeman touched me and said he had called an ambulance, — and, before we were fairly in the shop, the ambulance appeared. The men had stretchers with them, so that the wounded man had not even to limp; and when he was comfortable in the wagon, the officer said to my friend: —

"I see you can speak with him. Can you go to the hospital?"

And in a moment they were off. I followed, in a cab I called, and was there almost as soon as they. I explained who I was, and was led to the room where the party had arrived just before me, and where the poor sufferer was already on a bed. They were carefully taking off his trousers, — his boots were off already, — and then began the examination of the wound.

The tenderness and skill of the surgeon were exquisite. The delicacy and silent precision of the nurses were as perfect. I know I said to my wife, when I came home, that the whole seemed to me like a sacrament. In a few minutes the first examination and dressing were over, the surgeon looked at his watch, and said, "Dr. Cheever will be here in an hour;" and then gently intimated to me and my friend that we had better go. Bendaoeed bent over his countryman to say a word to him in Syriac, and then followed me.

"I am not sure," he whispered. "But

he has just the look of his grandfather." And then he begged me to take him to the chief physician's office, and I did so. He thanked that gentleman, with Oriental warmth, for the kindness shown to his countryman. "My brother's son, perhaps," he said, with feeling; and he took out two great pieces of their Eastern money. "Pray take care of him," he said. "Take this, and when I come again I will repay you whatever there is more."

But the doctor smiled and returned the coins. "Not at all, dear sir. You will have enough other chances to use this. This is what we are for. I am glad you could see what we try to do to every child of God. Your good Samaritan countryman did not live in vain."

And so the Syrian and I started for the Hancock-Cushman school. It is fully two miles from the hospital, you know, so I had a chance to show him some of our customs, good and bad. I remember he was very much touched, at Blackstone Square. He stopped to wet his lips at the Appleton fountain. As he offered me the cup of cold water, I took it as a sacrament, and I said to him, "In the name of a disciple." As we walked on he said, "That was good. Did you see the dogs drinking at the lower place, while the horse drank at the trough, and you and I at the running stream above?"

We stopped to see Miss Zilpha Smith at the Bureau of Charities, to see if she had learned anything more of the tribe of Benagar, Benaco or Vinegar. But she had almost nothing to tell us. This "Vinegar" child was staying with an aunt, as she was called, where there had been an accident, and the Diet Kitchen had provided some special food. That was the chance by which this name was registered.

My friend asked about the registry, and Miss Smith showed him the outside of it, — she would not let any outsider see the contents. An enormous case of cards, which had the histories of the people who had been in need, for fourteen years. But, as she said, if the Benagars had not come to need, they would not be recorded there. Why did he think they had come to need?

This waked me up, of course. I had

gone off at half-cock, in supposing that they had. But he had misled me, and even now it was quite clear to me that his kinsman had come to need everywhere else, and that he had taken it for granted that he would here. But there I took up my parable, and said that thousands on thousands of people landed here every year and with tens of thousands of children, who never came to need. I told him of the New Hampshire farmer who said to me that Cooke could have a fine cornfield because Cooke had so many children. And I said that the country meant to take care of everybody who came, and did take care of most of them, without their coming near any public authorities.

"I thought you understood," said I, "that this is only the margin which we are handling here. He intimated again that Benagar would be sure to be in the margin, if there were any. But I was not so sure. I told him, however, that while we were there we would see what did happen to the margin, and we went downstairs to Mr. Pettee's office. He is the secretary to the overseers of the poor.

I told Mr. Bendaoeed that it would not do to leave the matter to chance, and that this was therefore a separate department, with almost omnipotent authority, which had oversight of people who came to need. Nobody is to starve while the commonwealth has a penny. I introduced him to Mr. Pettee, and he to one of the gentlemen who have the oversight of separate districts. This gentleman took us downstairs, that we might see with our own eyes the distribution of food. A tall, thin woman, meanly dressed, met us, with a bag of oatmeal under her arm, and a codfish held by the tail in one hand. A little girl of thirteen or fourteen passed me, and I asked her to show us what she had, which was an order for coal on the coal-dealer in her district. The place had the aspect of the back room in a country store, with bags of oatmeal of different sizes tied up ready for immediate delivery on the orders from upstairs. The visitor with us explained that it is wholly impossible to give money to any one in need, unless he fall within the line of certain pensioners, of whose

characters the authorities are assured. It might go for whiskey. The city prefers to give the food itself, which is to go into the mouth of the hungry.

Then I took my friend up to the Provident Association, who make the largest distribution of clothing to those who are in need. But my real object was that at the Industrial Aid I might see if any Vinegar or Benaco or Benagar had applied there that winter.

So we looked in at a room where perhaps a dozen boys were sitting, waiting to be employed, and ten or twelve men, — and I introduced my friend to Mr. Peterson. But he was quite sure that he had neither of the three names on his list, and they did not appear upon the various indexes.

As we went out from the building, my companion said that he observed that the gentleman who had gone downstairs with us, and his companion, spoke as if one or the other of them knew all these people. I said it was so, — that the system was such that all these people came, after it had been made sure that they would not sell the food given them to other persons, and that they had no means of earning it by the sweat of their brow. He seemed to understand all this in advance; but he said: —

“But what would come to one of those poor people who landed with us, for instance, suppose that in the first hour he lost his purse or his scrip, — suppose that he found himself hungry at one o’clock, where would he be?”

I said I was glad he asked me the question just there; and then I took him up the steps of the building which we were passing, and rang the door-bell. The attendant knew me, for I have had more than one occasion to take a stranger there, and admitted us at once. I said, “Here is a gentleman from the East who wants to see what sort of chowder you make;” and the attendant laughed and took me into the dining-room.

At the table there were seated one or two men, and at another table in the next room three or four women. I told him that these were exactly such people as he had described. They were people astray in Boston, who had nothing to eat as

noon came, and they had reported themselves to the first policeman whom they saw. This policeman had passed them to the next, and he to the next; or, if it were far away, he had paid the fare of one or another in a street car, that he might come to this central dining-place.

“Here,” I said, “you see the fare is not very attractive, but it answers.”

This particular day it happened to be fish chowder, and the men evidently ate it with good appetite. I told my friend that I wished he could taste it, but it was not for him and for me, and that I never permitted myself to pass the rule of the place by partaking of the food which it was the duty of the city to provide for those that were in need. Still, looking at my watch, and finding that we were not quite at two o’clock, I made him go upstairs with me, that he might see the babies. In this room were five or six children, not dressed very sumptuously, but in neat cribs, with clean sheets, and their mothers sitting by them, knitting, gossiping and watching the little ones. They were the stray children who, with their mothers, had gone adrift exactly as he thought it might be possible. There were homes here or homes there, where they could be received, but it would not do for them to be sitting upon door-steps while they were waiting for those homes, and accordingly the city had provided this resting-place where perhaps they might be three or four days, until the proper letter should come and the proper arrangement be made which should place mother and baby in a new home.

He played a little with one or two of the babies, all of whom took to him on the moment. He talked with the mothers and then with Mrs. Crockett. No, she had not kept any record for a long time of the number of people she sent away. The ladies downstairs, on the Industrial Aid, had found homes in the last year for nearly three hundred of these poor women. The truth was that these women were most of them poor creatures broken down with drink, or with worse devils, if there are worse. But there were country towns where no drink can be got, and a little group of ladies, and Mrs. Crockett herself, make it their business to correspond

with the people in these country towns. Precisely because these poor women are inefficient and cannot bear temptation, the people in the country can have them, and take them into homes where there will not be temptation. As I said to him, — and I noticed his eye flashed, — “Lead us not into temptation” is a good prayer. So is it that back in New England somewhere, five hundred people in a year take five hundred of these broken-down women into their homes, sometimes with their babies, and give them the new chance which they do not refuse. Why, they told us of a woman who had been to the House of Correction ten times, whom a New Hampshire postmaster — not yet canonized because this did not happen three hundred years ago — had taken care of, and who is now living a decent life. His face had its most heavenly look when I told him this, and he said, “I had rather take care of that sheep in the mountains than of any ninety and nine that never went astray.” So we bade Mrs. Crockett good by, and he gave her his Syrian blessing as he went downstairs.

As we went down the street, I said, “You see this is margin of the margins. It does not do to feel that anybody can starve or even that anybody can be hungry. This is the provision for those who are on the very edge.”

I was glad we were on foot, because he saw the more foreign ways of Hanover Street and Salem Street better than if we had been in a car. I pointed out to him the Hebrew signs, but found they had caught his eye. In truth, after we entered Salem Street there were more signs in his own language than in mine. He stopped once or twice, and shook hands with one or another person whom he recognized as of Hebrew origin, and at once they would drop into speaking in the dialect which I was coming to know, which I fancy was some form of modern Syriac or Hebrew. So we turned into Parmenter Street. I rang the wrong bell by mistake at first, but was directed there to the larger of two schoolhouses, where I sent in my card, with his name upon it also; and in a moment we were in the office of Mr. Dutton.

I told Mr. Dutton our errand, and at

the first he looked doubtful. He had not yet, perhaps, at his tongue's end the names of all the twenty-one hundred of his charges. He had received two hundred and fifty girls within a few weeks, but he was utterly cordial and ready to tell and to show everything that he had. “The best way,” he said, “will be to go into the school-rooms, and there we can inquire for your little girl;” and he asked how old she was.

This was just what her kinsman did not know, knowing nothing about her but her name. Whether Mahalath Vinegar would prove to be Mahalath Benagar remained to be seen.

In the first room into which we went, a young lady, who was the teacher, welcomed us with charming hospitality; and on the instant my friend said, “No matter what we came for. Let us see what you are doing in your school.” I knew that he was interested in all of them just as much as in the one who was conventionally called his relative. The teacher explained to us that not one of these fifty children could speak the English language, not one of them was of the blood of the people who settled Massachusetts or who built up the original Boston. More than half of them, she told him, were Hebrews, the remainder were Christian Germans, were Italians, or Portuguese, or perhaps from the east of Europe. Then I asked if they had no Syrians or Arabs or Egyptians; and she said not in her room, she was sure. But notwithstanding this answer, he was interested, and he remained.

The exercises which we saw were wholly for the learning how to speak English. She told us that while none of them could speak English now, before next June they all would have learned to write English intelligently, to speak it enough for practical purposes, and to read the English of simple books with a good understanding. I do not suppose they would understand a translation from Schopenhauer, and possibly they might not understand an argument for free trade; but for the regular work of daily life they will be able, next June, to read English sufficiently well. Eagerly I asked how this was done. She called up a nice-

looking girl, perhaps ten years old, and showed to her a large box filled with every sort of thing. The child picked over it gravely, and then by a string lifted a little basket, and said, with very clear articulation, "This is a basket." The next child would say, "This is a bell;" the next child would choose a box and say, "This is a box." If the articulation were not well-nigh perfect, the teacher would correct, and the child would repeat, until she spoke it distinctly. One little Italian child had stopped in Paris for a year on their emigration, and at some French school had been taught to read English with a sufficiently correct pronunciation. The only reading which we witnessed in our visit was the reading of these English words, quite well pronounced, by a child who did not know the meaning of the word she heard.

What was pretty about it all was the eager interest of the children. They were clean, their clothes were clean, and they were alive with interest in what was said and done. When we shall see fifty boys as much interested in learning Latin as these children were in learning English, it will not take boys or men seven years to study the Latin language, and then find out that they cannot speak it intelligibly.

We went from room to room, and at last, in a room where the girls had been two or three years, this tall, brown, large-eyed Arab-looking Mahalath appeared. She was called to speak with her kinsman, and he fairly started at the sight of her. Then they went on one side, that she might tell him her story, and it was clear to me that he had come to a clew in his labyrinth.

The teacher asked if he would like to take her away; but he said no, — that she was happy and well with her countrymen where she was staying. He had written down the number of their home, and he would see them there. Meanwhile he would not keep her longer from the work of the school; — and so we came away.

He stopped Mr. Dutton while he could thank him for the time which he had given us, and then, in the same courteous way in which he had spoken to Dr. Rowe at the hospital, asked if he might not be

permitted to leave some money in his hands for the good of the poor children or those who were most destitute. But, like the doctor, Mr. Dutton told him that he must keep his money for those who needed it. We explained to him that this was simply the business of a Christian state, — that we were trying to give to these children the best we could give, in training them to be of use in life. We said that we were doing it for each and for all; we would not even leave the parents to say whether these children should or should not be trained in this way. We obliged them to see to the training, in one form or another. If they had no better place for them, we compelled the children to come into this school, and, as he saw, they seemed happy while they were there, and he would find that they came readily and promptly from day to day.

"Our business is," I said, as we came out into Parmenter Street, "to open the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, to make the lame walk, and, in a word, as your Master and mine said, to preach glad tidings to the poor in such way that they can understand it. Nineteen centuries would have been worth very little if we had not made some advance in welcoming the stranger, in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, and in caring for the prisoner."

He half heard me, he did not interrupt me, — in fact, it was observable that he never interrupted. But when I had fairly said what I had to say, he said: —

"When you say prisoner, I cannot help thinking of my poor kinsman. You see, all you have told me is about children and women. Now where is he all this time?" He said he was willing to confess to me that this Benagar was but a reckless fellow. He had a passion for gambling, and in their own home he wasted all his half of their father's patrimony in what his brother called "riotous living." "Now," said he, "I wish I did not think that he were in some gambling hell, as I believe you say, at this moment." And he asked me if there were any way in which we could see "one of those dens." "Dens" was a word he spoke almost bitterly.



To tell you the truth, he had me on new ground here. But, as I have already said, whatever that man asked me to do, I did. I did not say no to him once when he made any appeal to me, in the days when we were together. And while he made his visit to Salutation Alley and to Malden, I made the preparation for our visit to a first-class "hell." He said that Benagar would be in the best place in Boston or the worst, and I did as I am apt to, — I struck high.

O, no, it never occurred to me that I had no business there. I wanted to seek and save what was lost, as Bendaoeed had said he wanted to. So I went round to the club, and, in a little, one of my younger friends came in, and I told him I wanted a card of introduction to the gambling-house in Boston where a gentleman from the Levant would be most apt to be found. He laughed very heartily, that I should be the man to ask such a favor; he called one of my friends, and gave me away at once. But they both honored me by saying that they knew I could be trusted. One of them gave me his card, and then went to the telephone, called Buddy, the keeper of the house, and told him that at sharp 10.30 two friends of his would call, and that he was responsible for them. Then he gave me the number of the house, and the street, and went to play billiards.

My friend Bendaoeed met me at the reading-room of the Boston Public Library. Here I was glad to see that he had a few minutes to see the evening entertainment that a Christian city provides for the dirtiest, meanest and poorest of its people, — white, black or red, — if they will choose to come in. Hundreds of men and women were reading quietly there, from the best and most costly books in the world if they had chosen to ask for them, or from newspapers and magazines of their own country. I explained to him that we must not loiter, that I had promised to be exactly on time. And, by the way, I had noticed before this time that he always was.

We went in at the front of the gambling-house without ringing, but once within, I pressed an electric knob, as I had been bidden. Instantly a flashlight from

upstairs dazzled us both. Somebody inspected us. In a moment a boy with buttons came down, and asked my name. I gave him my card and that of the gentleman who introduced me, and we went upstairs. I noticed, as we passed two doors, that both of them were well guarded by men. But once in the large parlor itself, there was nothing but luxury.

It was a large club-room, taking the whole of that floor of the house. There were twenty or thirty young men about, — one or two I recognized. I had seen them at Cambridge, or at their fathers' dining-tables. My companion explained to my ignorance that the larger table was a roulette table, the smaller one a faro table. In one corner was a dining-table, elegantly served with wines, other liquors, and whatever one might like to eat, with two or three black waiters. Comfortable chairs, and an easy lounge or two, were ready for people not playing at the moment. There were a few sporting newspapers, the New York papers of the day, and in one corner a desk where, as we entered, I happened to see a young fellow cashing a check. He took a handful of bills, and some chips, to use at the moment on the tables.

Bendaoeed looked, not so much at the roulette wheel, for which he cared no more than he had cared for the telephone. He seemed to care for no thing, — only for man. A waiter who saw that we were strangers offered me some oysters as we looked round. Bendaoeed refused them, and I could see that he was watching a group of the older men at the faro table. He bent over and whispered to me: —

"That tall man, with black hair, — he is pointing across the table."

But at that moment we heard a tremendous crash on the door below. One, two heavy strokes, as of the head of an axe. A man, who I afterward heard was Buddy himself, sprang from behind the desk.

"My God! how could this have happened?"

He meant that he supposed he was under police protection. He had bribed some under-officials.

Instantly the lights were turned down,

the windows were flung up, and I saw the man next me throw some chips out of the window. The man at the entrance slid a heavy bar into place, so that it should hold the door. The inmates, all excepting me and the man at the door and my companion, rushed upstairs to the next floor. "Bang, bang," we could hear the axes below. And before the rush upstairs of the officers, some one — not I — had pushed up the bar which held us in, so that they entered easily. They put handcuffs on me, on my friend and the black waiter. Some one found the gaskey and lighted the room. The officers ran up to the roof, to meet one and another prisoner. For the roof had been guarded first, and was held by a party of the police.

Then there was careful handcuffing of a party of more than twenty, and we were all marched to the station. I expressed to my Eastern friend my regret and dismay. But he said, very simply, that it was no new experience with him, that we could not be of use without running some risk, and that our service to God was worth very little if we could not go before a magistrate now and then. For his part it was clear that he was more interested in looking up black sheep than in "S'iety" or the haunts of "S'iety."

He reminded me of John Bunyan.

So we spent the night there. It was a night I shall never forget. Before two hours were over, all our comrades were bailed out. It seemed it was a part of the business of Buddy to provide bail for them that they should appear in court the next morning, and a bail commissioner was in readiness. I told my friend that I supposed I could wake up some friend and have him come and bail us out; but he said he had much rather spend the night where he was. And when I saw how he spent it, I did not wonder.

There was a separate room for the poor drunken women who had been brought in, and others, old and young, of their sex. There was a nice motherly woman who had the oversight of them, and he went in and talked to them so kindly that I believe that those who were sober enough to hear him were other people afterward. If there is casting out of

seven devils nowadays, he certainly did it that night with them. As for our young college friends, who sat round us waiting for the bail man to come, it was wonderful to see how he got on with them, and I cannot think that many of those fellows were found in gambling hells again.

By two o'clock everybody was bailed that wanted to be bailed; and then he and I slept in bunks, comfortably enough, till morning. In the morning, after we had had the fare of prisoners, we and a lot of other people who had been drinking or breaking heads the night before were put into carts and carried to the Municipal Court.

I knew the judge perfectly well, and of course he was surprised to see me there. But he and I have met in queer places before. Gradually the Harvard fellows began dropping in, looking a good deal ashamed, to say the truth. But before our case came up, we had a chance to see a pretty thing, which interested the Syrian gentleman very much.

It was the retiring once and again, from the court-room, of the judge with some poor woman and the women's probation officer. We both looked at her with great interest. The balance and steadiness with which she talked with these women, and the evident confidence the judge had in her, could not but affect you. What she was there for was explained to Bendaoeed — and how she could treat one and another of these women without exposing them to the shame of a public prison. The three would come out, and the poor crying prisoner would be made to sit on one side with Miss Todd, till she could dispose of her; and you felt that mercy and justice had met together.

Our turn came. The case was explained. I told the judge why we were there, and that my friend was in search of a countryman of his, for the purpose of taking him away. The judge said aloud that men were judged by the company they kept, but that he would dismiss us both, on our personal recognizance to appear when we were needed. This is a mild way of intimating that we had been in a business which the law did not much approve, but that they did not mean to punish us. The Syrian shook hands with

him cordially, said he was delighted to see in practice the way in which judicial affairs were conducted, — and we went on our way.

I must not talk in so much detail, — and really the story comes to its sudden end. We found the brother, so-called, of Mahalath, who was in fact only some distant kinsman, and from him got a clew to a child at South Boston, for whom he thought he ought to inquire. I had got a side-clew to the same child from Miss Zilpha Smith at the Bureau. By this time I had found out that he did quite as well without me as he did with me; but even if he had wanted to go without me I could not go without him, — so that I undertook to show him through the intricacies of the South Boston bridges. This brought us down on the South Cove, where I took him upstairs, that we might make a necessary inquiry. I tapped at a door in the third story of the house, and in an instant it was opened by a young woman in the Salvation Army dress. She laughed good-naturedly, and said, "You see I am at work." That was clear enough, for she had risen from her knees, and her pail and scrubbing-brush were beside her. She had moved her patient into the next room, — the poor people there had made room for her till this back room could be cleaned, — and the "missionary" was showing that she understood her business by putting the sick woman's room in order.

My friend was so pleased that I thought for a moment he would go on his knees and finish the job. But she would not let him do that. She said, as if she knew him better than I did, "Oh, you have more important work to do, and I am nearly done here;" and then she asked me what she could do for me. We got our address in a minute, and went downstairs; and as we went, he said something about those people who did their duty themselves, instead of commissioning other people to appoint other people to suggest the names of other people who should select other people to do the duty. All this he said as if this hand-to-hand business met his approval in a special way.

I will not say that he could have got to

South Boston without me. In the present state of the bridges, it is a science to go to South Boston. But in a little we were ringing at the door-bell of the house I remembered as the Home for Imbeciles, — to be told, what I knew perfectly well, only I had forgotten it, that the Home had been removed to Waltham six years before! He laughed heartily at me, and bade me observe that this was what happened when he trusted himself to my care; and I had to confess that, though I live here within a mile of them, I had taken for granted their administration so entirely that I had not been near them since that time.

So this time we did not go on foot. I called a cab just in time to take the Albany train; we caught an electric at West Newton on the moment; and one or two inquiries brought us to the door at Waltham.

I cannot go to that home without crying my eyes out, — and I am forty years older than I was when I went there first. Bendaooed did not find the particular child he came for, but he found a dozen boys and girls who thronged round him with an eager, confiding air, — well, I have hardly seen it ever on other faces than on those of the feeble-minded. They seem to value kindness so much, and they seem to know that you want to be kind to them. And he, — it seemed as if he could not tear himself away. It seemed as if he had come to seek and to save that which was lost, and as if he had met his opportunity. It was only because he had promised to be at another place at another hour that he left these poor children.

Before the Fitchburg train came along, we had a chance, by a late lunch, to make good the Spartan severity of our breakfast; and then by five o'clock we were in town.

I do not know how many clews he had on his book. In fact, he never seemed to look at his book after he had put the entries down. It seemed as if any chance to help anybody was burned in on his mind, so that he did not need to refresh his memory. But for me, I had one thread of which I had made a note, which I wanted to follow out. So I made

him take an electric, and we came to the school-room in Cottage Street.

But it was no school-room which we found there. Here were, in two large rooms, groups of children, of all ages, from five years old, well, perhaps to fifteen. I told him that I called it a children's club, and he was very much amused and very much interested. The boys and girls were all reading, quite as a lot of loafing gentlemen might be reading at the Union Club or the Somerset, — except that none of them were smoking. The school-room had been cleared out, had been aired, the tables had been put in order, and then Miss Wiltse had come round and unlocked her libraries, and these little witches had come thronging in because these rooms were so comfortable and pretty, and because Miss Wiltse made them so completely at home. She knew what book every child had the day before, or she picked out a new one. She went round, explaining the pictures to this child, talking to another about butterflies or birds, making a third remember about her passage from Europe, — and, in a word, petting those children, playing with them, and teaching them, exactly as an older sister might do. I tried to explain that the children would have no such experience at home, — that Miss Wiltse was trying, indeed, to give them a better chance than they

would have had at home, without taking them away from the natural affection of father and mother. It was clear enough that the children liked to come. When the clock struck six they went away kissing their friend, and with real grief. She explained to us that the rooms would be aired and cleared and provided with books for the older children, and that after an hour had been given for supper a like session would be renewed for them until nine o'clock. "It is so much better than if they were in the streets," she said, — to which he assented, and I am sure I did.

When we came out on Tremont Street, to my surprise he did not come over with me. He only said, "Do not keep the house open. If I am not with you at nine, you will not see me before morning." And I came home to explain to my wife why she had not seen me for thirty-six hours.

Just before nine, the bell rang, and a telegraph-boy brought a despatch. I was afraid Bendaoeed had come to grief again, he seemed so reckless. But the despatch said:—

"I have gone to Chicago. I find I have other sheep there. What you in Boston have been doing to the least of these my brethren and my sisters, you have done it unto me. B."

And I never saw him again.

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## GRIEF.

*By Laura Spencer Portor.*

I SOUGHT to soothe my Grief with sweet command, —  
 Chiding her pale sad face, her wakeful eye,  
 Her anguished lips, curved to the stifled cry.  
 "Poor heart!" I said, "I know and understand;  
 Yet sleep you now; the day is near at hand."  
 I sang a song of deep philosophy,  
 A soothing, tender heartache lullaby;  
 And so Grief slept, as day crept o'er the land.

Then stealthily I tiptoed through the gloom;  
 Closed fast the door. "I have escaped!" I said;  
 "I ne'er shall see her more this side the tomb!"  
 Yet sometimes in the night, beside my bed,  
 I fear to hear her pale lips cry: "Make room!  
 Behold me once again, from whom you fled!"

COMMUNION.

(TRINITIES AND SANCTITIES, X.)

*By Eva Channing.*

**A** DOWN the vista of unnumbered years,  
 From out an era and a land unknown,  
 Comes journeying a soul to meet my own, —  
 To share its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.  
 No comrade strange this visitant appears;  
 Although apart to ripeness we have grown, —  
 Have loved, wept, struggled, both of us, alone, —  
 Yet common heritage our smiles and tears.

Ah, let me keep from haste and passion free,  
 Nor seek to penetrate with curious eye  
 The veil that shrouds this spirit's mystery!  
 May I instead with patient love draw nigh,  
 And, filled with awe, receive on bended knee  
 This treasure from the hand of the Most High.

"THE IDEAL MINISTER OF THE AMERICAN GOSPEL."

*By Leighton Parks.*



LIVER WENDELL HOLMES, writing to his friend Bishop Clark soon after the death of him whom he calls "our beloved Bishop Brooks," said: "I believe he is to stand as the ideal minister of the *American gospel*, which is the old-world gospel shaped — as all gospels are by their interpreters — by the influences of our American civilization."

How true a description this is, only those who knew Phillips Brooks well can appreciate. His interests were so varied and his genius was so versatile that it is difficult to know upon which one of his characteristics it is best to dwell. Think, then, first of this versatility itself. He was like a diamond of many facets, which flashes light from every side and yet sends forth each ray with a radiance all its own.

If we compare him with the other great men of this land we see at once how varied his genius was. Jefferson was a great statesman, but his blindness to the spiritual side of man's life was painful. Webster was a profound constitutional lawyer and a subtile debater, but he was ignorant of the first principles of art; and one feels that he read Shakespeare and the Bible as a logician rather than as a poet. Grant was fitted for his work as a spear's head is fitted to the spear, and that was the source of his power; but of all that goes to the beautifying of life or the governing of a nation in time of peace he was as unfitted as is a bayonet to be made into a pen.

Perhaps the man with whom we can best compare our great preacher is Henry Ward Beecher. Beecher was a great orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and yet there was a superficiality about him on certain sides that detracts from his greatness, and an absence of that fine

taste and discrimination in use of methods which no skill can ever give: it is rooted in a sincere respect for the dignity of the soul of man, and makes it impossible to use an argument or appeal to a motive in another which he would think it a shame to have another appeal to in him. The making of the Golden Rule the canon of his art was what made Phillips Brooks the greatest preacher of the age, considered only from the artistic standpoint.

No one who knew him at all could fail to see that he was an artist. His soul was bathed in the rich colors of the East, but with that artistic sense there went the Western common sense and power of getting at the heart of a question which was the characteristic that filled me with new wonder each time I heard him talk. It has been said that he was not logical. It would be as just to say that Newton was not a mathematician because the propositions of Euclid were axioms to him. Phillips Brooks reached the end before most men had mounted the cumbersome chariot of logic, even as Elijah ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel. He had a horror of bald propositions, and loved to clothe them in the garments of poetic fancy. I remember hearing him once say that the glory of "In Memoriam," as indeed of all of Tennyson's poetry, was that the philosophy of it was always held in solution. "So many men," he added, "have their philosophy in lumps, and then pour over it a mixture of verse; but in Tennyson the imagination absorbs the logic and everywhere thought is permeated with beauty." Is not that a perfect description of his own style?

Whether he could have mastered the mechanical details of painting and become technically an artist, I do not know. That he was a poet we all know from his carols, and some of us from having read the unpublished sonnets which give him high rank in the company of the poets. But the thing which is remarkable is not this gift, but that with it should have gone a moral sense that pointed instantly to the star of righteousness. Any tampering with truth called forth his instant indignation. The man who went to him for advice was led straight to the moral bearings of the question;

and when the right was found he had nothing more to say. That a man might be perplexed as to what was right, he could understand; but that he should hesitate to act, no matter what the sacrifice, when he once knew the right — that he would not believe; and how many did that faith save whom moral platitudes would have destroyed! Some one once said in his presence, that it was reported that a clergyman of our own church did not believe the Creed, but kept quiet about it. "Oh," he cried, in great indignation, "what do we broad churchmen stand for, if not for truth? When we dare not say what we believe, let us leave the Church!"

Of course there is nothing strange in a clergyman being a strict moralist; but it is unusual to find the keenest moral perceptions joined to the artistic temperament, as well as the union of poetry and logic.

The same unity of apparent inconsistencies is found in his eloquence and his power of dealing with practical affairs. It was often said before his election to the episcopate that he was not a man of affairs. But all men knew better who knew him at all. When he dealt with affairs he was so practical that you would have thought he had been bred in a counting-house. He was impatient of vague theories. "Will it work?" he had a somewhat disconcerting way of asking. When every one was reading "Progress and Poverty" and a good many men's heads were turned by the new wine, he said, "Just fancy the best government the United States ever had undertaking to carry on the business of this country, and then think of what it might be with General Butler for President!" When we were having one of the mild forms of ecclesiastical grip some years ago, and it was urged that the parish system was a failure and that the bishop should appoint all ministers and pay their salaries out of a common fund, he said: "Well, that is a fine scheme. Suppose the bishop sent me to Acton or Ware, and the people said, 'We don't like him,' and they would not come to church nor pay, what then? I think the little Paddocks would go without shoes this winter. Or

suppose he sent the Rev. Dr. Blank to Trinity, and Paine and John Ropes and Mr. Morrill and the rest of them did not think they were being helped in the struggle of life,—do you think they would continue to go to church to please the bishop? The truth is, our system is so bad in theory that it seems as if it could not work; but as a matter of fact I suspect no system on the whole works so well."

This clear, keen Yankee common sense enabled him to transact business with great rapidity, and then have time for the careful, thorough preparation which preceded the sermons and speeches of which it is unnecessary to speak, so well are they known. It was after some great outburst of eloquence that it was best to see him. He was like the ocean at Nantucket after the wind has swept it. The spray is dashed on the cliffs, beautiful and refreshing. It was my privilege to see him often so. Only once at such a time did I see him depressed. It was not long before the end. I walked home with him and burst out: "O, Brooks, that was wonderful!" But he only said, "How strange it is that men should have to be dragged to their privileges!"

As I think of his life I am reminded of the saying of Carlyle, that every great man might have manifested his greatness in any way. Cromwell might have written "Paradise Lost;" Cicero might have done the work of Cæsar, or Napoleon have been Racine. Whether that is true or not, there is a truth in it, and the truth is that a great man has within him the seeds of greatness in many forms. But when we look at the great men of any age, how many of them are narrow! And if this was true in past generations, how much more likely is it to be so in the future! Our education is becoming more and more technical. The scientist will be ignorant of literature; the artist will think ethics beneath his notice; the musician will be blind to nature; and the theologian more narrow than all. It is true there is another tendency, but that is only diletanteism,—it is the insect life which sips at every flower without the insect's instinct by which it avoids the hurtful.

Now herein lay the greatness of Phillips Brooks. He knew his trade. He let nothing interfere with his life's work, which was preaching; but with it went an interest in every manifestation of life, whether in nature or in man. I compared him at the beginning to a diamond. It is a true illustration. There is the inherent brilliancy in it, but that can never be revealed except by cutting. Phillips Brooks had this brilliancy as the gift of God, but the cutting of the facets was the work of his life,—and so he became a power.

There are many lessons we might learn from such a life, but not the least important, especially for the young, is to have as our centre the love and worship of Jesus Christ, and then as our circumference all life. If you leave Christ and live only on the circumference, you will sink to diletanteism. If you have the centre but never issue from it, you may be religious, but it will be religion of a narrow and feeble sort. The ideal life is that which passes instantly from the centre to many points on the circumference, finding each a new illustration of the meaning of the life of God in man.

There is one interest of which I have not spoken—I mean music. Of that he was entirely ignorant, and he had no interest in it. To some it will look like the very irony of fate that his last public utterance should have been to a company of singers.\* I do not think so. I think it was fitting that at the last he should have stood face to face with the one human interest to which he could not respond. All that he could receive on earth he had. I like to think that the new life began with a new experience, and that he who had done his best to hear God's voice everywhere on earth, and had heard it everywhere save in music, should there have heard it first in the sound of the harpers playing on their harps, and should have found that he who stood dumb in the chorals of earth could sing with the redeemed the song of Moses and of the Lamb.

\* Bishop Brooks's last address was made to the Choir Guild of Grace Church, Newton, Mass., not indeed on music, but on the glory of worship.



PHILLIPS BROOKS

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## CHANGE FOR A QUARTER.

By Mary A. P. Stansbury.



It was a blustering December morning. The air was full of fine flakes of snow driven before a keen northeast wind and cutting the exposed face and hands like bits of steel. Not even the near approach of the festival of gladness and good-will — for Christmas was but two days off — sufficed to temper the elements to irritable sensibilities. Some malicious sprite seemed abroad upon the blast, watching to whirl an unguarded hat into the gutter or, shyly lifting a loosened corner of coat or wrap, to send an icy chill to the very vitals of the luckless passer.

Car No. 45 was but partially occupied ; and as the driver stopped upon a crossing at the signal of two ladies standing there, each male passenger shrank a little deeper into his great-coat collar, congratulating himself that, for the present, there were still seats to spare. A moment later, there was not one of them all who would not gladly have seized upon any rational pretext to do honor to the young girl who was quietly taking a place beside her companion.

"She was so beautiful," said an elderly gentleman afterward, "that I felt as if I ought to take off my hat to her."

"I wonder how it feels to look like that," murmured the pale-faced seamstress opposite behind her veil.

Yet that which lent the touch of perfection to such beauty was that the girl herself evidently did not feel it at all, or, if she were conscious of it, accepted it as something quite as impersonal as air or sunshine.

As the speed of the car again slackened, a little newsboy swung himself up by the ice-incrusted rail. He was a tiny fellow, not more than eight years old. His jacket and trousers were threadbare, and his

face blue and pinched with cold. He made the tour of the car slowly, repeating his appeal of "Mornin' papers! *Globe* and '*erald!*'" But in vain! — another of his profession had been before him, and no outstretched hand of a purchaser broke the indifferent ranks.

In the farthest corner sat the beautiful young lady. The poor boy was turning back, when she touched him lightly upon the ragged sleeve.

"You may give me one," said she.

The boy looked at her, and a wondering expression parted his lips. He stood an instant motionless.

"The *Herald*, please."

He started as if from a dream, and quickly drew the paper from his package. She took it from him, giving in return a bright silver quarter of a dollar. The little salesman was fumbling in his pocket, when she said gently : —

"Never mind the change."

"But it's only two cents, miss."

"Yes, I know. You may keep the rest."

"Helen, you soft-hearted creature!" interrupted her companion. "It is easy to see that you are from the country. Don't waste your sympathy on newsboys, — they are little rascals!"

The tone was not loud, yet the words reached the child's ears, and checked the "Thank you, miss!" upon his lips.

The lovely face flushed with pain, as the girl leaned forward impulsively and laid her hand again upon the little tattered arm.

"I am sure this one is not," said she. "May you have a happy Christmas, my boy!"

Then she smiled full upon him, — a wonderful, dazzling smile.

"Tell you what," said the conductor, relating the incident to his wife that evening, "it was such a warmin' sort of a smile as sent the mercury in that car up twenty degrees at a jump! I'd been

shiverin' myself, but I come near turnin' down my coat-collar!"

The tall young man in a fur ulster caught no more than the reflection of the smile, yet that was enough to make him wish for a moment to change places with the little newsboy, if by so doing he could

Letters" of his boyhood's delight, with the instruction of the grandmother as to "a way of looking without seeming to look—a sidewise way!" Partially screened behind his newspaper, he proceeded to put this wise suggestion into practice. The name of his lovely neigh-



"YOU MAY KEEP THE CHANGE."

have had it all for himself. It was a novel experience, for he was used to be much sought after and to be the recipient of smiles so many and various, that a single one, more or less, had mattered to him but little. He suddenly recalled, with a flash of amusement, the "William Henry

bor,— Helen,— and that she had but lately come to the city, he already knew,— thanks to the careless words which he had overheard. The leathern roll upon her lap decided him that she must be a student of music. He wondered whether the shapely fingers, which she had bared

when opening her purse for the newsboy's coin, were in training, or the low, clear voice which had seemed in sooth melodious enough without the aid of a master. Her left hand was crossed above her right, and he detected in himself an inconsequent sense of satisfaction at the discovery that she wore no rings. "Am I so extremely young as to go daft over a pretty girl in a street-car?" thought he, and returned resolutely to his journal. Yet, as the conductor's bell rang sharply, and the two ladies alighted, his eyes involuntarily wandered from the news-column to catch a last glimpse of the slender, swaying figure crowned with the gray-plumed hat, as it disappeared amid the hurrying crowd.

To Sandy, the newsboy, the silver quarter seemed to have been the omen of better fortune. He had seldom known a more prosperous day. All his papers sold, he went home early, — if, indeed, the comfortless tenement could be called a home, which he shared with "Mother Meg," who was not his mother. Nobody seemed to understand by what title Mother Meg asserted her claim upon Sandy and his earnings; but since it was something which no one cared to dispute, it readily passed unquestioned. Certain it was that she exacted from him a strict account of sales and profits, and the amount expended each morning for stock in trade was rigidly compared with the nightly receipts.

Poor Sandy had been confronted all day by the perplexing question how to conceal his possession of the quarter and still account for the two cents necessary to complete his balance. But once more his fortunate star was in the ascendant. As he was making his way along, having resolved to say that he had lost the money, and take the beating sure to be the penalty for such carelessness, a stout gentleman carrying a portmanteau came puffing down the street. Sandy sprang to meet him, pulling at his ragged cap.

"Carry yer baggage, sir?"

The stout gentleman glowered at him for an instant.

"None of your tricks, then!" said he. "Take it, and — d'ye see this walking-

stick? If you keep more than a step in front of me, I'll knock you down!"

Sandy's heart beat too high to be daunted by the implied suspicion. He trudged manfully along, scarcely noticing the tug of the heavy bag upon his thin little arm, — setting down his burden at length in the waiting-room of the Albany depot. The stout gentleman put his hand in his pocket and, drawing out a handful of coin, deliberately counted three copper cents into the small, brown palm. Sandy made no cavil at the pittance, — for once he was rich enough to be magnanimous. Retiring to a secluded corner, he carefully pinned the quarter between the outside and lining of his jacket, and set off at a run.

In his dreams that night he spent the money twenty times over, with the smiling face of the beautiful giver beaming over every purchase, and woke with his head so full of confused memories that he was forced to feel for his treasure to convince himself of its reality.

With what a proud sense of competency he hung about the shop windows gay with Christmas wares! There were so many things, any one of which he could buy if he wished. The bewildering counters, overhung by placards bearing the legend "Your choice for 25c.," were no longer part of an inaccessible palace of delight. He imagined himself saying to one of the smart shop-girls, "I'll take this here, mum!" — and flinging his money carelessly upon the counter. He saw the basket fly as if by magic along the carrying wires, and return, with his package daintily wrapped, by the same mysterious impulsion. He was just taking it from the girl's hand, and —

"Move on, here!" commanded a burly policeman.

And Sandy, with a start, would feel for the solid foundation of his vision, and move on light of heart.

Christmas eve drew on, however, with the treasure still unspent.

"I just can't abear to let it go," said Sandy to himself, — "all along o' the way she looked when she gin it to me. I'll wait till to-morrer. I don't allow ever to see her agin," he added wistfully.



"O, SANDY, IT'S BROKE!"

"I'll look in on Billy," thought he as he climbed the long staircase of the building shared by Mother Meg with a score of similar tenants. "The little feller gits lonesome by hisself."

He groped along the dim passage, and knocked at a rickety door.

"Come in!" responded a child's voice.

Sandy pushed open the door. The only occupant of the room was a boy of about his own age, who rose from the cricket on which he had been sitting, and turned toward him the peculiar, inverted gaze of the blind.

"Hello, Billy!"

"O, Sandy! Is it you? I'm so glad!"

"Le's have a look at ye, kid! I thought so! — ye've been a-cryin'!" said Sandy with decision.

"I couldn't help it. O, Sandy, it's broke!"

"What's broke?"

"My mouth-organ. Seems as if I couldn't stand it!" The child's voice quavered.

"Hold yer hosses, Billy! How'm I goin' to talk with ye, if ye commence agin? Who broke it?"

"She didn't go for to do it. 'Twas mother, — it slipped off the chair, an' she stepped on it afore she knew."

"Le's see it, Billy."

The blind boy produced the little battered instrument, touching it tenderly, as if it had been some beautiful, dead creature.

"Ye can't mend it, Sandy. It's smashed flat. Mother'd buy me another, but she can't. She's mostly sick nowadays, an' she's got behind with the rent. 'Twas such company for me, Sandy, — ye can't think! I don't know whatever I'm goin' to do. I mos' wish I was dead!"

"Billy! — don't ye go to talk that-away!"

Sandy's face reddened and paled, and his voice trembled.

"Don't you fret, Sandy!" cried the blind child with swift compunction, as the tone of distress vibrated upon his sensitive ear. "Mebbe I kin git another some day. Why, ye ain't goin' a'ready?"

"I'll have to. Mother Meg'll be wantin' me. I'll come agin to-morrer. To-morrer's Chrismus, yer know, Billy."

"Yes, I know. I use ter always hang up my stockin', but I sha'n't this year."

"But ye must, Billy — that is — mebbe —" stammered Sandy. "Promise me ye'll hang it up."

"I'll do it, if ye want me to," — wonderingly, — "but 'tain't no use — mother said so."

"Good night, Billy!"

"Good night, Sandy!"

But guileful Sandy was by no means in search of Mother Meg with her possible requisitions. Downstairs he ran, and out into the brilliant street. The keen wind searched his thin garments, and the delicious odor of a bake-shop floated out upon the frosty air; but he thought neither of cold nor hunger. On he went, — past one turning, down another, up a third; then suddenly plunging down a basement stair, he opened the shop-door of old Heinrich Wildmar, the dealer in musical instruments.

The place was temporarily empty of customers, and the gray-bearded proprietor leaned over his counter in a rare good humor, since his holiday trade had largely exceeded his anticipations.

"Mein poy, wot is it dot you will haf?"

"Please, sir, — it's a mouth-organ."

"Ah! — an harmonica — I see, I see! And wot for it would you wish to pay?"

Sandy opened his clenched palm, in which lay the shining quarter.

"This here's all I've got, sir. And — if ye wouldn't mind the trouble — would ye pick me out a good one — a very good one? It's for a little feller as broke his'n. He can't see, but he can play like you wouldn't believe."

"Blind! — dot is a sad t'ing. Tell me, — is de leetle poy your brudder?"

"No, sir, — he's just a friend o' mine."

"And you vill buy the harmonica for him, yourself — for a present?"

"Yes, sir, — for Chrismus."

"An' you haf no more money at all?"

"No, sir!" — anxiously. "Ain't it enough, sir?"

"Yes, mein poy, it ees enough."

The old man busied himself with several gayly colored boxes. At length, producing a large and handsome instrument, he held it up to Sandy's admiring gaze.

"Vill dot do, mein poy?"

"Do?" echoed Sandy. "Well, I — guess — so! Will a quarter buy *that*?"

"Listen to me, mein poy. Dis harmonica cost two dollar, five and twenty —"

"Oh!" gasped Sandy, dismayed.

"Said I not, listen? Once — in de faderland — I had a leetle poy of mine

own. He is gone — since many years. I haf nobody any more to say, 'A happy Christmas, mein fader!' It pleases me to make a Christmas gift to de leetle blind poy — your friend. You shall gif me de quarter-dollar, — so we gif de harmonica togeder. See?"

"O, sir! I do' know wotever to say! But if ye cud see Billy when he gets it!"

"I shall see him," said the old man, — and he bowed to the "street-Arab" as if he had been a courtier, — "through your eyes."

Miss La Chapelle, the French music-teacher, was carrying a basket filled with Christmas delicacies to a sick girl on the fourth floor of the tenement-house. Suddenly, from the other side of a closed door, came the sounds of so unusual a musical concert, that she involuntarily paused to listen. Some one was playing a harmonica accompaniment, marvelously soft and sweet, to a boy's voice singing, — a wonderful contralto, pure and deep as a silver bell.

"Who can it be — here?" she asked herself; and as the song ceased, she tapped gently. A pale woman opened the door. Two little boys — evidently the musicians — sat side by side within.

"I beg your pardon, but I heard the music and could not pass by. Are the children yours?"

"Only this one, — he is blind, you see."

A boundless pity spoke in the teacher's eyes.

"He has a gift that many clear-seeing might envy. And you, child," — to Sandy — "has nobody told you that you have a fortune in your voice?"

The boys heard her uncomprehendingly.

"Won't ye sit down, ma'am?" asked the mother, dusting a broken chair with her apron. Miss La Chapelle took the offered seat, and with a few gentle questions drew the story of the blind child.

No, he was not born blind. A fever, when he was two years old, left him so. Was there no help? Perhaps, but it would cost a great deal of money, so people said, and she had none. She hadn't been well for a long time, — some days she could not work at all. Who taught him to play? Nobody, — he

picked it up himself. Mrs. Maloney, on the first floor, had a melodeon, and sometimes she would let Billy go down. He could play that the same, — and Tom Wilkins's accordion, too. It seemed as if it was born in him. But where was the good? Blind people can't work, and music won't keep from starving.

Miss La Chapelle sighed. The burden



of the world seemed to sink upon her heart. Then she remembered whose birthday it was, and took courage.

A few weeks later, she waited with Billy the verdict of a famous oculist.

"The child can doubtless be cured, madam, but the treatment will be tedious and expensive. The operation is a very delicate one, and there must be months in the hospital."

Miss La Chapelle was poor, with aged parents dependent upon her, but she had friends at court. More than this, she incarnated the persistence of purpose in a cause on which she had once set her heart.

That the great Mrs. Latimer's drawing-room should have opened for a *musicale* in which the chief performers were to

be a little blind harmonica-player and a street gamin whose voice had been exercised by crying the *Globe* and *Herald* on the crowded crossings, seemed scarcely less than a miracle. And was it not quite as strange that Herr Edelmuth should have consented to assist, and to bring with him his young violin pupil, about whom all the musical people were talking?

Mrs. Latimer's invitations were the commands of a society queen. The guests obeyed, curious and good-naturedly indulgent of the new charitable whim.

The blind child stood before the glittering assemblage unabashed; but Sandy's stout little heart quailed within him.

"I'd rather 'a' fit a kid twicet my size," he confided to Miss La Chapelle afterward, — "but I kep' a-sayin' to myself, 'It's for Billy's eyes!'"

The *répertoire* of the small musicians seemed practically inexhaustible. Old songs, street melodies, or mission-chapel hymns, — the encores were never wanting. No operatic "first night" had ever scored a more signal triumph.

A ripple of well-bred admiration stirred the room as Herr Edelmuth led out his

pupil, and took his own seat at the piano. With a listening, caressing motion, she bent her chin upon her instrument, while the gas-light illuminated her perfect form and face. Sandy started erect, then sank into his place again, hot and cold with mingled embarrassment and ecstasy.

"Billy," he whispered, "it's *her*, — the lady as give me the quarter!"

The tall young man at Mrs. Latimer's right bent slightly forward, and the carved sticks of her fan, with which he had been trifling, crumbled between his fingers.

"Sorry?" said that lady. "You are not; you are positively radiant. I believe you broke it on purpose."

When the applause which followed the closing numbers had subsided, replaced by the murmurs of general conversation,

the tall young man took Sandy by the hand, and made his way to where the girl violinist still stood at her master's side.

"Will you present me?" he asked Herr Edelmuth.

"Miss Vivian, I have the honor to introduce my friend, Mr. Fortescue."

The young man bowed.

"Yet we have met before — we three!" he said in a tone so low that none but the lady caught the words. A faint flame of color burned in her cheek, and her lovely eyes, falling, met the little newsboy's enraptured gaze. Could it be that those frank eyes had also known the secret lore of the "sidewise look"?

True stories do sometimes end like fairy-tales,—despite the realists. So it will not be thought incredible that in due time Fortescue married his beautiful Helen; that Sandy, released from "Mother Meg," is, under their united guardianship, on his way to grow a useful citizen; that Billy has his eyes again. And what of the newsboy's self-sacrifice, old Wildmar's Christmas memories, the tender pity which lightened Miss La Chapelle's tireless feet and opened the hearts and purses of Mrs. Latimer's fashionable guests? The sum — nay, rather the geometrical progression — was it not all "change for a quarter"?



## IN LOVE'S DOMAIN.

*By James G. Burnett.*

**I**N love's domain, while lasts the day,  
How swift time's flight!  
In love's domain, when shines the sun,  
How warm and bright!  
But oh, the night!



## EVENSONG IN THE CITY.

*By Frank Walcott Hutt.*

**T**HE bit of ghostly blue grows dark o'erhead,  
And timid stars look faintly down between  
Black roofs and frozen eaves that warp and lean  
Above dim paves, where grimy street lamps shed  
Their early beacons flickering and red.  
Lost winds through crowded alleys search and glean,  
And with incessant voices, shrill and keen,  
Intone fit vespers of the day by-spced.

Somewhere beyond these walls and narrow ways  
Some one hath looked upon the setting sun  
In all its miracle of hue and shade,  
And, 'neath the calm of his expiring rays,  
Hath heard the Angelus' far benison  
Stir the white silence of the wintry glade.

## WINTER ON BOSTON COMMON.

*By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.*



THE COMMON FROM THE STATE HOUSE.

THE Boston Common that we all know most about, and that most Bostonians would instantly make a picture of in their minds if any one were to say suddenly "the Common," is the summer Common — the one on which the grass is normally green and the trees are sufficiently leafy, and the shade is really profound. This wintry blue lacework of shadow from cold trunks and bare branches on new white snow is not the traditional shade in which happy babies frolic and tramps enjoy the contraband luxury of slumber upon a real lawn. The shade to-day is something which the body shuns as a killing thing, but the eye seeks as a delight; for it is beautiful with a spiritual, thrilling beauty which the dense summer shade has little of. The trees themselves have a character and definition in their nakedness, with their branches outlined against a deeper blue than that of summer, which is denied to them in the leafy season. I am sure that

green grass is really more cheerful than newly fallen snow, and leafy trees send a much blither suggestion to my senses than bare branches; but in beauty of line and intensity and exquisiteness of color, winter on the Common quite surpasses summer. One can come more closely into a mere bodily sympathy with the Common in summer than in winter, of course; but for intellectual sympathy — the real ethereal thing — give us the clear air and searching revelation of the leafless winter. And as we in Boston are intellectual above all things, — we have been told it so often that we are beginning to believe it, — we should without doubt cherish the December Common above the Common of July.

If I go out of my way in summer to pass through the Common for the sake of the green and the grateful coolness, I go out of my way in winter for the sake of richer tints and a more delicate banquet of the senses. What was a deep



and cool but somewhat indeterminate avenue of shade then, with the big gray branches bending above, is now a majestic line of individual trees. I recognize them one by one as old friends who seem to have been away somewhere for their summering, like their human neighbors across Beacon Street. And I am always rejoiced to meet them again. But this does not mean that the trees stand alone. Not at all; the American elms, always in a glorious majority on the Common, blend their branches so that they turn their malls into a long, long cathedral with irregular and unorthodox naves running out of it here and there, and with a tracery roof of richest brown-purple when the bare branches are snowless, and of exquisite blue-white when the snow has overspread them.

Seen from a little distance, in a mass,

Street, simply for the prospect of the Common which he has from its window. All winter long (for he is not there in summer) he looks out over rich billowy masses of what he calls "twig foliage," which vary in color, according to the light, from brown-gray to reddish violet, and which have always in them something new in tint and tone. Through the winter mists these tree masses loom up darkly magnificent, with an exaggerated effect of distance, making them like wooded mountains from behind near snowy hills; and when the not infrequent ice-storms come, the view is one of fairyland. Above the whole rises the great gilded dome of the State House, solemn and dignified, emblematic of the rounded state, and crowning a view which is rare among the cities of the world, as such playgrounds are rare. But, alas! the



*"Beacon Street on the hill is to me the most beautiful street in the world."*

the ordinary aspect of the trees of the Common (which are a veritable wood from such a point) is of a cloud of purple mounting a hill. A friend of mine, an artist, has chosen for his studio a room at the top of a building in Boylston

view is also crowned by that unpicturesque apartment house, which almost overtops the State House dome, and the building of which was a *lèse majesté* against the people. Doubtless the builders themselves would not have been guilty



*"Note the simple beauty of the spire of the Park Street Church seen over the snow and foliage of the Common.*

of it if they had understood the significance of the dome crowning the hill there ; so, perhaps, the presence of the tall apartment house is after all the fault of the saving remnant who do know about such things, and who do not always make them known to the people.

WHEN the damp snow-storms peculiar to our humid latitude arrive, they reclothe the crowding maze of trees on the Common with a new and lovely foliage. Certainly when the trees are hung with white damp snow, bringing the branches almost to the earth, and covering up everything black and sordid on the ground, the place is as gay as can be. Every passer smiles to see how the familiar trees have suffered a snow change into something rich and strange. The pointed lindens, crowded with branches, hold such quantities of snow that they look like rows of Indian tepees, and give one a momentary creepy notion that a tribe

of Nipmucks or Pequots has come back from a fierce depilatory past and encamped on the Common. The American elms droop their pendent branches lower under the snow's weight, and amiably touch the passers' heads. The English sparrows (they have been on the Common now for as many sparrow generations as the human beings have been there human generations, and are as well entitled, therefore, to call themselves New Englanders as any one else) hold noisy indignation meetings in the overburdened treetops. And all the Common is so deliciously white and clean !

But its appearance will change before long, even if the frost continues and the snow remains. The mid-day warmth softens the surface of the snow, and the frost hardens it at night, covering the surface with a rough crust. The radiating warmth of the trees melts a little hole around every trunk, making the tree



THE "OLD ELM."

*"Even in the years of its decrepitude, it spread over eighty-six feet of ground."*

seem to grow out of a cup. The twigs grow brittle in the frost, and the wind breaks them off, sprinkling the white crust with the black specks they make. Meantime the city forester's men have been about shovelling out the paths for

the throngs of people — who would pass through the Common just the same, however, if they had to go waist deep through the snow. Only the Beacon Street mall is neglected by the shovellers; for the Beacon Street mall — the noblest and longest elm avenue on the Common — is by its situation the only one which is not a thoroughfare. I have seen a deep snowfall lie untouched on this mall for more than a week, making it look for all the world like a country winter road for which no one has use enough to warrant the expenditure of any time and energy to "plough it out."

It is, by the way, doubtless because the Beacon Street mall is no thoroughfare that one sees upon it the seamiest side of human life on the Common. Under the afternoon shadows of the fine old mansions of the rich, the merest shreds

and patches of humanity gather, when the weather is not too bad, for a little air or to see each other. The most hopeless of poor lovers meet there and sit a while on as sunny and sheltered a bench as they can find, and look their hopeless-



*"Park Street has preserved its quaintness and its look of repose."*

ness into each other's faces until they are too cold to stay longer. The most solitary and deserted wanderers find their way to this mall, as providing them with the nearest accessible approach to the solitude of nature, and wander shivering up and down.

The Park Street mall is a little more cheery. There always seems to be sun there, and at noon on a mild winter day

thoroughfare with rich shops across it. Plenty of people here when the sun is bright and the wind soft; and while the queer waifs resort hither too, you shall also see complacent housewives laden with parcels, sitting waiting for a car. Newly arrived immigrants come here to take a look at the New World, which must be after all a bit Old Worldly to them, for Tremont Street is now quite



*"All the Common is so deliciously white and clean."*

you will find plenty of waifs sitting on the edges of the benches inviting a little natural warmth. Tramps find their way hither. Their strange, stolid faces, drawn down as far between their shoulders as they will go, interest me greatly. These fellows seem to have come as near as a man may to living without thinking. They submit, and exist, and eat when they may, and scorn utterly all appearances, and await their death. Over across the way the Union Club men live in charming luxury, and sometimes cast an amused glance across at the shivering tramps.

Down on the long, long Tremont Street mall there is quite another scene. Here there are brightness and movement and life and a tumult of banging electric cars. The benches look out on a great

cosmopolitan. Easy-going workingmen, resting between two jobs, resort to this mall; and there is much conversation between neighbors on the benches, and much sage argument about the tariff and anarchy and the intrigues at City Hall and such like great matters; and it is the most wonderful place in the world for the chattering of sparrows.

Up and down the walk which leads from Park Square past the burying ground and along Tremont Street to the Park Street corner, a continuous great throng passes and passes all day long, almost all night long. This is surely one of the greatest of thoroughfares for foot-passengers in the world. Into that one path all the Back Bay and a good part of the South End discharges its people

who would walk down town; into it the Park Square station pours all its passengers from its suburban lines of rail; armies of them follow one another in all the morning, — and all these armies must go back home at night; dear, hard-worked, home-buying, stinting, burden-bearing "suburbanites," whose clothes are often unfashionable and sometimes shabby, and who know what it is to be between the upper and nether millstones of mortgage and coal-bills, but in whose faces shines the high light of love and home. What a study of the life of to-day are those blessed parcel-laden ar-

being done at the present day. I must confess that I myself, habitual stroller and saunterer as I am, never once walked entirely around the Common except once on a Fourth of July. But it was a charming custom, surely, in its time. One can see in imagination those immensely fine bygone people, the beaux in their rolling collars and bell-crowned white hats, the belles in their poke-bonnets and gorgeous flounces, walking briskly around the Common on a bright winter day, and meeting and exchanging salutations and gossip; now and then a white-cravated doctor of divinity happens along to chat with the



"The State House, solemn and dignified, crowning a view which is rare among the cities of the world."

mies of suburban people! What haven't they got in their arms on the outward trip, especially at this Christmas time! They are carrying everything, from boys' red express-wagons to living poultry — for I met a German woman on that same walk the other day who was struggling along with three live roosters in her arms.

INDEED, people walk *through* the Common nowadays instead of *in* it. A lady of an older generation told me that when she was young it was the custom in good society to go out every day and take a walk all around the Common, following the malls. I think I never heard of that

flower of his flock; and courtly old merchants barter civilities. Such scenes are passing rare in the Common nowadays; for though exquisites of the male sex may well meet there even now, the great ladies of society know naught of the Common's existence; and there is no social distinction without the presence of women. The Common has within it no serpentine, no Rotten Row; it is in this sense but common indeed. And for that reason, beyond a doubt, the more dearly loved by some of us!

THOUGH the elms of the Common appear prodigious to some of our visitors

from the West, New Englanders know that there are really no remarkable individuals among them, since the "Old Elm" itself was overthrown in 1876. Beautiful trees there certainly are, — and the old English elms, from their gnarled and broken character, surpass the native elms in the quality of picturesqueness, — but there are many American elms not far from Boston which greatly exceed the elms of the Common, both in size and beauty. The trees here are, for the most part, crowded for the sake of continuity of shade; and the crowding has sapped the soil of the elements upon which elms thrive. In the "Old Elm," however, the "Great Elm," as our fathers called it, we

had a tree not only of venerable history, but of splendid proportions. Its greatest girth was twenty-two and a half feet; and even in the years of its decrepitude, when the storms had begun to lop off its branches, it spread over eighty-six feet of ground. It was, indeed, as its epitaph records, of unknown age. There is a tradition that Captain Henschman planted it in 1670 especially to shelter the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company during their parades on the Common; but it had a conspicuous representation as "a great tree" on Bonner's map of 1722, and it could hardly have attained such notable proportions in fifty-two years. I am glad, as a fond lover of trees and a hater of slaughter, to say that there is no evidence that any witches or Quaker martyrs or any other persons at all were ever hanged or shot to death upon the Old Elm's branches or beneath its shelter. We do know that the British soldiery encamped about it all through a winter on the Common, — and a severe one too, — and that the soldiers would have cut down the great tree but for the restraining arm of General Gage, who for this service deserves to have a street named for him in some Boston suburb at least. And for that matter, the Yankee defenders of the



THE BEACON STREET MALL.

*"The noblest and longest elm avenue on the Common."*

town in 1812 were as near to cutting it down for fuel as the British were.

Perhaps the most memorable of all the scenes which ever took place beneath its branches was the meeting of an audience of eight thousand people in 1740, to hear George Whitefield. It was in a winter gale, when its old branches were leafless, that the Great Elm fell at last — on the fifteenth of February, 1876; and that very same spring a young elm was planted in its place, which on this present winter day, as I passed it on my way down town, showed most surprising proportions for a young thing not yet nineteen, and which, if it continues at its present rate of growth, will really earn the title of a great tree before it is fifty.

Our western friends, who always show a filial interest in Boston things, may like to know that, until the wind blew very violently on Boston Common one day last winter, the very largest tree there was a wanderer from the West — a forked cottonwood, or *Populus monilifera*, which stood in the hollow near the band-stand. Growing not far away from the Old Elm's site, this giant cottonwood seemed the great tree's real successor. But in the storm of which I have spoken, one of the forks was riven off, and the re-

maintaining one seems hardly able to support itself.

Down on the parade ground the Common's occasional ill-treatment at the hands of the municipality reaches its

sacrilege begins; and the vernal base-ball is furtively resumed amid the frozen rubbish left by the winter's freezing and thawing of all these accumulations.

Of course the parade ground is but a small part of the Common, but it is im-



THE TREMONT STREET MALL.

*"Plenty of people here when the sun is bright and the wind soft."*

height in winter, through the strange and unseemly practice of the authorities in dumping here the snow carted from the streets of the city. This thing, too, has its significance and its "moral," like the other things about the Common. In a city given to snow squalls, but at the same time not afflicted with so cold a climate that the snow remains long enough on the ground to warrant heavy runner traffic, the newly fallen snow must needs be carted away from the travelled streets. And whither? When city governments have shown so plainly that the disposition of every question of beauty must be taken away from them by act of legislature, it is no wonder that such a great central pleasure ground should suggest itself to one of them as exactly the proper place to dump the snow of the street. So down upon the parade ground go all the loads of gathered snow, and with them the refuse of the street. The boys have not yet ceased their autumnal foot-ball when the

portant by reason of the broad sweep the eye has over it from the higher ground. How lovely the sky line made by the elms on the Charles Street mall, with the Back Bay spires and towers mounting beyond them against the sunset sky! And how amiable the tabernacles of the dead may be we know never so well as when we look across this same level sweep to the placid old burying ground among its great trees and its mossy tombs, from which green things grow all winter long. In all this old burial place there is no harsh note of modern mortuary display — no glaring white unsoftened by time, no carved ostentation, nothing but sweet gray old stones amidst the snow or the winter greenery, and the pleasant trunks of tall trees. And while the snow lies here, it is pleasant to know that no footfall heavier than that of a bird will ever descend upon it.

But bird footfalls at least are very plenty, not only in the burying ground, but

all over the Common. We all know how Mr. Bradford Torrey has seen the robin on the Common in every month of the year except February; and while no one less sharp eyed and eared than he can expect to meet the shrike, that mocking-bird of the North, familiarly all through the winter months there, or see the flocks of fox-sparrows on flagstaff hill putting the English interlopers to flight, or find the nest of the crow blackbird there, or hear the song of the cuckoo\* from the elms of the mall,—

“No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery,”—

we are at least aware that the English sparrow is far from being the only bird that inhabits the Common. I myself, bird-blind as I sometimes fancy I am, have seen and heard gay winter flocks of gold-finches there; and one gray winter day, seeing a gaping human crowd under a tall elm, I stopped to watch a climbing boy make a happily vain attempt to reach a great owl up there, who blinked stolid scorn at his assailant from an inaccessible branch. Nor is the snow-bird an unusual visitor on the Common. I share Mr. Torrey's regret that somewhere in the Common there is neither a little group of evergreens for the winter shelter of our native birds, nor a spared weed-patch for a granary. We might have more of our native birds here, winter and summer, if we were ever so little more hospitable to them. I have always lamented in winter the absence of an evergreen or two—say merely a few savins or little red cedars, or a group of white birches, just to bring a bit of the country about Boston into the heart of the city, and with it, perchance, to lure in, to sweeten our lives, some woodland divinity. I know how illy evergreens fare in city parks; but there is surely some spot of all the forty-three acres which go to make our Common where the gardener's skill could help a Norway spruce to thrive, or even a cedar or a pine.

The summit of weirdness and wildness on the Common is reached after an ice-storm, when the freezing rain has converted all the trees into a creaking and

crackling forest out of some paleozoic epoch of the world. A child came in and told me, one morning, that the trees “had oxidized silver all over them;” and so they seemed to have in certain lights. But no artificial covering could have been so various. All the tints of the rainbow one might find there, but chiefly, in the sun, a lovely rose-color, shading into purple in the masses. The elms sway and groan, and little cylinders of ice, with twigs running through their centres, break off and shower down on the crusted snow. You pray that a stronger wind may not arise; for if it does, it must make havoc among the branches. The sparrows and chickadees still chatter on,—the sparrows ill-naturedly, as is their wont, and the chickadees cheerfully, as is *their* wont. Before the strong wind comes, a strong sun comes; and the trees drop a mingled shower of ice and rain until their limbs are clear again and their normal winter aspect is resumed.

THE Common is certainly the best place in Boston in which to study the Eternal Juvenile. The perennial boy is always to be found there. General Gage found him in 1775, coasting down flagstaff hill “belly-bump,”—so we were always taught, and so I shall insist, though antiquarians start up now and say it was not on the Common,—and had to leave him there, already too soundly rooted a Boston institution to be displaced by mere red-coated soldiers; and there you can find him this very day, if there is snow or ice enough to carry a sled. The coasting is really the great winter feature of the Common. Flagstaff hill is not a vast eminence in these days,—no doubt it was considerably higher and more irregular in the old days when the powder-house stood there,—but it is high enough to give the sleds an impetus which sends them gliding away out on the training-field. All the sliding-places radiate from a spot not far from the base of the soldiers' monument; and as the boys come slowly up the hill with their sleds, they have an excellent opportunity to read and take to heart President Eliot's superb inscription, which is certainly the finest thing about

\* “Birds in the Bush,” pp. 17 and 18.



the monument. I wonder how many of them do read it! Probably the Russian Jewish boys do, if they are like their fathers and brothers who take so many excellent and thoughtful books out of the public library, — a reading and independent people, those strange new immigrants from the very centre of Old World darkness and oppression. And their boys certainly coast on the Common, and probably they would, in spite of their beaten-down ancestry, show as much spirit to any new General Gage who should come along as our own boy-ancestors did to the presuming British commandant.

The Eternal Juvenile I said, and I think I said it advisedly; for the coasting boy of Boston Common, though he is now a terribly cosmopolitan product, is much such a boy as he was in the day when he was a relatively much purer English product. Boys come and go; *the boy* is permanent and unchangeable. You can find a few little swells from Beacon Street coasting here, and a much larger percentage of colored, Irish, Italian and Jewish boys. But though the diversity of clothing is tremendous, no great difference is observable in the dialects. There is a community of chaff between all the boys of Boston, — a sort of *Volapuk* of juvenile insult. And the nicer boys, alas! take a genuine pleasure in imitating the tones, if not the expressions, of the rougher street fellows, — a coarse sort of accent and utterance developed from no one knows what original. There is hardly a suggestion of the Irish brogue, and certainly no flavor of either Tuscany or Muscovy in the clamoring lingo of these boys coasting on the hill, and still less is it the clipped utterance now fashionable on Beacon Hill and at the Back Bay. Who knows but some part of this city dialect has been handed down from generation to generation of small boys, together with the immemorial practice of coasting on that precise spot? Who knows but you might have heard much the same thing on the very afternoon when the Boston boys went back to their coasting after their victory over General Gage, — whether it was to the Common they went or the hill by the Latin school?

At any rate, they are a free-spirited and exuberant lot, this indistinguishable mixture of little Yankees, Africans, Irishmen, Italians and Jews, with now and then a German, Swede, Greek or a Portuguese thrown in for variety. The rich Back Bay boy lends the North End ragamuffin his pretty sled, with cheerful confidence in its return from the midst of that flying, whirling mass of runners, boards, legs, backs and arms which extends for many rods away down the slope of the hill. Probably he is safe in his confidence. The ragamuffin is very likely a particular friend, a devoted partisan of his, or else he, the little swell, is the devoted partisan and most obedient servant of the ragamuffin. Such things have happened.

You are impressed, indeed, with the orderliness with which this coasting is conducted, albeit the shouting and "jawing" are something terrible. The boys evidently have a sort of coasting code among themselves, though it would puzzle you to find out its basis. Small, weak boys with beautiful sleds are out among scores of wolfish sledless boys hungry for a coast; and if you were to climb to the top of the monumental shaft on the top of the hill, you could not see a policeman in any direction. The policemen know that if they tried to preserve order and protect property here in their ordinary way, they would be utterly powerless; and they wisely leave the boys to their own comity. It looks anarchistic, but it is evidently effective. The pressure of juvenile public opinion on the boys in a crowd is tremendous, and in the main it is righteous. Probably the stealing of a sled is a rare thing on the Common.

Nevertheless you may once in a long time see a fight over a sled. Here is a case where it looks as if a big boy were trying to get a little boy's sled away from him by force. But beware how you play the part of peacemaker! You know nothing about the matter. Very likely the big boy is simply resuming his own property, which the little fellow has had an intolerably long loan of. You may be pretty sure there is no robbery about it or the other boys would interfere. As it is, they go on with their sport and pay

not the slightest attention to the quarrel. If your blood is boiling over the evident injustice, it is a sign that you don't know much about boys. And look there! These two chaps that but just now were fighting over the sled are at this moment going down hill on it together, — the big boy on his stomach and the little boy astride of him, and both of them are yelling like Comanches.

Coasting is far from being the only winter amusement of the boys on the Common. There is the frog pond, where skating is as immemorial as coasting on the hill near by. Nevertheless the skating on the frog pond is not often much to brag of, if the truth must be told. It is not a large pond, and it lies so in a little hollow facing the sun that its surface is generally softened about noon time; and then there are so many boys to skate on it that it is quickly cut up and roughened. Skating does not improve with skating as coasting does with coasting. Perhaps it was even thus in General Gage's time; for we do not read that the Boston boys included the right to skate on the frog pond with the things that they went to war for against the power and might of the British Crown.

I HAVE mentioned some of the waifs whom winter does not drive from the Common benches. Some of these are permanent enough — there are among them some daily visitors whose waifdom is of many years' standing; but better deserving of mention, no doubt, are the people on the Common who are there professionally. Here is the wrinkled old woman who grinds the "orguINETTE," and whom the cold weather seldom discourages; the wheezy notes of whose instrument come in strange wailing gusts like the wind around the Park Street corner. Sometimes the howling gale is too much for the music, suppressing it utterly to the ear; and then the good woman opens her "orguINETTE" so that the perforated paper sheet which makes the music can be seen moving over a cylinder, and affording ocular evidence at least that the tune is still there. There is a romance of brilliant bellehood in a southern city about this good ancient woman, but I do not know whether it is true;

from what I have heard of the straits of daily journalism, as well as its depravities, I can conceive how a story of that sort may have sprung full-orbed into the brain of some poor reporter who was "working on space." And who can altogether blame him? "If we have no legends," says Mr. Ruskin, "we must make them."

Then here is the poor old soldier who, seated on his little stool, grinds the hand-organ by the crowded path, in the grimmest weather. His military cap is pathetically jaunty, perched on his gray head, which he wraps to the ears in an unsoldierly muffler; and his face has little of the wrinkled expressionlessness of the old woman with the orguINETTE. You fancy that this is a harder battle than the old soldier ever fought elsewhere; and yet there is a pleasant legend about this old soldier too, — a legend of a bank account.

On bright days not too hopelessly cold, you may find the astronomer of the Common at his post, his telescope pointed sunward, with a placard upon it announcing in big black letters, with a suggestion of startling novelty, that there are sun-spots to see. And on a clear winter night you may behold the rings of Saturn, or the satellites of Jupiter, or the mountains of the moon, or any other celestial wonder that you will; and if you are loyal, the heavenly spectacle will be the more marvellous for being seen from the Common, since everything depends on the point of view.

NIGHT on the Common in the winter season is always charming to me. The roar from the neighboring thoroughfares becomes less and less, and creaking human footfalls on the snow grow more distinct. The place takes on a more festive air, becoming less a mere network of thoroughfares. Cheery parties on their way to the theatres enliven it early in the evening; the fresh air among the trees and under a sweep of the sky imparts to the walk across the Common something of the gayety of a real country outing. Later in the evening, groups of young men who sing on their way homeward are not infrequent; the city at this season is full of the glee-clubs of schools, and of private "quartets" who sing in houses

for pay, and on the Common for pure love of it, — which makes them sing much better here; and their songs, with distance to soften them and night to hallow them and space to blend with, so that they enfold the hearer as if descending from the air, sound almost angelic. Even the shouts of rough boys, or the laughter of hoydenish girls, is musical at such a time. The Common on a cold, clear winter evening nourishes a sense of the sublime in breasts where the word or the thought of it is not known.

At such a time the Salvationists are apt to turn out and organize their services either on the Common or closely contiguous to it, where easy and light-hearted crowds are drifting. Biting cold does not chill the Salvationist's zeal. At the mortal risk of her voice the singing lassie lifts her spare, illuminated face upward, and begins a rude chant. If some of the crowd pause only an instant, she feels herself rewarded; a word of the song may echo in some hardened sinner's heart, or a strain of it may so haunt him that he will seek the spot again. After the song, the exhortation; the preacher's voice seems to come from the past, — a past of storm and stress in religion, when earnest people sat by the hour in unwarmed meeting-houses and depended for the heating of their blood upon the fire in the preacher's discourse. This winter exhortation in the open air has little in common with the furnace-warmed and anodyne religion of the present day.

When the brief "service" is over, the Salvationists depart in procession to the barbaric music of drums and tambourines and the chanting voices of all the band. In the distance you hear only the loudest strain of all their song as their voices rise in the chorus, and the throbbing of the drum. All these night-sounds that you hear, indeed, save the whiz and boom of the electric cars, have a sort of weird going-out in the sharp air.

In the days not long gone by, when the public fire-bells rang, a fire alarm was a wild thing, heard from the Common on a still cold night. Bells rang from the towers all about — from east, from west, from north, from south, mingling their

discordant notes in a sort of wolfish serenade. Above them all, from the upper end of the Common, one could hear the hoarse bellowing of the old Fanueil Hall bell; and now and then, as if wrought into the interstices of the clamor, rose the distant boom of the "Brighton Bull," that strange fire-whistle whose sound is still heard nightly across the waters of the Charles. Then, amid the clamor of the bells, you heard the tumult of the engines running through the streets, and the shouts of the drivers. Far different, these sounds of a civilization grown noisy and destructive, from the lowing of the young cattle, left out on the Common overnight when the milch cows were driven up to Beacon Hill stables — only just back in the early days of the present century!

ONE lesson which Boston is able to teach other cities through her wisdom in keeping the Common (people are apt to speak of the possession of the Common as if it were somehow a piece of luck, a happy accident, instead of the result of a wise design persistently adhered to through centuries in the face of temptation and menace) is of the excellent effect which it lends to her architecture. Boston building has not been remarkable for its imposing character. Great structures have not been common with us until very lately; and the majority of those we now have we often wish we had not. But every building that we have which is in sight of the Common gains in distinction from its proximity, — the more so in winter, because more may be seen when the trees are without their foliage; and with so much that is beautiful on or about the Common, we may with better grace charge to the account of profit and loss the architecture of some other neighborhoods which are not so beautiful. I do not regard by any means the architecture of that noble *plaza*, Copley Square, as outside the pale of the Common's influence, since its towers and spires form a part of the picture which we see from every point of vantage in the Common. But of course the buildings much more markedly affected by it are those which are in its immediate vicinity. Note the

simple beauty of the spire of the Park Street Church seen over the snow and foliage of the Common. Sharply relieved in cool gray against a deep blue sky, with the world in white at its feet, this down-town spire certainly suggests to the mind much more of the purity and the force of religion than it would do under any other circumstances. The State House is an example of the same effect. The impressiveness of Bulfinch's beautiful but somewhat flimsy masterpiece is enhanced twenty-fold by its situation and the sight of its yellow front and gilded dome above or through the elms. The peculiar beauty and dignity of the State House cannot possibly be understood by those who have seen merely illustrations of it, and not the building itself from or across the Common; for a large element in its beauty is the command of the Common which it has from its hilltop.

Beacon Street on the hill is to me the most beautiful street in the world. We have only to compare it with the commonplace magnificence of the same street beyond the Public Garden to see what a little antiquity, joined with the immense advantage of an outlook from a hill over such a space as this, will do for a street in the way of distinction of aspect.

Park Street, through the aid of the Common, has preserved its quietness and its look of repose, though much profitable business is carried on there. Tremont Street, though altogether a street of modern traffic, is totally relieved of the suspicion of commonplaceness for as long a distance as the Common lasts; how quickly it goes off not only into the commonplace but into the second rate, as soon as the Common is passed. Boylston Street, too, has a positive beauty and distinction in that part of it which fronts the Common. It is not altogether that the presence of a beautiful park lends an appearance of distinction to the streets which border on them.

There is more than appearance — there is a positive superiority in their architecture over that of contiguous reaches of the same streets. Is it assuming too much to say that the presence of the Common has affected for the better the building all about it?

FROM one consideration and another, we of Boston are disposed to value this ancient common ground; and some of us will not only do what we can to protect it from menace and aggression in a large way, but will guard jealously, even under the suspicion of doing it out of occasion, every inch of its present surface, convinced that the best way to save it is to keep its extent exactly what it is; for, strangely enough, it is precisely in this enlightened present that the Common has been and is in its greatest danger. Though our forefathers had no such crowded masses of population as we have, exacting as a necessity green public breathing-spaces, they clung, on the whole, tenaciously to the Common. Scores of other such common grounds in other Massachusetts towns were, as Mr. Harrison's inquiries into the history of public holdings in the commonwealth show, little by little totally absorbed by private ownership. Our own Common had a better fate, owing simply to the superior sagacity and public spirit of the fathers of the city. Its danger comes precisely now, in this epoch of rapid transit, of restless impatience of a turn in the street or a minute spent in riding a block. The Common is needed, we are told, for indispensable improvements.

Such "improvements" we know to be but injuries, and therefore we favor the preservation of even the grim old iron fence which surrounds the Common — certainly not for æsthetic reasons, but to say in visible speech to corporate aggression or official trifling, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further."

## NAT NARROW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

*By Charles Gordon Rogers.*

NAT NARROW sat before his fire  
On Christmas eve, — the hour grown late ;  
And as he marked the flames aspire  
To fitful freedom in the grate,  
And heard against the window beat  
The icy fingers of the sleet,  
He stirred the coals and drew his seat  
A little nearer to the heat ;  
Then rubbed his palms and, chuckling, cried,  
While nodding to the storm outside :  
“ To echo bluff King Francis' truth,  
'Tis better here than there, in sooth !

“ That storm is like those noisy folks  
Who prate about their Christmas mirth,  
With customs staler than their jokes,  
To which barbarians gave birth !  
For me, — if one perforce must be  
A sharer in this jubilee, —  
For me, a quiet joint *for one*,  
A pudding then ; and when all's done,  
Some fine old poft and green Chartreuse ;  
A weed, a pipe, and then — a snooze !  
But all these harping charities,  
With : ‘ Just a dollar, if you please,’  
And endless tales of woe and want,  
Quite make me hate the season's cant !  
Those boys, too, are as well at school.  
Last year they made me play the fool ;  
And with their caperings and riot  
I had not half a minute's quiet.  
To-morrow, though, *alone* I'll be —  
The very cream of company ! ”

It may have been the glow, the heat ;  
It may, perhaps, have been the hour ;  
It may have been the wine or meat  
At dinner, or some magic power,  
Some pixy of Titania's train,  
That wove strange fancies in his brain.  
But as he turned a drowsy gaze  
A moment from the ruddy blaze,  
He saw a misty vision rise,  
That changed the languor of his eyes,  
And made him sit upright and stare,  
And clutch the handles of his chair !

A ghost ! A thing that slowly grew  
Like moonlit sails of ships at sea,

Or dawning daylight on the view.  
 A spirit! — yet it seemed to be  
 Slow rounding into human-form,  
 As clouds that cap a summer storm.  
 Nat Narrow stared, as white as death,  
 And gasped exceedingly for breath.  
 It was — great heaven! — No! And yet —  
 Yes! yes! — he could not *now* forget, —  
 It was indeed, returned to life,  
 The form of his departed wife;  
 She who had died so fair and young,  
 And left regret on every tongue;  
 Mourned by the poor, to whom her face  
 Had seemed an angel's in the place!

And now upon Nat Narrow fell —  
 Like Robert, king of Sicily —  
 The magic of the angel's spell,  
 The calm of strange humility.  
 And as he sat, from out the coal  
 He saw a silvery mist unroll,  
 And in this cloud a scene appear,  
 Such as the Eastern conjurers rear.

He saw an attic cold and bare,  
 And misery in triumph there;  
 A place devoid of heat or food;  
 But there were children almost nude,  
 With features pinched and white and spare,  
 And eyes the wells of infant care!  
 While on a wretched bed there lay  
 A woman, whiter yet than they;  
 A poor wan thing who, shivering, drew  
 The rags about her shoulders blue,  
 And in her anguish cursed and cried,  
 And mocked the day that named her *bride*.  
 A step! The hungry children turned  
 As if a hope still lingering burned;  
 And to the mother's heart there came  
 The fostered hope she dared not name,  
 Yet dared to think. Then through the door  
 A man fell, cursing, to the floor;  
 And to their ears the bells rang clear  
 The gladdest time of all the year.

The scene was changed. An office now,  
 Deserted, save by one gaunt man  
 With haggard eyes and moody brow,  
 Who stared upon his page, and ran  
 Thin fingers through his grizzled hair,  
 With all the accent of despair;  
 Then on a sudden bent and laid  
 His forehead on his arms, and prayed:

“Dear Christ, it is not for myself  
 I beg a little boon of pelf;

*NAT NARROW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.*

Nor for mine own poor sake I pray  
 For courage, Lord, from day to day, —  
 From day to day to strive, and bear  
 Against the blackness of despair ;  
 But for the sake of her, whose hands  
 Share bravely each dull day's demands ;  
 For her, who bravely still can smile  
 Through every aching weary while ;  
 And for those little ones to-night,  
 Who only know the childish right  
 To hope to share the goodly things  
 Thy universal birthday brings.  
 Oh ! not for me, but for their sakes,  
 Thy birthday brighten when it breaks !”

Nat Narrow heard, — and bent his head.  
 And when he raised his misty eyes,  
 He saw within the cloud instead  
 A gray, deserted building rise.  
 The ample playground round about  
 Was innocent of laugh or shout ;  
 Deserted campus, hall and room, —  
 It seemed the very shrine of gloom ;  
 While o'er the bare and echoing floors,  
 And down the lonely corridors,  
 The prisoners of a holiday  
 Fretted the homesick hours away  
 In silence ; for long since the laugh  
 Of home-bound urchins, and the chaff  
 And quips at parting, and the gay  
 Last echoing wheel had died away.

The mist within the grate grew dim.  
 Nat Narrow saw a broad, bright street ;  
 And in its throng it seemed to him  
*He* walked with glad and careless feet.  
 There were so many faces here  
 Resplendent with the season's cheer ;  
 So many fur-lined coats and collars,  
 So many pockets lined with dollars,  
 So many cheeks all rosy-red,  
 That from his chair Nat Narrow said :  
 “ They prate about their poverty !  
 There's very little I can see !”  
 But even as Nat Narrow spoke,  
 The street grew filled with eerie folk ;  
 And as these spectres stalked along,  
 They eyed the warm-clad, happy throng,  
 And to each other seemed to say :  
 To-morrow will be Christmas day !  
 To-morrow we shall dine on dishes  
 Of church-bells and warmed-over wishes !  
 So let us drink our airy fill  
 Of glittering windows and good-will !  
 But strangest to Nat Narrow's eyes,

The thing that caused him most surprise,  
 His *other self* seemed unaware  
 Of the queer folk who passed him there.  
 He jostled them to left and right  
 As if he was devoid of sight  
 Or any human thought or care.  
 Nat Narrow bounded in his chair  
 As if he was about to choke,  
 And, crying out, — Nat Narrow *woke!*

He woke — to find himself alone,  
 The room grown strangely dark and chill.  
 The fire, like the dream, had flown,  
 Save one or two small coals, that still  
 Glowed through the ashes and the bars.  
 But past the storm-clouds shone the stars;  
 And from their clearing heights of blue  
 They seemed to search Nat Narrow through.  
 And as Nat Narrow wondering stood,  
 Half-doubting, yet in humble mood,  
 He heard the bells ring swift and sweet  
 Their message down the starlit street;  
 And as he heard, within, his heart  
 Smote all his selfishness apart;  
 And kneeling by the window, there  
 Christ found him, bent in grateful prayer.

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## LEAVES FROM THE RECORDS OF AN OLD PARISH.

*By Ernest N. Bagg.*

IT is hard to imagine any portion of our great country, however remote or thinly settled, wholly lacking in antiquities, or in some reverence for ancient things. It is certainly safe to affirm that in any New England community, large or small, the lover of the quaint and curious may find many things not only historically interesting in a general sense, but some very precious things having a distinct local significance and a direct bearing upon the beginnings of things in the particular locality.

Towns in the Connecticut valley are especially replete with evidences of regard for things connected with former generations of men. It is not surprising that the western frontier of King Philip's earthly hunting-grounds, the well-selected

site of the worshipful Major William Pynchon's settlement, and the track of the fugitive regicides, Goff and Whalley, when they fled from New Haven to Hadley, in 1664, should be historically rich, or that there are at this moment numbers of attics and crannies within forty miles of Springfield that are mines of wealth to the antiquarian.

There are many things which have not been unearthed, which are yet mouldering in forgotten nooks of old homesteads, and the "willing mind" is continually making interesting discoveries. There have recently risen many noteworthy instances of this in the experience of the writer. The browned and ancient "pitch-pipe" used by one Thomas Stebbins in raising the tune in



old-time church choirs and country singing schools, — the natural accompaniment of the bass-viol, foot-stove and sounding-board; Parson Joseph Lathrop's pulpit hymn-book, containing his autograph and frequent annotations; and the venerable volume in which the records of the old first parish of West Springfield were written, the earliest legible date in which is December 12, 1704, which, a cherished relic in a certain West Springfield family, forms the subject of this sketch.

The book is certainly a venerable-looking volume. It is about twelve inches long and eight inches wide, with a home-made binding of shrivelled golden-brown sheepskin, fastened by four leathern thongs at the back, and in places worn through with use. Fortunately no model clipping and pressing and trimming and cleaning and pasting machines have reached out their grasping hands for this book; and the brown-edged, tattered and parchment-like leaves have an individuality about them which is all their own. The leaves have two kinds of water-marks, one set bearing the large letters "TI," and each alternating leaf representing a most improbable creature, resembling in some respects a lion rampant, and in others the Talmudist's idea of the Evil One, so that we may assume it was intended to represent "the devil going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." The middle of the edge of each cover is pierced to accommodate a leathern string to tie the leaves together when not in use, and each is provided with two large pockets of thick paper, one containing curious memoranda.

This venerable book is the only existing record of early times in that locality. Nineteen pages at the back and four in front relate to the division of the land among the settlers of the town, mostly in the square, quaint handwriting of one "Sam'l Ely, Clerk for this Precinct." Most of the intervening leaves contain records of parish meetings from March 20, 1701, to March 28, 1786. This Samuel Ely — peace to his ashes — was but human, and, while at times concise and clear in his account of parish doings, had seasons when he wrote more care-

lessly and in a manner of expression "endless and circular," as Baxter would say. Perhaps he was a man of many moods, and his work reflected his feelings. But as a whole his work is well done, and there is an added charm and quaintness about it all, the impress of the strong personality of the pioneer scribe whose autograph appears on many of the earlier pages of the volume.

The Plymouth Pilgrims had secured a permanent footing in the wilderness, and had opened an avenue of escape to an oppressed and liberty-loving people, as well as an opportunity for adventure and unknown commercial possibilities; and the new-world settlement, in spite of savage threatenings and unknowable dangers, spread first to Salem and Charlestown in 1628, then to Boston in 1630, to Windsor, Conn., in 1633, to Hartford and Wethersfield in 1635, and May 14, 1636, found a dozen or so pioneers settled on the banks of the Connecticut at Springfield. These settlers, beginning at the lone building in "Home Meadow lot," now a part of Agawam, in time spread themselves up and down and across the "great river," to the present sites of Somers, Longmeadow, Suffield, Westfield and other points, — the first of Springfield's daughters to leave the parental roof-tree being the little collection of settlers on "Chickopee plains," permanently settled in 1654 or 1655, which was the beginning of the town of West Springfield. It was not until May 27, 1696, that this infant settlement, having grown and "waxed strong in spirit," and without doubt "in favor with God and man," secured from the Great and General Court for His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay the privilege of settling a "learned and orthodox" minister, and becoming a distinct parish, — the principal reasons being, as they said, "their distance from the place of meeting for the publick Worship of God in Said Town, the difficulties and danger Attending the passing of Said River, besides many other inconveniences." The order of the court, copied into the book from the original in the full, round handwriting of one "Nathl Atchinson, clerk for the second

parish in Springfield," sets forth at some length the desires of the settlers, "that they may Enjoy the Ordinances of Christ, and their Children may not be in danger of becoming heathens for want of Instruction," and includes the significant clause, "The River to be the dividing Line," "for so long a time as they shall continue to have and enjoy such a minister." Some grain of comfort can perhaps be found in this for the people who are at the present moment opposed to the annexation of that thriving new ward to Springfield; for the people now "enjoy" at least three learned and orthodox ministers on that side of "the dividing line."

There were naturally many opponents to such a proposition as the division of the mother parish,—prominent among them being Lieutenant Abel Wright of Springfield. Lieutenant Abel Wright—what a tower of strength was the very name! He may have been right, but he certainly was not able to prevent the granting of the petition and the establishment of another independent church where the sway of one was formerly supreme.

Just what proceedings were taken to secure Rev. John Woodbridge, the first minister, are not here noted, and the only reference to the early part of his ministry is on page 7, where "A Copey of the agreement" with him is transcribed. This agreement, though very verbose, is perhaps as legible a piece of writing as appears in the book. It would seem that there was no definite understanding as to the salary of Mr. Woodbridge, from his settlement in 1698 to December 11, 1705; and it is determined that the sum from that time on shall be "eighty pounds in provisions, Particularly wheat att four shillings ye bushel, Peas att three shillings ye bushel, Rie att three shillings, and indian corn att two shillings and six pence ye bushel, pork att 3 pence ye pound, and what any person shall doe with respect to bringing of wood for the fier. It is att every mans libertye to doe what he shall se cause, gratis, only the Comitye shall appoint a day yearly for what any person shall se cause to doe of that nature for Mr. Woodbridge his greater convenience."

A rather severe contrast to the ministerial salary of to-day, yet nearer a fair remuneration than at first appears. Mr. Woodbridge received a house and home lot, with as much more land as he could possibly improve, and all the grass and other crops he could raise on the same, and unlimited help in harvesting and planting, raising of buildings and all the special happenings in the life of the average farmer. His needs were few, and his necessary expenses small. Country produce was the currency that supplied most wants, and there was no danger of exhausting the supply. Superabundant brotherly kindness took the place of pin-money, and old-fashioned hospitality made up for the lack of the annual vacation.

Two copies of the original list of names of those among whom the lands were divided, a copy of the grant of the Great and General Court to form a new parish out of Springfield on the west side of "the great river," forms of oaths for clerk and assessors, and other minutes of importance are recorded before the regular account of parish meetings begins. This can safely be called the oldest church or parish record now existing in the vicinity. The late Hon. Henry Morris, in his History of the First Church in Springfield, says, "The earliest church record now in existence bears date January 1st, 1736, and the oldest parish record (properly so called) begins August 7th, 1734, after the death of Rev. Daniel Brewer." Earlier records in the mother parish were carefully kept for a time, and were afterward destroyed. That the new parish in West Springfield knew and appreciated the value of writing history appears from this entry at the top of page 9:—

"It is Agreed (March ye 20th, 1701-2) that ther bee A man yearly Chosen to Keepe a record of what orders shall be made Among us from time to time, and of such other things as are Nesesary to be kept upon record.

"And he to macke and keepe A List of all such Persons as attend such meetings, and Sam'l Ely is chosen to doe the said worcke for this yeare."

This was not written at the time, but three years later, as appears from another interesting note two pages farther on:—

"Wher as the Acts and votes which have been made and acted In this precinct have been hither too Kept In loose Papers, and wher as I have ben choosen to the office of A clerk in this Precinct year by year from the 20th of March 1701-2 until this time, and having Been Sworn to the discharge of the Said office I have hear faithfully Recorded all those votes which are hear Mentioned and Specified from the 20th March 1701-2 above sd unto this Present day ye 12 December 1704. As Witness My Hand. Janury the 16th 1704-5.

Samll Ely. Clerk."

He kept faithful records after this, and, if verbose and superfluous in the methods of expression at times, only erred on the safe side and set a good example to those who came after him.

In many ways does the sense of stern duty felt by the settlers show itself in these pages. Could anything be stronger than the language of the parish vote in regard to the agreement with Rev. John Woodbridge in 1705, where they instructed the seven members of the committee "to Agree with him and Bring Things to A Conclusion, and what they did conclude of they would Stand by and Solemly promise to Perform and Accomplish Accordingly." No compromise or shifting of responsibility here! The letter of the law was clear and unmistakable, and the path of duty lay plainly in a literal interpretation of the same.

Probably the only mention in the whole volume of a minister's wife appears on page 20, where it is recorded that "In Novr 17-18 Joseph Ashly Brought a Receipt from Mrs. Woodbridge, (who was grand-daughter of John Elliot, the 'Apostle to Indians,') of the whole Sum Due to Mr. Woodbridge for the year 1717 which was the Sum of one hundred pounds." It is to be remembered that Mr. Woodbridge died in June of that year, and that his widow simply received the full amount then due of her husband's salary, which had been made larger by degrees, both in proportion to the growing prosperity of the parishioners and the increasing demands upon the minister's time. A stray fragment of history connected with the Woodbridge family may

with propriety be mentioned here. The Woodbridge family was especially noteworthy for the number of ministers it contained, and of the male line this seems almost to have been separated for divine service like the sons of Levi. The Rev. John of West Springfield was the fourth Rev. John in the family, the others being his father, Rev. John Woodbridge of Killingworth and Wethersfield, Conn., his grandfather, Rev. John Woodbridge of Andover, Mass., 1645, and his great-grandfather, Rev. John Woodbridge of Wiltshire, England, who was ejected on account of so-called heretical notions, and who died at Newbury, Mass., in 1695. A brother of the West Springfield pastor, Rev. Ephraim Woodbridge, was pastor of the old church in Groton, Conn., at the close of the seventeenth century; and of his grandson, Rev. Ephraim Woodbridge, of a church in New London, Conn., this bit of romance is preserved: When newly settled, he married a daughter of Captain Shaw, who built a house for the young couple on the Shapley estate, Main Street, New London, now occupied by William D. Pratt of that town. They did not undertake a wedding tour (few, if any, of the colonists indulged in such unnecessary extravagances), but began housekeeping at once on the chattels and provisions furnished by devoted parishioners. The prospects of the bride and groom were certainly bright, for to this day may be seen upon one of the window-panes, scratched with a diamond, the day after the wedding, the following inscription:—

EPHRAIM WOODBRIDGE,  
*Hic Vixit.*

HAIL HAPPY DAY!—THE FAIREST SUN THAT  
EVER ROSE!  
1769.

The story ends sorrowfully, for both died of consumption within seven years.

In the old days, clergymen were in greater demand, and such a passenger, arriving by ship from England, was sure to be hailed with rejoicing, and usually found a parish already waiting his administrations. The only allusion this ancient record makes to the death of Rev. John Woodbridge, in June, 1718, is found in

the words written July 18 following: "A meeting of the Inhabitants was called to Consult the Concern of a Minister." "Voted that we proceed forthwith to look after the getting of a minister." "Voted that there be two men chosen to manage and goe upon the design of geteing a minister." At a meeting held August 8, in the same year, after voting to give a Mr. Hobart a "Tryal with respect to Settlement," it was voted to "allow the men that went for a minister two shillings per day for ther time and to bear ther charg, booth ther expences and horses. Samuel Day and Samuel Ely are allowed five pounds and four pence for ther charge and horses, and Benjamin Smith six shillings."

It seems that the parish was not satisfied with Mr. Hobart, for the following November appears this entry: "Voted to give an Invitation to the Rev. Mr. Payrepoint to com and undertake the work of the Ministry in this place."

This arrangement was more satisfactory apparently, for February 16, 1719, it was "voted to give the Rev. Mr. Fairpoint forty Pound for half a year, in order for his Incourigment to preach the Word to us."

"Voted to Alow to Benjamin Smith 13 shillings for to defray what charg he laid out in his journey to fetch Mr. Pairpoint and to alow Benjamin Parsons 6 shillings for his charg in his journey to boston."

In May, 1719, "It was proposed whether we should call Mr. Pairpoint to the work of the Ministry here. Voted in the Afirmative."

"Voted also to allow him Ninety pounds per year for his Settlement and Salery, including the use of the Ministry land."

Probably this offer was not sufficiently attractive to keep him in town, for it soon became necessary to try again. The record for September 30, 1719, is most interesting in this connection. It reads: "Att a meeting of the Inhabitants about procuring of a Minister it was Voted and Concluded that ye present Commitey take care to send by the first oportunity toward Boston and see after a minister by sum man that is goeing about his own business. And if a

minister be obtained to pay what nesessary charge the —".

Here the clerk puts in a note to explain the abrupt termination: "There being too little Room to write the note according to the scircumstance of it, I shal begin again and doe it fulley in the next Page." He then goes on: —

"In order to procuer a minister, there having been much discours About sending for a minister and whither to goe toward Boston or to send to the lower Colledg, Benjamin Smith (having business to goe to Boston as was supposed) made an offer that he would get a minister and If he did not, would have notheing for his pains, But he not being Redy to goe, It was Voted and Concluded that the County should take care to send by the first oportunitye toward Boston to se after a minister by sum man that was goeing that way about his own busines. And after a minister ware obtained to pay what nesessary charg should be expended in bringing of a minister but not to pay anything If no minister Came. But only what was nesessary for the minister's charge, not aloweing anything for the mans Journey. And that the present Comitey give orders to the man that went If any oportunity presented."

December 21 following the chronicler writes: —

"Votes made and past To alow Deacon Parsons and Deacon Ely 2 shillings per day for 9 days a piece in their Journey to Boston after a minister and to Deacon Parsons 12 shillings for his horse and Deacon Ely 10 shillings. And to Deacon Parsons 10 shillings for his time to New Haven and to alow for ther expences the Sum 3-2-1 to boston and new haven. Also to Allow for the law book 1 pound, 3 shillings & 3 pence and for the little book 3 shillings."

The obstreperous Benjamin Smith, who appears to have visited Boston and failed to get a minister, though the parish was asked to bear the expense just the same, is summarily disposed of in this paragraph: —

"Voted — that the precinct shall defend the last years Comitey for ther action with Benjamin Smith and pay what charg is necessary."

It is plain that this Smith demanded and secured of the parish pay for a journey made to Boston after a minister, and the parish also paid Deacons Ely and Parsons for the same service. It was doubtless a mere difference of opinion, not affecting the good will of his neighbors, for a Benjamin Smith continued for some time in his office as constable, as appears by the record from year to year.

At last, January 25, 1720, pleased with the man secured by the united powers of the three worthies, it was "Voted to give an Invitation to Mr. Saml Hopkins to Carey on the work of Ministrey hear in this Place. Desenters against this vote are Capt. Ball, Henry Rogers and John Higgins."

June 1, 1720, Rev. Samuel Hopkins was settled. Mr. Hopkins's wife was a sister of the celebrated Rev. Jonathan Edwards. No sign appears by this record of the suspicions mentioned in Barber's Massachusetts Historical Collection (1839) that he was heterodox; and as there is elsewhere record of John Worthington, Springfield, being "presented" for holding such views, they were doubtless unpopular. He served the congregation honorably and well for thirty-six years; and the following epitaphs, taken from brown and mossy headstones in the old cemetery in the Cold Spring district of West Springfield, will testify to the popular estimation of the pastor and his wife:—

"Here rests ye Body of Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup> Hopkins, In whom, sound Judgement solid Learning, Candour, Piety, Sincerity, Constancy and universal Benevolence combined to form an excellent Minister, A Kind Husband, Parent and Friend, who deceased October the 6<sup>th</sup> A. D. 1755 in the 62<sup>d</sup> yr of his age and the 36 of his ministry."

"Mistress Esther Hopkins, Relict of ye late Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup> Hopkins, In whom a Superior understanding, uncommon Improvements of Knowledge, Exemplary Piety and Exalted Virtue combined to form a distinguished female character, deceased June 17<sup>th</sup> 1766 in ye 72<sup>d</sup> year of her age."

Points of the settlement here and

there show the steady advancement, morally and intellectually.

December 10, 1706, it was voted to build a schoolhouse, "and that Deacon Parsons Samll Day and Samll Ely to see the same Accomplished as soon as May Bee. And to Raise a Rate to Defray the charg of sd worcke."

At the same meeting it was voted to "Raise Twenty Pounds money for a meeting house bell." Hitherto, as was the case at first in many New England colonies, the beating of the drum and the blowing of the conch-shell called people together for worship. December 14, 1708, is recorded a vote to "Alow John Ely twenty shillings for Drumeing on Sabbath day."

On the same date it was "Voted to Rase Money for setting up the vane twenty shillings." A good authority declares that this vane was made chiefly of sheet iron supported on a strong iron rod and had several devices cut into it, with the figures 1702, the date of the erection of the house. The crowning glory of the whole was the gilded copper rooster, counterpart of the one on the First Church in Springfield, said to have been imported from England, and perhaps hatched in the same brood. The West Springfield weathercock is lost, but its Springfield contemporary remains to this day, a shining example to aspiring poultry the world over, and an illustration of faithfulness which it would be wisdom for mortal beholders to copy.

About that time it was voted to "give ye widow Day one pound" for some unknown obligation, to "by of ye Babtis Persons their Rite in ye Meeting house;" that "Ye Drum should be Beat on ye Sabbath and the Comittee to Take Care yt be Done;" to "Repare the meeting House by Patching the Ruff and mending the underpining;" and that "the FENCs about the Bureing yard be Repared." March 11, 1740, it was voted to "Proceed against Jonathan White In Law if they think best For not Shingling the Meeting House According to Bargain."

March 22, 1750-1, it is recorded "John Ely 2nd had in the face of the Meeting the Oath Administered to him

in the Act for drawing in the Bills of Credit of the Several Denominations which have at any Time Been Issued by this Government and are still outstanding and for Ascertaining the Rate of Coin and Silver in this Province for the future."

In the back of the book are various memoranda, jotted down in an evident hurry, among them one bearing the date of March 21, 1759, showing the agreement of Benjamin Day with Josiah Wood to "Ring the Sabeday Bells and Lectors (lectures) Bells and Sweep the Meeting house for one year, one pound ten Shillings." Another item says that the "Committee farmed out the Burying Yard" to Joel Ely upon "Condition That he keep down the bushes and Mend the fence and pay four Shillings."

In many churches of that day the question of "seating" the people was a vexed one, and required considerable tact to arrange without causing friction. Some trouble must have been experienced here, for on April 11, 1734, it was "Voted that the Seators should observe as a Rule to do their worcke by to consider Persons Age." "Voted, that the Seators should observe as a rule to do their Worcke by should be men's Estate."

In an historical sermon, Rev. Dr. Vermilye, the fifth pastor of this parish, has spoken of the first as "a mark of respect and perhaps a gentle reminder that they were getting on in years and, needing to pay particular attention to the preacher, were placed in seats near the pulpit." As for the second, it was a sort of figurative "patting on the back" of those from whom a large share of pecuniary assistance was expected and who, pleased with this public attention, would feel less like refusing when requests for money came.

About the time that Queen Anne's eleven years' war was closed by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, the "flank seats" were ordered "made into pews," and that there be a "new seating" in the church.

December 10, 1725, it was voted to give "Liberty to Lieutenant Pynchon to build a pew on the west side of ye great dore on ye south side of ye Meeting house for to set in with his family, but

not to have Liberty to sell or dispose of it to others or to any other."

And so it goes — the simple record of country life in a New England village, told by outspoken and devout narrators, in a direct and unvarnished style, in many respects worthy of copying even in our day. It is impossible to touch upon all the interesting things discovered in even a casual reading of the ninety odd closely written pages of this quaint old volume. During the pastorates of Woodbridge and Hopkins, from 1698 to 1750, as well as later, many important events in the general history of the colonies were transpiring. These, however, left little, if any, impression here. Under the date of 1774 is a copy of the Petition of the Parish, addressed "To his Excellency Thomas Gage, Esq. Captain General and Commander in Chief in and over his Majesty's Council," protesting against the setting off of some of the taxable lands into other parishes. No allusion is made in this record to the Boston massacre of 1770, the famous tea party of 1773, of Lexington and Bunker Hill in 1775, or of that crowning event of all on July 4, 1776, save in one instance where the scribe, who must have had something of an idea of the sublimity of it all, ends his copy of a town warrant with these words: "Under our hands and Seals this tenth day of March and in the first year of the United States of America Anno domini 1777," — the only allusion in the book to the great event.

How the reader wishes these leaves would throw some new light on the war with King Philip, the burning of Springfield, or the Shays rebellion!

One closes the leaves of this time-honored volume with all reverence, knowing that much of the beauty of the original is likely to be lost in the translation, and that much is necessarily lost where the quaint spelling cannot in every case be easily transcribed. But we may fittingly desire that when our earthly records shall be translated into the language of heaven, the purpose of them may prove as sincere and genuine, and the intent as plain, as in the writings of the old First Parish record-makers of West Springfield.

## SWISS SOLUTIONS OF AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

By William D. McCrackan.

POLITICS would be the simplest thing in the world, if it were not for the politicians. Principles would displace personalities on election day, if it were not for rival partisans with their quite irrelevant mutual accusations. People would learn so much more about the laws which govern them, if they were not wholly engaged in guessing at the intentions of their law makers.

Given a body of freemen, — and free-women too, of course, — how will they naturally go to work to govern themselves? It is evident that they will meet periodically to settle matters of common interest. They will probably adopt a set of rules to govern their proceedings. They will elect officers to look after their interests while they are not in session. Everybody will have an equal right to propose measures and to vote upon them. This is the method to which freemen naturally resort, the world over. We Americans invariably organize upon this principle, whether it be to found a state or a debating club. We have a natural fondness and aptitude for direct government, for pure democracy.

As far as I am aware, however, only two political examples of this ideal form of government have survived the wear and tear of the centuries, — in Switzerland, the open-air assembly known as the *Landsgemeinde*; in this country, the Town Meeting, wherever practised. Everywhere else, direct law-making by the people themselves has been superseded by the representative system.

Imagine a meadow in Switzerland, near Altdorf, the village which is associated with the legend of William Tell. It is the first Sunday in May. The spring flowers show through the rising grass or along the walls and hedges. Fruit trees are everywhere in blossom. A breath of infinite exhilaration comes from the surrounding mountains. The voters have marched out from Altdorf in procession,

according to immemorial custom, and now range themselves upon a wooden stand, built for the occasion, in the shape of an amphitheatre, about 2,000 men in number. The chief magistrate stands in the centre delivering an opening speech. The clerk sits writing at a table, and the crier with his beads, resplendent in cocked hats and cloaks of orange and black, is installed upon a raised platform on one side. A fringe of women and children watch the proceedings from near by. The annual *Landsgemeinde*, or open-air assembly, of canton Uri is in session. Suddenly the crowd rises, and, standing bare-headed, silently repeats a number of *Ave Marias*. During this solemn pause, the surpassing grandeur of the surroundings imposes itself.

All at once the business of the meeting begins. Bills and reports are presented, discussed in the guttural native dialect, and voted by a show of hands. Then comes the election of officers, — each result being announced by the crier, who raises his hat and repeats a set formula. After the oath has been administered to the new magistrates, some miscellaneous business is transacted, and the assembly adjourns till next May. The session has lasted about four hours.

Simple and prosaic as this political act may seem, one turns from contemplating it with the feeling of having witnessed a religious rite. These rude peasants are more truly sovereign than any crowned ruler, and their assembly, though sprung from a seed planted in the dawn of recorded history, is neither antiquated nor outworn, but filled with the spirit of perennial youth.

It was attending this assembly in 1888 and 1889 which inspired the writer to study the principles of direct government; for he realized that there was something in the *Landsgemeinde* which was not merely Swiss, but which answered to the aspirations of mankind

in general. A book is called a classic because it appeals to qualities in human nature which are permanent and belong more or less to every age and every clime. In this sense the Landsgemeinde is a classic among forms of government, for it is the expression of pure democracy for which humanity has always striven and will always strive.

In the United States, the Massachusetts town meeting is almost the exact counterpart of the Swiss Landsgemeinde, in spite of an entire difference in environment. You have only to substitute a hall for a meadow, the bleak, unkindly scenery of a Massachusetts March for the genial glow of an Alpine May, and a good deal of nasal Yankee dialect for guttural *Schwizerdütsch*. Selectmen and committees make their reports about schools, fire departments, streets, sewers; and one is impressed with the natural instinct of freemen for the orderly conduct of legislative business. There is, too, an intense relish for good rhetorical points. The town meeting is a school of oratory. Local lawyers take perhaps an unfair advantage of this to practise on their friends. The Yankee is capable of filling even a report on drainage with dry humor. Occasionally the moderator finds it necessary to reprimand applause as indecorous, or to beg voters not to leave the room when discussion is tame. Voting is done *viva voce* unless it is close, when the *ayes* or *nays* rise to be counted by the clerk.

As the Landsgemeinden were the training schools for the peasants who founded the Swiss republic, so the New England town meeting taught political organization to the patriots of the American Revolution.

Now to return to our imaginary body of freemen, with whom we began our investigation into the natural methods of self-government. The chances are that a body of freemen will continue to govern themselves directly until population and territory have increased so much, that it becomes a physical impossibility for them to meet personally. Then direct democracy gives place to a representative system of government.

The people cease to exercise their sovereign rights in person; they are gradually weaned from self-government, and the professional politician makes his appearance. This is the critical moment in the history of every democracy.

Is it safe to have our laws made for us by proxy, as the Chinese hire performers to do their dancing for them? The process of transformation from direct to representative government is natural and inevitable. But is there not a kind of dancing we have a right to do for ourselves, especially as we pay the piper? We may be willing to leave the ballet and the more intricate features of skirt dancing to experts; but we like to do our own waltzing, and very few of us find any pleasure in watching others taking all these pretty and easy steps which have become the fashion of late. We prefer to be on the floor ourselves, until we get quite old and no longer go to parties. In other words, when the people surrender direct government, must they also lose the power of proposing measures and voting upon them as before?

Happily, a way has been found of escaping from this predicament. It is possible to preserve the essence of the public assembly—its directness—even in the midst of our complex modern civilization. The honor of this discovery belongs to the Swiss people. They have perfected a contrivance in political machinery, which virtually annihilates space in a political sense, for it enables large bodies of voters to govern themselves directly without actually meeting together. They have grafted the institutions of the Initiative and the Referendum upon the system of representative government. They have saved pure democracy from extinction.

One may perhaps regret that we have no simpler, Anglo-Saxon names for these institutions; but they are borrowed from the Swiss, and it is too late to make any change. Besides they are not really so bad, after all. The Initiative means that a certain percentage of voters can *initiate* or propose legislation; the Referendum, that such propositions must be *referred* back to the people for final



acceptance or rejection. It is exactly as though some person rose at any meeting, handed the presiding officer a written proposition, with the signatures of a certain percentage of those present attached, — that would be the Initiative. Then, if he examined this proposition, as an expert in the legislature, and put it to the vote of all those present, — that would be the Referendum.

To illustrate the actual process in Switzerland. Suppose a group of voters there are interested in a certain reform, — whether it concern the municipality in which they live, or the canton, or the federal government, whether it be a question of lighting the streets, improving the schools, or changing the currency, — they first draw up a petition, either in the form of a finished bill or of a general suggestion. If the petition receives the number of certified signatures required by law, it is carried to the legislature by means of the Initiative. The representatives must pass judgment upon it within a specified time, and refer it back to the people for final acceptance or rejection by means of the Referendum. They may, of course, move its rejection, or submit an alternate proposition of their own, side by side with the original petition.

This is the town meeting over again, adapted to a wider field, — that is all. How long, under the beneficent working of direct legislation, could the Tammany tiger keep its claws fastened in the flesh of New York? The Initiative and Referendum would give that beast one thrust in the ribs, which would make it harmless ever after.

Contrast with this straightforward Swiss system of making laws the methods which are in vogue in the United States. Take any measure in which a group of practical reformers are interested. We will say, for the sake of illustration, that a committee of ladies and gentlemen in some large city of this country are agitating the question of putting electric wires underground. Everybody knows the unsightliness of these wires, strung along our American streets on monster poles. Visiting foreigners stand before them in

amazement, and note them down as evidences of picturesque barbarism on our part. Everybody knows that these wires are the direct cause of much loss of life every year in case of fires. The firemen cannot get at the burning houses properly; they come into contact with deadly live wires, and the people they are trying to rescue hang entangled in the meshes, charged with electricity. After every great storm, telegraphic communication is broken between great commercial centres, involving losses of hundreds of thousands of dollars to business men and perhaps many a heartache to friends and relatives.

Now, what are the committee of ladies and gentlemen going to do about it? They have public opinion with them; but the telegraph, telephone, electric car and other companies with vested interests are ready to fight them to the bitter end. It would cost money to put the wires underground. The companies agree that that money had better be used for dividends on watered stock than invested in works of public benefit. The committee draw up a petition, and present it to the board of aldermen. The aldermen pass it round at one of their meetings, and unite in saying that they don't see anything in it for themselves personally. The petition is put on the shelf. At the next election the committee organize a citizens' ticket, in order to elect a board of aldermen pledged to put the wires underground. They manage to marshal quite a respectable minority to the polls, but find when the result is announced that minorities do not count in politics, — that our electoral system is so contrived that great numbers of voters are practically disfranchised at every election either by the district system, or by that delightful game of the astute politician known as the Gerrymander, or by any one of a number of tricks in which the ward heelers find pleasure and profit.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the citizens' ticket *has* elected an alderman pledged to put the wires underground, if he can. He proposes the measure to his colleagues, picturing in harrowing details the danger to life and property now incurred. There is no

certainty that his bill will even be noticed, much less discussed, or that, if it is discussed, it will not be promptly tabled as soon as the electric companies hear of it. A word spoken at some hotel bar by the corporation lawyer of one of these companies, a hint at certain valuable services to be rendered, a little transaction in greenbacks, have more influence than the express desire of ten thousand sovereign voters. The only way to influence the typical alderman in the direction of any reform is to persuade him that there is danger of his not being reelected, if he disregards your warnings.

Once more the committee go to work. Perhaps there have been a series of terrible accidents recently, line men have been seen burning alive at their work, before the eyes of a horrified and helpless multitude. The public is thoroughly roused. A mass meeting is held, at which resolutions are passed, condemning the board of aldermen and demanding that they put the wires underground. But these magistrates are not in session just then; they have adjourned for a well-earned recess; they are off on a trip, representing their native city, delivering patriotic addresses, and spending the taxpayers' money; they are going to be away until the storm is over. Everybody's business is nobody's business. The agitation smoulders for a while, so that when the aldermen return it is no longer very formidable. The committee find the worthy gentlemen solemnly engrossed in a conspiracy of silence. They are the most non-committal men in the world; but, of course they will look into this question if the people so desire. In a year's time a vague report may be expected if public opinion is kept up at fever heat; otherwise the subject is simply dropped, dropped heavily and unmistakably into a waste-paper basket; and, incredible as it may seem, at the next election either the same aldermen, or their friends, are re-elected. They hold an undisputed control over the electoral machinery of the city; and when they have had enough boodle, they retire and race horses. Is it not enough to make one despair? At all events, the committee of ladies and gentlemen lose heart

and wash their hands of the whole business. But the terrible part of it all is that even if the citizens of this imaginary, long-suffering city should succeed in electing a majority to the board of aldermen, pledged to put the wires underground, there is still the mayor to reckon with. He may veto the whole project on the score of some technicality. If he is unscrupulous, if he wants to make his everlasting fortune in one day, he can arrange a quiet little deal with the electric companies, by which, in return for value received, he will undertake to fix a few aldermen, enough to change the vote of the board. There are endless ways of blocking or diverting the will of the people, and the American politician knows them all.

Of course there is no reference to any particular city in this illustration. It is a purely hypothetical case, and an extreme one. No specific board of aldermen is accused, no special mayor. But such things have happened in the past, are happening now, and will happen in the future, as long as the people are divorced from making the laws which govern them. It has become almost a commonplace assertion, that our politics have become as bad as bad can be. What is true of our municipalities is true, though in a less measure, of our state and federal governments. They have ceased to be democratic in the Greek sense of the word. Our whole difficulty lies in this: that we do not live up to our professions. We must find relief from the tyrannies of our legislatures. Modern parliamentary institutions, in so far as they have set up barriers between the people and legislation, have departed from their real function, which is to take the propositions emanating from the people and, having examined them, to suit them to the peculiar requirements of the case, then to return them to the people for acceptance or rejection. Representatives may formulate laws, but the people must ratify them.

What has been the result of the introduction of the Initiative and Referendum in Switzerland? How does direct legislation work in the little sister republic?

The effect has been most gratifying in every way. At the end of the last century and the beginning of this, Switzerland had sunk to the lowest stage of political corruption in its history. It was a nest of oligarchies, entrenched behind vested monopolies. Outside of the *Landsgemeinde* cantons, the people were far worse off politically than they are in this country. But in 1831, after much agitation, the Referendum was adopted by the canton of St. Gallen. In 1845 canton Vaud experimented with the Initiative. Since those dates other cantons have incorporated these institutions into their constitutions, one by one; finally the federal government itself quite recently capped the climax by admitting direct legislation into the conduct of its affairs. Switzerland has thus placed herself in the forefront of all democracies, while we of the greater republic must acknowledge with humiliation that we have been completely distanced by her in the race for pure politics.

Contrary to the expectations of many sinister prophets, direct legislation has proved distinctly conservative instead of revolutionary; in fact, the extraordinary caution and fear of innovation displayed by the voters might almost be made a cause of reproach to the system, — for, out of seventeen bills submitted by the Referendum between 1874 and 1884, no less than thirteen were rejected by the people.

Moreover, second, Houses such as our Senate tend to become superfluous, and if the Initiative and Referendum were thoroughly applied would doubtless be abolished altogether. The people constitute a second House, in which every bill must find its final verdict.

It must not be supposed for a moment that direct legislation is altogether a new-fangled, foreign importation. Few people realize how firmly its principles are rooted in the political life of the United States. The Massachusetts town meeting is as good an example as we could wish to find. Our forefathers brought these ideas with them from England, long before Anglo-maniacs were dreamed of, before English dog-carts were the fashion here, or even

before English dukes married American girls for their money. Direct legislation is as much at home on the New England coast as in the Alpine valleys of Switzerland. Moreover, every state in the Union, except Delaware, submits constitutional amendments to popular vote. The constitution of Massachusetts enunciates the rudiments of the Initiative, when it declares: "The people have a right in an orderly and peaceable manner to *give instructions* to their representatives." Local option is a form of the Referendum. Two Rapid Transit bills and an Aldermanic bill have been referred to the people of Boston at recent elections.

What is needed now is to systematize these occasional expressions of the popular will, to make them flow in regular constitutional channels, by means of the Initiative and Referendum. Above all things, the tendency to convert the towns into municipalities must be checked until the people can be guaranteed their old-fashioned rights of proposing and ratifying their own laws.

How these reforms are to be introduced — whether by special bills or by constitutional amendments — is a matter of secondary importance. Public sentiment must first be strongly roused in their behalf, and the way will be easy.

The writer has already treated the subject of Proportional Representation in the February number of this magazine. It was shown in that article that the most striking result of our much-vaunted representative system is that it does not represent. The so-called free list, now in operation in four cantons of Switzerland, was dwelt upon as providing a way out of our difficulty. Let us now turn to another unique feature in Swiss politics, that of boards of administration.

One of the peculiarities of political life in Switzerland is that nobody seems to know, or to care, who the President of the republic may be at any particular time. Strangers often ask after him, and are astonished to find that even Swiss people of more than ordinary intelligence are unable to give them any precise information.

The explanation is very simple. It is a matter of no importance whatever who may be filling the office, for the President of the Swiss republic is a simple functionary like any other. The Swiss constitution does not intrust the executive power to one man, as our own does, but to a federal council of seven members, acting as a sort of board of administration. These seven men are elected for a fixed term of three years, by the two Houses composing the Federal Assembly, united in joint session. Practically any Swiss voter is eligible to office. Every year the two Houses also designate, from the seven members of the federal council, who shall act as President and Vice-President of the Swiss Republic. The President, therefore, is only the chairman of an executive board, and is distinguished from his colleagues merely by the fact that he sits at the head of the table and draws a larger salary than they. He receives the very moderate pay of \$2,160, and the rest \$1,920 a year. The country is not turned upside down every four years to determine who shall be the executive head as with us.

There is something exceedingly novel in the composition and attributes of this Swiss federal council. The English system of government may be defined as purely parliamentary, with the remnants of an antiquated monarchy still attached. The executive authority in the United States is wholly extra-parliamentary, but otherwise wields almost unlimited powers. The Swiss people, apparently without premeditation and by a series of experiments, have developed a sort of unintentional compromise between these two forms. They have borrowed many of the best traits in each. Their system seems to combine all the stability of fixed monarchical forms with the elasticity of the purest democracies. It is essentially what we might call a business government.

The Swiss people have an abhorrence of anything like one-man power. For a few years at the opening of this century a chief magistrate was forced upon the country by Napoleon's Act of Mediation. His title of Landammann was

even eminently Swiss, but no sooner had Waterloo been fought than the office and title were promptly abolished. No Swiss would have the courage to propose such a thing again.

Once elected, the seven members of the federal council distribute the work to be done amongst themselves into departments of 1. Foreign Affairs; 2. Interior; 3. Justice and Police; 4. Military; 5. Imposts and Finance; 6. Industry and Agriculture; 7. Posts and Railroads. They may address either House in support of any particular measure, but do not vote. In return, they may be interpellated on any question. Should the bills which they have introduced or approved be defeated, they do not resign, as would be the case with ministries in England, France and other European countries. They hold office for a fixed term, and are therefore, independent of a majority in the Houses.

In fact, the seven members may go so far as to disagree amongst themselves without resigning and without giving rise to what is known as a ministerial crisis. Each councillor does his work as he thinks fit, leaving the nation to judge of the result. At the same time the federal council, as a whole, is responsible before the country for the measures it advocates, so that a certain amount of compromise amongst the members is often necessary to attain unanimity. Some one has said that the federal council reminded him of a characteristic industry of Switzerland—watch-making. Its members are ever engaged upon the most delicate mechanism,—fitting wheels within wheels, balancing forces, and reconciling rivalries.

It must be remembered that party lines are not as strictly drawn in Switzerland as with us. The Initiative and Referendum in themselves would suffice to produce this result. There is a tendency to combine for certain purposes only, to attack one problem at a time. There is no opposition whose duty it is to oppose under any and every circumstance. The seven members of the federal council are not the nominees of one political party, but are recruited

from several by mutual compromise, in order to represent various parts of the country and different interests. Two citizens of the same canton cannot serve together, and a very insignificant minority of course could not hope to be represented.

Indeed, one of the chief merits of the federal council is its relative independence of party mechanism. In this respect it occupies a unique position. It is able to draw up bills and examine those submitted to its inspection in a perfectly unfettered spirit. Its attitude is one of singular dignity, for it worthily represents the people at large.

Almost every feature of the Swiss federal government is borrowed from some much older institution in the cantons. The federal council is merely a development of the cantonal councils, known by different names, as *Regierungs-rath*, *Conseil d'Etat*, or *Consiglio di Stato*. The chairman of these state boards of administration is called *Landammann*, *Schultheiss*, or President, but he does not begin to exercise as much authority as one of our state governors.

It might be urged as an objection to these Swiss boards of administration, both federal and cantonal, that they do not distinguish carefully enough between the executive, legislative and judicial attributes of government. These powers everywhere overlap each other, and one would naturally expect a great deal of confusion. But in a system of government which includes the Initiative and the Referendum, such distinctions lose their importance, because the people are the final judges of every act. In all their many centuries of self-government, the Swiss people have paid little attention to this artificial separation of political powers.

It is a question whether the Swiss system of executive boards of administration does not contain valuable hints for us. We have delegated undemocratic attributes to our President, to governors, and mayors. There is need of a reform on democratic lines.

Beginning with the smallest unit, there is no reason why a board of aldermen

should not be intrusted with the interests of any city, if they can only be properly elected, — which is on a general ticket by proportional representation, and for a fixed term. A mayor could be appointed annually from their midst to act as chairman of the board. The Initiative and the Referendum would bring the people into direct contact with local ordinances. The aldermen would divide the work to be done into regular departments; and a tendency would show itself to elect experts for positions on the board. The choice would fall on men who had reputations as specialists in finance, engineering, sanitation and the arts.

Applying the same principle to state and federal matters, the time would come when boards of administration would replace one-man executive offices the country over, doing their work scientifically for the public good, indorsed by the people for their efficiency, not their politics. But the reforms indicated in preceding pages must be accomplished first. As matters now stand the people cannot trust their law-making bodies. The great powers wielded by President, governors and mayors actually serve as a protection against the tyrannies of legislatures. Until the people once more resume their sovereign rights and obtain direct legislation by means of the Initiative and the Referendum, these one-man executive offices must be allowed to stand. They are often the only resort of the outraged people against the corruption of their so-called representatives.

What has Switzerland to say upon the land question? Nothing final, it is true; but the treatment of public common lands in that country is full of suggestions.

The Swiss people have from the earliest times operated a crude system of communism in their midst. In the valleys they set apart *almends*, or commons, and in the mountains *alps*, or summer pastures, for the use of the community. By this means a part, at least, of the land in every *gemeinde*, or commune, has not been allowed to fall into the hands of private owners, but has been reserved for

public use. We have a reminiscence of this habit in the common of England and New England, though the resemblance does not go very far; for the Swiss commons consist of forest, pasture and meadow land and, according to the nature of the ground, sometimes also of marshy land for rushes and peat. The use of this domain is governed by rules which vary in different cantons, and often in neighboring *gemeinden*; in some it is the common property of all; in others, of a privileged class, generally the lineal descendants of the original settlers. Etymologists are not yet agreed whether the name *almend* meant originally *common* land or *fodder* land; and historians are debating whether the use of it was intended in the beginning to be communistic or not. These are questions for specialists to decide; but the result which has been attained is patent to all. There can be no doubt that this system has contributed more than any other factor toward giving every man an interest in the soil and insuring genuine democracy in Switzerland.

These Swiss rustics, by treating at least some of the total supply of land as common property, exclude the possibility of the complete monopolization of land and the resulting concentration of wealth into the hands of a few. It is true that they have by no means reached a radical solution of the land question. There are landlords in Switzerland as elsewhere, and they are no better and no worse than elsewhere, since their conduct is governed by economic laws which are not of their own making; but even this partial treatment of land as common property secures to the people certain solid advantages. Nor must this public property be regarded merely as a provision for the poor, since all alike have a share in it.

As nearly one third of the territory of Switzerland is hopelessly unproductive, being covered by rock, water or snow and ice, it is evident that the problem of agriculture is a difficult one, and so cattle-raising, with its accompanying occupations of making butter and cheese, may be considered the most successful of Swiss industries.

In spring the cattle are driven up into

the mountains and take possession of the pastures as the snow recedes, reaching their highest feeding ground at the end of August. The technical term for these grazing lands is *alps*, to be carefully distinguished from the general name of Alps, spelt with a capital letter, and given to the great snow range that traverses Europe. The use of the *alps*, or summer pastures, goes back to the period of the earliest settlements. In fact, remains of ancient huts have been found, known locally as *Heidenhütchen*, which seem to date from Raeto-Roman times, before the advent of Germanic tribes into Switzerland.

There are between four thousand and five thousand regular *alps* throughout the length and breadth of the country. It is only natural, therefore, that the manner of using them should vary very much. In some cantons they are managed collectively by the communes, in others they are rented out to private individuals. As a rule, each citizen has the right to send up a certain number of cows for the summer, and on specified days the average yield and total production of each cow is computed, so that the proper division of the resulting butter and cheese may be made.

The *almends* and *alps* have played a decisive part in Swiss history. The very origin of the republic can be traced to them. As it was necessary to regulate the use of the common lands, semi-agricultural, semi-political meetings of all the inhabitants were convened at stated times. These were the *Landsgemeinden*, or open-air assemblies, of the patriots, previously described in this article. Some of the earliest efforts in the struggle for independence from the Dukes of Habsburg-Austria were due to disputes about the use of summer pastures. The memorable quarrel of Schwiz with the monastery of Einsiedeln, then under the protection of Austria, precipitated the battle of Morgarten. In fact one cannot understand Swiss history without having studied this primitive system of common lands.

It must not be supposed that the writer advocates the introduction of

regular *almends* and *alps* into the United States. They are in reality survivals of an older civilization, archaic and pastoral. It is not improbable that modern industrial conditions may drive the system out of Switzerland itself. But while the practice of this communism may be antiquated, the underlying principle is immortal.

We have already in the United States a few public lands, including parks, forests, and places of remarkable natural beauty. But many of these had to be bought back from their so-called owners at great expense. The best sites have everywhere been pre-empted by individuals or corporations, often for purposes of mere speculation. Here and there are vestiges of old-fashioned village commons. Under the circumstances our duty is plain. Wherever public lands are still to be found, they must not be allowed to fall into the hands of individuals. Whether they be village commons or Indian reservations, the people must not surrender their collective rights to any private persons or corporations. The struggle to keep the Common of Boston from the clutches of a corporation is a typical case. Wholesale land grants to railroads must stop. The great forest areas must be preserved from ruthless extermination, both for the sake of the lumber and in order to prevent inundations and encourage rainfalls. The right of way on shore strips and beaches must not be blocked by the cottages of millionnaires. The right to fish in all waters must be a public right, guarded by public regulations.

There is no time to lose if we would save the little that remains. Every year of delay means a greater outlay for the people. Fortunately that ancient right of eminent domain has survived the encroachments of private property in land. With its help much may yet be accomplished at comparatively reasonable rates.

But, even while these slow improvements are taking place, there is a further reform in the same direction to be accomplished. We must eventually acknowledge the equal right of all men to the crust of the earth; we must in some simple, straightforward manner

give all men a foothold, guarantee to every child its birthright. When we think of it, is not the monopoly of land the one principal economic injustice which lies at the base of our decay of democracy? The great unearned fortunes of this country are based on the increment of land values. Real estate magnates, oil, mining, lumber and railroad magnates, are primarily monopolizers of land. They deal in some form of the crust of the earth. It is upon this part of their business interests that they make their most successful speculations and accumulate fortunes. Improvements such as houses, mining and railroad plants deteriorate with use; land alone increases in value, because its supply is a fixed quantity.

Mere landowners do not perform any proper economic function. They are simply pre-empters of rights, collectors of toll or rent. It is only in so far as they improve their land that they become useful members of society. Private property in improvements is therefore just and logical; but private property in mere land bears in its train a long series of abuses and tyrannies.

Every succeeding generation requires the use of the crust of the earth for all its material needs, as it also requires air and water. Food, clothing, tools, etc., must all be wrought from land by labor. But if some inhabitants arrogate to themselves exclusive rights to the earth's surface, it is evident that the rest must make terms with them before they can satisfy their simplest wants. Private property in land therefore tends inevitably to divide men into masters and slaves, no matter how carefully political equality may be guarded. In truth, since no man, by the utmost effort of ingenuity, has ever been able to add one atom to the earth's surface, that surface properly belongs to the whole generation of men who live upon it. Neither the dead nor the yet unborn can claim any right to it. The living need it for the sustenance of life.

The land question dwarfs every other problem into insignificance. It is primary, fundamental. The solution offered by Mr. Henry George seems in every

way worthy of careful examination. It is at once so simple and yet comprehensive that it bears all the marks of an inspiration.

The single tax means merely that every community should take the rent of the land values within its boundaries in lieu of taxes, exempting all improvements. This fund would amply suffice to pay all expenses. It would have the farther merit of rising and falling as population increased or decreased and the need of an income varied. It would vest the ownership of the land in the people as a whole, but award the use of it to individuals. Lands required for public use could be had in any quantity by withholding them from private use,—in other words, by not renting them. Among other blessings the single tax would therefore confer breathing spaces and playgrounds upon our overcrowded cities. It would give us an equivalent to the Swiss *almends* and *alps*.

Lest any one should suppose, after reading the foregoing, that Switzerland is altogether a political paradise, it may be well to point out some of the cases in which that country falls short of the highest attainment.

In regard to tariffs on imports, the general policy pursued has been in accordance with Article 29 of the constitution: "Materials necessary for the manufactures and agriculture of the country shall be taxed as low as possible. It shall be the same with the necessities of life. Luxuries shall be subjected to the highest duties."

If there are to be any tariffs at all, these principles are sound enough. Unfortunately the appetite for so-called protection to native industries grows rapidly as soon as the first taste has been enjoyed. The result is that Switzerland, instead of using tariffs for revenue only, is apparently drifting into line with the other continental nations. Various excuses are made for this policy. The increased demands of the army upon the national treasury have probably made it seem necessary to the majority of voters. A few interested manufacturers have zealously advocated it. Many duties were

made unnecessarily high so as to be used in concluding commercial treaties with other countries. The constant fear of war has also raised hopes of seeing Switzerland as independent as possible of her neighbors.

But the position of Switzerland in the centre of Europe is such that she must largely depend upon the good will of her neighbors for the existence of her chief industries. She has no coast line, no harbors, no ships. There is not a coal nor an iron mine in the country. All the cotton, silk and precious metals which she needs have to be imported, and that by transit through surrounding countries which maintain high tariffs. Under the circumstances, it is remarkable that Switzerland should be able to compete at all with other manufacturing countries in foreign markets. In fact, it has been calculated that her total trade per head is greater than that of any other European nation. But high tariffs will not fail to act injuriously upon Switzerland as they have everywhere else. The rights of the great body of consumers have been sacrificed to private interests. The prices of necessaries have already advanced. Trade will suffer, and, worse than all, the beneficiaries of this special privilege will spare no means, however corrupt, to maintain it intact.

One cannot help wondering that in so progressive a country the cause of woman suffrage should have received so little consideration. There seems to be no agitation of the question worth speaking of. The women of Switzerland, for some reason or other, accept their disfranchised position without protest. They seem content to live under laws made by others. One would think that the cantons which in the middle ages admitted boys of fourteen to the franchise would not hesitate to grant the same privilege now to full-grown women. At the same time, the Swiss universities have always been open to women. As soon as female students presented themselves they were admitted without question to equal rights with men. Only the peculiarity of the case is this: that there are almost no Swiss women at all in the universities; the



female students as a rule are Russian, American or English.

Again, religious intolerance dies very hard in Switzerland. Nowhere else did the period of the Reformation leave such deplorable scars upon the national life. All sorts of secular considerations and political questions were involved in that religious struggle. In fact the career of Zwingli, the chief reformer, illustrated this fact admirably. He began his work as a political reformer; his first efforts were directed against political abuses, and some of his noblest words were spoken in the cause of pure government. It was not till he found all his exertions in this field baffled by ecclesiastical intrigues that he began to attack certain doctrines of the church.

As recently as 1847, Switzerland was torn in two by a civil war between the Catholic and Protestant cantons. This war of the *Sonderbund*, as it is called, strangely resembled our own great civil war in miniature. The fundamental issue was in both cases that of union *versus* extreme state rights; but in both cases also a deep-seated evil created complications. In Switzerland it was the question of the expulsion of the Jesuits; in the United States, the institution of slavery.

When the war was over, an article was adopted into the constitution forbidding the order of Jesuits to reside on Swiss soil. This command may perhaps be excused for a while, in view of the enormous amount of political mischief wrought by that order of clergy; but it is none the less an infringement of religious liberty. In the same manner the persecutions of members of the Salvation Army in Switzerland argue a spirit of bigotry. The plea made for their punishment was that they came under the head of public nuisances; but as a matter of fact the principal objection was that a new form of worship had been introduced which it was difficult for the local authorities to classify or control.

There are three state monopolies in existence which deserve to be noticed. They cannot be said to weigh heavily upon the people, but they undoubtedly represent a state interference with private property.

These monopolies comprise gunpowder, salt and alcohol. The first was evidently introduced for military purposes, so as to secure to the republic a sufficient supply in case of war. The monopoly of salt is very old. It has come down to modern times from the middle ages as a regular source of revenue in Switzerland, and the prices maintained are certainly reasonable enough, in refreshing contrast with Italy, where the cost of salt is so great that many of the poor can only afford to use it very sparingly or not at all.

The state monopoly of alcohol is a modern experiment, having been started in 1885 for the purpose of reducing intemperance. The federal government controls the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, the revenue thus derived being apportioned amongst the cantons, with the proviso that ten per cent shall be used to combat the causes and effects of alcoholism. It is still very difficult to estimate properly the effects of this piece of legislation. There is a slight revenue derived therefrom, but of course smuggling has at the same time received a special inducement and flourishes accordingly. Various opinions are expressed as to its merits in the cause of temperance reform. On the whole a good deal of disappointment is expressed amongst the wiser and more broad-minded citizens.

Switzerland is also grappling with the questions of railroads and banks. The tendency is distinctly toward state ownership of railroads, as the postal, telegraph and telephone services are already government property. From the very beginning railroads have stood under the immediate supervision of the state, which regulates their franchises, construction and manner of issuing stock. Railroad companies must hand in annual accounts to the federal council. In this manner the final complete management of railroads by the state is being prepared.

As for the banks, the federal government regulates almost every detail of their management, but has not yet assumed a monopoly of the emission of notes, nor does it guarantee those in circulation. There is in reality a great

variety of banks throughout the republic, organized partly as private concerns, partly as cantonal institutions.

As long as the inalienable rights of man, the birthright of the individual, remain inviolate, all will be well. The most sacred of these heirlooms is the

equal right of every man to the crust of the earth and to the product of his own hands. But as soon as the state shall curtail the fundamental liberties of the citizen, no matter how magnificent the apparent results may be, in that hour the decline of the nation will have begun.



## FROM DAY TO DAY.

*By Julie M. Lippmann.*

FROM day to day I glimpse no change  
 Upon the world's face that I love,  
 So gently her mutations range,  
 So tenderly her seasons move.  
 The verdant veil of misty sheen  
 That spring cast over shrub and tree  
 Grew dense, the fleeting hours between,  
 I wist not how — I did not see.  
 I only knew 'twas summer where  
 It had been spring, and still was fair.

The lilacs 'gainst the garden wall  
 Bloomed flush and free for love of June ;  
 The days were held by summer thrall,  
 Rose-warrantied in crimson rune ;  
 The air was just a fragrance blent  
 Of faintest blossom-breaths astir ;  
 And then — the sweet-o'-year was spent,  
 And where the rose and lilac were  
 Was what the heart in pity sends,  
 For sweet things gone to make amends.

From day to day I look upon  
 The face of her I hold most dear.  
 It ever seems to me the one  
 Unchanged thing in the changing year.  
 What though the eyes that were erstwhile  
 So bright be dim? I do not miss  
 Their lustre while I have her smile  
 And taste the sweetness of her kiss.  
 Her face — this much I know thereof, —  
 It is the face of her I love.

## BENJAMIN PAUL AKERS.

*By Leila Woodman Usher.*



**T**HAT appreciation which makes art a necessity to some natures brings with it the desire to know somewhat of the artist's life. To such it is not sufficient to look at works of art, but important to understand the artist, to participate in his ideas, to live, if possible, a little of his life. Doubly interesting is this in the case where the delicately organized son of genius awakens to a consciousness of his powers amid scenes in contrast with his nature and aspirations, and through the strength of innate artistic force succeeds in achieving eminence. Probably of no American artist is this more true than of the sculptor Benjamin Paul Akers, whose works mark a transition period in American sculpture, an advance from the pseudo-classic to the idealistic.

Notwithstanding the fact that Hawthorne in his "Marble Faun" has immortalized that finest of Paul Akers's creations, the "Pearl Diver," the sculptor himself seems scarcely known except to the few who have carefully watched the progress of American art. In the year 1858, at Rome, Hawthorne first saw this statue, and in Miriam's words he expresses his opinion of the work. "The poor young man has perished among the prizes he sought," remarked she; "but what a strange efficacy there is in death! If we cannot all win pearls, it causes an empty shell to satisfy us just as well. I like the statue, though it is too cold and stern in its moral lesson; and physically the form has not settled itself into sufficient repose." Going on to describe other statues in Kenyon's studio, Hawthorne says of Paul Akers's remarkable bust of Milton: "In another style, there was the grand, calm head of Milton, not copied from any one bust or picture, yet

more authentic than any of them, because all known representations of the poet had been profoundly studied and solved in the artist's mind. The bust over the tomb in Greyfriars' church, the original miniatures and pictures wherever to be found, had mingled each its special truth in this one work, — wherein likewise by long perusal and deep love of 'Paradise Lost,' the 'Comus,' the 'Lycidas' and 'L'Allegro,' the sculptor had succeeded even better than he knew in spiritualizing his marble with the poet's mighty genius. And this was a great thing to have achieved, such a length of time after the dry bones and dust of Milton were like those of any other dead man."

Paul Akers had lived the greater part of his life remote from all artistic influence, surrounded by the stern, practical atmosphere of a primitive New England village. In that day even our most cultivated cities could boast of so little in the way of a general appreciation of art that when, in 1831, the first group in marble executed by an American made its appearance in this country, it was, says James Jackson Jarvis, simply interesting as the work of a countryman in a profession of doubtful utility. And the fact that this group, the "Chanting Cherubs," by Horatio Greenough, was criticised as immodest, some of the newspapers suggesting in all seriousness that "the cherubs be draped," reveals the lack of cultivation which then existed relative to plastic art. That this was fully appreciated by Paul Akers is evidenced by the following letter written upon the occasion of his first visit abroad: —

"I was thrown at once," he said, "from a world where not in all my life had I seen art, although I lived there with my own shadowy creations, — not strong, for I knew not the mighty or the feeble, — thrown at once into a world where all was art. All around me, on earth, in the far heavens, were multitudes of forms,

all silent, but all demanding place ; and none might help me, none to say ' here ' or ' there ; ' I only, in this mighty realm, to appoint, to assign. I was set down in the Louvre, a boy from the woods of that new world, no idle spectator."

In the village of Saccarappa, Maine, on the tenth of July, 1825, Paul Akers was born. His father, known as Deacon Akers, was a wood turner of limited means, a self-educated man, possessed of much natural ability, eccentric in disposition, independent and liberal in thought, and of a poetical, unpractical temperament. His mother was possessed of energy and innate refinement of character, intuitively wise, quick of perception, spontaneous, enthusiastic, and broad in her sympathies. It is evident that from his father the sculptor inherited his artistic tendency, while from his mother came the force of character necessary to insure its development.

This son, the eldest of eleven children, was christened Benjamin, but early received from his playmates the nickname St. Paul, because of the serious cast of his mind. This name he adopted, and as Paul Akers is known to the art world. When a boy, his family moved to Salmon Falls, Maine, a village about sixteen miles from the city of Portland, and situated upon the Saco, the wildest and most picturesque of New England's rivers. Here Deacon Akers established a wood-turning shop, and after Paul's school days were ended he worked for a number of years with his father. He early developed manual dexterity, and in graceful and original designs in ornamental woodwork first discovered his artistic ability. He also exhibited a talent for portraiture, the best of his early attempts being a rough but lifelike outline of a neighbor, whom he knew only as he saw him pass the shop door and whose features he cut with a carpenter's chisel on a bit of stray marble. This specimen of his work, still preserved, is interesting, as produced long before he had seen either a bust or bas-relief.

The natural beauty of his early surroundings without doubt contributed to his artistic development. In constant intercourse with nature, it was natural

that here he should first learn to frame his judgments by her standard. Here, too, he indulged his poetic imagination, and to the last was more attached to the wild, pine-clad banks of the Saco than to all other spots on earth. In after years he writes from Italy: "This day, which brings with it memories of all my life's most holy experiences, has suffered little to occupy my mind save that which is associated with the Saco. And while my body has been wandering by the Tiber, and my eyes have looked along the line of the Sabine mountains, and I have listened to the lowing of herds, the laughter of children and the bells remotely ringing, my soul has been where purer streams do flow and the sounds are far dearer."

A rapt, dreamy youth, he sought the solitude of the river banks rather than the society of the village, finding his enjoyment in the contemplation of nature. The lichen or the tiniest wild flower possessed for him as deep a meaning and inspired as profound an interest as the murmuring pines, the river, or the grandest works of nature. Not content with mere observation, and possessed of that strong scientific tendency which frequently accompanies the highest poetic temperament, he was earnest in minute analysis and enthusiastic in broad generalization. This scientific instinct enabled him to reach an excellence in sculpture which, to judge from his own words, was scarcely understood by the superficial observer of his character. "How people misunderstand me! They call me a rare dreamer, a visionary; they say my mind teems with vague fancies; and they were amazed when they found that my work, as well as being a dream, a vagary, was also a treatise on the most severe science, that of form, a series of lectures on anatomy, an essay on beauty."

His knowledge of books was confined to few volumes, until his nineteenth year, when he made the acquisition of a friend who possessed something of a library. He eagerly availed himself of this opportunity, and gained the advantage derived through the quickening power of literature. To "Hyperion" he gave the credit of first kindling his imagination and arousing his enthusiasm for art.

After reading Plato, Aristotle and Dante, he devoted himself chiefly to German and French literature. Young and impressionable, he proved susceptible to the morbid sentiment of "Werther," which had infused itself into the spirit of German literature, and was strongly swayed by the influence of the "Storm and Stress" period which for the most part was but mildly reflected on this side of the Atlantic. With a study of Goethe and his contemporaries a new and wider horizon was opened before him; and after some immature attempts with both the pen and the brush, he went to Portland to prepare for a literary career. As a first step he took up the composing-stick on the Portland *Transcript*. He soon decided that, notwithstanding his strong love of literature, his true vocation was not there; and to an accident is ascribed the hastening of this decision. In passing a shop window, he saw exhibited a marble bust by Brackett, which arrested his attention and fixed his purpose. He had found the path of his genius.

In 1849 he went to Boston, where he received instruction in plaster-casting from Joseph Carew. He then returned to Salmon Falls, and there passed a winter in hard work, executing first a medallion head, then the bust of a village doctor (a marvellous likeness), and later, a head of Christ. The following spring he went to Portland and opened a studio in connection with Tilton, the landscape artist. For two years he devoted himself to executing portrait busts. Among those which aided in establishing his reputation were one of the poet Longfellow, one of Samuel Appleton of Boston, and one of John Neal of Portland.

A master of all to which facial expression gives a clew, he represented not the features alone, but wrought into them the spirit and character of his subjects; and the rare combination of living strength and classic repose, which characterized his portrait busts, gives to them a distinctive value as contributions to the country's art history. In regard to the signification and historic value of portraiture, he said in an article printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*: "Than a really

great portrait, no work of art can be more truly historical. We feel the subjectiveness of compositions intended to transmit facts to posterity, and unless we know the artist we are at a loss as to the degree of trust we may place in his impression. A true portrait is objective. The individuality of the one whom it represents was the ruling force in the hour of production; and to the spirit of a household, a community, a kingdom or an age, that individuality is the key. There is, too, in a genuine portrait an internal evidence of its authenticity. No artist was ever great enough to invent the combination of lines, curves and planes which compose the face of a man. There is the accumulated significance of a lifetime, subtle traces of failures or of victories wrought years ago. How these will manifest themselves no experience can point out, no intuition foresee or imagine. The modifications are infinite, and each is completely removed from the region of the accidental."

In 1852 Akers went to Italy to pursue his studies, and took up his residence in Florence. While there he executed two bas-reliefs, "Night" and "Morning," for Samuel Appleton of Boston, and sent to this country several portrait busts. He also wrote critical essays on art and contemporary artists. These essays revealed a knowledge of the principles and requirements of art, as well as felicity of expression, and they at once attracted marked attention. A private letter written at this time is interesting as reflecting the two dominating tendencies of his character, his intense attachment for home and his loyal devotion to art. He says: "How much I have stored up to tell you when once more I am permitted to see the sweet banks of the Saco! Now I can say nothing of all these wonders. All I can say is, that I have seen and heard, that I live and breathe in this beautiful world, than which there is but one more beautiful, the home world. Ah! there is only one beautiful sun for every one, and it is that which shines on his native city. In other lands it is only a cold mock sun, a wandering star, a delusive vision, which follows us like a ghost. Thus wrote Albert Dürer, and so it is. Now

the spring has come again, and down by the Saco river banks the mayflowers are blooming. One place I love more than all others, beyond the oak grove where the path leads among the trees, close to the beloved river. Another spring I hope to be there, and far more lovely than the Arno or the Tiber is the stream that flows past there."

He returned to this country in 1853, and again located in Portland. Here he modelled his first statue, "Benjamin in Egypt," at the moment of the discovery of the cup in Benjamin's sack. This work was unfortunately destroyed at the burning of the Crystal Palace in New York. During the winter of 1854 he lived in Washington, where he executed busts of President Pierce, Judge McLean of the Supreme Court, Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Gerrit Smith, and a medallion head of General Samuel Houston, which particularly attracted attention and praise. From Washington he wrote a friend: "It is a great purpose I have, but one which must be accomplished in the longest life. The only regret is that my art leads me away from those I love. Would you know something of my present life? I am now finishing the eighth head I have modelled in this city, a bust of a lady from Rhode Island, a beautiful face. It is to be cut in marble. To-morrow I commence the head of General Sam Houston. After that come three other heads; so you see I am not neglected. I shall apply myself closely in order to return to Maine before the warm days come." While at the capital he modelled an ideal head called "The Drowned Girl," a face full of poetic feeling and of exquisite delicacy. In a letter he refers to it as "an ideal head, one of a series to illustrate Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' This is a face thrown back with tresses of wet hair. You will love it, I know; I will bring you one."

His winter in Washington at an end, he prepared to go again to Italy. Experience and study, meanwhile, had revealed more clearly to his consciousness the demands of his art and broadened the scope of his aspirations, as is illustrated in the following letter written shortly before his departure: "But I

cannot stay here, much as there is to detain me, much from which to separate is like death. I have a work to do; it is always before me, demanding fulfilment, reproaching me when I am swayed by other than its own power, and I must obey or I am lost,—a conviction forced upon me in my clearest and most earnest moods. So very soon I shall go to Rome, where I belong. I will do what I can, and then I shall be worthy of you all."

Taking with him a number of portrait busts to be cut in marble, he embarked for Italy in 1855. Upon his arrival in Rome he took a studio in the Via del Crecie, which he thus describes: "I cannot see down into the garden without standing upon a chair, but when I open the window a little I can hear the nuns chant. Within my studio the daily music is the sound of ringing marble. 'Undine' is with me, and when this shall have reached you, will be wrought in stone as fair as pearl. Other things there are, busts with which are associated hours of my life, studies of works yet to be given to the world."

On a mind such as that of Paul Akers, Rome could not fail to exercise a profound influence. "Rome," he says, "seems to have within its walls all that I seek. All that my intellect craves is within my reach. All the demands of my taste may be here satisfied. I am happy, and but for the valley of the Saco, here should be my home. Here are the great silent strivings for immortality and the noble struggles for true language and worthy utterance. Here are gathered the finite creators, and here is the world they have made with their undying people. Is the day monotonous, I can with the quickness of thought choose my day among the three thousand years of days that wait here."

It was here that he conceived and executed his finest works. He writes: "My rooms, seven in number, are now peopled by a race which maintain perpetual peace. There are now about thirty marbles in a complete state awaiting shipment. I have just completed a clay statue, 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary,' two copies of which are ordered, one to go to Boston, the other to New York.

But my chief work now is a statue, which is perhaps one half modelled, of a lost 'Pearl Fisher.' My heart is in it. I have a pupil, a New York lady, who will make New York proud of her.\* She and Miss Harriet Hosmer reside together, and we have our noon lunch in the studio." Linked with this studio is Hawthorne's tale of "The Marble Faun," as Kenyon's studio was none other than Paul Akers's. Though Hawthorne in his romance saw fit to lay the scene in the rooms once occupied by Canova, it was in the Via del Crecie that he wove the thread of his Italian romance.

Paul Akers's growing reputation and increase of work ere long made it necessary for him to seek a more commodious studio, and he took rooms once occupied by the famous Canova. Here he had made under his supervision copies in marble of many of the famous works of the Vatican and the Capitol. The largest collection of these was a commission from Mr. Edward King of Newport, and among them were busts of Ariadne, Demosthenes and Cicero, and a facsimile of the Dying Gladiator, which Mr. King presented to the Redwood Library of Newport.

During his first winter in Rome he was permitted by the authorities to make a cast of a mutilated bust of Cicero which had long lain in the Vatican. A critic writing from Rome in 1857 says of this bust of Cicero: "Mr. Akers obtained permission to take a cast from it; he then restored the eye, brow and ears, and modelled a neck and bust for it in accordance with the temperament shown by the nervous and rather thin face. He has succeeded admirably. It is the very head of the Vatican, yet without the scars of envious time, and sits gracefully on human shoulders, instead of being rolled awkwardly back upon a shelf." This bust is unlike the portrait which so long passed for Cicero's, but has been identified by means of a medal which was struck by the Magnesians in honor of the great orator during his consulate, and is now the authorized portrait of Cicero. The finest of Paul Akers's creations executed during his stay in

Rome are "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," which represents the princess at the moment the roses have fallen to the ground; "Una and the Lion," an illustration of the line in Spenser's "Faerie Queene":—

"Still while she slept he kept both watch and ward;"

the head of Milton and the "Pearl Diver." The "Pearl Diver," now owned by the city of Portland, represents a youth stretched upon a seaworn rock and wrapped in eternal sleep. The arms are thrown above the head, and about the waist is a net containing pearl-bearing shells for which he has risked his life. There is no trace of suffering; all is subdued to beauty. It is death represented as the ancients conceived it, the act of the torch-reverting God. This youth, who has lost his life at the moment when all that for which he had dared was within his grasp, suggests Paul Akers's own untimely death on the eve of his triumph.

In 1856 he travelled in Switzerland, Germany and France, and spent some months in Great Britain, where he studied all the authorities that could help him in the execution of his colossal head of Milton. This head was finished the following winter, and was pronounced "a poet's ideal of a poet." In a letter written at this period he says: "Yesterday Browning called. He looked a long time at my Milton, said it was Milton, the man-angel. He praised the wealth of hair which I have given the head, and then said that Mrs. Browning had a lock of Milton's hair, the only one now in existence. This was given her by Leigh Hunt, just before his death,—who had the records proving it to be genuine. The hair was, he said, like mine. He invited me to visit him in Florence, where he would show me the first edition of Milton's poems, marked to indicate the peculiar accent which the poet sometimes adopted, a knowledge of which makes clear somewhat that otherwise seems discordant. Milton was so great a musician that there could have been no fault in sound in his compositions. He looked over my books; said my

\*Miss Stebbins.

edition of Shelley was one which he had corrected for the press, not from a knowledge of the original MS., but from his internal evidence that so it must have been; said Poe was a wonderful man; spoke of Tennyson in the warmest terms. Took up a copy of his own poems published in the United States, and remarked that it was better than the English edition, yet had some awful blunders, and wished me to allow him to correct a copy for me. My head of the 'Drowned Girl' caught his eye and interested him. I told him that I had thought of Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' He then said that Hood wrote that on his deathbed, and read it to him before any one else had seen it. Hood was doubtful whether it was worth publishing. To-morrow Mrs. Browning is to come; she has been quite ill since she came to Rome, and I have seen her but once. I derive much comfort from the friendship of Charlotte Cushman. She has just gone from here. She has frequent breakfast parties; I have attended but one. Mr. and Mrs. James T. Ford, the painter, and myself were the guests. I like Mrs. Ford, she is a girl of spirit.

It is true that the  
 letters of the same  
 collection are in the

THE PEARL DIVER.  
 OWNED BY THE CITY OF PORTLAND, ME.





student of sculpture, painting and architecture, appreciating what Herman Grimm in referring to art calls the one true idea; "that architecture, painting and sculpture are not to be considered as anything separate, but are only to be fully estimated in their true value when they can be employed at the same time, in the same



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

OWNED BY MRS. ROBERT HOE, NEW YORK CITY.

place." He devoted much time to the study of geometry, and even made plans for an elementary work with diagrams in color. Early realizing that science is a requisite of art, its balance and close intimate, he failed not to appreciate that mysterious something in all we call consummate art which, to use his own words, "still eludes the touch of science and

childlike plays with powers which terrify the intellectual world." His aims were complex, and a certain broad humanity and catholicism of thought which characterized him are nowhere more marked than in his effort to awaken in this country a national love of beauty and prepare the way for a higher estimation and understanding of art. To this end he formulated a plan for establishing a free gallery in New York, to contain copies in marble of the chief works of ancient art, thereby indicating that he realized the necessity of our having before us the accumulated experience of older civilizations, to extend the sources of our inspiration and teach us wisdom, if we would have a national art worthy the name.

Unfortunately in the midst of his plans, his health, which had always been delicate, began to show such serious signs of failure as to cause alarm and oblige him to suspend work. In the summer of 1858 he returned home, remaining one year, when, his health being partially restored, he again started for Rome. His journey was temporarily interrupted at Lyons by a severe hemorrhage. With courage surpassing his strength, he entered upon his work, and nearly completed the study for a statue of Commodore Perry, which was a commission from Mr. Belmont of New York, and was to be placed in Central Park, had he lived to complete it. In the summer of 1860 he was obliged on account of declining health to return again to this country. In August, 1860, he was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor of Portland, known as a journalist and poet under the pseudonym of Florence Percy, and who some years later published a volume of her poems and gained celebrity under the name of Elizabeth Akers Allen. Too feeble for active work, his final effort, a bust of Rev. John Frothingham, was finished with the aid of his brother, Charles Akers. He breathed his last on the twenty-first day of May, 1861, in Philadelphia.

A self-reliant man, positive in his judgments, but modest and unassuming, possessed of great personal magnetism, Paul Akers was deeply loved by his friends, for



MILTON.

OWNED BY COLBY UNIVERSITY, WATERVILLE, ME.

whom he in turn manifested a strong, unchanging affection. Like all wise, uncorrupted souls, he lived near the heart of nature, and from nature drew his inspiration and his strength. He believed that if an artist is true to himself, he will give the age, as far as in him lies, what it needs rather than what it desires, "giving it in faith and hope, trusting his work to infinite time." He says: "If an artist will look within, seeking to obtain therefrom his picture, his works will be original and startling. For in each man the inner life is identical with no other; he stands upon a plane where no other man has stood, nor can ever stand. Render with artistic truth that which you see from your own altitude, and you shall speak as never man has spoken. Few have been able or courageous enough to do this. Conformity has been the art-

ist's course. Rubens, Raphael and other great men, the deified in art, studied with masters, but it was precisely that which of them they did not learn that has immortalized."

In the product of his chisel we see the presence of the man, his poetic feeling, strong imagination and delicate, pure fancy. He believed first of all in the ideal and the beautiful for its own sake, and though he died too soon to touch the intellectual life of the people, he gave evidence in what he achieved that his aim was far removed from the realistic art which occupies the talent of so many artists. His ideals were high, and he suffered keenly in the knowledge that they too often eluded him; but in this very realization of his hopes consisted his promise of progress. That he had faith in the inspiration that can lift one above all desire for mere triumphs of technical



LONGFELLOW.

OWNED BY MISS LONGFELLOW, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

skill we see from the following passage from his pen: "Occasionally one may find in a café of Rome or Florence pencil marks upon the small marble tables which are worth studying — bold, free sketching lines, landscape, historic, fragmentary bits of everything, yet drawn with a power seldom found in the completed pictures of the artists who have traced these upon the coffee-stained stone. . . . I like that thing in art — that simple yet mysterious process of revelation, that unconscious grasp of those principles which still elude

forthwith, — that is, in our estimation of the work as an art-work. Yet there may be many points in a painting which are of this faculty and bear evidence to the truthfulness of the artist, which are not in themselves artistic, but simple priceless blunders, betraying that the record was made under circumstances of rare exaltation, or during the painful enthusiasm resulting from too great an influx of beauty from God's Nature, or life from his breath. Thus, it is said that Michael Angelo's Moses has an absurd anatomical error in the insertion of one of the muscles of the arm. I do not know if it be so, not having examined it with reference to its science, nor do I know the exact geological structure of the stone in which it is carved, yet I hope there is an error there, a definite, undeniable fault, a palpable sublime blunder, if for no other reason than to prove to the world that, with all his masterly anatomy, there was something greater in Michael Angelo that mastered *that*."

What he might have achieved had his life been spared it is impossible to say. He died ere he had reached his prime, when his future was bright with promise and when his mind was filled with conceptions of new and greater works, so that his life must be considered as a promise rather than as a fulfilment. His "Pearl Diver," with others of his works, arrived in this country when all interests were absorbed in the issues of the civil war, giving the minds of our people no space for aught else. When peace was restored, the sculptor was dead, his works were scattered; and few have had opportunity to judge of the loss which our country's art sustained through the death of Paul Akers.



ENGRAVED BY M. LAMONT BROWN.

BENJAMIN PAUL AKERS.

the touch of science, and childlike play with powers that terrify the intellectual world. The faculty seems a forestalment of that other state, and there never has been, there is not, nor can there ever be any art without it. All that a picture has that is not of this power is not art, and should be discharged from the canvas

## A NEW ENGLAND FARMER IN JAMAICA.

*By David Buffum.*



STREET IN KINGSTON.

FROM the earliest days, a glamour of romance and an atmosphere of fiction have hung over the West India Islands. Though they lie, as it were, at our very doors, very few of our people know anything about them; the information they receive is for the most part meagre and unreliable, and the mental pictures they make are often the furthest possible removed from the truth. It is my purpose in this article to give a true, although brief, description of one of the fairest and best of the West Indies, the island of Jamaica. In order to present the matter more clearly, I shall take up separately the physical features of the island, its agriculture and its population; and as the past history of Jamaica has a precise bearing upon its present status, I will first give a brief outline of that from the discovery of the island by Columbus until the present time.

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The very mountainous character of the island caused Columbus, when he first saw it, to liken it to a crumpled piece of paper. Viewed from the sea, with its great ranges of mountains piercing the clouds, it does not seem possible that it can contain much rich or arable land. But it did not take the Spaniards long to discover that in the alluvial valleys between the mountains and on the plains which border the

coast were thousands of acres of the richest soil, a soil for the most part underlaid with limestone, like the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky, the fertility of which was almost inexhaustible. Not only that, but the sides of the mountains also, when not too steep for cultivation, were of unusual richness.

The island was rapidly taken up by colonists, and soon became one of the wealthiest colonies of Spain. Thousands of slaves were imported to cultivate the great estates; and the expensive stone mansions in which the luxurious planters



A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.



HOTEL R' O COBRE.

dwelt can still be seen in ruins in every part of the island. Then England decided that she would like to own this fair domain; and consequently, after the fashion of those times, an expedition was sent out to take it. After a slight resistance, the Spaniards capitulated; and in 1670, by the treaty of Madrid, Jamaica was formally ceded to the English government.

The reign of prosperity continued undisturbed. Fine carriage-roads were built on the coast; the bridle-roads in the interior were improved; new houses were erected; and the land was all cultivated — even the rough mountain lands



CUTTING SUGAR-CANE.

of the interior being brought into requisition. The rich plains on the coast still

produced sugar; and to such proportions did this industry grow, that an almost unbroken belt of sugar estates encircled the island. The very acme of prosperity was reached.

Then came a change. For many years philanthropists in England had been disturbed by the condition of the negro slaves. Doubtless the laboring classes at home were worse off, all things considered, than the negroes; for their wages were extremely low, and the greater rigor of the climate made a much larger sum necessary for their support. But they were only slaves in substance, while the



MANDEVILLE SQUARE.

negroes were slaves in name as well. So the slaves in the British West Indies were set free.

To the newly emancipated slave, ignorant and long accustomed to compulsory labor, freedom meant only one thing, and that was immunity from work. He became a squatter on the rough lands of the interior, a vagrant, a beggar, always poor to the last degree; but he would not work. Years have modified this condition of things; but from that day the prosperity of Jamaica declined. The loose and dissolute habits of living in which the white men usually indulged, combined with the soft tropical climate, had long since earned for the island its title of "the white man's grave." The income from the plantations no longer offset the disadvantages of a residence upon them; and a steady emigration back to the mother-country began, which continued to within a very few years of the present time. The estates were either managed by hired superintendents or drifted

into the hands of the people of mixed blood.

But the sudden emancipation of slaves, in whatever country, has always been followed by a period of depression similar to that through which Jamaica has passed; and if the country be naturally a good one, it will eventually recover. There is no question now that a period of greater prosperity has begun in Jamaica. East Indian coolies have been imported to take the place of the slaves, and those who have learned how to manage the free negro have little trouble on the score of labor.

Land has appreciated in value; and the Jamaica railroad, which is owned by an American syndicate, has given to the interior districts the advantages of transportation which were formerly enjoyed only by the dwellers on the coast. The coffee and fruit industries have increased very rapidly within the last ten years, and it is worthy of note

that the largest plantation on the island is owned by Americans.

The seaports of Jamaica, though large quantities of tropical products are



A TYPICAL JAMAICAN.

shipped from nearly every one, are all of small size except Kingston, the capital of the island. This city, which is situated on the southern coast near the east end of the island, numbers some forty thousand inhabitants, is regularly laid out, lighted by



PART OF A SUGAR ESTATE.



A. W. PRESTON.

electricity, and has a good street railroad. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world, and it has always been the chief shipping point on the island. Some idea of the amount of business done can be had by visiting the wharves, the Colonial Bank and the Bank of Nova Scotia. The large number of clerks in the former bank, and the crowds of people constantly



CAPTAIN JESSE H. FREEMAN.

going in and out, would certainly surprise a stranger.

The first impression one gets on landing in Kingston is that it is hot; the second, that there are no white people in the town. The first is never modified to any great extent; for Kingston, though a healthy town, is one of the hottest places on the island. Still, there is always a sea-breeze, and the mercury in the shade rarely reaches ninety degrees. As to the second, there are plenty of whites, but in proportion to the rest of the population, the number is so small that we notice but few in the street.

The city, though old, is unattractive and commonplace in its business section;



CAPTAIN L. D. BAKER.

but its suburbs are beautiful. Fine residences, each with an enclosing wall of brick or stone and surrounded by tropical plants and flowers, stretches of grass land dotted with grazing cattle and sheep, rich gardens and groves of orange, mango and cocoanut trees, greet the eye on every side.

It is in the suburbs that King's House, the seat of the colonial governor, stands. The present governor, Sir Henry Blake, is a most enterprising man, and much is due to his influence in the extension of the railway, the building of many new

and much needed bridges, and the erection of the large and comfortable Myrtle Bank Hotel, and the general improvement of the island. The spirit of improvement — the inception of what may be called

works, where the dye is extracted from logwood. Both of these were established through the instrumentality of Mr. T. L. Harvey, solicitor, one of the most public-spirited men on the island and a great



WHARVES, PORT ANTONIO.

the new Jamaica — began with the administration of Sir Anthony and Lady Musgrave. No better man than Sir Henry could have been found to promote and keep alive this spirit; and his name and that of Lady Blake are mentioned with respect and affection throughout the island.

Apropos of the government of Jamaica, the courts are worthy of special mention. There are no better courts of law in the world; and a title to property guaranteed by the court can never be called in question.

A long stretch of almost perfectly level land extends northward from Kingston for many miles. On this level plain, about fifteen miles from Kingston, is Spanish-town, the old seat of government. Here is the new Rio Cobre Hotel, the best hotel on the island, and the new chemical

works, where the dye is extracted from logwood. Both of these were established through the instrumentality of Mr. T. L. Harvey, solicitor, one of the most public-spirited men on the island and a great believer in the future of Jamaica. It may be said here that though many improvements have been made of late, the spirit of enterprise is still not as active in Jamaica as might be desired. With more men like Mr. Harvey, the island, with its many natural attractions and its equable climate, should become a popular winter resort. Mr. Harvey recognized the fact that good hotel accommodations are amongst the first requisites for that end; and the well-kept, comfortable Rio Cobre Hotel is always appreciated by tourists.

Of the inland towns, Mandeville is one of the best; and lying, as it does, some two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, the climate is cool and pleasant. Some Jamaicans think it is *too cool*; the visitor from the north is not apt to find it so. Here also is an excellent hotel, the





IN PORT ANTONIO.

Waverly, kept by an American, Mr. Merritt. Mandeville is in the centre of a fine coffee and grazing country. Mr. R. B. Braham, one of the leading planters and merchants of the island, has his headquarters here; and the plantation of Mr. Wynne, who came from England a few years ago and has grown rich in coffee-growing, is also in this district.

It is not possible here to describe in detail the various seaports. Montego Bay, the second town in size on the island, and Port Antonio, where the Boston Fruit Company has its headquarters and where

an immense shipment of bananas is constantly going on, are the most important.

Jamaica is essentially an agricultural country. Rum and unrefined sugar are the only articles manufactured; and the latter industry is on the wane, as the margin of profit is very small. But on coffee, banana and cocoanut growing the profit is great, and they are all produced in immense quantities. Undoubtedly coffee-growing is the best of all these industries, not only because coffee is non-perishable and therefore easily transported, but because there is every indi-



A DISTANT VIEW OF PORT ANTONIO.

cation that the high prices which now rule will continue for many years. Moreover, on the high lands, which are best suited to coffee, the climate is cool and pleasant. As to the profits, the cost of producing a pound of coffee is from five to seven cents, while it sells readily at from sixteen to twenty-five cents. Strange as it may seem, the supply of coffee has never been equal to the demand, and the price has steadily appreciated for more than forty years. But the causes for this are not difficult to find. The rapid development of the United States and the

preparing it for market is probably unfamiliar to most of my readers, I will give a brief description of it. In starting a plantation, the young trees are usually set eight feet apart both ways, though some planters prefer to plant wider. Two years afterward there will be a sprinkling of coffee, and at the end of the third year a small crop, usually enough to pay running expenses. The fourth year brings a full crop; and the trees continue thereafter to bear for thirty or forty years, according to the soil on which they are planted.



A BANANA PLANTATION.

immigration of thousands of foreigners, all of whom received high wages and were therefore able to drink coffee and purchase luxuries to which they were hitherto unaccustomed, have kept the demand constantly increasing; while in the coffee-growing countries, the lack of labor, frequent political disturbances and heavy export taxes have kept the supply from increasing very rapidly. Fortunately for Jamaica, there is no export duty there, and under the cooly system the planter can get all the labor he requires.

As the method of growing coffee and

The coffee berry, when ripe, is of a bright, purplish-red color, and is in appearance much like a cherry. The coffee kernels, like the cherry stones, are encased in the flesh of the fruit. Quite a process is necessary to prepare the coffee for market, but with the improved machinery now in use, it is not expensive. First, the berries are run through a "pulper," a machine which tears off most of the pulp from the kernel. They are then run into tanks filled with water, where they are frequently agitated to wash off what pulp may remain on them.

Then they are removed from the tanks and spread out in the sun on great platforms made of cement, and left there until thoroughly dry. These platforms are called "patios" or "barbecues,"—

The land in Jamaica, as I have already indicated, is of two distinct kinds,—the level plains which border the coast and the river courses, and the high, mountainous lands of the interior. At



A GRAZING FARM.

the former word being Spanish for courtyard, and the latter a term applied by the aborigines to the smooth places on which they dried their fish and fruits. At one side of each patio is a tight shed; and into this the coffee is swept in case of rain.

The coffee being thoroughly dry, it is removed from the patios. Up to this point the two kernels which form the "stone," so to speak, of the berry, and which lie with their flat surfaces face to face, are surrounded by the horny covering. To remove this the coffee is run through a mill properly constructed for the purpose. It is then ready for market, though it is better to sort it before shipping, as a better price can thus be realized. This sorting, which grades the kernels according to size, is done by a very simple machine, quite similar to that in use by the wholesale dealers in our own country.

one time nearly all of the level land was devoted to sugar. Now, in many sections, the cane has been replaced by bananas.

It has been stated, upon good authority, that seventy-five per cent of the bananas used in the city of Boston are grown in Jamaica. It is my opinion that the proportion is still greater than this. Be that as it may, the banana business in Jamaica has grown to immense proportions. This growth is due chiefly to two things,—the substitution of steamers for sail vessels in transporting the fruit, and the constantly increasing consumption.

In its natural requirements the banana plant is totally different from the coffee tree; for while the latter flourishes in the cool mountain country, the former requires a hot climate, and being an extremely heavy feeder, will only grow in perfection on the rich plain land. It is true that bananas can be grown in any



BANANA TRANSPORTATION OVERLAND.

part of the island, and the small patches of the peasantry are often seen on steep hillsides and far in the interior. But this fruit is generally small and inferior, and the plant itself does not attain its proper proportions. The large plantations of the white men are always on the flat lands.

It is of interest to Americans, as showing what can be done in tropical enterprises, to know that the largest banana plantations in Jamaica are owned by an American corporation, the Boston Fruit

Company. This company was formed in 1877 by Capt. Jesse H. Freeman, Capt. Lorenzo D. Baker, A. W. Preston and several other enterprising Boston men, for the purpose of growing bananas in Jamaica and shipping them to this country. Captain Baker was the leading spirit in the new enterprise and has stood at its head ever since, being its president and the manager of its tropical division; while Mr. Preston manages the Boston division. The capital of the new company was



RAFTING BANANAS.

\$200,000. Land was purchased, two steamers, the *Jesse H. Freeman* and the *Lorenzo D. Baker* were built for transporting the fruit, and operations were begun. This was the beginning of the great business which the company transacts to-day. The company has now

large additional number of cattle is kept on the grazing land which belongs to the company.

The steamships of the company number twelve in all, and ply between Port Antonio and the ports of Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia. They are all



NEAR PORT ANTONIO.

a capital of \$500,000, with a surplus of \$1,000,000, owns 28,000 acres of land, and leases some 16,000 more, employs twelve steamships to carry the fruit to the United States, and annually ships about 3,000,000 bunches of bananas and 5,000,000 cocoanuts, besides considerable quantities of pimento (allspice), coffee and cocoa. The labor on the plantations is done by both negroes and East Indian coolies, some four hundred of the latter being employed and another importation of them being about to be made. Upward of six hundred mules are daily in harness to carry the fruit from the plantations to the ships, eight hundred head of working oxen are used for ploughing and other work, and a

iron vessels, and are built for speed, which is a very necessary point in transporting fruit. Until recently the carrying of passengers was a side issue; but two new vessels, the *Barnstable* and the *Brookline*, have just been added to the fleet, each possessing large and elegant passenger accommodations.

It was my privilege last summer to be the guest of Captain Baker for several days; and I rode with him on horseback through some of the immense banana fields. The perfect order and organization of everything connected with the business challenged my admiration. The plantations in cultivation number thirty-two; each of these has its superintendent, while a general superintendent



MYSORE BULL, SHETTLEWOOD PENN.

has charge of the whole. Private telephone lines connect each plantation with the president's office at Port Antonio, so that the whole business is practically always under his eye.

The manner of planting bananas is as follows: After the land has been ploughed, which is done with a very large plough drawn by eight or ten oxen, the plants are set in straight rows ten to fifteen feet apart, according to the ideas of the planter, and about eight feet apart in the row. The plant attains a height of ten to fifteen feet, according to soil and cultivation. At the end of a year the first crop is ready for gathering. Each plant produces one bunch, — after which it is worthless and is cut down and left on the ground to rot. But new plants or

suckers are constantly coming up from the root, and three or four of these are allowed to grow. Thus, when the first plant is cut down another is nearly ready to bear, while one or two others are in different stages of growth. This process can be continued for about seven years, by which time the ground is usually so full of roots that it is necessary to plough it up and replant.

If carried on on a large scale, banana-growing pays handsomely. But as the price fluctuates much more than that of coffee, which varies very little, it has not the element of safety and certainty that the latter possesses.

There are many fine cocoanut groves, or "walks," as they are called, on the island; but owing to the long time necessary to wait for the first crop, not as much has been done in cocoanut-growing as in other industries. The trees seldom bear until seven years old; but once in bearing, they continue for a hundred years, and are a veritable mine of wealth to their owners. A single tree produces on an average a hundred nuts a year, and these sell at from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hundred. There is no fixed season for blossoming and fruiting; on the same tree, blossoms, green fruit and ripe fruit can always be seen.

Cocoanut trees like sea air and do not do well if planted too far from the coast.



WATERING CATTLE.



TOM'S RIVER BRIDGE.

But they flourish either on the hillsides or on the plains; and though, like nearly all plants, they do best on good land, they do not require so rich a soil as bananas. After the first few years they need no cultivation, and as soon as their tops are out of reach, the land on which they grow can be put into grass and pastured.

Oranges grow in perfection on the higher lands; but at present the price realized is too low to make it any object to extend the industry.

The keeping of live-stock is bound to play an important part in the agriculture of any country, whether tropical or otherwise. Horses, cattle and mules for work on the plantations, and beef and mutton for food, are as much a necessity in Jamaica as anywhere else. The idea possessed by many northern people, that but little meat is required in the tropics, is erroneous. The peasantry, to be sure, seldom eat it, for the simple reason that they cannot afford it. But the upper classes use it as freely as in the North, and personally I have never found that my appetite craved any less meat when in the tropics than when in New England.

All of the horses, the mules, the working oxen and the fresh meats used in Jamaica are produced there, and this necessitates an industry — stock-breeding — which pays handsomely and which, in many of its features, is as attractive as any on the island.

The stock farms, or "penns," as they are commonly called, of Jamaica usually comprise from five hundred to one thousand acres of grass-land, with perhaps as much more of wood-land and "ruinate" or small trees and bushes. The grass-land is subdivided into large fields, and



STEAMSHIP "BROOKLINE."

comprises guinea grass and "common pasture,"—the latter being pimento grass if on the high lands, and Bahama grass if on the low, coast lands. Guinea grass, which flourishes in either locality, is by far the more valuable, and grows so luxuriantly that a field of it will keep double the number of cattle that the field would in any other grass. It is a perennial, coarse and rank in appearance, but very rich and fattening; and all kinds of stock except sheep are very fond of it. If allowed to grow to its full height, which rarely occurs, it is some six feet tall, and its seed-top is white, feathery and plume-like.

The horses of Jamaica are generally small, but clean and wiry in appearance, of wonderful endurance, and show plainly their thorough blood. The foundation of the breed was the Narragansett pacer, crossed with the English thoroughbred, and the tendency to pace is still strong in many individuals. The best sires now on the island are thoroughbreds, and some very good race-horses are produced. It costs about \$35 to raise a three-year-old horse, while such sell readily at from \$75 to \$150 per head, according to size and appearance. These prices, of course, apply to common stock. Horses which are of fair size and strictly thoroughbred bring much more. Mules sell at about the same price as horses, and the demand for them is constant.

Of cattle there are many breeds,—Herefords, Ayrshires, Devons, Shorthorns and East Indians all being well represented. They are bred for working oxen and for beef, milking qualities being little considered. Four-year-old steers broken to the yoke bring from \$100 to \$150 per pair, while the cost of raising is about \$35 per head. The East Indian or Hindoo cattle, however, bring a much higher price, as from their quickness, endurance and ability to stand the heat they are the best of all breeds for a hot country. These cattle were first brought to Jamaica from Bombay, India, by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis, whose magnificent grazing farm, "Shettlewood Penn," is one of the show places of the island. They are of two distinct strains or families, the Mysore and the Kattewar. The

former are the famous "carriage cattle" of the East, and are capable of being driven at the rate of six or even eight miles an hour. They trot almost as naturally as horses, and are of a high-strung, nervous temperament. In the West Indies, where they are used only for draught, they are usually crossed with the Kattewar, which is a slower and heavier strain, and the result is a class of working oxen as near perfect as can be found for the tropics,—active, enduring and adapted to the climate.

Not much attention is paid to sheep husbandry in Jamaica, and the sheep of the island do not compare favorably with the other live-stock. A better breed is much needed. Still the price of dressed mutton is about twice as high as in the United States; and with better stock and attention, there is no reason why sheep-raising should not pay as well as cattle or horses.

Whatever may be said of the natural resources of a country, however great may be its agricultural or other possibilities, the character of its people is a factor which those proposing to do business in it are bound to consider. Thus, the beautiful island of Hayti, probably the richest of all the West India Islands, has a population and government which practically bar any sensible man from engaging in any enterprise within its borders; and the same objection, perhaps in less degree, holds good with regard to many other countries whose natural resources would otherwise attract capital and enterprise.

We can say without fear of contradiction that the government of Jamaica is good and well administered. This is true of nearly all British colonies. But what of the people? Roughly speaking, the population may be divided into three classes: the whites, the colored or people of mixed blood, and the blacks or negroes (the term "colored" as used in the West Indies never means negro; it always refers to the mixed race). To these may also be added the East Indian or Hindoo coolies, as there are now a great many on the island.

Of these the whites are, of course, the dominant class. The officers of the



army and navy, resident magistrates, judges, chiefs of police, and rectors of the English Church are chiefly white men. Also, scattered about on the island are many white planters and stock breeders, and these constitute a good class, — hospitable, courteous and much more apt to be men of education and culture than the agriculturists of our own country. But the whites are so vastly outnumbered by the blacks, that a stranger on the island, whether in town or country, sees very few of them. According to the census, out of a total population of six hundred thousand only five thousand are of pure Caucasian stock; though since the purchase of the Jamaica railroad by an American syndicate this number has been augmented somewhat.

The negroes are by far the largest class. They are still the chief laborers on the island, though the constant importation of coolies from India and the ambition of the black man to become a landholder are working quite a change. Many landowners have sold small tracts to the negroes, and their huts and little garden patches are thickly sprinkled all over the island. The tendency, of course, is to sell the roughest lands to the negroes, reserving the best arable lands, and consequently the peasant landholders are more plentiful in the mountains than in the valleys and lowlands. But the peasant's wants are so easily supplied that he is not over-anxious for work on the neighboring plantations; and if he become "forehanded" enough to own a donkey and a few goats and pigs, his ambition is fully satisfied. The instincts of the primitive man being still strong within him, he throws most of the work of tilling his little patch upon his wife and daughters; and the fact that they are strong and well able to do hard labor does not lessen our feeling of disgust as we see him lazily smoking his pipe or sleeping in the sun while his women are hoeing his bananas and yams. There is an excellent free-school system on the island, and the children of the black man can thus receive an education. But in this, as in other respects, the capacity of the Jamaica negro for civilization appears to be limited, and the children rarely master

more than the rudiments of education. There are, of course, many exceptions, some black men being bright, well informed and industrious; but I am speaking of the general rule.

Any account of the Jamaica peasantry would be incomplete without allusion to a very peculiar feature among them — obeeah or voodooism. This is a relic of savagery, being a species of idol worship; and neither the efforts of the government, which strictly forbids its practice, nor the influence of the church, which has labored faithfully against it, have yet been able to keep it wholly in check. It is very difficult to define this curious superstition, and I doubt whether the negroes themselves really understand it. Their chief deity is the "Roaring Calf" or "Chief of the Duppies" — a duppy being a spirit or ghost. The duppies are of two kinds, good and evil; but both seem to be equally feared, and there are many spots on the island supposed to be the haunts of duppies, which nothing in the world could induce a negro to visit after dark. At one time obeeah became so shockingly prevalent, and so cruel and horrible were some of its rites, that the obeemen or priests were hanged if caught practising their craft. At present flogging is the punishment prescribed for them; and, strange as it may seem, the latter punishment has been far more efficacious in checking the evil than the former. I may add that the cannibalism of Hayti, of which we hear occasional reports, is in connection with obeeah, the victim being first sacrificed to the Roaring Calf and his duppies.

In view of facts like this, we may well wonder whether the negro race in Jamaica, in its present generation at least, is really capable of any great enlightenment. The elements of barbarism, firmly fixed in the negro nature by ages of usage in his native Africa, are not easily got rid of; and civilization, in its true sense, is not a thing which can be attained at a bound. It is worthy of remark that, while black men in Jamaica sometimes attain education, position and wealth, they are not nearly so apt to do so as those of mixed blood. It is the blood of the Caucasian which gives

brains, ambition and the instincts of civilization. When I have been asked what is the strongest factor in the elevation of the black man, I have been obliged to reply: "A cross with the Caucasian."

But laying aside ethnological questions, which it is not my purpose to discuss here, let us take a glance at the East Indian coolies. These people, with their straight black hair, clean-cut features and lithe, slender figures, are a striking contrast to the negroes,—whom, by the way, they heartily despise, and with whom they persistently decline to unite in marriage. Many of the men are good-looking, and some of the children and young girls are decidedly pretty. But, as is the case with all eastern races, they mature early; and generally all traces of beauty in the females are gone before they are thirty years of age. They are an industrious people, not so strong physically as the negroes, but more reliable in many respects, and have given such satisfaction as servants and laborers, that fresh importations are constantly being made. Their children are bright and quick to learn; but as nearly all coolies expect to return eventually to their native country, the question of their value as permanent citizens has been little considered.

In the main, the peasant classes of Jamaica are law-abiding and submissive. The colonial government recognizes the necessity of keeping all these diverse elements in absolute subjection; and its strong arm is felt throughout the island. Every country village has its constabulary, and the uniformed policemen are seen in the rural districts as in the cities and towns; and in spite of the vast number of semi-civilized inhabitants, I believe life and property to be as safe in Jamaica as in our own country.

While speaking of the people of Jamaica, I cannot forbear referring to the

many gentlemen whose kindly courtesy was extended to me while in Jamaica, and who did so much to make my stay a pleasant one. I cannot here mention their names, but should they ever see these pages I trust they will accept my renewed thanks.

I have not dwelt upon the natural beauties of Jamaica. It may be truthfully said that there are few spots on the globe more beautiful than some parts of this island. The wonderfully blue waters that wash its shores; the stretches of grass-land, alternated with tropical foliage of a vivid green never seen in northern latitudes; the background of mountains whose tops are lost in the clouds, and over all the tropical sky, with its peculiarly soft and voluptuous coloring,—all these combine to form a picture of such exquisite loveliness, that they certainly are worthy of a special description. But my purpose here is to point out the possibilities of the country to those who have not found the income from a New England farm sufficient for the ambitions and needs of these times. For many years the great West, with its teeming possibilities, has received the overflow from the East,—those whose ambition or unrest sought a larger and better field. But the industries of the West are rapidly being pushed nearer and nearer to the limits of a profitable increase, and hereafter the "star of empire" will not take its way westward with that unerring certainty that it has in the past. Already the attention of our people is being turned toward the South, and even transcends the boundaries of our nation. From present indications, the countries which are destined to receive much of the overflow from the Eastern States are Mexico, Central America and the West Indies. I believe that Jamaica, with a good government, healthy, fertile and beautiful, will come in for her full share.



## UNTAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

*By Robert Beverly Hale.*



WHEN John Markoe went on board the *Fulda* at Genoa, he was surprised to find a letter waiting for him. It was from an intimate friend, a classmate at the University of Halle, who wrote as follows:—

MÜNCHEN, September 30, 1890.

*Dear John:*

This is not a letter, but a warning. Why do you try for perhaps a year or more with your large family to live? You will not be in peace. I am older than you (laugh not, John; a man can see and learn many things in two years), and perhaps I have had experiments which you have not known. You have two brothers, two sisters, a father and a mother, and they are all of them grown up. You cannot with them all in peace live, John; try it not. If you are hard and stern and severe with them—I cannot well imagine it—then will they serve you and bow before you; but you will see that they are all afraid of you, and that will render you always uncomfortable. But if—and it is much more likely—you kneel to them and lick their hands and cast dust upon your head, then will they trample upon you and grind you to powder. I have the bad luck not to know personally your family. No matter. It is impossible for seven grown men and women to live together in happiness; especially if two, your good father and mother, try to exercise control over the others. I cannot in a letter and in this villanous speech of yours well argue; but ah, could I only now be talking with you face to face and in the speech of the Fatherland! In this matter, dear John, obey your Heinrich. Live where you like in any of those great North America cities: New York, Boston, Chicago, but not in Philadelphia!

If you decide to disobey me and to live at home (but I will not believe it possible), at least do your work out of the house, and come not back till evening time. But better far would it be to live in another city. Then would you preserve uninjured those feelings of veneration and affection for your parents, your brothers and your sisters, which would, I know well, undergo some stormy shocks if you insist to live with them in the same house.

Be not offended, dear John, that I speak out of the heart. But believe me in this, as in all,

Your true friend,

HEINRICH KNOBELSDORF.

John found this letter so characteristic of his friend that he laughed aloud

several times while he was reading it. In the course of the next few days he thought about it more seriously, and wondered how much truth there was in it. Knobelsdorf had a way of hitting the nail on the head, and seldom talked at random; but certainly his views on the difficulties of family life were exaggerated. As to John's living anywhere but in Philadelphia, it was out of the question. Such a course would be apt to irritate the family far more than the necessary friction of every-day life could do. Knobelsdorf seemed to think they were all going to fight like cats and dogs. Why should they? When six sensible men and women have rubbed along comfortably for years, are they going to be set by the ears merely by the advent of an inoffensive young Greek professor? How could Knobelsdorf judge of persons whom he had never seen and barely heard of? Because one family could not live together happily was no reason why another should not. Because the Knobelsdorfs were always at loggerheads was no reason why the Markoes should take to fighting. Yet in an intimate friendship of five years John had never known Heinrich to take a definite stand on any important matter without having a great deal of reason on his side. It was clearly impossible for John to go to live in Boston or New York; but, on the other hand, it was perfectly easy to take warning when there was a cry of "Breakers ahead!" His final determination was to live with his family in Philadelphia as he had always intended, but to take advantage of his German friend's advice. He would never get into a quarrel with any member of his family if he could possibly help it; and if he did get into one, he would get out of it as fast as he could.

John Peterson Markoe was twenty-five years old. He had been studying Greek for five years in Germany, and had worked even harder than his German classmates

at Halle. He was short and stout. Hard study had as yet worn no lines in his face. Had it not been for his large round spectacles, his appearance would have been boyish, for he was clean shaven. His hair was dark and much too long to be fashionable. His clothes were ill-chosen and carelessly put on. His boots always seemed as if they had been blacked a few days before. During the twelve days that he was on board the *Fulda*, he spent most of his time in reading, and paid very little attention to what the other passengers were doing; but whenever he looked up from his book and glanced about him, his indefatigable little black eyes could evidently see a great deal in a very short time. His fellow passengers were irritated at his studiousness, and arranged several excellent practical jokes to play upon him; but all their plans were foiled by those wonderful little eyes. Markoe was old for his age, though he looked young. He was endowed with that strange power of exquisitely delicate sympathy, more wonderful than the gifts of fairies in the story books, which enables its possessor to understand the thoughts and motives of others merely by their faces and by what they say. He was quick-tempered, and controlled his temper only fairly well. In his manners and customs he had changed considerably in the five years that had passed since he had been with his family. The foundation of a man's character is apt to stay the same from his first childhood to his second.

John found it very pleasant to be at home again. He surprised the family at lunch, and there was a great deal of clatter and welcoming and laughing and crying when he appeared at the door. Every one was delighted to see him. His older brother Ericsson could not help sneering at his spectacles, and saying that in his opinion the glass in them was common window glass; but apart from this nothing disagreeable was said. Mr. Markoe was anxious to hear about the young German emperor, and was much pleased when John said, "He looks something like you, father." Mrs. Markoe was delighted to find out for certain that John had not had an illness since he left home. "Your let-

ters never spoke of your health, and I thought you might be concealing something," she said. Lætitia, the youngest of the Markoes, asked John how he liked the Alhambra, and was sadly disconcerted when, amidst the general laughter, she was informed that the Alhambra was not in Germany. Walter, John's younger brother, was all agog at the traveller's bloody accounts of student duelling, and made John promise to give him a lesson in the use of the short sword that very day. As to Mary Markoe, the oldest of the young people, she called the attention of the company to the fact that she had prophesied at breakfast that John would come within twenty-four hours. Luncheon was prolonged far into the afternoon in John's honor. Every face beamed with pleasure at seeing him. He felt that his welcome was warmer than he deserved, and he wished Knobelsdorf could be there to see.

When John first read Knobelsdorf's letter, the idea of the Markoes living together on unpleasant terms seemed to him absurd. Before he left home for Germany five years ago, they had rubbed along pleasantly enough. But at that time Ericsson was off on a two years' expedition round the world, and Walter and Lætitia were children. When John came back, everything was different. The Markoes were all of them sensitive, and all of them quick-tempered; but none of them except Mrs. Markoe and John realized that the others were so. Mr. Markoe, precise as an instructor at West Point, was continually irritated by the inconsequent behavior and unpunctual habits of the rest of the family; and they were as much annoyed by his punctilio as he could possibly be by their lack of formality. Mrs. Markoe kept her temper wonderfully; but she was often a blazing fire within. She did her share in keeping up the general irritation by telling long and unprofitable stories in which no one was interested. As far as John could find out, Ericsson regarded the rest of the family as a set of fools. He certainly treated them as such. Walter was his mother's spoiled darling; but all the others looked upon him as little better than an idle vagabond, for he had

as yet no occupation. He took no especial interest in the family, except occasionally when he wanted them to do something for him. The two girls were very different from each other. Mary was in a chronic state of displeasure with the whole family because they would not sympathize with certain ailments with which, as she maintained, she was afflicted. The rest of the family were bored to death with hearing of these ailments, and Mrs. Markoe was the only one who made the slightest pretence of believing in them. As to Lætitia, she was a good deal sillier than most girls who are just entering society. She would have liked the family well enough if they had not laughed at everything she said. As she could not help talking, she could not escape being laughed at. Such were the terms on which the Markoes were living when John came back among them. What surprised him was that, when every one was on rather bad terms with every one else, the family as a whole appeared to be getting along pretty well.

After his arrival there ensued a time of perfect harmony between him and the others, a golden age or, more properly speaking, a golden month. John was given the great spare room only one flight up for his work-room. Here he would shut himself up every morning from breakfast till luncheon time, working hard at his Greek or sitting back in an arm-chair, smoking his long German pipe and thinking. He was preparing a new edition of Aristophanes' "Clouds," with voluminous notes, a vocabulary and an English translation. He was seldom molested at his work. In the afternoon and evening he saw a good deal of the rest of the family; but he made tremendous efforts not to quarrel with them, and met with considerable success. Ericsson put him up for the Buckingham Club and saw that he was elected, and then let him alone, much to John's satisfaction, for an angel of light could not have lived pleasantly with Ericsson. The family really exerted itself to make the returned wanderer enjoy himself. Walter took him to the theatre several times, and if John always paid for the tickets, it was only because Walter did not happen to

have the money with him. Mrs. Markoe told him long stories of things that had occurred at home while he was in Germany. John made every exertion to be uniformly kind and considerate. He even tried to sympathize with Mary's mysterious ailments. She told him flatly that he could not possibly understand them, a statement with which he fully concurred as soon as she began to explain about them. On the whole, however, he and Mary did tolerably well. He never laughed at Lætitia like the rest of the family. He tried to observe all Mr. Markoe's rules of behavior and to come down promptly to breakfast. He was very considerate of the family, and, for Markoes, they were very considerate of him. Altogether it was a golden month.

In family life one is judged by a comparative, not a positive standard. Every one wins for himself a certain reputation. He gains the approval or disapproval of others not because his acts are good or bad, but because they are better or worse than they usually are. A meek son creates a dreadful commotion and draws down parental fires of wrath on his head by a few cross words. A fierce, unruly son gains commendation by being less cross than usual. We regard the members of our family as we regard the stocks in which we have invested. We do not care whether they are high or low; the high ones may be lower than when we bought them, and the low ones higher; what we care about is whether they are going up or down.

All this John found out to his cost. Ericsson Markoe behaved like a rather fine-looking, very well combed grizzly bear. When he was touched, he growled and showed his teeth; and so of course no one touched him. John was more like an amiable Newfoundland dog in spectacles, who is fond of children and lets them plague him. I have seen such a dog (without the spectacles) tormented by the hour together. One child blows in his ear, a second sticks burs in his tail, a third combs him with a rake, a fourth lifts him up by his hind legs and makes him walk wheelbarrow. Imagine what would happen if they tried such

tricks with the grizzly! Whr-r-r! Click, click, click! Ghoulp, Ghoulp! They would all be swallowed in a moment! If Ericsson took a flower from his buttonhole and gave it to his mother, saying: "The stem's broken and I don't want it; I suppose you may as well have it as the scrap basket,"— she would be as much pleased as if John went down town on purpose and brought her home a bouquet. And when John asked if the bread might not be cut a little thinner, it made as much of a commotion as when Ericsson said that the soup was burnt and that he didn't care to eat pig's food, whatever the family liked, and then rose from the table and flung off to the club. One by one the Markoes began to see that John never quarrelled or complained; and one by one they began tentatively to impose upon him. As John was no saint, especially where keeping his temper was concerned, it soon became evident, to him, at least, that there was a line toward which all the Markoes were progressing, and that if any of them crossed the line there would be an explosion. As it happened, Mr. Markoe was the first to cross.

Dictatorial power is apt to be bad for people, and in no case is this better shown than in that of the fathers of families. The father of a family, being a middle-aged or elderly man, usually occupies a high place in his business, whatever it may be. He thus passes half his time in one atmosphere of respect and awe, and the other half in another. In spite of all this, some fathers of families are genial and merry, and as good company as you would wish to meet. Others are so impressed with all the deference paid them, that they think they must have done something to deserve it. Where there is so much smoke, they think there must be considerable of a fire. Then they develop into most intolerably conceited humbugs. They generally say very little, presumably because their words are too precious to be wasted. They dole out money to their wives and children as if they were doing a generous action, and accept the recipient's respectful thanks as if they deserved considerable gratitude. They are treated with great consideration by young men visiting the family, and they

treat the young men like well-meaning fools. They speak to their grown-up daughters and their friends as if they were children. They occasionally assume a haughty tone toward their wives, apparently so as to make them feel how kind and condescending they usually are to treat them decently. They are at the same time respectable and unbearable.

Mr. Peter Erskine Markoe was, I regret to say, a remarkably fine specimen of the genus which I have just described. I am glad you never heard him lecturing Mary, a woman of thirty, on proper and improper expenditures, when he gave her her monthly allowance; or haughtily reproving his wife because she had bought some wall paper with arsenic in it. I think you could hardly have kept your hands off him. If he ever had the honor of entertaining an eminent specialist at dinner, he usually took the opportunity to state his opinion, always a commonplace one, on the particular matter in which his guest was interested. If the great man replied, even if he completely disproved Mr. Markoe's statements, that gentleman's only rejoinder was to repeat exactly what he had said before. You might as well try to argue with one of Edison's dolls, which can only say one thing. More than once did John see a contemptuous smile cross the face of a distinguished visitor as he changed the subject and turned to talk to Mrs. Markoe. Mr. Markoe never noticed such a smile. He was very proud of being able to upset great men from their own hobbies. If he had ever entertained the Pope of Rome, I don't doubt that he would have stated that he was a Protestant, and given his reasons for it; and that if the Supreme Pontiff had been foolish enough to argue the point, Mr. Markoe would have repeated those reasons till His Holiness had had enough.

Such a man as this and John Markoe were not well calculated to live pleasantly together. John's sharp eyes and clear head could not help detecting how much sense and how much show there was to his father; and when Mr. Markoe made one of his sententious, twice-repeated remarks, John did not know whether he wanted more to laugh or to cry. I suppose

that Mr. Markoe must have felt in some dim way that John was critical. He certainly found plenty of other faults in the young Greek scholar. John's bohemian tastes, his abominable clothes, his long hair, his iron-rimmed spectacles, his fondness for staying in bed late, his long German pipe,—all these Mr. Markoe could not away with. At first he treated John with the same deference which he yielded to Ericsson; but mistaking self-control for a mean spirit, as we are all of us apt to do, he began to say unbearable things to John, all of them with reference to the points in which he considered the young man deficient. John displayed great self-command; but he saw, not with unmixed pain, that the time must come when his father and he would have it out. One morning after breakfast, when Mr. Markoe asked him to step into the library to hear something he had to say to him, John felt that the time had come.

When the two were seated, Mr. Markoe coughed and began: "When you first arrived from Europe, John, you brought with you some customs and manners which were a constant source of grief to me." Mr. Markoe's speeches sounded like a letter being read aloud. "But your coming," he went on, "was at first so recent that I restrained any comments I might wish to make on these matters. You have now been here a month, and, as the head of the household, I feel it my duty to make some remark upon your peculiarities."

"Do you ever make remarks to Ericsson on his peculiarities?" John asked, with just enough self-control remaining to make him sarcastic and not openly angry. Mr. Markoe smiled superior.

"If you had ever studied law, as I have," he replied, "you would know that it is not considered legal, or at least good etiquette, to wander from the point. What I have to say is briefly this. Your clothes are perfectly shocking, John. No gentleman would be seen in them. And can you not procure some more elegant glasses, that would make you look less like a German professor? These may seem small points, John; but I assure you they annoy me excessively, and I have heard several other persons speak

of them. Your mother is in despair because the curtains of your room are so filled with the odor proceeding from that abominable German pipe of yours that she fears the smell can never be removed. I am sorry to criticise the company you keep; but really some of the men you bring to the house are, whatever their mental endowments, positively unpresentable. That Professor Blittersdorf—"

"Look here, father," John broke in, rising, "if you take occasion to allude to one of those subjects again, I'll leave the house in an hour. I'm not dependent on you, I'm thankful to say; and I'm not going to be treated like a child. You think because I've allowed you to insult me several times without taking any notice of it, that I haven't got any temper. I tell you I have, and that Ericsson and I got it from the same source. Now I'm going to get out, for if I stay I'll say something I may be sorry for. But there are just two words I've got to say before I go, and those are, Look out!"

And with this theatrical speech John stamped out of the room. The Markoes were always theatrical when they were excited. Mr. Markoe started to rush after his son, but changed his mind, and sat down in a chair to think it all over.

Some men are born debtors. They begin to borrow just as they begin to walk and speak, only with infinitely less effort. They are always in debt, whatever their incomes may be. Such men often have the reputation of being generous, but it is never positively known, for they never have any money to give away. They are in a chronic state of want, not because their incomes are small, but because they consider certain unnecessary things necessary, and these things happen to cost more than they can afford. Other men, who rate their necessities lower, always have money to spare, and are hence looked upon as a natural prey by the born borrowers. This second class of men are usually regarded as a stingy set by the other class, because, though they often lend a great deal, they always draw the line somewhere, whereas the borrowers are not given to drawing lines.

Walter Markoe belonged to the first class; John to the second. When John arrived, Walter, who received from his father an allowance of a hundred dollars a month, owed Mr. Markoe four hundred dollars, Mrs. Markoe nine hundred, Mary thirteen dollars, Ericsson a hundred and fifty, and Lætitia ninety-five. Before John had been at home three days, Walter had borrowed fifty dollars of him. Two weeks later he borrowed fifty more. Two weeks later he undertook to borrow fifty more; but there was where John drew the line. John had only five hundred dollars left from the thousand that he had earned by tutoring in college before he went to Germany on a fellowship. He had worked too hard for the money to waste it on Walter, and he told Walter so. Walter spoke of repaying it—the next month, and John told him he didn't believe he would. Walter went off in a genuine Markoe rage, and henceforward vied with his father in making cutting remarks about John, whether he was present or not. Whatever good taste was lacking in these comments was made up by the strength of the invective.

There are two codes of morals in the world: the code of real morals, and the code of society morals. Some men are good men; others are good fellows. I do not know what the real unpardonable sin is: perhaps there isn't any; but the unpardonable sin of society, by which I mean human intercourse, is talking too much. No tact, no *savoir faire*, can defeat the intentions of those who talk too much, if they once get you in their toils. Talking too much is a disease which takes hold of some persons; and when they are once inoculated, they must talk. Sometimes they really think people want to hear them; at other times they are perfectly conscious that they are talking upon sufferance. In the latter case they perhaps say: "I know you are tired of hearing me talk, but I really *must* tell you—" and so on. They are perfectly right. They must tell you; they cannot help it. They are not wicked. Sometimes they are considerate of their friends in other ways. I do not want to blame them any more than I want to blame a lame man or a victim of smallpox. But I

wish some way might be invented for a polite gentleman to escape from them after they have once opened fire upon him.

Mrs. Markoe had early contracted this disease, and was now so far gone that there was no hope of a cure. She was an excellent woman in other respects. In spite of her quick temper and sensitive nerves, she was the one member of the family who tried to keep the others at peace, and who almost never flew out at anything herself. She was closely attached to her husband and children, and was I think the only person in the world who could be said to be really fond of Ericsson. She was not only kind and charitable; she was well read, and possessed excellent abilities. But her passion for talking knew no bounds. In his desire to conciliate the family, John laid himself open to her attacks; and sometimes she talked to him for as much as two hours at a time. Her remarks consisted principally of minute descriptions, — sometimes of her own adventures, sometimes of stories she had heard, sometimes of places, sometimes of books. John tried to give her his complete attention, — and failed; but it made no difference. Mrs. Markoe's perceptions were quick, and she was probably conscious when she was boring her son; but like the slaves of other bad habits, she could not resist her one great temptation. The other members of the family had some defensive armor. Ericsson would get up and walk out of the room with a smothered imprecation, when his mother said more than a few words to him. Walter would yawn out: "Oh, come now, mother, that's enough, you know." Each had his mode of defence except John; but John could not bear to strain the close bonds of affection and intimacy which had always bound him to his mother. So he always treated her with polite consideration, and as she had no other mark, her whole quiverful of anecdote and conversation was emptied by her sending arrow after arrow at the one person who stood still and let her shoot.

The craving for sympathy is a natural feeling and a laudable one. It is one of



the signs of human interdependence. But to exact sympathy and then repay it with a metaphorical slap in the face is unpardonable. "Sympathize with me." "I do sympathize with you." "No you don't, for you can't, having no conception of what I suffer." But has not the sympathizer a conception of how much the sufferer suffers? Very possibly a juster one than the sufferer himself. The sufferer, feeling his sufferings very present to himself, and seeing that most people do not appear to suffer, jumps to the conclusion that he suffers more than any one else, and hence that he suffers an enormous amount. But the sympathizer, knowing the character of the sufferer and what signs of suffering he gives, and knowing the characters of other sufferers and the signs of suffering they give, is sometimes better fitted to judge impartially. When you are lying down in a meadow, the blade of grass close to your eye appears larger than the great elm tree across the field; but if you shout out that it is larger, a man standing at a distance from both the two plants probably disagrees with you. He is right and you are wrong. Yet you are much more intimately acquainted with that piece of grass than he is.

John and Mary were sitting together in the parlor one day about two months after John's arrival. Suddenly Mary dropped her embroidery on her lap and put her hand to her forehead.

"Oh, my poor, poor head!" she said.

John looked up from his reading.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mary," said he. "Does it ache very badly?"

"You can have no conception how it aches," Mary replied. "There's a dull, constant, benumbing pain always going on, and then occasional throbs of frightful agony when I feel as if I should die."

"It's too bad," observed John. "I wish I could do something for you. I'm awfully sorry."

"You're not really sorry," said Mary. "No one is. Yesterday Ericsson said he didn't believe I ever had headaches. Then he swore, and said it was all a sham; and I know that you all think so, only you don't say so."

"Indeed I don't think so, Mary. I'm

really and truly sorry for you. I've had headaches myself, and I know what they are."

"Know what they are! As if a great strong man like you could realize what a sensitive woman feels! No. I never can get any real sympathy."

"Why, Mary, I'm trying to sympathize with you now."

"Yes, that's just it. You're trying. Sympathy ought to be spontaneous."

"Upon my word, Mary, you're hard to suit."

"There, John, I knew you were only making believe. Now you come out in your true colors. I prefer to have people say what they think, like Ericsson."

"Well, then, if you want people to say what they think, I'll tell you just what I think. I think you have headaches sure enough, and I think mother has twice as bad ones. I think you make eighteen times as much fuss about them as she does. I think you'd better try to think about what other people are suffering once in a long time. I think you're always trying to make folks pity you, — and when they do, you make them sorry they have. I think I won't trouble you with my sympathy again. That's what I think, as long as you want to know it."

With that he pounded out of the room in true Markoe fashion, while Mary burst into tears.

Lætitia Lydia Markoe was a good illustration of the doctrine of compensations. She was a beauty, and she did not have such a quick temper as her brothers and sisters; but, to make up for these advantages, she was the scatter-witted member of the family. Sometimes John thought she had never read a book through. At first he was much surprised to find that she did not know who was vice-president of the United States. Three months later he was astonished when it proved that she did not know who was president. How she had gone through an expensive school without learning anything, he could not imagine; but he realized, on meeting some of her intimate friends, that she was not the only one who managed to do so. Lætitia had an amazing head for modern history of a certain kind: she could tell you just what girls Valentine

Riddle had been attentive to, and in what order; and she knew for certain that the rumor that Leonora Vista was engaged was false; but she did not know what the tariff was, or free trade, or home rule; and had never, so far as she remembered, heard of Louis XIV., or Louis XVI., or Danton, or Robespierre, or Mirabeau. In fact, with a few unimportant exceptions, she knew nothing.

John and she were great friends during that first golden month; and it was his fault that they did not continue to be so. But he could not bear her company, — she was so stupid and so foolish. If she had not been his sister, he could have flirted with her, might have fallen in love with her for aught I know, and all would have been well. As it was, he soon tired of her senseless chatter about Louis this and Cora that and Sadie something else. So he snubbed her once or twice, and she did not bother him again. Poor Lætitia! She was really fond of John, and it went to her poor little frivolous heart when she saw that he thought her shallow and stupid. Once she actually went into the library and brought thence a serious book to read it; but before she had finished two pages, Belle Winter came in, and the book was forgotten in the delights of an elaborate account of Irene Hunt's wedding dress.

It was in January, three months after John's arrival, that Miss Marion Quinlan Markoe, Mr. Markoe's sister, came on from Boston to spend two months with her brother's family. She was small and dark, with a very sharp tongue and with small black eyes, like John's, that could see a great deal. John was turned out of the spare room for her benefit; and the offending curtains were thoroughly aired.

"Come, John," she said, as the two were sitting in what was now her room an hour after her arrival, "tell me all about the family. How do you get on with them?"

John smiled sadly. "I don't get on with them," he replied.

"Well, of course you don't get on with Ericsson," Miss Markoe resumed cheerfully. "You might as well try to get on

with a wild bull of Bashan. But your mother, now, or Lætitia, or even your father? Can't you manage it?"

John shook his head. Miss Markoe did not say anything more for some time, but sat with her little head on her little hand. When she spoke, it was without her usual animation.

"You'd better go away from here, John. There's no use trying. Seven grown men and women can't be happy in the same house, especially if they're Markoes; and now that I've come, there'll be eight of us."

"Oh, but you'll help, not hinder, Aunt Marion."

"I don't know that, child. I'm as bad as the rest of you. No, John, you'll be quarrelling with me yourself before a month is past. Yes, you will, — I know it. Can't you go somewhere? Don't any of the colleges want Greek professors?"

"I had two or three chances in the autumn; but I wanted to finish my book; and besides" — he smiled as he went on — "I thought I should like to be with the family for a while."

"Oh, foolish, foolish John! Now promise me you'll take the first chance you get."

"No, Aunt Marion, I won't promise. I think I shall do better with the family, — all but Ericsson, — although Heinrich Knobelsdorf wrote to me just what you have said."

"John, I won't take No for an answer. You see we're quarrelling already. As to that Kummelsdorf, I wish I knew him. He evidently knows what he's talking about in spite of his idiotic name."

It was amusing and sad at the same time to see how soon Miss Markoe's prediction that she and John would quarrel was verified. Miss Marion never could abide her sister-in-law with her power of endless talking. Families are always trying to make relations-in-law into blood relations, and are always failing. Mrs. Markoe happened to observe that she did not think it necessary to make a dinner call within a week. Miss Markoe said that no lady would omit doing so. The obvious inference was that Mrs.

Markoe was not a lady. John opened fire on his mother's behalf, and he and his aunt delivered broadside after broadside at each other. They made it up afterward; but as Miss Marion had remarked, she was no better than the other Markoes. She used to have long conversations with John, in which she pointed out to him the failings of each member of the family; and, worse than that, she drew him on into similar petty invectives. He heartily wished she was back again in Boston.

In spite of the fact that John irritated most of his family and that they all irritated him, he was fond of them all, except perhaps Ericsson; and his affection for them made his life at home all the harder to bear. He could with difficulty endure his father's politely calling his mother a fool, as he did perhaps five times a day. "My dear, your views on civil service reform are exactly what I should expect from a woman." After such a speech Ericsson would quit for a moment his habitual look of displeasure, and laugh loudly, while John would just manage to restrain himself from throwing a plate at his father's head. Walter's insulting jokes and laughter when Mary spoke of her ailments were equally unpleasant to listen to. John thought seriously of giving Walter a sound thrashing one day when the young fellow had been especially ungentlemanly; but as Walter was much larger and stronger than he, he relinquished the idea, realizing the truth of the couplet:

"Johnny wouldn't  
'Cause he couldn't."

Another thing that led all his better feelings to revolt was the really cruel way in which the family treated Lætitia. Walter and Ericsson and Mr. Markoe vied with each other in exposing the poor child's ignorance, and then laughing at it. John tried to defend her several times, but he merely enlarged the fight and failed to stop it. Finally he gave up interfering. Only when Lætitia left the table crying, as she sometimes did, he would go after her and try to comfort her by abusing her tormentors.

One day, when John came down to breakfast late, as usual, he found the family in an unwonted state of quiet, which he foolishly mistook for peace. It was in reality one of the pauses which were apt to ensue after an especially brutal remark of Ericsson's. The various members of the party happened to be characteristically occupied. Walter was emptying a silver pitcher of maple syrup on his griddle cakes. There were tears in Lætitia's great blue eyes, a sufficient evidence to show who was the recipient of Ericsson's last piece of politeness. Mr. Markoe was stirring his coffee and looking very wise. Mrs. Markoe was glancing about the table to see if there was not something that somebody wanted, and talking to herself. Ericsson was scowling at the newspaper. Mary had one hand upon her forehead, while with the other she dropped some medicine into a wine-glass. Miss Marion was sitting bolt upright, looking at every one at the same time.

Mrs. Markoe glanced up at John and smiled when he came in.

"How was the Professor's Club last night, John?" she inquired. "My father always used to say that he found it the most enjoyable of the clubs. It was—"

"I thought you wanted John to tell about it," growled Ericsson.

"Don't interrupt, Ericsson," said Aunt Marion intrepidly. "What were you saying, Lydia?"

But Mrs. Markoe did not come to her rescuer's assistance. "I'm afraid I don't remember," she said nervously.

Ericsson laughed his great, brutal laugh. "Why, you talk so little, I should think you'd remember, mother," he observed. "As to your remark, Aunt Marion, I'm not learning lessons in manners just at present."

"No," said Aunt Marion, sipping her coffee, "and you never did, and never will."

Ericsson brought his fist down on the table with a bang. "Father, how many times are you going to let Aunt Marion insult me at your table?" he inquired fiercely.

Mr. Markoe looked from one to the

other with a bewildered air. "Come, come, this will never do," he said.

"Marion, you didn't mean anything, I'm sure. You don't object to apologizing, do you?"

Miss Marion kept on sipping her coffee. "Not a bit," she said. "Ericsson, I humbly apologize for ever having thought you were a gentleman. John, kindly stand by me if your brother undertakes to knock me down."

Ericsson rose to his feet. "Look here, father!" he cried, "either Aunt Marion or I leave the house to-morrow! Which shall it be?"

"Oh, Ericsson!" Mrs. Markoe broke in, with tears in her eyes. "Don't talk like that, my dear. Remember that you're speaking to a lady. I'm sure your aunt didn't mean to vex you. I'm sure —"

"That's right; talk, talk, talk, mother! That'll settle everything," said Ericsson, glad to find a weaker antagonist than the redoubtable Miss Marion.

There was a short pause, and Lætitia took advantage of it.

"I wish some one would suggest what I'm to wear at the Renaissance ball," she said. "I don't know exactly what to wear. Would it be all right to appear as Cassandra?"

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Markoe. "Or you might try Martha Washington."

"Or Charlotte Corday, or Lot's wife," suggested Mary.

"Or Mrs. Grover Cleveland!" shouted Walter.

"But she didn't live at the right time, did she?" asked poor Lætitia, her eyes gradually filling with tears.

"Why don't you go as Dante's Beatrice, or as Isabella of Castile?" suggested John kindly.

"Now you're making fun of me, too!" said Lætitia, rising and leaving the table. "I don't believe there were such people!" — and in watery indignation, pursued by shouts of laughter, she made her way to her room.

Things grew worse and worse, till at last they were fairly insupportable. Every time that John made up his mind anew that he would be patient and if

possible agreeable, he was vanquished either by a flow of conversation from his mother, a complaint from Mary, a reproof from his father, or an insult from Walter. Instead of becoming more patient, he found that he was growing less so. As every day went by he felt that he could not spend another twenty-four hours in the house. He often began a day by feeling that he had thought too hardly of his family; he generally ended it by feeling that he had not thought hardly enough of them. He took to looking over Knobelsdorf's letter, and thinking that there was a good deal of truth in it; and he began to wonder where he would go, if he went away from Philadelphia.

It was in the early part of February that he definitely gave up the fight and determined to leave home as soon as possible. A number of incidents occurring in rapid succession hastened his conclusion. He had a stormy interview with Walter, who absolutely refused to give back the money he had borrowed, on the ground that he had none. Mr. Markoe read John a severe lecture on the lazy life he was leading. John replied that he was working five times as hard as his father was, — which was not true, for both were in reality hard workers. One morning when John came in to breakfast he heard his mother say: "I think John is a perfect gentleman!" The loud chorus of laughs and jeers which greeted this remark showed that the other members of the family were not of her opinion. That very evening when John came from the club he found a special delivery letter awaiting him. It was dated at a large western university, and read as follows: —

MR. JOHN P. MARKOE:

*Dear Sir,* — Our instructor in Greek is dangerously ill, and we have no one to take his place. I understand that you are not now actively occupied. The faculty wishes to know if you cannot take the place for the rest of the year and help us out. I know that your education, reputation and talents justify you in looking for something higher; but our present Greek professor, Mr. Calthrop, is thinking of resigning from his position next summer (please do not mention the circumstance); and if you become acquainted with the work being done, I don't see, though of course I cannot promise, why you may not hope to occupy his

place. Your salary for the rest of this year will be a hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Write me an answer immediately, or better, telegraph that you are coming, and start right away.

Hoping for a favorable reply, I am

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL B. CONWAY, *President.*

Three months before, John would have refused an instructorship with scorn. Now he would have hugged the letter, if it had been big enough. He went immediately to the telegraph office and despatched his answer. When he came home, he got out his trunk and packed it, although he usually deferred his packing till the last moment. He wanted to feel that he was really going to start the next morning. When he went to bed, he was as happy as a boy of eighteen who was to begin his college career the next day. In the morning, when he was half through his breakfast, he suddenly turned to his father.

"You know you said the other day that you didn't think I was working hard enough, father," he said.

"Yes, yes, I do recollect that I made some such observation, and that you —"

"Well, never mind that. I've no doubt I was very rude and impolite. But what I want to say is that I'm going to start this morning for Dillingham University in Nebraska, where I'm going to teach Greek till June."

Every one opened his eyes wide. Even Ericsson looked up from his paper with a questioning scowl.

"Why, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Markoe, who usually found her tongue as soon as the next one, "why didn't you tell us before? Half your things are in the wash, but then I suppose we can telegraph them —"

"I think John has the floor, as we used to say at the State House," Mr. Markoe observed.

"I'm afraid I must be going," said John, looking at his watch. "I should have told you before, mother; but I didn't know until after you had gone to bed. Good by, father! Good by, mother! Good by, every one!"

"Good by, my boy. I trust you won't be so remiss in letter writing as when you were abroad."

"Good by, my dear, dear child! I can't bear to have you leave us. Do be careful about —"

"That'll do, Lydia. He can't hear what you're saying. Good by, John! You're well out of this hornet's nest."

"John, as you go, would you mind stopping at the apothecary's and telling him to send up another box of quinine pills?"

"Brace up with this idiotic leave-taking, John, or you'll lose your train."

"I saw you left your meerschaum pipe, John. Can I use it while you're gone?"

"Why, John, Cora Sanderson's going on the same train. You can talk to her all the way to Pittsburg."

Time passed slowly at Dillingham University. John had several enlivening disputes with the head of his department, Prof. Calthrop, as to the meaning of some Homeric appellatives, but the professor was a Greek student of the old school, and Markoe hardly considered him worth fighting. John had his freedom, and enjoyed it at first: his life reminded him of his life at Halle; but he missed the Professors' Club at Philadelphia. He missed Knobelsdorf, too; and often, as he sat at work late into the night, he would look up almost hoping to see Heinrich's honest face bending over a book at the other side of the table, partly obscured by a great beer mug which the young German always kept in front of him. John did not write home regularly: he never had done so; but he did occasionally, — and he received a scattering line of letters in reply.

1225 HEMLOCK ST., PHILADELPHIA,  
March 6, 1891.

*Dear John:*

I want to tell you about the absurd time we had here last night. . . .

Do you know that this ridiculous family, or rather some of them, are already pretending that they miss you? Your mother I think perhaps really does, though I never listen to her long rigmaroles, and she may be cursing you for aught I know. But you ought to see Mary! She says the shock of your going was as if something had strained up her nerves very tight and then suddenly loosed them. I wish she'd try us with the shock of her departure. To hear the family conversation, any one would think that you had been a kind of cherub that every one doted on. The Honorable

Father Peter, while rebuking poor little Lætitia, intimated that you might not have gone away if she had been able to talk more reasonably!

Here I go, slandering them all. Very likely they're all pitching into me in their letters to their "dear John." I wish I could see some of those documents!

Your foolish old  
AUNT MARION.

*Dear John :*

I'm awfully sorry you went away — and I hope it was not at all because I was such a little fool — at least every one says I am.

Robbert Enfield came yesterday afternoon and took me to drive in his spider phaeton — I had to look up that word in the dictionary — with two of the *sweetest* little sorel horses you ever saw! Mamma said it was all right because, you know, he's our third cousin.

I'm going to be Romola at the Renaissance ball. Ericsson said he didn't believe I knew who she was. I said yes I did — she was an Italian — so he got left. I knew because Romola sounded like Rome.

Your affectionate little sister,  
LÆTITIA.

1225 HEMLOCK ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*My dear son John :*

. . . and should you go to Lincoln, be sure to call on the governor. When you tell him whose son you are, I think you will find that I am not wholly unknown to him.

We all miss you, myself most of all. I was quite mortified last night. We had Prof. Longfield at dinner (the celebrated chemist, as you are, I presume, aware), and as he was very silent I was obliged to take most of the conversation upon myself. The talk, out of compliment to our visitor, naturally turned on chemistry, and I am thankful to say I was competent to make a few observations on the subject, as I took a course in that study when I was in Cambridge. If you had been with us, you might have drawn the professor out. Ericsson, as you know, has some sense, but is — what shall I say? — hardly sympathetic.

Trusting to see you at Mt. Desert in the new fast approaching summer, I am

Your affectionate parent,  
PETER ERSKINE MARKOE.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday.

*My own dear boy :*

I miss you every hour, every minute of the day, and I hope you think sometimes of your poor old mother. I am counting the days until summer comes and . . .

I sat up a good deal last night with poor dear Mary who has had another of her ill turns. The poor dear child, I sometimes suspect that she isn't quite so ill as she thinks she is, but probably I am wrong. At any rate it is hardly the part of a mother to think so . . .

I must tell you about the Renaissance ball. Lætitia was lovely. It was magnificent, and I must go quite into detail about . . .

I almost think Robert Enfield means something

by his attentions to Lætitia. I know you hate gossip, but I *must* tell you what Mrs. Ingersoll said about . . .

Dear me! Here are twenty-seven closely written pages! But before I close I want to tell you what . . .

There! I must stop. Good by, dear boy!

Your lovingly affectionate and devoted  
MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA.

*Dear John :*

There was the devil of a row at the club last night. Monty Everett struck Ericsson in the head, and old Rick turned on him and hit him about ten blows in succession — good hard ones — you know the kind. Monty was paralyzed and fell on the floor and couldn't stir. I guess he won't tackle Rick again in a hurry. Rick was nearly arrested, but the fellows hushed the thing up. I think the trouble was that Rick called Monty a blackleg and a swindler or something.

Things are pretty slow here. There isn't much to tell.

Bob Enfield seems to be kind of stuck on Lydia.

How do you like Dillingham? We all miss you like thunder — honestly.

By the way, can't you possibly lend me fifty more. My club assessment's due in two weeks, and I haven't got a cent. I'll pay you next month, or half of it, anyway.

Your affectionate brother,  
WALTER ANDERSON MARKOE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 14.

*Dear John :*

I am dictating this to Lætitia, as you will see by the handwriting, for my right hand is so closely bound up in bandages that I cannot write. Yesterday a considerable swelling and redness appeared on my middle finger, and as it seemed to grow larger, I feared it might grow into a felon. I sent to my new doctor, Dr. Busnach, and he did up my hand for me. It is something of a trial not to be able to write or sew.

I write to congratulate you on your birthday, which mamma says is on the eighteenth. It is a great trial for me to have you away, for I think you are the only member of the family who really sympathizes with my sufferings, though your blunt manners often make it seem otherwise.

Walter has become much more insulting since you left us. He was more afraid to be rude when you were here. Now he is unbearable. I sometimes wonder if courtesy to ladies — I have given up hoping for sympathy — has entirely gone out of fashion.

My headache bids me end. I wonder that it has let me do so much. Letty, too, complains of a headache, but you know what the aches and pains of the hale and strong are to those of the invalid.

I have just been revising this myself. Letty had spelt "sympathizes" "simpatyizes." This is written with my left hand.

Your affectionate sister,  
MARY MARKOE.

MAY 1.

*Dear John :*

This is to tell you that I'm engaged to Rose Wainwright.

Yours,

ERICSSON MARKOE.

These letters had a good deal of effect on John. Not that they altered his opinion of his family; on the contrary, to his almost morbidly acute powers of judging character each letter was a window through which he could see the writer and all his peculiarities. But the letters persuaded him, what he was often inclined to doubt when he was staying at home, that the family was really fond of him. This made a great change in his thoughts. Good qualities which had hitherto been partially concealed, perhaps only by bad manners or unfortunate habits, appealed to him now that he was half the width of the continent away. He had not known what to expect when he was in Germany, and he had painted too rosy a picture of his family and their family life. If he should ever live at home again, he would know just what to expect, and taking each member of the family circle as he was, need never be disappointed. In Philadelphia he had thought of his talkative mother as a person who talked too much. In Dillingham he thought of her as his mother.

Perhaps John would have been happier at Dillingham if he had been at a good boarding house; but with a characteristic recklessness he had agreed to room and board for the remainder of the year at an establishment where the food was uninteresting and the company uncongenial. He could not help looking back with some regret to the eatables at 1225 Hemlock Street, where Ericsson's brutal comments kept everything up to a high grade of excellence. John had a small room, too, so small that he had to keep it in some degree of order, and could not toss about his books and papers into the delightful confusion that had characterized his room in Philadelphia. He was not at all sorry when recitations ended and examinations began. Several days before the end of the term he wrote a letter to Heinrich Knobelsdorf. Two weeks later Heinrich sat back in the big armchair

of his father's study at Nuremberg and opened it. It read as follows:—

DILLINGHAM, NEB., June 5, 1891.

*Dear Heinrich :*

Forgive me for not writing in German; but I have lots to say, and I can't bother with your confounded Umlauts and Handschrift and the Lord knows what.

It would make you laugh to see the letters I have received from my family since I came out here to Dillingham. You would think that they all doted on me. You can judge from my letter of some months ago (which I think was a trifle exaggerated) that they were not quite so fond of me when I was with them. Yet now Mary has found out that I am the only person who really appreciates her sufferings. If it is so, I tremble to think what a contempt others must have for her trials. Meanwhile father lets me know that he misses my sympathetic personality as an entertainer of his guests, while Walter honors me with a request for fifty dollars, though only three short months ago he assured me that I was so mean about money matters that he would never borrow from me again.

And yet, Heinrich,—I know you won't like what I'm going to say, but I may as well be frank with you,—and yet, I think I misjudged my family while I was with them. Things at home seem brighter when you look at them from such God-forsaken surroundings as I am now blessed with. Mother, at least, is, I am sure, as affectionate and self-denying as an epicure in mothers could ask for; and if ever I have been irritated with her, I fear the fault has been more mine than hers. Lætitia, too,—I wish you could see her letter. A more loving little sister doesn't exist. And the others—I don't mean that they're perfect: I know what they are well enough; but why should they be perfect? I'm not. If I had only been willing to take them as they were, as I should another time! Even Ericsson is well enough, if you keep out of his way: and besides, he's going to be married now. I was always looking for qualities in them which they didn't possess. One doesn't gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles, nor good manners of Ericssons, nor politeness of Walters. I don't see why anything a person says or does should irritate you, if you know he's the kind of person who says or does things like that, and prepare yourself accordingly.

You remember that in my last letter to you I agreed in the main with your conclusions as to the undesirability of a number of grown people living together. But three months of life in a prairie college have changed my ideas. Did it ever strike you that your view of the case was a rather selfish one? For a man to leave his own family and go off to live alone somewhere, just so that their blunders and foolishness sha'n't jar on his delicate sensibilities, seems to me pretty near the essence of selfishness. And you live at home yourself! True, you have only a father and a mother. But why should I not exert myself to keep the peace between the discordant elements of my unfortunate family, instead of leaping

among the others, as I fear I did last year, like a newspaper dropped on a wood fire?

With all this in view, I intend to spend this summer with the family, and also next winter, unless I have some much more desirable position than this one offered me. I am quite certain that I shall be able to get on very nicely with them this time.

I have a kind of presentiment that I have not been able to convince you. You never have approved of me when I did anything silly, — I did

not mean to write that word, but I scorn to scratch it out, — what I mean is vacillating. To conclude, I have made up my mind, and I hope you can bring yourself to agree with me.

Always your friend, JOHN PETERSON MARKOE.

Heinrich finished the letter and then tore it into fragments.

"Fool!" he muttered, stamping on the floor so that the room shook.

## THE HUGUENOT IN NEW ENGLAND.

*By Horace Graves.*



HERE is a great difference between the New Englander and the Englishman. That difference is not simply in dress, or idiom, or accent. The peculiarities on both sides are deep-seated. They find expression in figure and countenance, and in physical and mental activity. The burly and heavy build of the typical Englishman is not in more pronounced contrast with the slender and active form of the American, than are his conservative mental operations with the alertness of his cisatlantic kinsman. There is greater flexibility to the Yankee intellect, more liberality generally, a larger hospitality toward men and ideas that he has not been accustomed to and familiar with. While the temperament is livelier and more cheerful, the physical coloring is darker and warmer. The ruddy cheek and blue eye of the Saxon are rarer among the New Englanders; brown skin and dark eyes predominate.

Lest this variance may seem fanciful and overstated, let me call attention to the observations of an author whose keen observation none will question. Hawthorne, in his "English Note-Book," sets forth in strong colors the characteristics of the Englishmen who have remained at home, and of those who are the product of two or three centuries of life on this side of the ocean. "We, in our dry atmosphere," he wrote, in 1863, "are get-

ting nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few centuries, he will be the earthiest creature that the earth ever saw."

This description surely cannot be criticised for not being candid or explicit. But when our American consul comes to treat of the British woman, he seems to have abandoned all pretence of gallantry in his desire to depict her as she is. He wrote: "I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which the English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive, with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. Her visage is unusually grim and stern, seldom positively



forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance."

We find the grave Emerson making substantially the same report in his "English Traits."

While we hope that American women have attained to something more *spirituelle* than is possessed by the women whom Hawthorne saw on the old soil, it is interesting to notice that he attributed the diversity solely to climate. It is a serious responsibility that he places on physical surroundings; but the theory seems hitherto to have been accepted as sufficient. It is generally believed that a clearer, sunnier air has browned the race permanently, and begotten nervousness of physical and mental constitution. It is assumed that there could have been no more powerful, and indeed no other intervening cause. In support of this conclusion, it is pointed out that the New England colonists were purely and exclusively English. Palfrey contends that the population "continued to multiply for a century and a half on its own soil, in remarkable seclusion from other communities." John Fiske accepts Palfrey's statement, and cites Savage as demonstrating, after painstaking labors, that ninety-eight out of every hundred of the early settlers could trace their descent directly to an English ancestry. These authorities would leave us no alternative but to conclude that climate alone must have wrought the remarkable transformation of mind, character and body, through which have been evolved and fixed the idiosyncrasies of the New Englander.

If, however, climate has been the potent cause of these changes, why did not the modification give some evidence of its advance in the first one hundred years of colonial life? On the contrary, the portraits of the men who, in 1776, contended for our rights on the battle field and in the legislature show us veritable Englishmen. Yet, in 1863, the change had come about, and Hawthorne found the two peoples radically different.

Climate is slower in its effects than this. An Asiatic may live at the north pole for a cycle of years, and still retain his hue,

his coarse black hair and coal-black eyes; not the faintest sign of bleaching betrays its approach. No one imagines that the negro would grow a shade lighter under the glare of the perennial northern whiteness, though he remained there for countless generations, provided there were no admixture of a lighter-hued race. It is equally impossible that the Yankee could have been so greatly differentiated from the Englishman in three or four generations merely from exposure to a climate but little unlike that of Great Britain.

There was some excuse for the theory of atmospheric influence before Darwin passed on that question. His demonstration has destroyed the former notions. The result of his exhaustive investigation is thus summed up: "It was formerly thought that the color of the skin and the character of the hair were determined by light or heat; and, although it can hardly be denied that some effect is thus produced, almost all observers now agree that the effect has been very small even after exposure during many ages." At another point in the "Descent of Man," the author says: "If, however, we look to the races of men, as distributed over the world, we must infer that their characteristic differences cannot be accounted for by the direct action of different conditions of life, even after an exposure to them for an enormous period of time." In the same work, Darwin repeats: "Of all the differences between the races of man, the color of the skin is the most conspicuous and one of the most marked. Differences of this kind, it was formerly thought, could be accounted for by long exposure under different climates; but Pallas first showed that this view is not tenable, and he has been followed by almost all anthropologists." That those other respects in which we have deviated from the earlier type cannot be attributed to climate any more than can the complexion, is manifest from the passage in which Darwin writes that "Mr. B. A. Gould endeavored to ascertain the nature of the influences which thus act on stature; but he arrived only at negative results, namely that they did not relate to

climate, the elevation of the land, soil, or even, 'in any controlling degree,' to the abundance or need of the comforts of life." \*

Thus the great philosopher hunts down and despatches the loose theories which, before his day, satisfied hasty generalizers upon the causes of men's variations in complexion, figure and stature. That the difference of mental constitution was brought about by a breeze more or less, or a more or less plentiful sunshine, was equally fallacious and unsubstantial.

But we have not far to seek that differentiating cause, although it has so long evaded detection. Had the result of recent investigation been known to Hawthorne, he would undoubtedly have recognized the influence, for he was close upon its discovery. In commenting on the heaviness of the English, he philosophizes thus: "Heretofore, Providence has obviated such result by timely intermixture of alien races with the old English stock; so that each successive conquest of England has proved a victory by revivification and improvement of its native manhood." This change, then, or, if it be not too strong a word, this transformation, of which we have spoken, must have come from intermarriages between the early English colonists and some race of a slighter build, a less sombre disposition, a more active mentality and an intenser nature. There is no race which at once combined proximity and the other requisites of the problem, except the French; and in the French—slender, supple, sinewy, cheerful, versatile, with their clearness and quickness of mental vision—were to be found every required element. After Hawthorne's vigorous analysis of the English, it is only justice to permit Lavater to express his estimate of the French; for each author is pitiless in his examination and extremely acrid in statement. In his famous work on physiognomy, the German Swiss says: "In the temperament of nations, the French is that of the sanguine, frivolous, benevolent and ostentatious. The Frenchman forgets not his inoffensive parade till old age has made him wise. At all times disposed to enjoy life, he is the best of

companions. He pardons himself much, and therefore pardons others. His gait is dancing, his speech without accent, and his ear incurable. Wit is his inheritance. His countenance is open and at first sight speaks a thousand pleasant, amiable things. His eloquence is often deafening; but his good humor casts a veil over his failings. He is all appearance, all gesture."

This picture is drawn by the physiognomist, who avowedly judges by what is on the surface; yet the qualities enumerated are not objectionable, but rather desirable when the end in view happens to be the amelioration of the sombre grimness of the English Puritan. Matthew Arnold, moreover, in his graceful essay on Eugénie de Guérin, has convinced us that there is another element in France, not frothy, but sincere and devout, without which the nation could never have existed all these centuries. It was the Frenchman of that class who produced the effect we are talking of. How effectually it was accomplished is plain to every American who visits the parent isle. It remains to indicate when and where there was a sufficient intermingling of Frenchmen with the English colonists to bring about such results.

To one who is in any degree familiar with the story of our national growth, it is unnecessary to mention the Huguenot immigration as the movement through which the transformation in the aspect and nature of the English was brought about. The extent of that movement has not been appreciated, because the French refugees came to New England from motives so much like those which brought the early settlers, that these strangers did not, on arriving, exhibit the strong contrast with their English predecessors which appeared on the entry of the French exiles into other parts of our country. The Huguenots and the Puritans had both suffered bitter persecution. They had faced death from devotion to the same religious principles. Moreover, they were not strangers to one another; for when the little congregation from Scrooby sought refuge in Holland, they found Leyden full of Frenchmen who had fled from their native country. For a

\* "Descent of Man," Part I., chap. iv., p. 110.

time both bodies of people were allowed to worship in the same edifice, and both were eagerly waiting the opportunity to put the ocean between themselves and their enemies. Yet, however great the similarity in the relations of each party to its old home, there was one particular in which they differed radically. The English were fearful, above all things, lest they should lose their "English name and English tongue;" but the Frenchmen were remarkably indifferent to their native speech, and were ready, as soon as possible, to translate their names into equivalent Dutch or English, according to the predominant population of the community in which they happened to be.

The English were enabled to be the first to depart to the longed-for haven of rest; and some of the Frenchmen, impatient to get away, threw in their lot with those who have since been known as the Pilgrim Fathers. The Huguenots assimilated with their fellow voyagers so unobtrusively that we have almost lost sight of the fact that even the Plymouth colony was not of pure and unmixed descent. She whose name the poet has culled from those early annals to adorn his verse, the maiden Priscilla, is discovered to be a Huguenot. The patronymic Mullins would suggest a Hibernian Frenchman; but that is the fault of the bungling tongue of the farmers from Nottingham and York. Her father was William Molines. It has always been a source of wonder that an English girl could have had the ready wit to give John Alden "the tip" that released him from his ambiguous wooing and herself from the domination of the fierce little captain. How blind we were to the Gallic coquetry with which she held on to Miles till she secured John! She was a worthy progenitor of the Yankee girl in her ability to take care of herself. We must blot out, then, from the historic portrait the blue eyes and rosy cheeks of the English maiden whom our fancy has called up whenever we have thought of Priscilla; and we must paint in a slender, graceful, black-haired brunette, with brown-black velvet eyes and long sweeping lashes, from under which were shot such glances as melted the hearts of all

the colony; and we must adorn the Puritan garb with some dainty ribbon. Like the Dutch tulips which she planted amid the hollyhocks and lilacs, she blooms and flashes in the garden of history, the more fortunate sister of Evangeline.

What rich reward may we not expect from researches in this field, when right at the heart of the first effort to settle New England is this revelation of the stealthy introduction of the Huguenot to the hearthstone and into the very hearts of our ancestors! After that, it cannot astonish us to learn that several of the eminent men of our early history were in some degree of Huguenot descent. We have always known that the mother of Alexander Hamilton was a Huguenot. Perhaps we might have guessed as much from his character, since there appears in him all the brilliancy of that nationality, with the wonderful gift of crystal clearness of thought and expression. Heredity, too, many excuse some of his faults. Associated with Hamilton in establishing the foundation of our national finances was Albert Gallatin, whose name betrays a Huguenot extraction. There, too, is the illustrious record of John Jay and his descendants, whose ancestor, Pierre Jay, fled from La Rochelle to America. And there are the Bayards, who have exhibited in our country the qualities which made the chevalier in his time the subject of generous eulogy.

New England would spurn any summary of her history which omitted to mention Faneuil Hall. The Faneuils were from La Rochelle; and André Faneuil of Boston adopted Peter Faneuil, the son of his brother Benjamin, who had settled in New York. The family became eminent as merchants almost as soon as the hand of persecution was stayed from harrying them. The thrift of the Protestant French is proverbial. It found speedy expression in commerce and in devising new subjects of manufacture and exportation. As they were the founders of many British industries when they settled in England, so they were most efficient in developing the resources of the new country.\* But they were never

\* Baird's "Emigration of the Huguenots to America," Vol. II., p. 201.

so engrossed in trade that they allowed their passion for civil and religious liberty to expire or even smoulder. It was a Huguenot, Paul Revere, who was the trusted messenger of the Boston patriots on the night before the conflict at Lexington.

The race of the Huguenot has blossomed into genius in unexpected places, and this not in the past only, for a recent president of the United States, one of the most gifted, — Garfield, — was a son of the Huguenots; his mother was a Ballou, a name which has been made illustrious by Hosea and Maturin. Our latest literature has been adorned by the productions of Thoreau, Lanier, Tourgée and Janvier, all of them descendants of Protestant French refugees. In fact, almost the first notes of song in this country came from a Huguenot, — Freneau.

When one bethinks himself of the mark which has been made by men of this extraction, the conviction is inevitable, either that this line of descent is singularly and richly endowed, or that the Huguenots were vastly more numerous and have contributed more extensively to the constitution of the American people than is generally suspected.

Although that claim might be readily admitted in respect to other parts of our country, there would be some hesitation in conceding as much for New England. Yet Palfrey is more than conservative when he states, in his History of New England, that at least one hundred and fifty Huguenot families came to Massachusetts after the revocation of the edict of Fontainebleau in 1685. He makes no account of those who were already here, nor of those who did not come directly from France, nor of those who kept coming in small parties from time to time, even down to 1776. Nor does he take account of the number who have names that seem to be English or Dutch, but which are French translated, as in the case of some of the Duboisés, living in Leyden, who allowed themselves to be called Van den Bosch, and came to America under the Dutch version of their patronymic. Gerneau, in English mouths, became Gano, and those who bore the name, tiring of correcting habitual mispronun-

ciation, at last consented to speak and write their name in the corrupted form. Thus Erouard became Heroy, Bouquet is now spelled Bockée, Tissau became Tishew, Fleurri is anglicized into Florence, Olivier has been confused with the English Oliver, and Burpo was originally Bonrepos. Nor was the assent to this distortion due to ignorance on the part of the Frenchmen; for Bonrepos was a learned pastor of the Huguenot church in Boston, and the refugees were generally of the higher and cultivated classes of their native land.\*

Very early in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the merchants of France became familiar with the seaports of the New England coast,† and readily fled to Salem and Boston when the time of peril came. These emigrants, as has been intimated, sometimes found shelter in neighboring countries before coming to America. The Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey, were so filled with Protestant exiles, that they utterly destroyed the position which the Catholics had obtained. As many as fifty ministers of the reformed faith went to Jersey,‡ whose area is less than that of Staten Island; while migration to England and Switzerland was in large bodies. After a short stay in the countries and islands near to France, they abandoned all hope of restoration to their native land, and began to find their way in larger or smaller groups to the wilds of America.

When the Cabots, the Lefavours, the Beadles, the Valpys and Philip English had established themselves in Salem, they began to bring over their fellow countrymen.§ English, whose real name was L'Anglois, became the owner of a large number of ships and a great deal of other property. He kept his accounts in French, and corresponded in that language with his relatives in Jersey. For a long series of years he was in the habit of importing young men to be apprenticed as sailors, and young girls to be employed as domestic servants. They were all of

\* Baird's "Emigration to America," Vol. I., p. 181; Vol. II., p. 233.

† Baird's "Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. II., p. 191.

‡ "Cæsarea" by Philip Faille.

§ "Proceedings of the Essex Institute," Vol. II., pp. 117, 143, 157 and 181.

Huguenot ancestry; and their descendants to-day disclose their French origin in their personal appearance. Between the Connecticut River and Massachusetts Bay, young men of that line of ancestry are by no means rare, with large brown eyes, black hair and slender, graceful figures, which proclaim them Frenchmen in everything except speech; and yet their forefathers have been inhabitants of eastern Massachusetts ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century. In a little seaport near Salem there are to be found to-day at least fifty family names which are distinctly French; yet those who bear them have never suspected that they were of other than English descent.

One instance will illustrate how the French were absorbed into the families of the English colonists, and came to bear English names. In a newspaper published in Boston on the nineteenth day of February, 1736, appeared the following obituary notice: "On the first instant, departed this life, at Providence, Mr. Gabriel Bernon, in the 92nd year of his age. He was a gentleman by birth and estate, born in Rochelle, in France; and about fifty years ago he left his native country, and the greatest part of his estate, and, for the cause of true religion, fled into New England, where he has ever since continued, and behaved himself as a zealous Protestant professor. He was courteous, honest and kind, and died in great faith and hope in his Redeemer, and assurance of Salvation; and has left a good name among his acquaintances. He evidenced the power of Christianity in his great sufferings, by leaving his country and his great estate, that he might worship God according to his conscience. He has left three daughters which he had by his first wife (a French gentlewoman), one of which is the virtuous wife of the Hon. William Coddington, Esq.; three daughters and a son by a gentlewoman of New England, who behaved to him as a virtuous woman and gave singular proof of a good wife ever till his death."

Those six girls undoubtedly married,— for old maids were not popular in "old colony times;" and though the family name was lost, the genius of the Hugue-

nots was just as certainly transmitted to succeeding generations.

How extended may have been this influence flowing into our national life may be inferred from the fact that of the twenty-five thousand or more English who were to be found in New England toward the middle or latter part of the seventeenth century, the descendants are reckoned by Mr. Fiske at fifteen millions.\* To these few thousands of English, the Huguenots, as admitted by Palfrey, made an accession of one hundred and fifty families, — which means nearly a thousand persons, as families went then; but after this first flood had spent its strength, nearly every ship from London, according to Baird, for many years brought additions to those who had come in the mass.† The exodus from France continued, from 1666, for full fifty years; and within that time at least a million Frenchmen were expatriated, and those the flower of the nation.‡ Many at first sought shelter in Holland; great numbers in every conceivable craft reached the shores of England, barely escaping starvation and shipwreck; § and, as we have seen, the neighboring islands of the English Channel were crowded with them. It is not possible that less than four or five thousand came to dwell in New England.

Even if the numbers were smaller than is probable, we can heartily concur in Mr. Fiske's opinion "of the population of France driven away and added to the Protestant population of northern Germany and England and America. The gain to these countries and the damage to France," he says, "was far greater than the mere figures would imply; for in determining the character of a community, a hundred selected men and women are far more potent than a thousand men and women taken at random."||

That gain for New England is distinctly revealed in the development of Yankee enterprise along those very lines in which it was started by French *émigrés*. But these were also present in the requisite

\* Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," p. 170.

† Baird's "The Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. II., pp. 193, 196.

‡ Encyclopædia Britannica, Art. "Huguenots."

§ Baird's "Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. II., p. 188.

|| Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," p. 161.

numbers; and when the eye is once trained and the ear attuned to detect the names which indicate Huguenot ancestry, it is astonishing how frequently they reveal themselves. If New Englanders are closely questioned concerning their genealogy, there are very few who do not confess to some trace of French blood, though it be slight. This is peculiarly true of the eastern half of Massachusetts. In the northern parts of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, the blond complexion and unusual stature of the English still prevail. Yet that fact affects our position very little; for it was eastern Massachusetts that was held in view by Hawthorne and the other American authors who have been referred to. After all, is it not Boston and its surroundings that largely give character to New England? Many of the inhabitants of the three northern states appear to be the unchanged Englishmen, as Motley describes them in the report of the Dutch Ambassador who saw the England of Elizabeth's time. The English of that period certainly had the head tones and the Yankee twang which mark rural New England speech even to this day.

When the Huguenots contributed their genial presence to our population, it was like the influx of a gladdening river into a thirsty land, carrying joy wherever it goes. At first, like all foreigners, they were reserved, and marriages were confined to their own nationality; but there is no instrumentality like our public schools for breaking down national or race prejudices,—and the second or third generation found alliances that made

Americans of them all. How rapidly nationalities merge in this country is seen in a case that is not imaginary, of a young man whose father was a Frenchman and whose mother was an American of English descent. His wife's mother is an Irishwoman, and her father a German. Thus that marriage rolled four nationalities into one within two generations. But between the Huguenot and the Puritan there was no stream to bridge over. They had in their common Calvinism and love of freedom a bond of sympathy and union that brought them into harmony as soon as their tongues had learned to speak a common language.

It is evident that the absorption of the Huguenots would occur more rapidly and effectually after than before the Revolutionary war, and would manifest itself unmistakably during the first half of the nineteenth century, the time when the contrast between the New Englander and the Old Englander made so strong an impression on Hawthorne and Emerson. The result is so noteworthy that it is marvellous that we did not long ago recognize the method of the brewing of that race of men and the material which entered into it. There is a substance known to chemistry as diastase, which is an active element in the germination of every seed, and which, on being sprinkled, never so sparingly, over a great mass of the brewer's cloudy, pasty "mash," clears it instantly and leaves it a sweet, pure, transparent liquid. Such an office might the introduction of the Huguenot into New England seem to have performed, in dissipating the heaviness and dogged prejudice of our insular kinsmen.



Huguenot ancestry; and their descendants to-day disclose their French origin in their personal appearance. Between the Connecticut River and Massachusetts Bay, young men of that line of ancestry are by no means rare, with large brown eyes, black hair and slender, graceful figures, which proclaim them Frenchmen in everything except speech; and yet their forefathers have been inhabitants of eastern Massachusetts ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century. In a little seaport near Salem there are to be found to-day at least fifty family names which are distinctly French; yet those who bear them have never suspected that they were of other than English descent.

One instance will illustrate how the French were absorbed into the families of the English colonists, and came to bear English names. In a newspaper published in Boston on the nineteenth day of February, 1736, appeared the following obituary notice: "On the first instant, departed this life, at Providence, Mr. Gabriel Bernon, in the 92nd year of his age. He was a gentleman by birth and estate, born in Rochelle, in France; and about fifty years ago he left his native country, and the greatest part of his estate, and, for the cause of true religion, fled into New England, where he has ever since continued, and behaved himself as a zealous Protestant professor. He was courteous, honest and kind, and died in great faith and hope in his Redeemer, and assurance of Salvation; and has left a good name among his acquaintances. He evidenced the power of Christianity in his great sufferings, by leaving his country and his great estate, that he might worship God according to his conscience. He has left three daughters which he had by his first wife (a French gentlewoman), one of which is the virtuous wife of the Hon. William Coddington, Esq.; three daughters and a son by a gentlewoman of New England, who behaved to him as a virtuous woman and gave singular proof of a good wife ever till his death."

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Even if the numbers were less, it is probable, we can hear the echo of Fiske's opinion "of the gain to France driven away by the Protestant population of New England and England and the gain to these countries by the loss of France," he says, "with the mere figures we are determining the character of the nation, a hundred selected families are far more potent than a million of women taken away."

That gain for New England is revealed in the development of enterprise along the coast that it was started by the Huguenots; these were also pro-

\* Fiske's "Beginnings of New England."  
 † Baird's "The Huguenots in New England,"  
 Vol. II., pp. 193, 196.  
 ‡ Encyclopædia Britannica, 1877, Vol. I.,  
 § Baird's "Huguenots in New England,"  
 II., p. 188.  
 || Fiske's "Beginnings of New England."

ness, the breath faint—doomed to die  
 morning, in the city hospital,  
 uncared for save by her to  
 number eleven—his

the hours  
 intervals of  
 whom also it  
 in to his bed-  
 his incoherent  
 that told how  
 the rest of human-  
 to the gentlest  
 heart grow full  
 sion. If he had  
 ; but the anguish  
 nder pity lived be-  
 ned, she whispered  
 d courage, though  
 ke to almost sense-  
 thed the brow and  
 hands; and hot tears  
 n once the words broke  
 and distinct: "Bella?  
 s it? Bella Lansing, the  
 rl in either —"

but he had betrayed that  
 for him also its one ro-  
 not? What husk so rough,  
 and cast aside dishonored,  
 l the bud of promise or the  
 n? What life so seared, so  
 man's misuse or God's dis-  
 out once enclosed all sweetest  
 s?

ly he opened his eyes and  
 her; eyes, hollow indeed, but so  
 d deep and bright as to transfig-  
 face in which they burned. But  
 ightness was that of fever; and the  
 of seeming recognition with which  
 garded her was that of delirium, for  
 knew that he had never looked on  
 before.

"Is Bella coming?" he asked eagerly.  
 "Will she come?"

"She is coming," the nurse answered  
 quietly. "She will soon be here." She  
 new her vocation too well to cast a  
 doubt on what he seemed to desire.

"Seems like I know you," he said,  
 looking at her fixedly. "You're not  
 Bella; but—ain't I seen you where she  
 lived? Be you from Saginaw?"



He appeared to forget the question even as he asked it, and with closed eyes drifted away again into his own thoughts. But not so passed the emotions his words had wakened. The nurse trembled and grew pale as she regarded him with a new and painful interest. Saginaw! She had never seen the place, but the name recalled to her the tragedy of her own life, the shadow that had fallen and blotted out the sun for her forever. For she too had her memories. Beyond the shadow she could go back from her life in the darkened ward, the crowded street and her own lonely room, to days of joyous youth that had been dyed in rainbow hues of expectation, soothed with loving tones and lit with smiles; to mornings of gay toil, when young limbs knew no fatigue and young hearts no forecasting care; to hours of twilight when, in the shadow of the vine-grown porch or in the glimmer of the winter fire, young voices whispered the dear story ever old and ever new; to orchards where the breezes shook the blossoms down in silver snow and golden fruit was garnered; to the ripple of cool streams and woodland paths of softly-scented shade; to the proud possession of a happy home of wedded peace, to love's fulfilment and the joy of expectant motherhood; to days of cheerful labor and cherished hope of all that the coming months and years would bring. On the hither side of the cloud were the failure of the harvest, the approach of want, the separation—"only for a little while, dear!"—that his strength might earn her comfort; some written words of bright encouragement; then a blank of waiting; then the letter, weeks old when she received it, that told her that life had ended for him she waited for—crushed out, no one well knew how, in the spring freshet among the falling timbers in the forest. Then came the recollection of a time when she scarcely knew if she were in earth or hell; then of looking for an hour into baby eyes that would never answer back her own, of kissing little fingers that grew cold beneath her lips—and then of a merciful oblivion, out of which she had awakened to what her life was now.

"What brutes they are, all those men in the shanties!" her fellow tender of the sick had said.

The early watches were over, and midnight past; through the weary hours she had given faithful attendance, looking for some sign either of hope or deeper danger, but there had come no change. He lay very quiet; neither her own movements nor the sighs of fellow-sufferers had appeared to disturb him, though the labored breath, the never-ceasing murmur and the restless motion of his fingers showed him ever conscious of pain. But at length, when the sound of the slow, small hours had gone by,—those hours when time drags heaviest and life beats lowest, when hope wanes most swiftly and death most often comes,—she heard a call. Not her own name. Far less startling would have been such on his lips than that which she had thought, save by the few nearest to her heart and who knew her story, never to have heard spoken in this world again. And yet this man spoke it.

"Steve! Steve Corvin!" he called out loud and hastily, as if in fright.

She hurried to him, trembling. The screen concealed him from view, and none other than herself heard the cry. The horror of delirium was strong upon him, and with the self-command that was now the habit of her life, she knelt down beside him, endeavoring to calm him, while fear and wonder struggled in her breast.

"Look at that!" he cried wildly, gazing upward. "How do they know anything about Steve Corvin here? It's so long ago I thought it was forgotten—and there they've got it all pictured out on the wall!"

Her heart stood still. Long ago? Yes, so long ago that she had believed the secret buried forever from her knowledge.

"What is it?" she asked, following the stare of his dark eyes to a spot high up on the whitewashed wall.

"What is it?" I thought no one knew but me. Don't you see it there—pictured out—for every one to look at?"

"Yes, I see it," she answered, trying to speak calmly. I see it, but I don't

understand it. You must tell me what it means."

"Why, anybody could tell that!" he exclaimed fiercely. "That's Steve there on the logs, and that's me under the bank with the pole. Wait a minute, and you'll see the jam break and the logs go over. There, look! God, what a splash and roar! Ha! I told you you'd never git to the bank! What business had a greenhorn like you to try? Oh, yes, I could reach you if I wanted—but I guess you'll wait, for all me! How does it feel? Cold, is it?—Oh, God!—the logs!—he's under—"

He stopped, trembling and breathless. She knelt transfixed, her lifted eyes beholding in imagination on the white wall the terrible scene he saw.

"Why do they put it there?" he resumed. "I've always been feared as I'd have to tell some one. They say murderers always have to, don't they? But why should they put it there for all the world to see?"

"Tell *me*," she said, with sudden strange inspiration, her whole soul absorbed in the one desire to know. "Tell me, and then no one else need know it, and I will take the picture down."

"Honest?" he asked, with a quick look of cunning. "Well, as soon you as another, so long as it's only one." He lay still a few moments. When he spoke again it was more slowly and feebly. "It wasn't my fault as he went on the jam—'twas his own foolhardiness—a green hand like him to try! But I saw the logs shake, and maybe he could 'a' got to the bank if I'd warned him—and when he was in the water and yelled I never let on I heard him—and then the current sucked him down—and then the log rolled over and struck him. Don't you see it all? Take it down—take it down!" He made a useless effort to rise, and sank back exhausted, his terrified gaze still fixed upon the wall.

She had not screamed nor started up; she had only shuddered a little, and drawn back a little, her wide eyes fastened on the face of the dying man. She had learned the dreadful truth. Few and disjointed as his words had been, they had painted it to her mental vision

as clearly as avenging conscience had painted it for him on the blank wall. One point of doubt remained; should she dare to solve it?

"Tell me, why did you do it? What had he done to hurt you?"

"Must I tell that? Can't you take it down without that?"

"Yes—tell me that quick—and then I will take it down." She spoke rapidly, for his voice was weaker, and increasing pallor told her that frenzy was over and exhaustion coming on.

"But don't you tell," he said slowly. "I thought—I found after I was wrong, but I thought Bella liked him—she said he had such eyes and ways—she made me mad. I told her he had a wife—and she said I was a fool, and she didn't care; but I thought there was no telling—and he was better out of the way, anyhow. There, that's all—that's all there is to it—don't ask me any more—don't ask me any more—I won't tell."

He closed his eyes, and made a feeble attempt to turn his face from her; his eyelids quivered and his lips grew white; he had fainted away.

The night was waning. Before the advancing forces of the day the darkness was falling back in unwilling retreat.

Another victory was nearly won. He whose warfare is waged in silence, whose weapons are invincible and who knows no mercy, had sent forth his last command. Life's keepers waited but the final signal to deliver up their trust.

But of one contest the issue yet hung doubtful. In the woman's heart the tide of battle yet ebbed and flowed uncertain. She had pitied him. Her eyes had looked divine compassion into the eyes that had witnessed unheeding that piteous struggle for life; her hands had pressed the hand that had been held back from giving succor; her lips had whispered consolation in the ears that had been deaf to that last prayer for aid. O memory of the dead, the lost! O horror of the living present! What had she done? And what remained to do?

In one sense, nothing. For him all that could be done on earth was henceforth vain. As surely as the dawn was

breaking before her eyes over the eastern sky, so surely would that dawn break for him on another scene than this. No need more to moisten the parched mouth that was almost past life's fever; no need more to bind the brow that would never more feel pain. These were easy. As she knelt before him, heedless of time, forgetful of all else in the fierce struggle with self, she recognized how easy were any offices her hand could render beside the one thing left her — to forgive.

Forgive? The thought was a mockery. Did not the strong life blotted out in the prime of manhood, the blighted life that must be her own while she drew breath, the little life whose bud of promise had never been permitted to bloom to perfect flower, — did not all cry out against the possibility of pardon? "Forgive us our trespasses," "who trespass against us!" Ay, but the infinite wrong done unto others!

The night waned faster. Over the broadening east the white gleam spread. And still more plainly visible was the approach of death; more faintly fluttered the failing breath; with swifter steps came on the eternal sleep.

When for the second time he opened his eyes and looked at her she saw the final change. The brightness now had died away, the false strength of fever had departed; there remained but weariness and weakness and a gaze of dim beseeching. He glanced around with evident comprehension of what he saw.

"I know where I am," he said quietly. "I've been in such places before now. You're the nurse, I suppose?"

He fixed his eyes on her face. She strove hard not to shrink and shudder. "I am Steve Corvin's widow!" her heart cried out, but no earthly ears heard the cry. She bowed assent to his inquiry, and extended her hand to the glass that stood beside him. He made a weak gesture of refusal.

"Never mind," he said more faintly still, "that's all over now; this is the end, I guess — you needn't be afeared to tell me so —" and he tried to smile as he put forth to her his pallid hand. For a moment of awful self-struggle she stood irresolute, and he repeated his words.

"This is the end, ain't it?" he whispered, with his fingers still lifted toward her.

The end? Ah, God! was it the end? As she looked on him the flood-gates of pity opened and the rushing tide blotted out the memory of self and wrong. She clasped in her warm hand the quivering fingers, and bowed her face upon them that he might not see her tears.

"Why, you've no need to cry," he said. "It's the natural end of such as me. I remember it all now," he went on. "I've got it at last. I always kind o' looked for this — and now it's come. Well — I was never much of a coward, I believe; it would be late now to begin to be afeared —" There was another pause as his breath failed. "I don't know," he whispered, "if — if I've been a worse man than — a great many. I've not — not been as bad — as some — make out — not quite so bad as — as I might; but — there's one thing —" His eyes closed, and she thought the end was come. In the silence she heard the chirp of an awakening bird outside. Once more he opened his eyes and fixed them on her. "There's one thing — one — heavy on my — mind," he whispered. "Did you — ever — love a man? Was you — ever — married?"

In breathless awe she bowed her head, but she had no strength to speak.

"Well — I — I killed a man once — leastways, I let him die — and he had a wife that — that loved him. Maybe it'll make no difference where — where I'm going; but it would make it easier if — if I could think that — that she would forgive me — if she knew. Do you think — do you think —"

She put her arm beneath his head and drew it to her breast. "Yes," she whispered, "I think — I am sure she would forgive — she has forgiven you as she hopes to be forgiven."

She knew not if he heard her. His head fell heavy on her arm, and the fingers which she held shivered a moment and then grew still. She laid her other hand upon his eyes, and as she raised her own in silent prayer to the eastern heavens, there rose upon her sight through the mist of her tears the glory of the morning star.

"Gone, is he?" said the day-nurse two hours afterward. "Well, it's only what I expected—it was a hopeless case. Alone with him, were you? Did you have no help?"

"I had all the help I needed," she

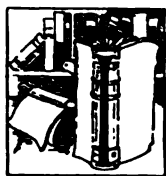
replied. She spoke quietly, and looked straight forward as she spoke.

"He died quiet and unconscious, then? There was no struggle, was there?"

"None—to speak of," said Steve Corvin's wife.

## AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HYMN-BOOK.

*By Helen Marshall North.*



IN the book-racks of an old New England meeting-house we find the fresh modern hymn and tune books; but tucked in by their decorous sides one occasionally sees the old "Watts and Select," which has been in good and regular standing so long that its friends hesitate to excommunicate it.

This same old "Watts and Select" was used within the memory of one little girl not so many decades ago, and was her one recreation in the old church, on a Sabbath morning, after she had carefully regarded all the bonnets and shawls of the congregation in the hope of finding a new one; had ascertained that each family was in its proper place and that the particular rosy-cheeked friend whom she met but once in the week was on hand and that hence a little diversion might be expected; and had counted all the knot-holes with which some thrifty builder had decorated the walls.

When the minister was well started on his way through "firstly," "secondly" and so on up to "tenthly," from which he made an apparently abrupt backward march to something that sounded like, "In view of this subject, Friday, March first, second" and so on, but which later intelligence discovered to be, "I remark first, second" and so on,—then this little girl was allowed to slip down to a seat on the long footstool and study her good friend, the hymn-book. The kind mother-hand, in an especially shiny dark green kid glove, occasionally reached down to smooth the forehead of

the young hymn-reader, and the little girl loved to fondle that dear hand, which was small, too, and the pleasant dark green, glossy glove. The big brother with mischievous eyes was securely stationed between the parents, out of harm's way, and the sermon went on and on and on, as the little girl turned the leaves.

The old book was particularly fat, bursting with interesting things and with many mysteries, too, which could not be fathomed by the child. The treasures were arranged in groups: first the Psalms; then, Books First, Second and Third; then the Select; and lastly, the "Occasional Pieces," whose real meaning was one of the little girl's unsolved mysteries. It was as exciting as a play to guess from which one of these groups the minister would make a selection; and she wondered much at the mental strength which enabled the good man to choose in the midst of such an embarrassment of interesting things. And how did he know what verses to omit?—for it was then the fashion to omit something from a hymn. And how interesting it all was when she was old enough to find, with her plump little fingers, Book Second, Hymn 167, or Select Hymn 95, or Psalm 99, second part. Somehow, the Occasional Pieces were never chosen,—and they so full of mysteries! There were some after which one read, "Anc. Lyre;" and the little girl had never heard of a lyre or an anc. A great many were marked "Ibid,"—and that meant no more to her than did the "Anc. Lyre."

Another mystery was the little groups of initials which preceded each hymn or psalm. Sometimes it was "L. P. M.," or

"H. M.," or "S. M.," or, more frequently, "C. M." and "L. M." And sometimes, when no initials were found, there were some even more perplexing figures, that seemed to mean nothing at all, such as, "8's, 7's and 4's;" "7's and 6's," or "7's" alone.

The little girl grew very weary trying to solve this particular mystery; but she intended to work it out by herself, and would not permit herself to ask an older person's assistance.

"Pause the First" and "Pause the Second," interpolated in the midst of a hymn of sixteen verses, appeared to give the singers a chance to rest, should the minister ever let his imagination run riot in one of these selections; but the little girl could not discover that he really ever did make use of one of these portentous hymns, though she watched very closely and with eager anticipation. The Sunday when she stayed at home with the measles, and that other when a great freshet washed away the bridge so that none of the family went to church, had an added wretchedness because of her fear that an Occasional Piece or a Pause Psalm might be sung.

In several hymns there were bracketed verses, though the little girl did not so name them at the time; and she solved this mystery by supposing that the writer of these hymns considered the verses so treated as of less value than the others and always to be omitted by the choir. Then she wondered why, since he considered them inferior, he should have used them at all.

In addition to all these marks and signs and other mysteries, many of the hymns fairly bristled with tiny letters, usually set at the left of a line; and sometimes there was one or even more at the beginning of a line, thus:—

- d* Hark! the Eternal rends the sky;  
 A mighty voice before him goes,—  
*b* A voice of music to his friends,  
 " But threatening thunder to his foes.

Not till many years later, when she had learned to read the long words in the preface, did the little girl discover that the careful compiler of the hymn-book had devised a "key of expression" for the use of choirs, and that "b"

indicated "quick and soft;" "d," "variously distinctive;" (but both of these words in such connection continued a long mystery); "s," "quick and loud;" "u," "very quick;" and so on. She felt quite sure that, had she written the hymn-book, every line would have been marked "u."

And then she wondered at the superior ability of a choir that could change so rapidly from "variously distinctive," for example, whatever it might mean, to "quick and soft," or from very loud to "variously distinctive," without ever making a mistake or losing their places. But the choir, perched under the roof, with the long, thin tune-books and the thick, fat hymn-books, and the long veils and graceful, considered motions and general dignity of demeanor, was a wonderful company, always to be gazed on with admiring reverence.

Another subject for Sunday morning musings over "Watts and Select" was the curious arrangement of some of the H. M. and P. M. hymns in this fashion:—

"O let my feet            Nor rove nor seek  
 Ne'er run astray,        The crooked way."

and,

"Awakes his wrath        As lions roar  
 Without delay            And tear the prey."

"He is a friend            Divinely kind,  
 And brother too,        Divinely true."

In this latter instance, and in many others, one could read across as well as up and down, and the variety afforded not a little diversion to the little girl when the minister was prolonging his sermon indefinitely and when the dark green kid glove had become absorbed in the argument and forgot to administer love pats.

It was a little difficult to read the "Psalms," which abounded in long names and were not easy to understand, even when you could pronounce the words. Some of these psalms had twenty-five and even more verses, and the one hundred and nineteenth was a perfect wilderness of metres and signs, pauses and divisions into parts,—and there were many marked "The same." The subject-matter, so far as the little girl could comprehend it, was rather frightful than

otherwise. There was much about "the sons of Adam;" and "Ye sons of Adam, vain and young," had a decidedly personal flavor. "Ye tribes of Adam, join," evidently referred to another family,—that is, the family of "Adam Join." The little girl took a fearful pleasure in reading and re-reading such verses as these:—

"Now Satan comes with dreadful roar  
And threatens to destroy,  
He worries whom he can't devour  
With a malicious joy."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tempests of angry fire shall roll  
To blast the rebel worm."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
See how the pit gapes wide for you."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Justice has built a dismal hell  
And laid her stores of vengeance there."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal pains."

But the guiltiest and wickedest of all to the misguided fancy of the little girl, was in the "Select," and began with what seemed to her a profane joviality which greatly interested her:—

"Come on, my partners in distress,  
Companions through this wilderness."

She could not comprehend the glory of that beatific vision of Wesley which forms the subject of the hymn, and in some way connected the all-around invitation apparently conveyed in these opening lines with a very vivid picture of Pharaoh and his host being drowned in the Red Sea, as seen in the illustrated family Bible, in which some very broad-faced, hideous men with flying locks seemed to be beckoning to their companions on shore to come on and share their misery.

There was something in the old book about monsters of the deep lashing their tails and roaring; and a very great deal about death and hell and the devil, besides the stray lines already quoted. The little girl soon came to understand that such as she could not belong with the saints, and that she must therefore be classed with the vile and guilty wretches

of Dr. Watts, whose authority she had no reason to question. There seemed little doubt that she was doomed to something very dreadful, and that all the pleasures that she most enjoyed must be considered "vain shows." She therefore privately decided that, since death and hell and torment were foreordained as the portion of guilty worms, and since "sons of Adam, vain and young," were under an all-embracing ban, she might as well take her pleasures as she went along. And it was at about this time that she began a systematic but not long continued course of disobedience to the commands of the owner of the green kid gloves, especially in the matter of running away from home to visit a forbidden, naughty, but very fascinating little girl of her own age.

Very mysterious and "fetching" was that hymn in the "Select," beginning, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." "Vital spark" sounded lovely and fascinating to her for some reason; and though she was far enough from understanding its real meaning, she still had a true instinct concerning its spiritual significance, which she could not have expressed in words of her own.

I am quite aware that it would have been far more to the credit of the little girl, had she preferred the mild and peaceable hymns; but these appealed less forcibly to her imagination, which was ever eager for stimulus. There was, however, a pretty verse about the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, which pleased her fancy; and another verse, bracketed, but good, beginning,

"White lilies all around appear,  
And each his glory shows."

One more diversion found in the "Watts and Select" was in the index. Here the lines were short, very short, and had a curious fashion of stopping in curious places and leaving one to imagine the endings; as for instance: "Long have I sat;" "Look down, O;" "Majestic sweet;" "O what a gl. sight;" "By whom was;" "Come all;" and "Ere the blue." The study of these lines taxed her imagination considerably, and she often drew on the Nursery Rhymes to fill out these fragmentary verses, and so all

the more enjoyed the leaves of the old hymn-book.

Directly in front of the pew occupied by the little girl with her father and mother and mischievous brother, there sat a good old deacon, whose hair had a nice little curl at the ends. He wore spectacles, and always took down the text and many notes of those appalling sermons, with a very stubby pencil which never seemed to wear out, on some very dark blue note paper with wide lines. He was superintendent of the Sunday school, and gave out hymns from the "Watts and Select" to the boys and girls; but the boys and girls never sang them, only looked over while the grown people led the exercise. But because of the blue paper and the notes and the authority which this good man had acquired, doubtless from the minister himself, the little girl had a deep feeling of reverence for the good deacon, mingled with as much affection as she dared feel for a man who could take notes of the sermon, partly because, on a week-day, the deacon often gave her long and curly shavings to play with from his shop; while as for the minister, she always ran out of the house when she saw him coming, and felt more of a son of Adam than ever. The curly locks of the deacon always suggested curly shavings, and she somehow fancied that their waviness was produced in the little red shop by a process similar to that which gave a curl to the shavings on which she doted.

To-day, looking at the old hymn-book, the grown-up little girl finds an interesting study in the explanatory preface of "The Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D., to which are added Select Hymns from other authors and directions for musical expression."

The editor states that the present edition is especially enriched with hymns which relate to the life and glory of Christ, the alarming condition of the unconverted, the feelings of the convicted and penitent . . . to times and seasons, more particularly the solemn periods of sickness and death, eternity and judgment." He also adds that "the great defect of our public psalmody in general is the want of expression. . . . That performance of psalmody, and that only, is entitled to be called good, in which the movement, quantity and the tone of voice are well adapted to the general subject, and so varied as justly to express the different thoughts, sentiments and passions. This, it is confessed, is an attainment of no small difficulty. . . . To assist singers in this essential but neglected part of good psalmody, no method appears more eligible than that of so marking the psalms and hymns by means of certain symbols, as to indicate . . . the requisite variations of movement, quantity and tone of voice. . . . The Pathetic in general . . . requires the slow and soft; the Grand requires slow and loud; the Beautiful, the quick and soft; . . . the short dash, after any other symbol, denotes the passage to be in all respects common, *i. e.*, to be sung without any particular expression."

But there is not a word of explanation about the "variously distinctive."

One could scarcely find a greater contrast than is presented by the old hymn-book and the gospel songs of to-day. Doubtless the latter would have been regarded as greatly lacking in strong, doctrinal flavor, in the days of the singing of the "Watts and Select," and as conducive to but a flabby and effeminate type of Christianity.



## H. H. RICHARDSON AND HIS WORK.

*By Edward Hale.*

*Illustrated chiefly from drawings by E. Eldon Deane, by courtesy of the "American Architect."*

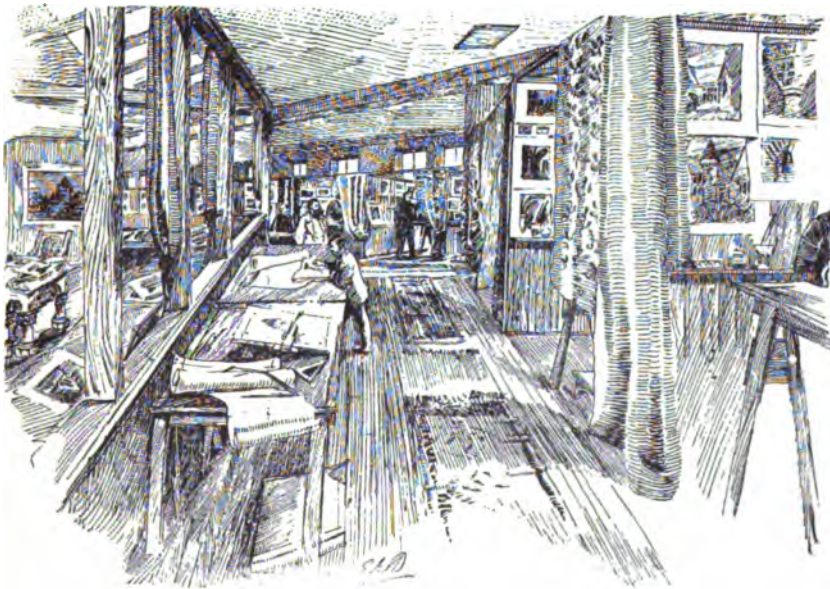


"OUTSIDE, THE LOW, FLAT-ROOFED BUILDING WAS ABSOLUTELY PLAIN."

**M**R. RICHARDSON'S Brookline office had a peculiar interest and charm. The building itself was unique. Originally, on removing from New York to Brookline, Mr. Richardson had taken for his work first one room and then a second of the dwelling-house itself; but

as more space was needed an addition was made on the south side of the house, immediately adjoining the library, which was still used for office purposes in connection with the added rooms; later this addition in turn was lengthened and a new library built at the further end; finally the space thus enclosed between the new library, the long bending arm of the draughting-rooms and the original house was roofed and made part of the office.

Outside, the low, flat-roofed building was absolutely plain. The interior, except the library, was equally simple; but the walls were so covered with photographs and drawings, the outlook through the ample windows, across the lawn to the trees and shrubbery beyond, was so beautiful, that one almost forgot how strictly practical the plan and



IN THE BROOKLINE OFFICE.



construction were. A corridor wide enough to allow room for passageway along the drawing-tables which lined the wall at the right, opened on the left into a succession of alcoves, each with its separate window and drawing-table. There were eight or nine of these alcoves. At the angle in the corridor, half way down

between the supports of the roof was removed, and the corridor and the newly enclosed room thus thrown together.

The new library was the only exception to the general plainness. Its brick walls from without were as bare as the rest of the exterior, but its interior had been given freely the decoration which was so



HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON.

its length, was a large draughting-room, and at the very end, opposite the library, another, still larger. At first the corridor windows on the right opened on a sort of court at the back of the house and office; but when, later, this space was in large part enclosed, the corridor wall

noticeably lacking in the other rooms of the office. To describe it in any detail would hardly give to any one who had not seen it a just idea of its general appearance. The great fireplace with its furnishings of wrought iron, the enormous table, the deep-seated chairs and couches,



MR. RICHARDSON'S  
SANCTUM.

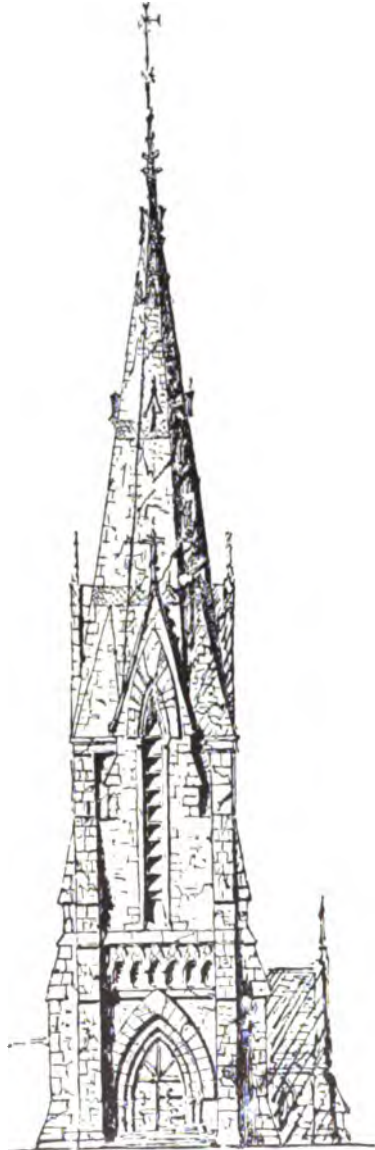
the shelves of photographs and richly bound books, the hanging lamps and the vases and the fragments of glass work or mosaic, and all the other bric-a-brac on walls or table, each with its special interest and beauty, and some doubly precious by association with maker or giver, — all these of course went to make the room what it was; and yet one might sit there for a while without especially noticing any one of them. It was a room dignified in its proportions, splendidly rich in furnishing and decoration; but what most impressed one was the restfulness, the thorough comfort of it all. The beauty was of the sort that grew upon one continually, and which those felt most who had known it longest.

This library was Mr. Richardson's sanctum; but it was a sanctum to which he gave hearty welcome to all who worked with him. Dividing lines here

were vaguely and dimly drawn. Mr. Richardson's own work was done, now in the library, now in the house, sometimes in one or the other of the large draughting-rooms, or again in one of the alcoves. The men in the office used respectfully but freely the library, and on occasion invaded the house itself, the old library and even the dining-room with their drawing-boards. The life of the house overflowed continually through the office, bringing always good cheer, and sometimes a sympathy and interest the grace and helpfulness of which are among the happiest, most grateful memories of those who knew them.

Mr. Richardson had removed to Brookline at a time when he was just beginning thoroughly to appreciate and systematically to follow the architectural style which he was to make so peculiarly his own. Before this he had erected a

number of buildings, among them the Brattle Square Church in Boston, the Episcopal Church in West Medford, the High School in Worcester, and the several Springfield buildings, — the Church of the Unity, the Court House, the Boston and Albany Railroad offices, the Agawam Bank and



RICHARDSON'S SKETCH FOR THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, SPRINGFIELD.



TOWER OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

the North Church. All of them were more or less creditable to his thorough education and discipline, some were of marked and lasting distinction, and no single feature of his later work surpassed the noble beauty of the tower of the Brattle Square Church. But in these different structures a number of different styles had been followed, and no evident preference for any had been shown. Some hint at such a preference is found in the Brattle Square Church and the Springfield Court House, but it is uncertain; and the design of the North Church in Springfield is significant chiefly as we can see it in relation to what followed. In general the buildings of this

earlier period were experimental.

With the building of Trinity Church in Boston, however, a choice was defined and confirmed, and from this time on there was a steady, consistent development along a single line. To see how consistent it was, one had only to look at the drawings and photographs on the walls of the Brookline office. At the first glance it was confused enough, this collection of plans and elevations and perspectives, of photographs of old buildings and photographs of new ones, covering and crowding every available space, with no arrangement or order beyond what the taste of the occupants of the various rooms directed, or the size of the larger drawings made necessary. But it was a harmonious confusion in which a single style so predominated as to give to the whole a unity seldom found in such collections. There were of course photographs of Gothic work, of Renaissance work; some of the best designs of modern English and American architects, in various styles,

were represented; there were here and there drawings and photographs of the earlier, indeterminate work of Mr. Richardson himself; but the greater number of the drawings and photographs were of examples of Romanesque architecture, more especially the Romanesque of southern France. Old and new, ancient churches and modern warehouses hung side by side; but there was no incongruity in such contact, no question of the kinship between the old and the new: the sturdiness, dignity, intelligence, beauty, of the ancient work found worthy expression in the nineteenth century structures.

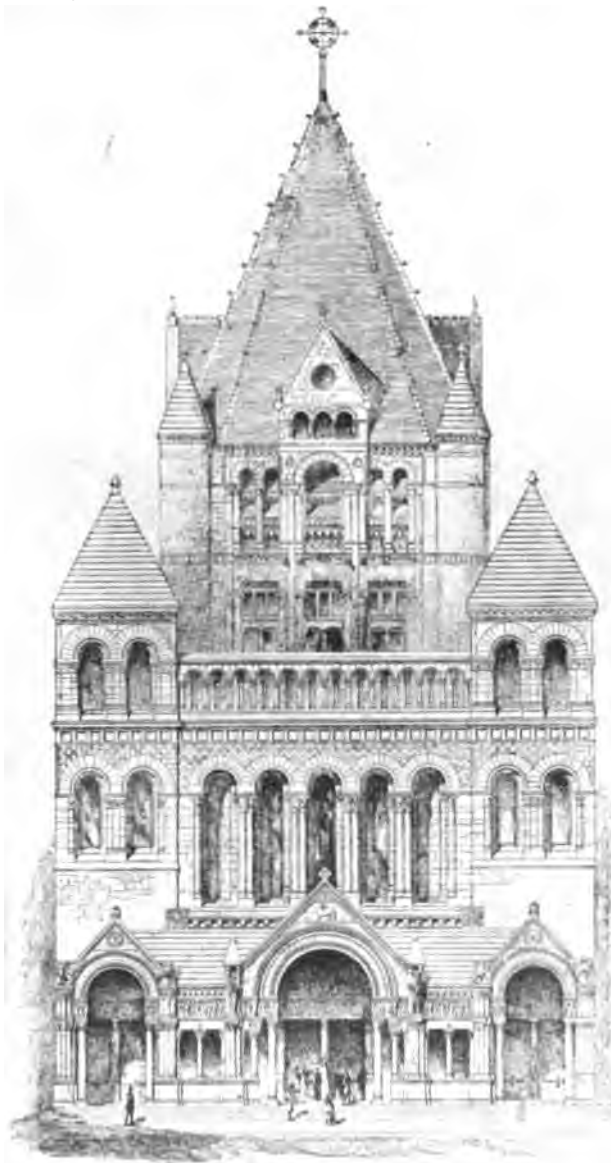
For it was not in any superficial or servile way that Mr. Richardson, having once proved to his satisfaction the possibilities of this style, from that time on held to it. Such a man could not use such a style as a mere imitator. The style had force, dignity, reasonableness, and he was proving it to be elastic; and it was living, the instrument of men who in their time had also been not imitators, but originators, creators, taking indeed old forms, but using them with intelligence and growing skill, in solving their own new problems. It was not to reproduce certain mediæval forms which happened to please him that Mr. Richardson worked; but, sympathizing with those qualities in construction and artistic expression which he found in Romanesque architecture, he handled his forms and materials with the same virile, living interest with which those who had first used them planned and built, and with the same eager endeavor which they had shown to meet the needs of the time in which he worked. The result was, not only that what he produced was, in the largest sense, original, creative and not imitative, but that it showed a steady growth, attaining more and more of ease and distinction and fitness the longer he lived.

This growth often appears in one and another of the larger buildings taken separately, in the changes which are found in the design finally carried out when it is compared with the plans first submitted. In the case of Trinity Church, for instance, it is most interesting to compare the first design with the building as it now stands. Each change made is in the direction of greater simplicity and clearness. In the omission of the carriage porch on the south side, to-



SPRINGFIELD COURT HOUSE.

gether with the restless, if picturesque, arrangement of roofs and tower above it, in the more definite subordination of the chapel building to the church itself, and most of all in the treatment of the central tower, the gain in unity and dignity is marked. The tower as first designed was rectangular for a single story only, the two upper stories forming an octagon. It was strong and individual, and not without beauty; but one would have missed in it the ease and fitness, the entire naturalness, with which the actual



RICHARDSON'S DESIGN FOR THE COMPLETION OF TRINITY.

tower grows out of the roofs and walls below it and completes them. It seems almost foolish now to speak of the complaint once made, that in this tower Mr. Richardson simply copied the tower of the old cathedral of Salamanca. He certainly found the suggestion for his

tower in the tower at Salamanca, and frankly adopted it; but in its greater size and dignity, in the entirely fresh treatment of all its detail, and especially in its adaptation to different methods of construction and the expression of this difference, Mr. Richardson's tower is his own, fresh and original in every sense other than the narrowest. As Mrs. Van Rensselaer has said, in her complete and admirable review of Mr. Richardson's life and work: "There is far less likeness between Trinity and Salamanca than there is between Salamanca and its neighbor at Zamora; yet no historian says more of these than that in one of them must have been found the inspiration for the other." But a comparison of Trinity and Salamanca is not needed to establish the individuality and freshness of the tower of Trinity; it speaks for itself. No work merely imitative, no work that was not most truly creative, could show such relation to the rest of

the structure which is completed in it.

Other buildings show in the same way, in the changes made between the first studies and the final designs, the same sort of growth. In the Pittsburg Court House the changes are chiefly confined to the treatment of the main

entrance porch and the position of the great tower; but the gain in simplicity and strength is evident. Of the Billings Library at Burlington Mr. Richardson might almost have repeated his saying in regard to Trinity: "I really don't see why the Trinity people liked them [the first designs], or, if they liked them, why they let me do what I afterward did." The Burlington Library shows no change in any one feature so marked as the change in the Trinity tower, but the changes are there, and in answer to them, to quote the

of the interior work, — an increasing refinement appears, without any loss, but rather a gain, in dignity and strength.

The evidence thus given by individual buildings, separately, to the greater facility in adaptation and in expression with which Mr. Richardson worked from year to year, is confirmed when one studies together the whole series of the buildings planned between the time when Trinity was begun in 1872 and the year of his death, 1886. In some respects there is no change, and one does not ask for



TRINITY CHURCH AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

expression of another architect used once in regard to some of his own best work, the building "sings."

In a similar way separate buildings show the same sort of growth in the treatment of the interior finish and decoration. In the Albany Capitol, it is not only in execution that the carving in the court of appeals room is superior to that in the capitals of the columns in the senate chamber. The design is freer, at the same time more confident and more quiet; and what is true of such detail as this is found to apply also to the rest

change. From first to last the work is that of a man, himself full of life and sympathizing in turn with everything in proportion as it is vital and strong, a man who loves beauty, but only as it is the beauty of strength, above all a man who would have his work show for exactly what it is, in material, in adaptation to its purpose, in relation to its surroundings. But such life as this has to learn how to control itself. At first the vigor of it finds expression in forms and in a use of color that are picturesque but restless. In its scorn of anything that is weak and

trivial, it emphasizes strength into brutality. In its desire fully to express some one purpose or a single leading relation it forgets for the time being other relations and purposes which should have been considered. It was perhaps in the excessive expression of strength that the first refinement came; but the increased self-control is soon noticeable in all directions. It is as though at first he felt it necessary to assert the strength and vigor and breadth and sincerity that he loved, to make their protest a defiant one against all that was opposed to them, and then as he came to trust his powers more fully and to become more accustomed to their use, he allowed them to speak for themselves, confident that they would with less effort command equal attention and respect. It is thus that the later buildings are as full of life and spirit as the earlier, but have a sobriety and repose which are most satisfying and which are less surely found in the earlier work. Purposes and relations are evidently more and more carefully and successfully studied, and a more delicate and

buildings designed for a like purpose, and you will appreciate the gain. Compare for instance the Woburn Library and the library at Burlington; the first Ames Building in Bedford Street, Boston, destroyed in the great fire on Thanksgiving day, 1889, and the Field Building in Chicago; the Albany City Hall with either the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce or the Pittsburg Court House. It is not that the earlier buildings were not in many respects admirable and worthy, but all that is best in them seems to have been matured in the later structures.

It would seem perhaps more just to compare the capitol at Albany with the



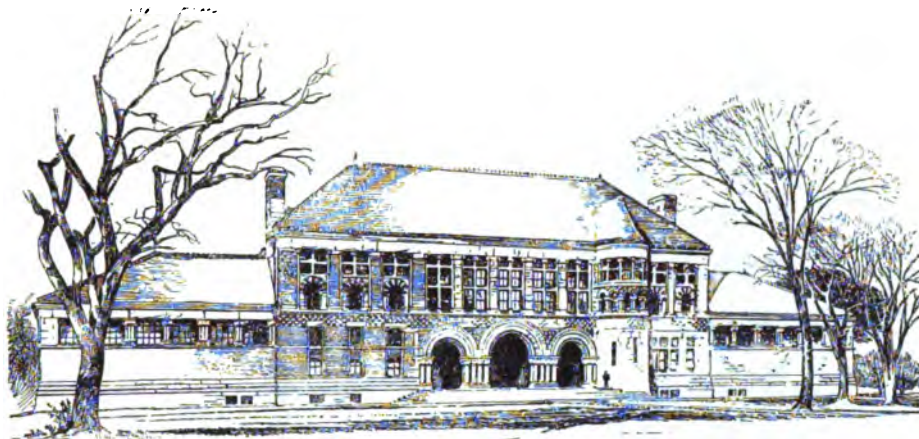
GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN THE CAPITOL, ALBANY.



CLOCK. COURT OF APPEALS.

graceful treatment of detail softens but does not weaken the original dignity and power. Take any two or three

great buildings at Cincinnati and Pittsburg than to place beside them the smaller, more restricted design of the Albany City Hall. But the capitol must be considered apart. Mr. Richardson and his

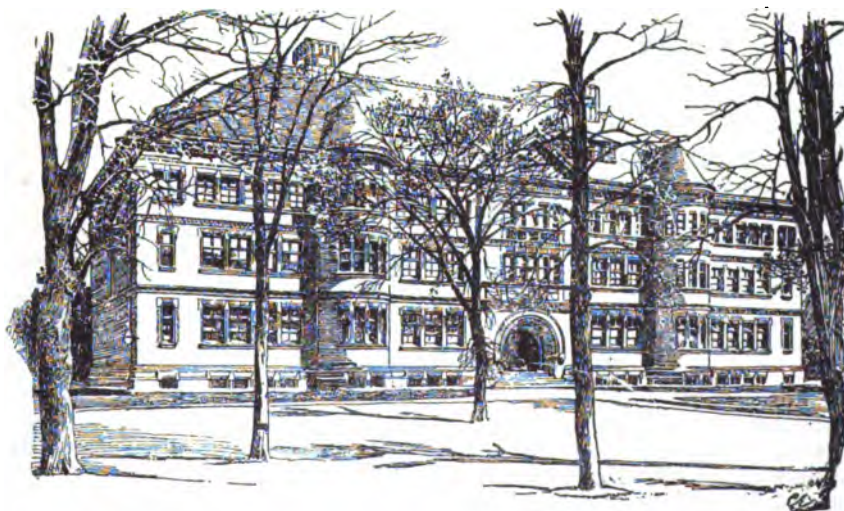


*H. H. Richardson*

LAW SCHOOL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

associate in this work, Mr. Eidlitz, were given a structure which had already risen two out of the three stories of its full height, to complete it as best they could. Mr. Richardson was to finish the exterior except the great tower, Mr. Eidlitz to build the tower; they were to divide the interior between them. No one who has seen the original design, to compare with it the building as it now stands, can question the ability of the architect who could, with so little alteration in the walls already built, add to

them a third story and roofs and dormers and chimneys which should so absorb into their own dignity and beauty the weak, tawdry design below them. But successful as Mr. Richardson was in the solution of the problem given him in the Albany capitol, he could not consider the building his own in the sense in which the Pittsburg Court House was. On the other hand the city hall at Albany, however small in comparison with the capitol, was from the beginning his own problem to be solved in his own way.



SEVER HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.





THE BEDFORD STREET BUILDING, DESTROYED  
BY FIRE, 1889.

It is hard not to wish that other churches had been built later, equal in importance to Trinity, with which to compare it similarly; but the only churches actually constructed after Trinity are the little Emmanuel Church at Allegheny, Pa., and the Baptist Church at Newton, Mass., both so much smaller and so entirely different in the problems offered that a comparison would not be satisfactory. A comparison of Trinity with the designs submitted for the cathedral at Albany would also be unjust; in Trinity there is the solution of a definite, modern problem. In the superb drawings for the cathedral Mr. Richardson has shown his ideal of what such a building should be, in the outward expression of its dignity and in its interior adaptation to the use of the smaller or greater numbers who should take part in the various services of its elaborate ritual. He has

made plain also, at the same time, how triumphantly he is master of the style of his choice. Certainly it would be unjust to compare the cathedral that he dreamed with the church that he built. Yet after all one does compare, and finds evidence here also of the same development in facility and in self-control, and of the growth of a restful confidence both in the resources of his style and in his power to use them.

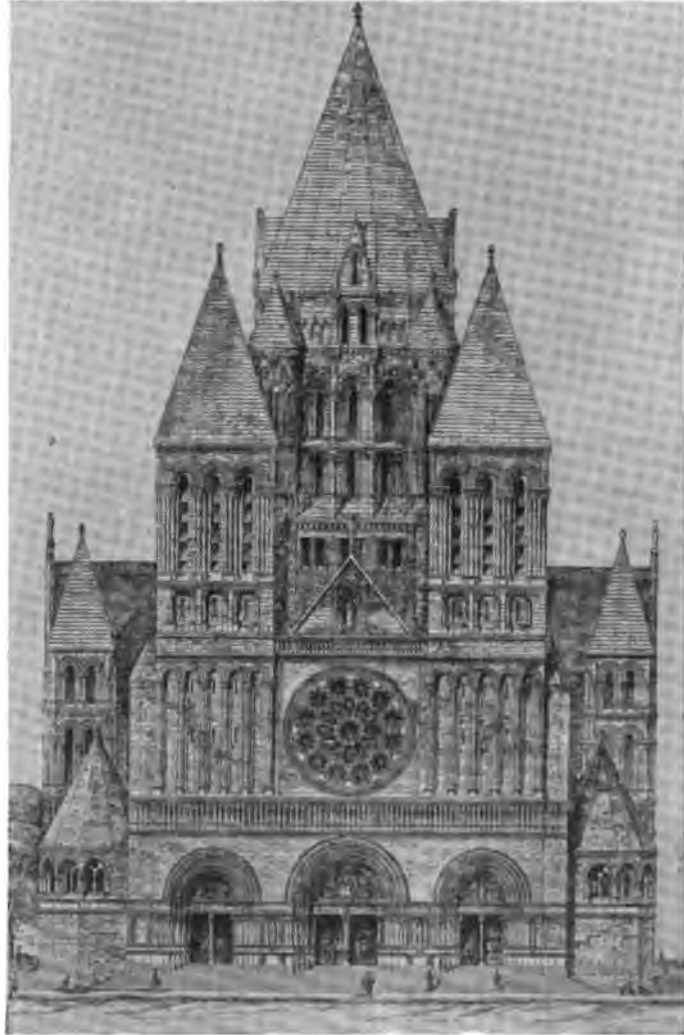
In two classes of buildings it is harder to trace the development, — the railway stations and the dwelling-houses. In the stations Mr. Richardson seems to have been in full sympathy with his problem from the beginning; and it would be a thankless task to try to show that the last designed, the union station at New London, Conn., and the little station at Wellesley Hills, Mass., were in any respect, either in plan or in exterior aspect, more perfectly adapted to their purpose and location than the always charming station at Auburndale, Mass., which was the first in the series. The interiors of Mr. Richardson's houses were always delightful, and in them he showed how thoroughly he understood and respected the distinction between the treatment proper to a public building and that which was permissible in a private house, no matter how noble and splendid the scale on which it was designed. The amiable severity with which he once rebuked an inexperienced draughtsman who was planning a double staircase for a large entrance hall, telling him to use such a staircase if he liked for town halls,



MARSHALL FIELD BUILDING, CHICAGO.

but *never* for a dwelling, was characteristic of his feeling and practice in regard to the general treatment of interiors; but in designing the exteriors his love of evident strength became a source of weakness, and even in his latest work, the massiveness which was appropriate and effective in more monumental structures gave to some of these modern dwellings an outward aspect reminding one too strongly of the solidity and gloom of fortresses. The protest against the flimsiness and meaningless pretence of much of our so-called domestic architecture would have been a grateful one, but it was too often itself extravagant. Not that it was always so, even in the designs carried out in stone or brick. In the Warder house, for instance, in Washington, the exterior treatment is wholly appropriate, as refined and delicate as it is dignified, and the high wall and wrought-iron entrance gates, which separate from the street the court in front of the beautiful recessed wing, give no stronger suggestion of seclusion and privacy than is fitting. In the few houses, also, that he built of wood he was almost wholly successful; for the criticism upon the house in Cambridge, on Brattle Street, that the design calls for a far roomier site than that actually given, seems strained. Whatever limitation to

Mr. Richardson's judgment or taste or facility appears in the dwelling-houses, is certainly not due to their smaller size as compared with some of the public buildings; for the tiniest of the railway stations still show him at his best, and of



ELEVATION OF PROPOSED CATHEDRAL, ALBANY.

the many library buildings, that which is perhaps the most wholly beautiful is also the smallest, the one at Quincy, Mass.

The dwellings and the railway stations form the only exception to the general development in Mr. Richardson's art as a

whole, and even so the exception is more seeming than real; for the first of the stations was designed when the advance was already sufficient to insure a satisfying solution of the problem offered; and in regard to the dwellings there was abundant room for confidence that though the treatment here was answering more tardily and sluggishly to the general change, the response would yet come as

with deep appreciation and respect of Mr. Richardson's genius, and had made special reference not only to the great beauty and dignity of the tower of Trinity, but also to the exceptional constructive skill displayed in the stable erection of so large a central tower. As he read the letter in which this was told him, it was not because he failed to value at their full worth the knowledge and appreciation of those who had honored him, nor because he loved Trinity Church any the less, that he exclaimed, "If only they could see Pittsburg!"

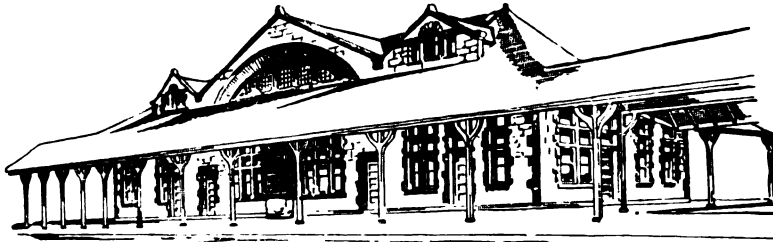
It was no wonder that he rejoiced in



WELLESLEY HILLS DEPOT.

fully and as satisfactorily as in other classes of his work.

Mr. Richardson himself was fully conscious of the growth and most



SOUTH FRAMINGHAM DEPOT.

WABAN DEPOT.

happy in it. He did not lose his interest in earlier work or his affection for it; but he knew that what he did was every year better and better, and that the designs for the very last great buildings were the best of all. It was only a little while before his death that the word reached him of his election as honorary and corresponding member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. In proposing his election, the president of the institute had spoken

the Pittsburg buildings, the court house and jail of Allegheny County. He did not live to see them completed; but the designs alone were worthy in themselves of all the satisfaction and pride he felt in them. The problem was that of any great modern court house, with a jail adjoining but separated from it by a street, under or over which a connecting passage was to be carried for the use of prisoners. The interior of the court



TRINITY CHURCH RECTORY.

house must contain large and lofty rooms for the public offices, the courts and the library, and communicating with them numbers of small rooms, the private offices of the various officials, the retiring rooms for the judges, jury rooms, witnesses' rooms, etc. Ample provision must be made for light and ventilation, for the atmosphere of Pittsburg, at that time loaded with the smoke of soft coal, was dense and foul. The exterior must be worthy of the importance of the building and the dignity of its purpose. With the jail was to be combined a house for the sheriff, communicating with the jail, but in such a way as not to impair its privacy as a dwelling. The area of both walls and floors in the main offices, the size of the court rooms, the pro-

portion of window space in court rooms and offices, as well as the number of cells required in the jail, all were specified in detail and with much decision in the requirements to which the competing architects were asked to conform.

It was a complex problem; but as one looks at the different plans and elevations of Mr. Richardson's design, one forgets how complex it was, the arrangement of the interior seems so simple, the exterior expresses so naturally and straightforwardly the interior uses. On each floor of the court house a corridor runs continuously around the four sides of a great courtyard, giving entrance to and communication between the various offices or court rooms, all of which face some one of the four streets surrounding the building. On the first floor the corridor is a half story only in height, and occupying the half story over it are galleries opening into the offices, adding to their floor and wall space, and transmitting to them the light received through windows which open upon the courtyard above the

SHERMAN RESIDENCE,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

HOUSE ON BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

windows of the corridor. On the second floor, the corridor, again only half the height of the full story, has no gallery over it, but is roofed, and above the roof windows open from the courtyard directly into the court rooms opposite

the windows which give upon the street. Not only are the large offices and the court rooms thus lighted directly from two sides, while the corridors are lighted throughout their length, but Mr. Richardson could boast with strict truthfulness that there was not one room, large or small, in the whole building, that did not receive direct light and air from either the street or the courtyard.

Only less ingenious was the arrangement by which the smaller rooms were

that of the office or court room with which they were to be used.

Every feature in the plans was similarly practical. The staircases were numerous, ample and well lighted. The archways which gave access from the streets on either side to the courtyard insured also the free circulation of the air within it. The great tower contained not only the storerooms for records, but also the flues down which the fresh-air supply for the building was to be drawn. The two



PITTSBURG JAIL AND BRIDGE OF SIGHTS.

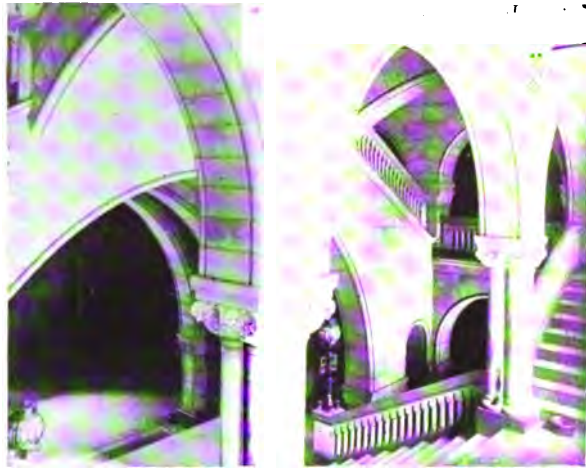
secured in sufficient number and in convenient proximity to the larger rooms which they were to serve. Here again resort was had to the half story. Between the public offices on the first floor, and similarly between the court rooms on the second floor, spaces were divided into two stories. The full height of the first floor was twenty-five feet, and that of the second twenty-nine feet, so that the half stories thus formed had a sufficient height of from twelve to fourteen feet. In these half stories were placed all the private offices, judges' rooms, etc., with private staircases to give access to all that were on a floor higher or lower than

smaller towers were the exhaust flues, through which the foul air was to be driven out.

Planning of this sort, on so large a scale and yet showing such careful judgment in each detail, so admirably practical throughout, is rare. With such an interior one could have forgiven much in the treatment of the exterior; but here the success is no less distinguished; the building rises simple, strong, sincere, most beautiful.

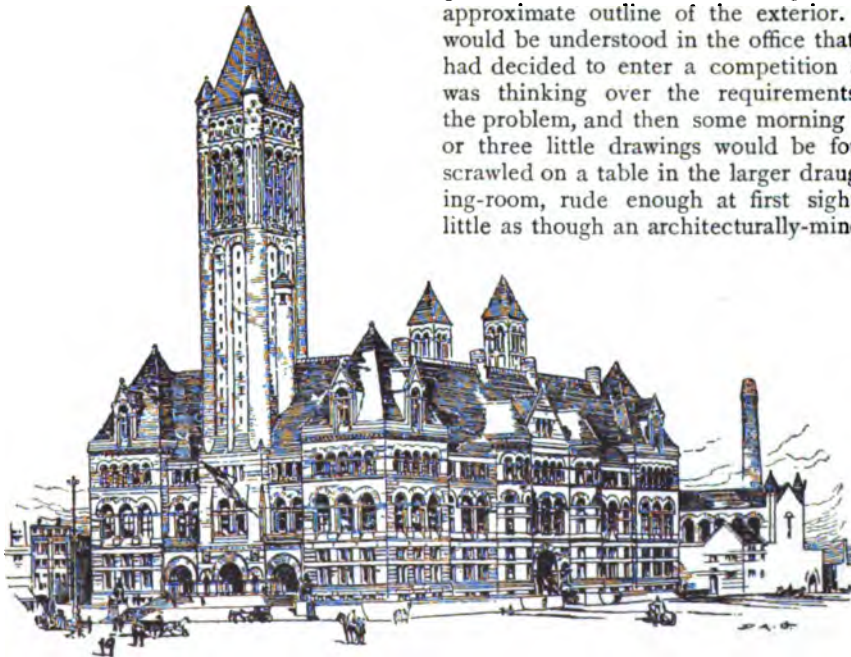
In the floor plans of the court house the feeling for orderly, symmetrical arrangement is very noticeable; room balances room; the lines of the corridor

walls are carried on in the walls of the private offices and judges' rooms,— and so on. Mr. Richardson was not a slave to formal symmetry, but he held that symmetrical arrangement, in so far as it was truthful, not merely pleased the eye in the drawing, but was helpful to good construction, and in the actual structure gave to the mind and æsthetic sense a certain legitimate satisfaction which otherwise they would miss. He insisted upon it, therefore, wherever practicable. No doubt the discipline of the six years and a half in Paris, with which his professional life began, went far to confirm this love of symmetry, as well as to encourage that artistic self-control which had so large a share in the maturing of his style; but it appears also to have been a part of the strong feeling for harmony generally which was natural to him, and which so soon became char-



STAIRWAY IN PITTSBURG COURT HOUSE.

acteristic of his work, showing sometimes in the even symmetry of the Court House and the Cathedral and of Sever Hall, and then again in the balancing of features unlike but of similar value in composition, as in the restful front of the Quincy Library. The mass of any building formed itself first in his mind, the most general characteristics of the plan, the approximate outline of the exterior. It would be understood in the office that he had decided to enter a competition and was thinking over the requirements of the problem, and then some morning two or three little drawings would be found scrawled on a table in the larger draughting-room, rude enough at first sight, a little as though an architecturally-minded



THE PITTSBURG COURT HOUSE.

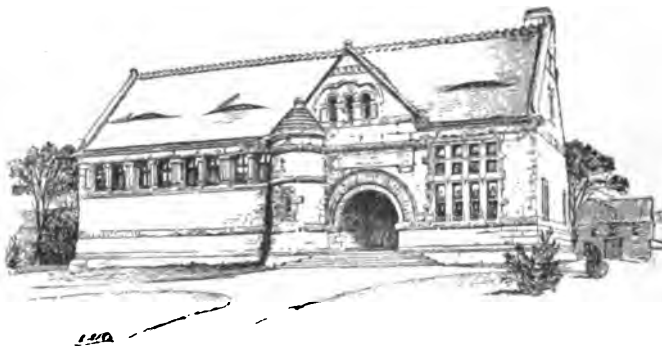


READING-ROOM, QUINCY LIBRARY.

planchette had been at work. But they were very definite, after all, these little drawings. As you studied them, it was as though you made out the walls and roofs and towers of some building looming through mist or smoke; or a plan shaped itself, perhaps into nave and apse and transept and chapels and cloisters, perhaps into a great square about a courtyard, with corner pavilions and porch and rounding bays. It was in this way that the first drawings were made for the Albany Cathedral for example, for the Pittsburg Court House, for the Harvard Law School, for Trinity; and it is wonderful to see how easily and with what certainty one recognizes the actual structures in the vague sketches from which they grew.

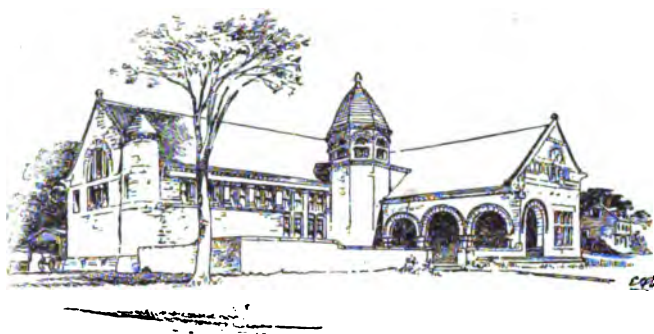
The general plan and outline thus laid out were seldom materially changed, no matter how long and carefully individual features and minor details were studied. Thus from the beginning Mr.

Richardson controlled the character of the building in its main aspects. In making the exhibition drawings for such a structure as the Cathedral or the Court House, plans and elevations and perspectives must of course be distributed among a number of draughtsmen to work out in detail. It was Mr. Richardson's habit, when once the general design and purpose and spirit of the composition had



THE QUINCY LIBRARY.

been made clear, to leave to each draughtsman the working out of his particular share of the plans. The zest with which men worked, thus stimulated to prove their own resources, was in no



THE MALDEN LIBRARY.

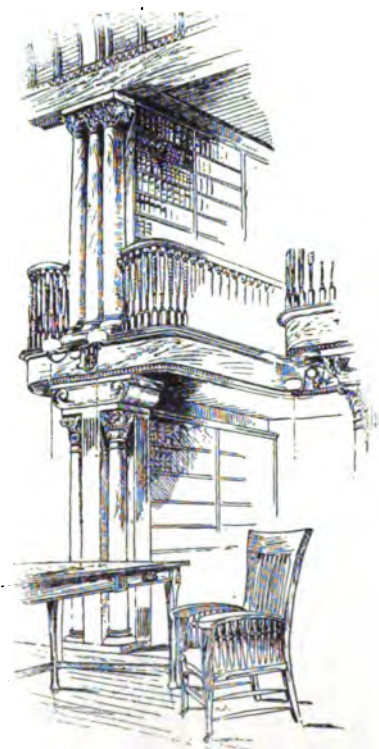
way lessened by the kindly, sympathetic watchfulness with which Mr. Richardson still kept all the work in view, going about from man to man, now correcting, oftener by some suggestion or comparison than directly, now encouraging or praising. Enthusiastic always in his work, his enthusiasm grew with the development of the plans, the successful solving of each new problem, and his own life and fire imparted themselves to the men; so that it was under no compulsion, but with a loyalty and interest equal to his own, that at the last they would work for hours over time, and more than once all night, to finish drawings within the time limit of the competition.

It meant much to a man to gain discipline and practice in this office. His work here was always large, large often as regarded the size and importance of the buildings which he must help to plan, large always in spirit, whatever the problem. It undoubtedly gave to a novice an unexpected and inspiring sense of responsibility when he found that his first task, no matter how simple, was to tell in the completion, not of some house or stable which might be noticed or might not, but of the Harvard Law School, or the Burlington Library, or the Albany Capitol. But such a sense of responsibility was strengthened and enlarged when he found himself the next day sprawling out over a draughting-table, trying to give to the full-sized drawing for a window seat the required curves, or learned how hard it was and yet how possible, to plan a simple little cupboard

of plain pine that should be useful and also beautiful. It was a good thing to have about you on the walls the photographs and drawings of buildings dignified and noble for the most part, in size and purpose, and to have growing there on the table before you, beneath your hands, the plans of other buildings equally noble and dignified; but it

was no less good to be taught that there was no detail so small or so unimportant that it did not deserve careful and fitting treatment.

Sincerity was expected here in all work. Forms must correspond to the materials used, plans must answer to the

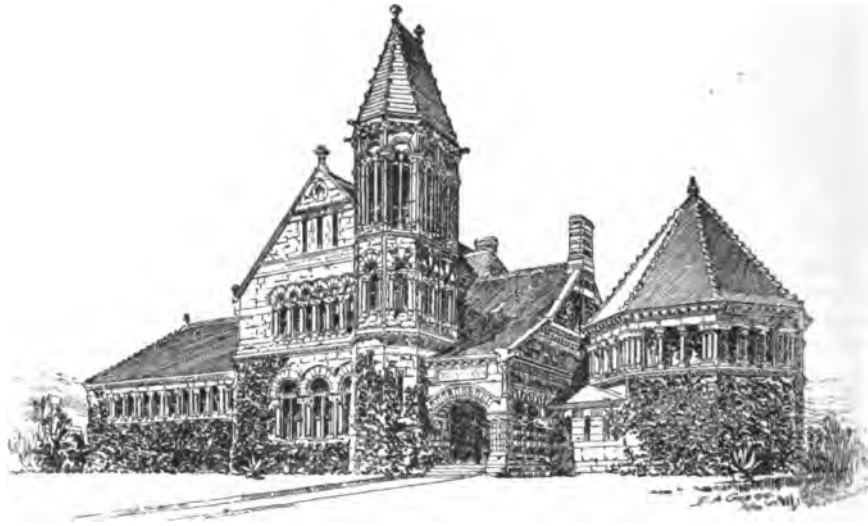


ALCOVES, WITH BOOK RACKS, MALDEN LIBRARY.



proposed uses of the building, elevations must tell plainly the story of the interior, both its construction and its purpose. No more admirable example of this sincerity could be found than the Pittsburg Court House. The plans have been described with enough detail to show how strictly the interior arrangement provides for and at the same time declares the uses of the building. The exterior not only in its separate features answers clearly to the structural divisions and subdivisions of the interior, but expresses completely in the character of its design, and in its

have been designed. It is possible that Mr. Richardson expected that some time the ritual might be altered and enriched to such an extent as to make the size of the chancel appropriate and necessary. Perhaps he did forget or neglect the probable use to which it might be put in his desire to complete his building worthily from the artist's point of view. But some have thought that he built more wisely than he knew when they have seen this chancel filled with worshippers, crowding up the steps, sitting in the stalls around the sides, sitting, kneeling, standing, waiting for

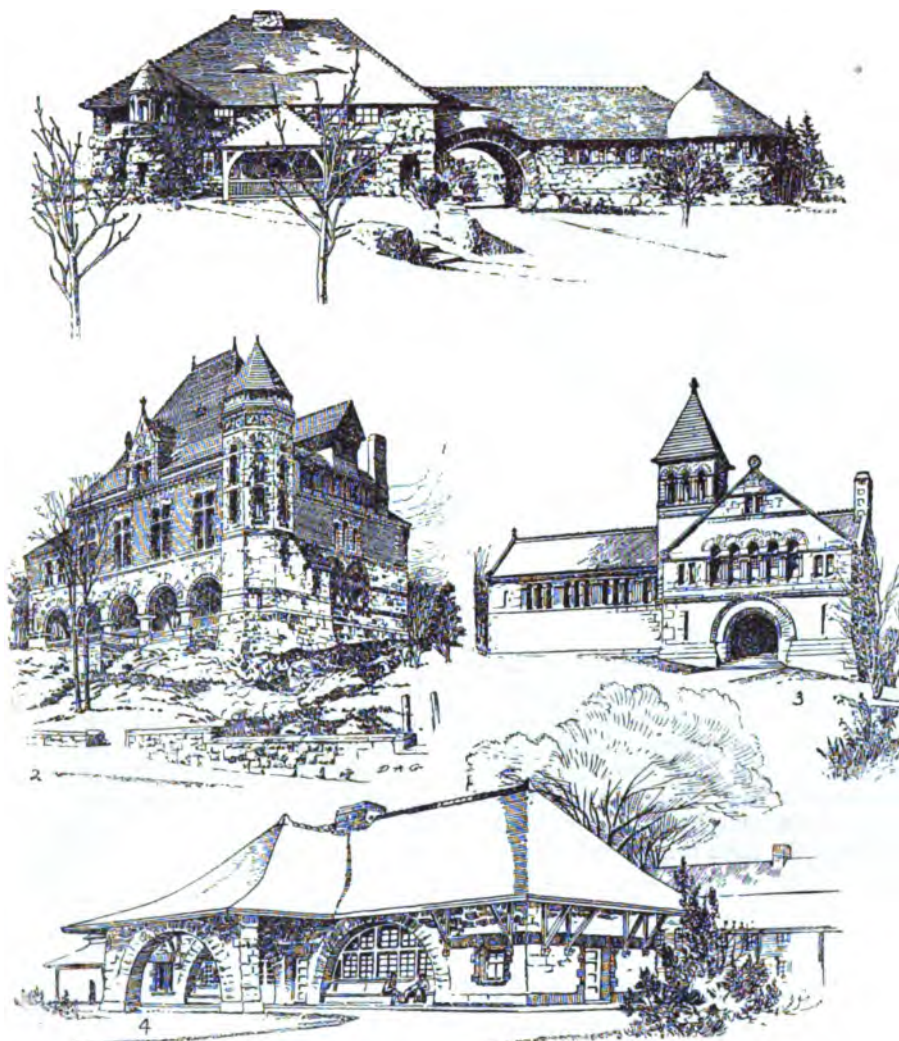


THE WOBURN LIBRARY.

general nobility and strength, the great civic purpose of the whole. In many of the later buildings the sincerity is equally complete; in some of the earlier there is now and then something to be desired. But throughout the series, whatever the degree of success, the aim evidently is at entire truthfulness. The great apse of Trinity has been quoted sometimes as a sin in this regard. No one has questioned its appropriateness constructively and artistically in its relation to the rest of the structure; but it has been said that when the simple character of the ritual of the church is considered, this huge chancel, with space for the richest, fullest furnishing and ceremonial, does not express fitly the uses for which it should

their turn to take their places at the wide circle of the altar rail, while within the white-robed figures came and went in the performance of their office, and among them the great, simple man, to whose aspect and character the breadth and dignity of his surroundings seemed only fitting.

The companionship of the office had its part in the education of those who came to it. The mutual helpfulness, the courtesy and kindness of the senior draughtsmen to the new-comers, the absence of jealousies, the loyalty to the reputation of the office, the freedom that did not degenerate into license, — all these combined with the character of the work done to quicken and enlarge the thought



THE NORTH EASTON BUILDINGS.

1. GATE LODGE.

2. TOWN HALL.

3. LIBRARY.

4. DEPOT.

and purpose of all who shared in them. And then there was the daily contact with Mr. Richardson himself, the touch of his charm and fire and genius. Those were days good to look back upon. No doubt there were moments now and then that tried the soul, sometimes Mr. Richardson's, sometimes the men's; but such moments left no bitterness behind; the memories that remain are happy ones.

It might perhaps be supposed that the close adherence to a single style would

prove a limitation upon the growth and experience of those who remained in the office for any length of time. But it was *style* that they learned here, not some particular kind of style. The qualities aimed at in Mr. Richardson's Romanesque work are the qualities that one must gain for success, whatever the style that he chooses, Greek or Gothic or Renaissance, — reasonableness, sincerity, subordination of detail to mass, harmony. Mr. Richardson's influence upon the



CINCINNATI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

younger generation of architects, directly or indirectly, is evident not only in the productions of those who have followed him in the use of the style which was his choice, but also in the similar intelligence and purity and strength of the work of others who have found in some other style a more congenial medium, but have followed the same principles which it was Mr. Richardson's aim to express. There

Court House, the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and the Field Building. But brief and incomplete as his life must seem, he had lived and worked long enough to leave to his profession, at a time when it was needed, a standard of excellence in endeavor and in achievement, an inspiration to whatever is best in his art, than which no worthier monument could be found.

are Renaissance and Gothic offspring as well as Romanesque, to Trinity and Sever and the Quincy Library, to the Field Building and the Pittsburg Court House.

Mr. Richardson was still a comparatively young man at the time of his death. Physical suffering seemed not to impair, even at the very last, the vigor and growth of his powers. His work appeared to be not so much completed as newly begun with the designs for the

## THE EVOLUTION OF A BISHOP.

*By Oscar Fay Adams.*

"If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work."

THE emergence of the full-blown bishop from the ordinary clerical chrysalis is, in our day and generation, one of the long results of time, though an event that in some instances dawns more speedily than in others. In bygone centuries matters were different in this respect. In those delectable times one might sometimes wear the mitre almost as soon as the *toga virilis* was assumed, if it happened to please certain great ones of the earth, lay and clerical, to order it thus.

It was not then invariably demanded that a bishop should be no "novice, lest he be lifted up with pride." Indeed, it was expected of bishops that they *should* be proud, Saint Paul's admonitions to the contrary notwithstanding. Even yet, certain bearers of the crossier show lingering traces of this quality in the sight of men. But in these latest days of the church, a man must be at least thirty years of age before his elevation to the episcopate is possible, and few there are who feel upon their brows the weight of a

mitre before their fortieth milestone is passed. The office is most apt to be given to one who has turned his half-century.

When all this is considered, it will be seen that he who aspires in boyhood to episcopal honors in the future is certainly indulging himself in a very long look ahead. Distant as such a prospect must be, it nevertheless was the one upon which Issachar Gadd saw fit to fix his gaze at a very early period in his career.

The tribe of Gadd, to which young Issachar belonged, were veritable religious nomads. Of Puritan stock originally, they had cut loose a century back from all definite relations with any church or sect, and, always living in the larger towns on the Atlantic seaboard, they had been able to obtain a considerable variety of religious sustenance in every case. The father and mother of Issachar were second cousins to each other, and showed the distinguishing family trait. Therefore, if it pleased Issachar's father to attend a Baptist church during June, a Universalist in July, and a Sandemanian in August, Issachar's mother was similarly pleased.

"There's good in 'em all, and we might as well get all the good that's goin'," Issachar's great-grandfather had often remarked, and his descendants, one and all, had adopted this for their rule of life in the matter of church-going. They were always regular in their irregular attendance, for staying at home, on Sundays was no clause in their creed; but to attend one particular sanctuary year in and year out, or even to remain constant to one denomination, was something that no one of the tribe of Gadd ever contemplated doing. Issachar's father and mother were New Yorkers; and though they had been five years married at the time of his birth, they had not in each other's company quite swept through the religious orbit of their native city. Like all of their kinsfolk, they were quite above and beyond the acknowledgment of preference for one form of faith above another: Protestant, Catholic, Mohammedan, Buddhist—they cared nothing for names like these, and would have entered a mosque or a Methodist meeting with equal readiness. Issachar was their

only child, and as soon as it was practicable, or by the time he was three years old, he was taken by his parents on their religious rounds, and behaved himself as well as most children at an early age when church decorum is pressed upon them as a disagreeable duty.

The Gadds were at this time revolving in a small circle of United Presbyterian churches; and young Issachar, finding the mode of worship practised here very little to his taste, was moved to protest audibly, and for this was on two occasions removed by his mother with ignominious haste. It so happened that when the United Presbyterians had been disposed of by the Gadds they decided to attend some Episcopal churches; and in the very first of these which they entered, the bishop of the diocese was holding a confirmation.

Young Issachar, mounted upon a hassock between his parents, viewed the novel ceremony with quiet approval, and the next afternoon was discovered by his mother and one of her friends in the act of standing before his family of dolls, ranged in one long row, and laying his pudgy hands upon their heads as he had seen the bishop place his upon the heads of the confirmation class the day before.

"Well, of all things!" cried his mother.

"I should say as much!" echoed the visitor. Indeed, she said more, for she added impressively: "That child will be a bishop, Mrs. Gadd, as sure as you are born."

Most parents have at one time or another beheld their offspring "playing church," and have not deemed the action peculiarly significant; but Mrs. Gadd was much struck by her friend's prophecy, and, when the small Issachar temporarily suspended his confirmation rite in order to exclaim joyfully, "Yes, I'll be a bissup," she considered the child's destiny to be sealed from that moment. When Issachar's father returned that evening the important event of the day was related to him and a family council held forthwith. Destiny, the Gadds comprehended, was not to be eluded, and their plain duty was to make her path as straight as possible.

"Of course," said Issachar's father, "we can't go and be Episcopal ourselves. We've got to keep our minds free from prejudices. But it's different about Issachar. We must send him to that Episcopal kindergarten in the next street, and when he is older he can go to Saint Paul's at Concord. After that he can go to Trinity College and then to the divinity school at Middletown, and when he's done with that they may make a bishop of him as soon as they damn please," concluded the paternal Gadd, with enthusiasm and speaking with the vigor that he was wont to allow himself on important occasions.

"Ohush, Robert!" interposed Issachar's mother. "A bishop's father ought not to swear. And besides, how do we know that Issachar is going to be an Episcopal bishop? You know there's Methodist bishops and Catholic bishops, and we heard a Moravian bishop once; and then don't you remember how last winter was a year we saw a bishop at the Greek church? And I read of an Arminian bishop only yesterday. How do we know but Issachar is going to be one of these?"

"Well, he won't be a Methodist bishop, anyhow," said the future prelate's father confidently, "because that kind never do any confirming."

"But those other kinds do," replied his wife, "and how can we tell that Issachar hasn't got to be one of them?"

Now the possibilities just evoked by Mrs. Gadd necessarily involved a great amount of thinking if they were to be properly considered. If destiny intended to make of young Issachar a Latin, Greek, Moravian or Arminian prelate, an entire reconstruction of the programme so lately laid down as the path to the Anglican episcopate must follow; and the paternal Gadd had not the smallest notion how Latin, Greek, Moravian or Arminian mitres were to be obtained. Now, surely, if he were about to smooth the path of destiny as well as he knew how, destiny ought to meet his efforts half way, and not be too strenuous in small matters. This was the substance, if not the exact form, of his rapid cogitations with himself; and he was presently

able to say with the ring of confidence in his voice:—

"O pshaw, Mary! you must see for yourself that he can't be one of those fellows. He'll have to be an Episcopal bishop, of course. Why, it's as plain as anything can be in this world."

"Well, if you feel so sure about it as all that, Robert," said Issachar's mother, "then it's quite right, of course."

Destiny having thus been, as it were, gently taken by the shoulders and headed in the proper direction, young Issachar Gadd set forth on his progress to an Episcopal throne. He was despatched the very next morning to the Episcopal kindergarten, and in the charge of one of its teachers he was taken on Sundays to an Episcopal church, while his parents, in the laudable endeavor to keep their minds free from prejudices, continued on their denominational rounds. A few years went by, and then young Issachar was sent to Saint Paul's, where he remained till he was eighteen and ready to enter college. As he emerged from boyhood he ceased speaking to his companions about his intention to reach the episcopate before he died, though he had chattered much about it when he first went to Concord,—but this was not because his intention had at all weakened. All his hopes were turned toward the goal of the episcopate, and poor enough seemed all other stations in life compared to this. The end of his four years at Trinity College found him of this opinion still. From the window of his college room in Northam Towers he had gazed daily upon the bronze statue of Bishop Brownell on the college campus, and had secretly hoped that future years might see the statue of Bishop Issachar Gadd similarly adorning the grounds of his beloved college. Young Issachar's taste in art was crude, and neither the extraordinary stiffness of the statue's pose nor its Ethiopian blackness at all interfered with his admiring envy of the lot of the departed Connecticut prelate. He could have wished his own statue thus to stand with extended arm so long as bronze should endure.

He was twenty-two when his college course was ended, and in the following

autumn he entered the divinity school at Middletown, as the paternal Gadd had decided a score of years previous. In the mean time Mrs. Gadd had died, in full confidence that her son would fulfil his destiny; and her husband, equally confident that Issachar would one day wear the mitre, still continued his peculiar church-going habits though he permitted himself to attend Episcopal churches oftenest on account of his son's relations to that faith. Issachar's elevation had seemed very far away while the boy was in the kindergarten or at Saint Paul's, but now that his theological career was fairly begun, it appeared very near, by contrast, to the ambitious father.

Issachar Gadd was not a brilliant youth, which perhaps was well for the fulfilment of his hopes; but he had what are termed the solid qualities. He was amiable, sober-minded and even-tempered. Originality he did not possess, and he preferred to walk always in well-beaten paths. His churchmanship was not of an aggressive type, and he could not be definitely classed as either high or low; but as he grew older he would be characterized as an "eminently safe" clergyman, so those who knew him prophesied. Had it not been for what destiny had chosen him to become, he might have been considered as a young man of commonplace abilities and rather grave tastes, not wholly unspiritual, to be sure, but not markedly spiritual, either. And indeed that is just the estimate that his instructors and companions at the divinity school *did* form of him. But then the young man's destiny was veiled to their eyes, as indeed it was to all but those of Issachar and his father; for Mrs. Gadd's visitor who had first uttered the prophecy concerning him had died while the prospective prelate was still at the kindergarten.

When he reached the age of twenty-six Issachar's studies in divinity at Middletown were completed and he had taken deacon's orders. Eighteen months later he entered the priesthood, and now the elder Gadd began to grow impatient.

"How long before they can make a bishop of you?" he inquired of his son on one occasion.

"Well," said the Rev. Issachar, "a man must be over thirty before he can be consecrated. I am not yet twenty-eight, and, besides, a man ought to have a good deal of clerical experience before he is fit to be a bishop."

"That's damned nonsense!" exclaimed his father with a burst of old-time vigor; and then, remembering that he was the father of a clergyman who would some day be much more than a mere clergyman, he added hurriedly: "I mean, Issachar, you know, if you are to be a bishop you might as well be one first as last."

The young priest smiled gravely as he replied: "You are in too great a hurry for my advancement, father. There are no vacant bishoprics at present, so even if I were old enough for consecration there would be no chance for me now."

At this the elder Gadd looked exceedingly disconsolate, but brightened up as a thought occurred to him.

"Well, when an old bishop dies they have to put some one in his place, don't they?"

"To be sure."

"Then if one dies by the time you are thirty you can get put in his place. That's simple enough, I am sure."

The Rev. Issachar suffered his father to depart in this hopeful frame of mind; but, on a subsequent occasion, explained to him how comparatively seldom a vacancy occurred in the house of bishops, and that when a diocese needed a bishop the members of its convention elected one of several well-known clergymen whose names were brought before them, and that this election then had to be ratified by the standing committees of two thirds of the dioceses in the American episcopate before the bishop-elect could be consecrated.

Now the elder Gadd had during all these years entertained very rudimentary ideas as to the making of bishops, and had ignorantly supposed his son's elevation to the episcopate might very soon follow his adoption of the clerical profession. Although he did not waver in his faith in the leadings of destiny, Issachar's summary of the further steps to be taken in order to reach the Episcopal throne seemed to remove his son's elevation to

that same throne to a very remote period indeed. He grew somewhat melancholy over the postponement of his hopes, began to wonder if he should see them realized, and presently, waxing indignant at the delay which was likely to ensue, resolved to attend the Episcopal church no more in the course of his transit through the ecclesiastical zodiac till the Rev. Issachar should become the Right Reverend.

Years went by, and the eminent merits of the Rev. Issachar had not been appropriately recognized by the church when he had been canonically eligible for such recognition for a full lustrum. Presently his fortieth birthday dawned, and he was only the Rev. Issachar yet.

"I shall never live to see them make a bishop of you, damn 'em!" exclaimed Robert Gadd, sorrowfully, on this anniversary.

The Rev. Issachar forbore to rebuke this intemperate speech, and endeavored to console his father; but without much success, for the elder Gadd, now a man of nearly seventy, had quite lost heart. His son, however, yet trusted in his star, so to speak, and performed his clerical duties in a most exemplary fashion. He had now been for ten years the rector of a flourishing parish in the diocese of Skowhegan, and was a delegate from it to the general convention. Once or twice the arrow of church preferment had seemed to be aimed in his direction, but it had on each occasion glanced aside. An assistant bishop for the diocese had been chosen from among the clergy of his own town, and another clergyman of the neighborhood had been elected bishop of a western diocese. If his life had depended upon it, the Rev. Issachar could not have given a good and sufficient reason why either of these men had been selected for promotion in preference to himself. To do him amplest justice, he did not in the least intend to be a dignified idler when he should have reached the Episcopal chair. On the contrary, he knew that as a bishop his life would be even harder than as the busy rector of a large parish; but he was quite willing to work harder if only he might fill that station in life which destiny had intended him for.

Another full decade went by, and destiny appeared to have forgotten her original purpose concerning the Rev. Issachar. Meanwhile the scope of the American episcopate had become at least a third larger by the addition of new sees, while the number of bishops who had died and been succeeded by others was not small. The Rev. Issachar was still confident, but it was a much chastened confidence that he now possessed. Destiny, he had discovered, did not mean to be hurried with reference to his particular case. He was one day reading over to himself the epistle in the office for the consecration of bishops and commenting upon its provisions. How well he knew them all!

"A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous" — and so on.

Certainly he was no brawler, and he was not covetous, unless it was of a bishop's mitre, and the apostle himself had declared that it was good to desire a bishop's office. So far from being given to wine, he was a teetotaler; and vigilant in the performance of his duty he could safely say that he was. He was not blameless, — no man might say that of himself, — but he was as steadfast in the path of duty as he knew how to be, he told himself.

"The husband of one wife," he next repeated to himself slowly; and then as a new thought came to him, the prayer-book fell from his hand. He had always taken the apostle to mean that a bishop should have but one wife at a time, — though why only bishops and not the inferior clergy also should be thus warned against bigamy had never been quite clear to him. Now it had suddenly dawned upon him that the apostle might also have intended to suggest the desirability of a bishop's being married.

The Rev. Issachar had remained unmarried all these years and had never contemplated matrimony for himself as even a distant possibility. Perhaps it would be well to consider the matter, he now thought; and if he were to marry, he

mused, such an event ought to precede his elevation to the bench of bishops. Although a mere clergyman might permit himself the frivolousness of falling in love, wooing, and consequent marrying, it would never do for a bishop to engage in such a sequence. It would come hard upon him as a middle-aged rector to go a-courting, but as a bishop to do such a thing would be utterly out of the question. A minister's wooing might be barely permissible, but a bishop's wooing would be simply scandalous. As it was, he hardly knew how to proceed in such a matter in a manner comporting with middle-aged clerical decorum; but, if to this decorum were added that which doth perpetually hedge about the wearer of lawn sleeves, the task would be impossible. A bishop kneeling at a woman's feet, actually or figuratively, or writing love-letters, even, ought to be a human impossibility. A vague thought crossed his mind at this juncture that, had destiny intended him for the Roman episcopate, Saint Paul's advice as to being the husband of one wife would have gone for nothing; but this suggestion he dismissed hurriedly and once more turned to consider his actual position. He must marry, and he must marry likewise before his assumption of the mitre should render such a step impossible. Then he fell into so deep a reverie that his housekeeper was obliged to speak twice before she could make him comprehend that luncheon was served.

The parish had long since taken it for granted that its rector would never marry; and when, about a year after the Rev. Issachar's sudden enlightenment as to Saint Paul's meaning in regard to the marriage of bishops, its rector's marriage was announced as having taken place during his summer holiday in a distant city, its surprise may be imagined. The event had come about naturally enough. The Rev. Issachar had bethought him of a lady with whom he had had some acquaintance while he was studying divinity at Middletown, and who, in the time intervening, had married and subsequently become a widow. The two had known something of each other's lives meanwhile; and it was to this old acquaintance that the Rev. Issachar now

turned in his perplexity. He was in middle life much better looking than in youth, and some persons might have gone so far as to call him handsome. At any rate he was a very presentable, dignified kind of person; and when he made known to his old acquaintance, Mrs. Boardman, his desire to make her Mrs. Gadd, she turned a very favorable ear to his request. The engagement was not a very long one, and the Rev. Issachar could not have been called an ardent lover, exactly; but, if he had not fallen in love with Mrs. Boardman, he sincerely admired her and felt she would make him a good wife. And what more would you have? Mrs. Boardman was apparently satisfied. She was not an exacting person, and she had plans of her own.

When the Rev. Issachar returned home, bringing Mrs. Gadd with him, the parish, finding the rector's wife to be a stout, personable dame, of very suitable age, was disposed to think he had done wisely; though in some quarters it was urged that if he needs must marry he need not have gone nearly so far afield. The rector's wife was a stirring, ambitious person, by no means disposed to sit with hands folded and await the coming of events; and so, after being elected to the headship of a half dozen or more feminine associations in the parish, she began to stir things up on her husband's behalf.

"Issachar," she observed at the breakfast-table one morning, "there's no good reason why you should not be a bishop — none in the world."

The rector fully agreed with his wife on this point, but felt it incumbent upon him to utter a half inaudible protest.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Gadd with much vigor. "You are just the kind of man to fill a bishop's throne. To be sure, you are not brilliant, but that's entirely to your advantage so far as securing a bishopric is concerned. You are a moderate man who wouldn't make enemies, and that's the material a bishop should be made of. And you are very good looking" (another half audible protest from the rector), "and that ought to help you. You would be in your true place at the head of a diocese, and I mean to see that you get there, Issachar,"



concluded Mrs. Gadd, with much decision in her tone.

The Rev. Issachar smiled gravely, but did not reply. The issue of events seemed certain enough now that destiny and Mrs. Gadd had joined their forces in his behalf. Destiny had been dilatory hitherto, but his experience of Mrs. Gadd up to the present had shown him most conclusively that she was not at all a dilatory female.

Now Mrs. Gadd, whose first husband had been senior warden of a large city church, had a wide acquaintance among the clergy, especially in the diocese of Lancaster where she had lived as Mrs. Boardman; and, as it chanced, the bishop of that diocese died not far from this time and but a month or two before the meeting of the diocesan convention. Keeping this event uppermost in her mind, she made it convenient to visit her former home; and, without directly mentioning her husband's name in connection with the vacant bishopric, did manage to convey in many quarters a very distinct impression of the sterling virtues of her second husband, the Rev. Issachar Gadd.

"Your husband has a very flourishing parish, I hear, Mrs. Gadd," the secretary of the convention remarked to her on one occasion when calling upon her.

"Yes, it is a large parish, indeed," was the reply, "and very devoted he is to it; and the people, too, are very fond of him. You see he has been rector there over twenty years, and he has the most intimate knowledge of individual needs. Then it takes remarkable executive abilities to manage a large parish successfully, you know, Mr. Leavenworth; and, even if every one did not tell me so, I could see for myself how admirably matters are carried on in his parish. But you must tell me about Mrs. Leavenworth and the children, whom I shall hope to see soon"—and the wife of the Rev. Issachar easily led the conversation into other channels.

She was always willing to talk of her husband and his happy united parish, but she never introduced these topics into the conversation and never prolonged their discussion beyond the patience of her listeners. She had not been a prominent

figure in society for a score of years without having her perceptions rendered properly acute. She had been a popular woman in her former home, and was now made much of by her friends on the occasion of her first visit to them since her marriage; and, meeting at receptions and dinners many influential members of the convention, clerical and lay, her husband and his affairs were very naturally alluded to by those who spoke with her.

"I hoped we should have seen your husband also at this time, Mrs. Gadd," the registrar of the diocese observed one day as he took her in to dinner at the house of the friend she was then staying with.

"Well, you know, Mr. Harwood, he finds it very difficult to get away from his parish, even for a short time."

"It is a large parish, then, I conclude."

"O yes, very, and he is very faithful to his people and they are much attached to him. Some of his people have told me that in all the years he has been there—over twenty now—there has never been the shadow of a quarrel between persons of opposite views; and yet he has both high and low churchmen in his parish and even some broad churchmen, also."

Mrs. Gadd's neighbor on the left as they sat at dinner had some polite questions to ask about the Rev. Issachar, adding as he did so:—

"I overheard part of what you were saying to Mr. Harwood about your husband's parish. Mr. Gadd must have great tact, I think, to be able to harmonize such discordant elements. It isn't every clergyman who is gifted in that direction, and I have heard it whispered that bishops are sometimes lacking in that particular—" and as he turned with a smile to answer some remark of the hostess, Mr. Harwood took up the theme.

"I almost wonder that other parishes have not tried to tempt your husband away from his present charge, Mrs. Gadd."

"O, they have, numberless times" (a wifely exaggeration of the facts, for the Rev. Issachar had had but two calls to other fields), "but he has preferred to

remain where he is, though I cannot help the feeling that change would do him good and that his abilities would fit him for a wider sphere of activity."

Just how the movement started no one could have told, but it was not very long before the wish that Mrs. Gadd might be with her old friends permanently had merged into the question, "Now can't we get her back again?" and at this juncture the name of the Rev. Issachar began to be mentioned as that of a candidate for the vacant throne. The diocese of Lancaster was one which the late Episcopal head had not ruled over well, for the two great parties in the church had been pretty evenly represented within it, and the departed prelate, whose proclivities were strongly low church had therefore been cordially disliked by the high churchmen. The latter were fully determined that no pronounced low churchman should succeed the late incumbent, and their opponents were equally resolved that no advanced churchman should do so, either; and unless the two parties could unite on some moderate candidate for the office a long wrangle was likely to result. Thus it happened that the Rev. Issachar's record began to be looked into after his wife's remarks in reference to him had stimulated interest in that quarter, and so far as could be seen he had never ranged himself on either side in the discussion between high and low, while no one could possibly call him latitudinarian, — an attitude abhorrent to both parties. "He would be a very safe man for us," was the general conclusion regarding him.

Matters had reached this hopeful stage when the diocesan convention assembled, and when other business before it had been disposed of the names of several candidates for the office of bishop of the diocese were placed before it, among them that of the Rev. Issachar Gadd, presbyter of the diocese of Skowhegan. The balloting did not take long, and, owing to the anxiety of each party to secure a bishop who would not be the mouthpiece of the other, the result was that the name of the Bangor presbyter, like Abou-Ben-Adhem's, led all the rest. There was little

doubt in the minds of those who had voted for the Rev. Issachar but that their choice would be ratified by the standing committees of other dioceses, and as a matter of fact such ratification followed speedily. Great things were not expected of the bishop-elect of Lancaster but everybody was satisfied. The wife of the bishop-elect was more than satisfied, indeed, she was quietly exultant; and as for the Rev. Issachar, he felt that destiny, though she had hitherto moved in a mysterious way, had now, with the cooperation of Mrs. Gadd, made up her mind to do the handsome thing by him, and he was properly grateful to both powers.

A few months later his consecration took place, the day selected being the fiftieth anniversary of the prophecy in relation to this same event. It had been a long running, but the goal was won at last. The father of the new bishop, now in his eightieth year, was present at the fulfilment of the prophecy, in what might be called a *nunc dimittis* state of mind. From this time onward he attended only the Episcopal church, feeling that he was too old now to acquire denominational prejudices by so doing, and was never so happy as when he beheld the Right Reverend Issachar holding a confirmation. But he had lost faith in destiny long years before, and did not believe that destiny had helped on the great event in the least.

Mrs. Gadd was large-minded. She never at any time in the presence of her right reverend consort reverted to the fact that she had obliged his destiny to exchange an andante for an allegro movement toward the goal aimed at; but nevertheless that was just what she had accomplished, and she knew it, and in secret took no little pride in the fact, as well she might. If this were her state of mind after her husband had appeared in lawn sleeves, and, figuratively speaking, had felt the mitre on his brows, what must have been the inward felicity of that patient good man himself when for the first time he was able to affix his signature to his official communications in correct canonical fashion: "Issachar, Lancaster"?

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE best Christmas gift which comes to Boston and New England is the volume of *Essays and Addresses* by Phillips Brooks. By the time that the Christmas bells are ringing, its pages will have been turned by ten thousand lovers of the great preacher, and its noble and inspiring message taken into ten thousand hearts. It is the volume which was needed to complete his literary monument. We have the six volumes of sermons, to which it seems not bold to hope that other volumes may be added from the store of written sermons which must have been left; we have the *Lectures on Preaching*; we have the volume on *The Influence of Jesus*, and the volume on *Tolerance*; and we have the *Letters of Travel*, recently published, which, being almost of the nature of a journal, have so high an autobiographical value and bring us into so much closer touch and so different a touch with the man himself. In the present volume, edited with such faithfulness and taste by his brother, Rev. John Cotton Brooks, are gathered the various essays and addresses published in the magazines and reviews in the course of the thirty years of his public life, or prepared for occasions which were not distinctly church occasions; that is, such of his literary work as was not in the form of sermons, or substantially so. But while not sermons, many of these essays and addresses are upon religious themes, written for expressly religious purposes. Of the religious, literary and social subjects of the editor's classification, nearly one half are religious. Indeed, this volume, representing as it does the broader and more varied range of Phillips Brooks's activities, only makes us feel anew that he was always and everywhere, above all else and in all else, the preacher, the religious teacher. We feel of him, in a still stricter and more emphatic way, what he felt of Beecher, whom he regarded as the greatest preacher of America and of our century. "Mr. Beecher," he said, at the installation of Lyman Abbott over Plymouth Church as Beecher's successor, "was many things, but he was in everything the Christian preacher; and the one greatest of all things, it seems to me, which this land has to thank him for is that he has borne testimony — a testimony which shall be heard forever — to the greatness and dignity of the Christian preachingship. I do not mean simply by the uttering of sermons, though they were fine, and no sermons have been heard that were like his; but he has declared that everything the Christian minister does in every department of his work, whether it be in the administration of charity, in the management of parochial machinery, in the administration of the Christian sacrament, in everything he is the Christian preacher manifesting the power of the Christian preachingship and the administration of the Christian gospel. In everything he is making felt upon mankind the power of the eternal Christian truths

of the fatherhood of God and the sonship of mankind, of the love of heaven and of the possibility of earth." Phillips Brooks was a great preacher, the greatest, we think, which our country or our time has seen, and he was altogether this; not simply the preacher when touching every phase of church life, but the preacher when touching politics and education and literature and social life. This one thing he did — on every occasion and in every province he brought to bear the great principles of religious truth, the gospel of which he was an ambassador. But with this singleness of purpose, he touched life, everything in life worth touching, in the largest and most varied ways, with a relish, an enthusiasm, an insight, a devotion and a thoroughness such as the special and exclusive student of literature or history or politics or education seldom shows, and with results which give a permanent value to almost everything which he said outside the pulpit as well as in it; and it is precisely this dominance everywhere of his religion and his high philosophy which gives chief charm and power to the essays and addresses upon the two-score subjects which make up this volume. Yet we feel that if the writer had chosen to be a historian instead of a preacher, he would have been perhaps the greatest historian of his time in America; if he had chosen to devote himself expressly to the science of education, he would have made more notable contributions to that department than any of his contemporaries; if he had chosen the field of pure literature, he would have been eminent in it; if he had chosen to be a poet, he would have been a great poet. This volume gives us each the impulse to say of him what he says in it of his friend Richardson, the architect: "He gave one as much reason to believe as almost any man I ever knew that there is truth in the happy theory that all men have all faculties, that what faculties find their way out to activity in this bit of a life is largely an affair of chance, and that some time, somewhere, all faculties in all men will come forth into activity."

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THE earliest addresses in the volume are two written in 1858 and 1859, while Mr. Brooks was a student in the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, the first, evidently prepared for an audience of his fellow students, upon "The Centralizing Power of the Gospel," the second, read before the Howard School at Alexandria, upon "Poetry." Then there is a long leap, the next address included being one upon "The Purposes of Scholarship," given before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University in 1869. The latest address is that given at the Forefathers' Day celebration in Brooklyn, December 21, 1892, only a few weeks before his death. The essay upon "The Pulpit and Popular Scepticism" was first published in the *Princeton Review*, in 1879;

that upon "Dean Stanley," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1881; that upon "Biography," in the volume of Phillips Academy Lectures. Two of the greatest of the addresses, that on "Milton as an Educator" and that delivered at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin School, both first published elsewhere, have been republished since Mr. Brooks's death in our own pages, and will be well remembered by our readers. Others of the essays and addresses have got into print in one way or another, sometimes simply in the newspapers; but the great body of the volume, especially the great body of the religious essays, will come to most readers as new. The larger part of these essays and addresses were prepared for special occasions—dedications or commemorations, church congresses or conventions; but this fact does not often greatly affect their form. Such essays as those on "Heresy" and "Orthodoxy," "Authority and Conscience," "The New Theism," "The Healthy Conditions of a Change of Faith," "The Public School System," "Martin Luther," "Courage," and "Literature and Life" would hardly have been different if destined for the magazine or written with no particular audience in view; while such addresses as that at the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of King's Chapel, at the dedication of the Memorial Hall at Andover, and the great Latin School address gain added interest and value from the occasion and circumstances of their delivery and from the thought of these which pervades them.

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THE Brown University address of 1869 upon "The Purposes of Scholarship" is the first in the volume in which Brooks speaks in the maturity of his powers and we hear the authentic voice which we knew. Yet the old essay upon "Poetry," written at Alexandria ten years before, when he was not yet twenty-five years old, seems to us a noteworthy essay, remarkably mature in form and thought, and full of prophecies of the Phillips Brooks that was to be. Emerson at the same age did not write so well as this. We mention Emerson with purpose in comparison, because there is so much in Phillips Brooks's literary essays and addresses altogether which is like Emerson. This early essay itself is like Emerson in its large, free interpretation of its subject. Poetry with Phillips Brooks at twenty-five did not mean "verse-writing," but "the power of our life." "What I mean by a poet is just a man who *uses* all his nature, who, when he finds he has a sense of beauty, stops on the brow of Shooley Hill and uses it, brings from his closet all that silent engineering and sets it into work, makes, by the sympathy that is his plastic power, the whole expanse of rich material from one high straining to the other—the blue hills in the distance, the happy river that is singing over its message to the sea for fear it should forget it, the dusty little city that has crept down to the bank to drink its coolness and to bathe its tired feet, the generous valley, dotted with tossing trees in summer and with the winter ghosts of trees to-day, flecked with the drifting cloud-shows, and haunted with the caw-

ing birds, all, up to the delicate grass-shoot at his feet—makes out of this whole material a thing that he can carry with him, and be cheered and strengthened by the thought of it as he is cheered and strengthened by the sight. Thus at once this poet-power has put a new something in the man. He finds again in this neglected closet a human love for nobleness unused, and when he uses it the dead names in his history grow out of names to men, and he is stronger for their company and for the counsel of their lives. He finds a human appetite for truth, and all the old truisms of the reading-book are magnetized into new certainties of faith." "Verse-writing" Mr. Brooks continued to indulge in through his life, writing many sonnets and other poems upon occasion, which his friends remember with pleasure. A poet in that higher sense which views poetry as "the power of our life" and the poet as "a man who uses all his nature" he was in everything he did. Whatever he wrote or said was all illuminated and alive with his great creative imagination and that penetrating insight into the heart and truth of things which is the poet's greatest dower and power—and which is genius. The joy in the truth, the passion for the truth, which as his life goes on we find constantly gaining more frequent and more impressive expression, is here strong and dominant at the beginning. "There is something better than to be strong, or rather there is something deeper out of which strength springs, and that is truth. I do not know how near to perfect truth a man can get, but I do know that the lives that many of us are living are untrue. Strange how soon the young immortal learns the trick of shutting up his eyes when they are dazzled by an inconvenient glory!" Phillips Brooks was great as a religious teacher because he saw and knew at first and forever that the truth is God's truth, and that it is good and beautiful. He kept his eyes open to the glory which is inconvenient and dazzling to the conventional and distrustful soul; and so the glory entered into him and shone out of him and made his word the word of the immortal.

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THIS whole volume, in which the love of truth finds such passionate utterance at the outset, is all one great plea for truth, for sincerity and reality,—for truth in religious thought, in literature, in social life. "It is *truth* that we want in every department of our life. In state and church we need it, at home and on the street; in the smallest fashions and in the most sacred mysteries; that men should say what they think, should act out what they believe, should be themselves continually, without concealment and without pretence." It is in the teaching of religion that his demand for truthfulness and sincerity is most emphatic. His essays on "Heresy" and "Orthodoxy" are both ringing demands for the plain and simple truth as against any tradition or convention. In his essay on "The Teaching of Religion" he says: "Insincerity comes either from falsehood or from fear. It is either because I want men to believe something which I do not believe, or because I do not really trust the strength of what I believe, that I am insincere.

The minister preaching some doctrine which he does not believe, and the minister who believes, but will not let his truth rest for his people on the grounds on which it rests with him, but bolsters it with arguments and sanctions which he does not think are true and sound, both of these ministers are insincere." This word was spoken to the students of the Yale Divinity School in 1878. In his essay upon "The Pulpit and Popular Scepticism," published the next year, he made the sharpest arraignment of insincerity on the part of the clergy which we remember in his writings. "A large acquaintance with clerical life," he said, "has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen gathering together and talking freely to one another will express opinions which would greatly surprise and at the same time greatly relieve the congregations who ordinarily listen to those ministers. Now just see what that means. It means that in these days, when faith is hard, we are deliberately making it harder, and are making ourselves liable to the Master's terrible rebuke of the Scribes and Pharisees of old: 'They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.' Is this not true? How many men in the ministry to-day believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it, and so lifted off their Bible's page the heavy cloud of difficulties and inconsistencies which that doctrine laid there? How many of us hold that the everlasting punishment of the wicked is a clear and certain truth of revelation? But how many of us who do not hold that have ever said a word to tell men that we thought they might be Christians and yet keep a hope for the souls of all God's children?" This lack of candor he sees to be the greatest source of weakness in any teacher of religion. "Let us trust truth,"—that is his one exhortation. It is a question of courage—and courage the tame conservative and the iconolast may lack alike. "One man clings servilely to the old ready-made opinions which he finds,"—this he says in his essay on "Courage,"—"because he is afraid of being called rash and radical; another rejects the traditions of his people from fear of being thought fearful and timid and a slave. . . . Both are cowards. Both are equally removed from that brave seeking of the truth which is not set upon either winning or avoiding any name, which will take no opinion for the sake of conformity and reject no opinion for the sake of originality, which is free, therefore—free to gather its own convictions, a slave neither to any compulsion nor to any antagonism." This is a noble description of the real lover of truth, and it is a significant piece of self-revelation, a significant description of Phillips Brooks's own mind and method. Absolutely courageous, he was also absolutely reverent, impatient of all restless and feverish impatience, superior to every sensational demonstration, conscious at once—and inspired by the consciousness—of the sacredness of history and our great intellectual inheritance and the sacredness of prophecy and hope and the divine beckonings up and on and out.

THERE are three essays in this volume which address themselves directly to this question of the relations of the religious teacher and student to intellectual inheritance and new truth, and which are among the most weighty and impressive essays in the whole volume. They are the essays on "Heresy" and "Orthodoxy," read before the Clericus Club of Boston and Cambridge in 1873 and 1890, and that on "Authority and Conscience," read before the Episcopal Church Congress at Detroit in 1884. Arnold of Rugby called attention to the fact that we find nothing condemned as "heresy" in the New Testament—for heresy is a New Testament word—but what was mere wickedness. "I think," he said, "that you will find that all the false doctrines spoken of by the Apostles are doctrines of sheer wickedness, that their counterpart in modern times is to be found in the Anabaptists of Münster, or the Fifth Monarchy men, or in mere secular high churchmen, or hypocritical evangelicals; in those who make Christianity minister to lust or to covetousness or ambition, not in those who interpret Scripture to the best of their conscience and ability, be their interpretation ever so erroneous." Jeremy Taylor said, "Heresy is not an error of the understanding, but an error of the will;" and Milton was thinking in the same direction when he said that one might be a "heretic in the truth." Mr. Brooks himself defines heresy as "the self-will of the intellect;" and concerning that he well says we may still pray with all our hearts: "From heresy, good Lord, deliver us." But the church for the most part—this it is the main purpose of his essay on "Heresy" to point out and condemn—has come to view heresy as deviation from established opinion or orthodoxy and then visited it with the moral disapprobation which the Apostles pronounced upon a very different thing. The conclusion of the whole matter with Mr. Brooks is that the only thing which we need to concern ourselves about is truth. The earnest and truth-seeking errorist, he says, is not a heretic, and the flippant and partisan orthodox is not a saint. There is no place for the first in hell, nor for the second in heaven.

The essay on "Authority and Conscience" presses precisely the same truth. The conscientious man in the church, he says, who brings into free use criticism upon the authenticity of records, the possibility of mistake, the partialness of view, ought to be encouraged; he "ought not to be blamed or silenced by public opinion or by bishops, however what we call the peace of a congregation may be disturbed." "Let this idea," he says in one splendid outburst, "that somewhere on the earth there is to-day a being or a possible group of beings which otherwise than by the great methods of devout thought and study and experience may come to and possess the knowledge of truth, of such truth, for instance, as the character of the Bible, or the destiny of man, or the true method of the conduct and organization of the church—let such an idea as that, I say, be lifted absolutely from the minds of Christian men; let the whole idea of church authority save as the contribution of material which is to be freely criticised and used by the conscience and intelligence of men be

swept away and disappear, and think what vast gain of vigor and reality and light must come!" Laying aside the notion of infallible authority, Mr. Brooks asks what remains; and he answers, *Individualism*. "There is no hope for the world but in a healthy individualism; and individualism in matters of thought means *private judgment*." He goes on to point out that there is really no other judgment. "The man who chooses the authority to which he will unhesitatingly submit must choose by private judgment if his act is to have any reality and power." But here he discusses most luminously individualism itself. True individualism is not "the individualism of Robinson Crusoe;" the individual does not stand alone, but has the past and its inheritance behind him and the rich present around him, on which it is his duty and his necessity to draw. "To use authority *for evidence*; to feel the power of reverend beauty which belongs to ancient goodness; to distrust ourselves long when we differ from the wisest and the best; to know that the whole truth can and must come, not to the one man but to the whole of humanity; and to listen to that whole as it groans and travails with its yet unmastered truth — to do all this and yet to let ourselves call no conviction ours till our own mind and conscience has accepted it as true" — that is the fine statement of the genuine relation of the conscience to authority, as Mr. Brooks conceives it.

The essay upon "Orthodoxy" is the best of the three essays, and it is the latest of the three, prepared only a year or two before the great preacher's death, and therefore expressing his ripest feeling. It is by far the most pointed and energetic of the essays, the most emphatic in its denunciation of traditionalism and of concern for orthodoxy before truth. "We find," he says, "that the lower orders of the church's workers, the mere runners of her machinery, have always been strictly and scrupulously orthodox; while all the church's noblest servants, they who have opened to her new heavens of vision and new domains of work — Paul, Origen, Tertullian, Dante, Abelard, Luther, Milton, Coleridge, Maurice, Swedenborg, Martineau — have again and again been persecuted for being what they truly were, unorthodox. Genius is never orthodox, and genius is a very useful thing, just because it does not set out to be useful; and those of us who lay not the least claim to genius must often claim the privilege of genius, and cease to ask whether a truth is *useful* and simply ask whether it is *true*." This last in reference to an observation made before, that orthodoxy is always haunted by the thought of the immediate *utility* of truths. "Truth," he says, "is always useful, but to insist that truth shall report itself every evening at your counting-house and prove its usefulness and take its wages, is almost certain to turn truth into a hypocritical lie." "Orthodoxy," he says, "is in the church very much what prejudice is in the single mind. It is the premature conceit of certainty. It is the treatment of the imperfect as if it were the perfect." He arraigns the whole principle of orthodoxy for the evil which it brings to personal freedom and reality on one side, and to the purity and extension of truth upon the other. "The indictment which

can be sustained against it," he says, "is tremendous. Orthodoxy begins by setting a false standard of life. It makes men aspire after soundness in the faith rather than after richness in the truth. It exalts possessions over character, makes more of truths than of truthfulness, talks about truths as if they were things which were quite separated from the truth-holder." This ringing essay ought to be printed as a tract and scattered in every conference and synod in the land. It is impossible by any random passages to show its full intensity and power. "We cannot but believe," he says in conclusion, "that in the future the whole conception of orthodoxy is destined to grow less and less prominent. Less and less men will ask of any opinion, 'Is it orthodox?' More and more they will ask 'Is it true?' Orthodoxy as a principle of action or a standard of belief is obsolete and dead. It is not that the substance of orthodoxy has been altered, but that the very principle of orthodoxy has been essentially disowned. It is not conceivable now that any council, however ecumenically constituted, should so pronounce on truth that its decrees should have any weight with thinking men, save what might seem legitimately to belong to the character and wisdom of the persons who compose the council. Personal judgment is on the throne, and will remain there — personal judgment, enlightened by all the wisdom, past or present, which it can summon to its aid, but forming finally its own conclusions and standing by them in the sight of God, whether it stands in a great company or stands alone."

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PHILLIPS BROOKS was not a controversialist. He recognizes the necessity of controversy upon occasion — he dwells upon this explicitly in his essay on "The Teaching of Religion;" but he had no trust in controversy as a method, and addressed himself almost entirely to the positive preaching of truth as he saw it, with no reference to the opposing error. "He who is building up health is thereby conquering disease," he said. "He who is preaching truth is thereby confuting error. I think the men who confute scepticism are always the positive, not the negative men — not the men who disprove error, but the men who make faith." In his sermons, his doctrines are taken for granted. The doctrines are there, like the bones in the body; but they are covered with flesh and blood. One interest of the religious essays in the present volume lies in the fact that they were largely prepared for occasions which compelled sharper and more explicit definition than was necessary in the sermon, and therefore we have here often far clearer statement of Mr. Brooks's doctrinal positions than we find elsewhere. These essays and addresses are the warp for which the sermons supply the woof. The brief essay on "The New Theism," with its glance at Mr. Fiske's "Idea of God" and Mr. Abbott's "Scientific Theism," is a noble statement of his theology with reference to tendencies in modern thought; and we get light upon his own mind when, in the essay on "Orthodoxy," he points out "the essential limitation both of the interest and the importance of two much-

read and much-talked-of books of our own day" — "Lux Mundi" and "Progressive Orthodoxy." The writers of these books, he says, "are asking not simply what is absolutely true, but what can be reconciled to certain pre-established standards of unity, outside of which they must not go. This makes the unsatisfactoriness of both the books. They have no primary or intrinsic value."

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OF his own church he was the freest critic. He could afford to be, because he was her loyal lover. He had no patience with the ordinary doctrine of apostolic succession. "I do not believe," he said at the end of his life, "that the three-fold organization of the Christian ministry or the existence of the episcopate is essential to the being of a Christian church." With the hard and fast liturgical forms of his church he had almost as little patience. In an address to the Church Congress in 1881, he speaks with irony of the scene when the news of the great fire in Chicago came to the General Convention of the church then in session, and the Houses voted that they would suspend their work and go to prayer. "What did they do?" he exclaims. "They knelt down together and read the Litany! It does seem to me that to the minds of the people who looked at that scene, the fact of their feeling compelled to resort to the use of this stated form must have appeared in the light of a certain sign of bondage—that a church, when called upon to pray for a burning city, should have considered it necessary to use a form of prayer in which almost every other kind of human woe is laid before God except the woe of a burning town. It goes straight in the face of the common sense of mankind."

The Christian church, to Phillips Brooks, was not something separate from this great human world. "It has no business here," he said, "except when it represents the ideal of that life which is in reality all around us. The Christian church is nothing except a specimen of that which all humanity ought to be struggling to be. The Christian church, if it completely realized itself at this moment, would be nothing except the fulfilment of that which is the possibility of all mankind."

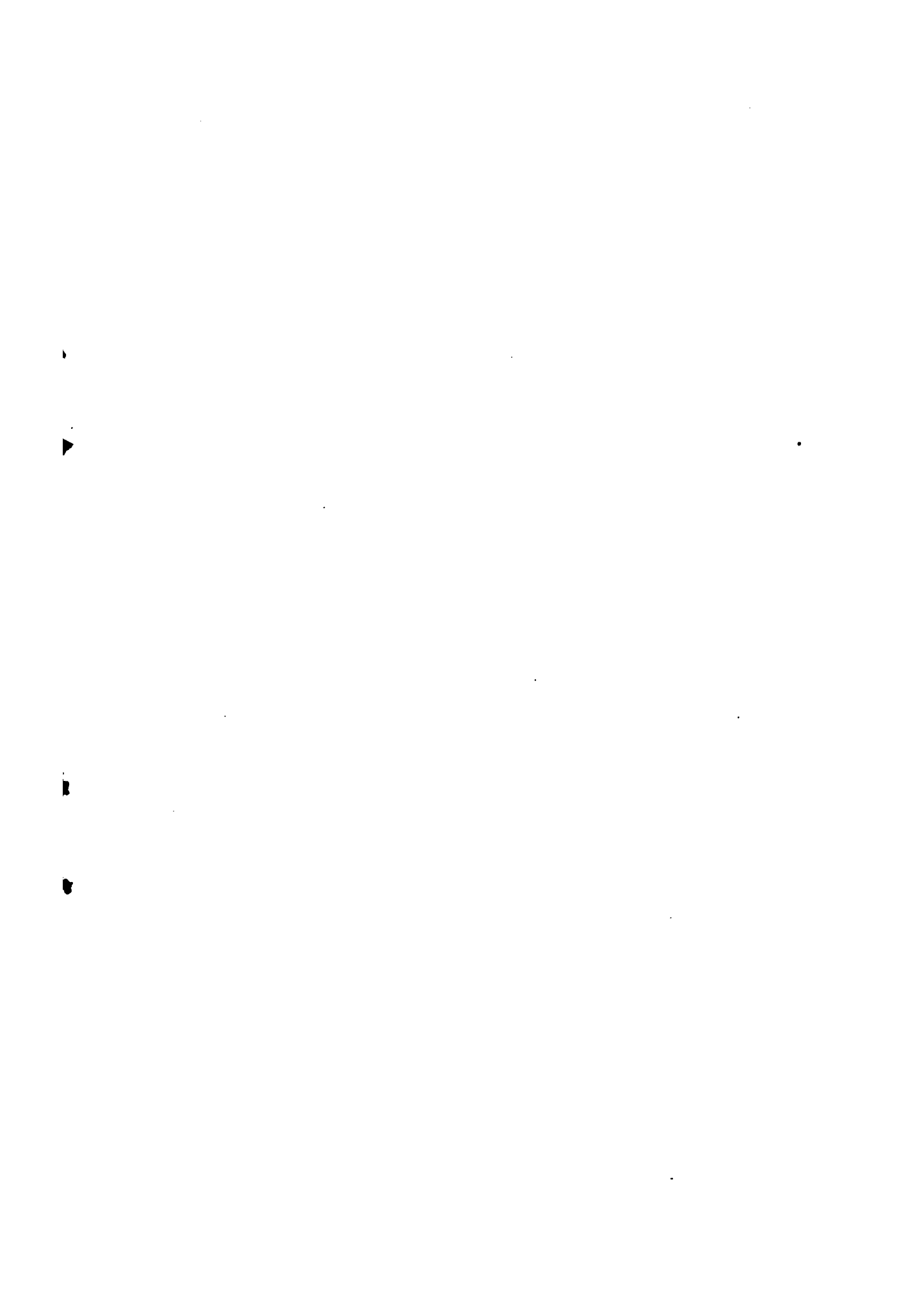
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It is surely a blessed conjunction by which our great preacher thus comes to us as the Christmas time approaches, and lets us hear again his lofty message. So uplifting and inspiring are his religious words that, slightly as we have reflected here the wonderful richness and power of this portion of the volume before us, we have dwelt upon it at disproportionate length. We had purposed rather to lay chief stress upon the literary, historical, educational and social essays in the volume, upon what we might call—although

he would not have called it so, because he did not like the common distinction between secular and sacred—the secular side of the work. The noble essay upon "Literature and Life" is an essay worthy of Emerson at his best—an essay full of fine insights into the literary characteristics of this present time. The essay upon "Dean Stanley" is notable, because Dean Stanley was a man so peculiarly after Mr. Brooks's own heart, and his characterizations of him are so largely, all unconsciously, self-characterizations. The address upon "Luther" is an address of Carlylean strength. The large number of addresses upon educational themes, prepared for educational occasions, makes us realize as we had not realized before how clearly Phillips Brooks saw that the era in which we stand is peculiarly the era of education. We wish that the address on "Milton as an Educator" and the great Latin School address might be in the hands of every teacher in the land. No better discussion of the present religious issues in our education has been published than that in Mr. Brooks's essay upon "The Public School System."

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WE spoke, at the beginning, of this volume as a Christmas gift to Boston and New England. Never was a man whose sympathies and relations were more national and human than Phillips Brooks's, yet we feel strongly, as we read these pages, how special and tender was his love for Boston and New England and how deep his roots were here. His fond words about Boston in his address at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church, about Andover in his address at the dedication of the Andover Memorial Hall, which is altogether so fine a study of the history and life of an old New England town, about New England in his Forefathers' Day address just before his death—these words go straight to the heart of the New Englander, and make him feel about Phillips Brooks as Phillips Brooks himself felt proudly about Puritanism: "it is the world's, but it is peculiarly ours." Loving the Episcopal Church as he did, never was a man who loved more the Puritanism in which New England had its birth. "What the world needs to-day," he said, "is more Puritanism and not less Puritanism. It is our growing consciousness that there is in Puritanism the force waiting at the door, touching the springs of action of the world at all times. That is the essential and eternal Puritanism; not merely the memory of the past, but the presence of the sense of duty, and the presence of God, and the everlasting presence of the ideal in the lives of men, in the lives of nations, and in the lives of humanity, of which we make a part." The essential and eternal Puritanism—that was what Phillips Brooks stood for; he was the most perfect flower and fruit of the best forces in Boston and New England life.







THE NEW YEAR PEAL.

IN THE TOWER OF THE OLD NORTH (CHRIST) CHURCH, BOSTON.

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1895.

VOL. XI. No. 5.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

*By G. G. Benedict.*



SOME OF THE SHELburne  
FARMS BUILDINGS.

THE valley of Lake Champlain is historic ground. Events have taken place in it which have again and again shaped the destinies of large portions of the American continent. Before the foot of a white man had trodden its solitudes, it had been for no one knows how long the dark and bloody debatable ground on which the great rival tribes of North America fought for supremacy. Here, nearly three hundred years ago, Samuel de Champlain, soldier, explorer, religious enthusiast and "Father of New France," wrote his name on the sands of the lake shore in the blood of the Iroquois, and won their lasting enmity for himself and his nation — an enmity which defeated the French schemes of conquest in this quarter, opened the way for the English pioneers and settled for all time the question whether the wide region to which the valley was the northern gateway should be New England and

New York or New France. In subsequent wars of France and England armies passed through this gateway and armed flotillas vexed the waters of the lake. In the war of the Revolution, the first naval battle, and the naval Bunker Hill of that war, antedating John Paul Jones's capture of the *Serapis*, was fought upon Lake Champlain. In the later and, it is to be hoped, last war between the United States and England, the last and largest naval battle of the war took place on the same waters. The map of North America would have been a very different one from what it is, if these conflicts had had different issues.

On the eastern side of this historic lake, and amid the scenes of these events, sits the city of Burlington. Its site was selected one hundred and thirty years ago, on the shore of the lovely bay which bears its name, nearly midway of the length of the lake, nearly midway between the Green Mountain range on the east

and the Adirondacks on the west, and upon the bank and near the mouth of one of the largest rivers of Vermont, — once called the French River, because its valley was the route of the French in their forays on the English settlements

The township originally measured ten miles from east to west, by six from north to south. The charter required the grantees to reserve for the government of Great Britain all the pine trees large enough for masts for ships of the British



LAKE CHAMPLAIN, FROM THE BATTERY.

on the Connecticut in the French and Indian wars; afterward named the Onion River, from the wild leeks on its banks, and now for many years known by its Indian name of Winooski.

The town of Burlington was chartered in 1763 by Benning Wentworth, governor of the province of New Hampshire.

navy, and to pay an ear of corn annually for ten years, and after that one shilling "proclamation money" for every hundred acres settled. It also reserved a lot of three hundred and twenty acres for the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and another for a glebe for the Church of England.

Where the town obtained its name is not known with certainty. Burlington being an old English name, it may have been brought over by the Puritans, as many others were which were given to newly settled townships in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and were then handed on to towns laid out in the then northern wilderness by settlers from those states; or, as is more probable, it may have been derived from the family name of some brothers Burling, who in that early day were extensive owners of wild lands about the mouth of the Winooski River.

Among the first land proprietors of Burlington were some of the foremost men in



WINOOSKI FALLS.



WINOOSKI RIVER AND VILLAGE.

the New Hampshire Grants,—men of such mark as Ethan Allen, leader of the Green Mountain Boys and the master spirit in the struggle from which Vermont emerged as an independent sovereignty twelve years before she was admitted to the Union; his brother, Ira, soldier, statesman, diplomatist, historian, compiler of the first constitution of Vermont, the first secretary of state and first treasurer of the new commonwealth, secretary of the famous Council of Safety which governed Vermont after the colonial government went under, and, taken all in all, the ablest and most influential man among the founders of the Green Mountain commonwealth; their brothers, He-

man and Zimri Allen; Remember Baker, the soldier and hero; and Thomas Chittenden, who was the first governor of Vermont and eighteen times elected to that office. Ira Allen, who was a civil engineer, as well as everything else that was needed in a pioneer, made the first survey of the lands in the new township, and he and Remember Baker built for defence against the Indians and "Yorkers" the first blockhouse, at the Falls of the Winooski, called "Fort Frederick" in the early histories, but not to be confounded with the stronger fort of that name at Crown Point. A few clearings had been made in the township and two or three log houses erected



VIEW FROM THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

on them when the Revolutionary War broke out. This part of Vermont was too accessible from Canada and too

poorly defended to make it a safe abode, and the settlers in Burlington and other adjoining towns all abandoned the region, most of them returning, however, after the return of peace. Other settlers followed. The first census of Vermont, taken in 1791, gave Burlington a population of three hundred and thirty-two souls. It was then one of the smallest towns in the state. The next census, in 1800, more than doubled these figures; the third census, in 1810, doubled the figures of 1800, and each succeeding census has shown a substantial growth in population and property for the town.

In 1790, Burlington, while as yet it was a hamlet of log houses, was made the county seat of Chittenden County. In 1802 the Vermont legislature held its annual session there; and in 1805 the first church, of the Congregational denomination, was organized.

In 1808, eight months after Robert Fulton's first steamboat, the *Clermont*, began its trips on the Hudson River, a steamboat, built at Burlington, was launched on Lake Champlain. This was the *Vermont*, Captain Winans, of about two hundred and fifty tons burden, and having a speed of only four miles an hour; but it excited more wonder in that day of small things than the fastest ocean racer does in our day. Steam navigation at once added much to the importance



ETHAN ALLEN MONUMENT.

of Burlington and has been ever since an important factor in its prosperity.

After the Champlain canal, connecting Lake Champlain with the Hudson River, was built, Burlington became the distrib-

land in large quantities ; and as late as 1850 the "land-ships," or great covered wagons, drawn by eight horses and laden with merchandise on its way from the Burlington wharves and warehouses to east-



WINOOSKI RIVER.

uting point and commercial centre of a wide region. Steamboats, sailing vessels and canal boats were built in its harbor. Pine lumber, cut along the shores of the lake, was exported to Canada and Eng-

ern and northern Vermont and Canada, were an hourly sight on the highways.

The "land-ships" went out when the railroads came in. In 1849 two lines of rails, pushed across the Green Mountains by rival companies, reached Burlington at the same time and gave the town two all-rail connections with Boston. Railroad connections to New York soon followed ; then an iron road north to Montreal and west to Ogdensburg. Subsequently a railroad connection with Portland, Me., by way of the Lamoille Valley and the White Mountains, was added, so that now Burlington reaches tide-water by five all-rail routes, besides the water routes north and south by way of the Hudson and St. Lawrence.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

During the war of 1812, Burlington was the rendezvous and base of supplies



RESIDENCE OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

of the Northern Army of the United States. Here General Wade Hampton, grandfather of the Confederate cavalry general and United States senator from South Carolina of the same name, organized an army for the invasion of Canada, and McDonough's fleet of gunboats and vessels of war occupied Burlington Bay for a time,

able-bodied citizens were then facing the enemy on the banks of the Saranac.

At the close of the war, in 1815, the pristine pine forest still covered a large portion of the present site of the city; and as late as 1820 a pine tree of the original growth stood in front of the Court House, on "Court House Square," having been preserved for service as a whipping-post for minor malefactors. It was flanked by the old hay-scales, or hay-steelyard, which showed the rude character of such apparatus in that day, when the load was swung into the air at the end of an iron beam, in order to weigh it.

The census of 1840 showed that Burlington had stepped to the front of the Vermont towns in population and importance, and it has steadily maintained its leading position. In 1865, having outgrown its town organization, it became a city, being the second city incorporated in Vermont, antedated by the city of



EPISCOPAL INSTITUTE.

sailing northward in September, 1814, to meet the English fleet and defeat the latest English scheme of invasion. The naval battle took place within sight and hearing of the inhabitants of Burlington, whose

Vergennes, which enjoys the distinction of being at once the oldest and smallest city in New England, having been an incorporated city for forty years before Boston had a city charter.

To enumerate the gifts of nature and results of human enterprise which have given some distinction to Burlington and in the successive years have contributed to its material prosperity and to the comfort of its citizens, would be beyond the scope of this article. Two or three of them may deserve mention. Prominent among them, certainly, is the

natural beauty of its location. Hundreds of American villages could be named which have especial attractions of mountain, lake or river scenery, and each of which is deemed by its inhabitants the prettiest and pleasantest of places. But it would not be easy to mention one which combines all these different elements of



RESIDENCE OF MAYOR VAN PATTEN.

the college buildings and by handsome residences, which stand relieved against the background of the Green Mountains, rising into the peaks of Mansfield and Camel's Hump, four thousand feet above the level of the lake. Looking westward from any of a hundred points of view along the slope, Lake Champlain, here ten miles wide, stretches out to the mountain wall of the Adirondacks. The prospect thus viewed embodies all the features included in Wordsworth's fine description of what was to him an ideal scene of rural splendor: "the lake with its outline diversified by far-reaching bays, reflecting the clouds, the light and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills," and beyond "the mountains in form endlessly diversified, sweeping easily or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or soft and elegant, lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea."



RESIDENCE OF MR. EDWARD WELLS.

natural attractiveness in greater beauty and grandeur than Burlington, or one which has won from strangers more enthusiastic admiration. Its site, sloping upward from the curved shore of the bay for a mile, rises to a ridge three hundred feet above the water, crowned by

From the bosom of the lake rise picturesque islands — Juniper, lighthouse crowned; the Four Brothers, formerly named by the Frenchmen the Isles of the Four Winds; and the famous conical rock, the venerated landmark of the Iroquois and Algonquins, once known as Rock Reggio, but now bearing the un-



THE WILLARD NERVINE HOME.





BISHOP HOPKINS HALL. SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

poetic name of Rock Dunder. From other points of view, some of them commanding as well the lake and both the eastern and western mountains, the river is seen, now emerging from the walls of a rocky gorge and then winding through rich intervals. These were the views which inspired Tuckerman's ode to Lake Champlain, in which he sang: —

“ Here in the fane of thy majestic hills  
 We meekly stand elate;  
 The baffled heart a tranquil rapture fills  
 Beside the crystal gate.  
 Through wild ravines thy wayward currents glide,  
 Round bosky islands play;  
 Here tufted headlands meet the lucent tide,  
 There gleams the spacious bay.  
 Along the far horizon's opal wall  
 The dark blue summits rise,  
 And o'er them rifts of misty sunshine fall  
 Or golden vapor lies.”

Something in the combination of mountains and water, or in the atmosphere above them, lends peculiar splendor to the sunsets seen from the eastern shores of the lake, alluded to in the following lines of another poet: \*

“ Fair Burlington! I bring a song to thee,  
 Thou lovely Naples of our midland sea,

\* The late Dr. S. S. Cutting of Rochester, N. Y.

Thou city fair! In summer verdure drest,  
 Like maiden love, more hidden than confessed,  
 From out embowering trees thy mansions rise,  
 Mid lawns that smile with bloom of paradise.  
 And where shall limning fancy find the power  
 To paint the beauty of thy sunset hour?  
 The traveller lingering on the Pincian heights,  
 Where all the west a golden glory lights,  
 Hath seen no vision of Italian sky  
 To hold with thine an equal rivalry;

For broader far thy mountain-bounded west  
 From lofty Dix to Danemora's crest;  
 And broader far the vale where quiet sleep  
 The waters which thy mountain sentries keep.  
 The lake of tremulous silver lies between,  
 And hamlets, woodlands, meadows, fill the scene.”

Many similar tributes might be cited



MARY FLETCHER HOSPITAL.

here; but to quote all the admirers who have celebrated the beauty of Burlington in graceful verse and glowing prose would leave us space for naught but quotations.

Burlington is also justly celebrated as an educational centre. The University of Vermont was chartered in 1791, when there were but four colleges in New

England, and but twelve in the United States. The clause in the first constitution of Vermont, which declared that "one university in this state ought to be established by the General Assembly," is believed to have been written by Ira Allen; and it was his gift of fifty acres of land in Burlington for the site of the university and £4,000 for its foundation—a large gift for the time, larger indeed than any private donation that Harvard College received up to 1836—which determined the location of the institution in Burlington, gave to Ira Allen the fame of its founder, and fixed its site on the crest of College Hill. It is, perhaps, the finest college site in America,—and no finer one can be found in any country. Of the magnificent panorama from the college dome, it was said by an appreciative and travelled stranger that "nothing could be finer than the eastern view, except the western one." Starting in the year 1800 with small beginnings, graduating its first class of four in 1804, having its students scattered and its building occupied for barracks for troops in the war of 1812, and losing its main building by fire soon after, the very existence of the university seemed at one time to be in peril; but through the generous aid of the citizens of Burlington it took on a lease of fresh life. The corner stone of its present main building was laid by General Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1825, and a monument to him, surmounted by

one of J. Q. A. Ward's finest statues in bronze, the gift of the late John P. Howard, fitly graces the College Park. Under President James Marsh the University won fame among scholars and thinkers on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1865, the Vermont Agricultural College,



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

founded under the Morrill United States land-grant act, was joined to the university by the legislature. At a later date the United States Agricultural Experiment Station for Vermont was attached to the institution. Gifts of money, buildings and books, by such munificent sons of the university and friends of education as Frederick Billings, John P. Howard, John H. Converse, Edward H. Williams and Edwin Flint, with lesser but not less liberal gifts from other alumni and friends of more moderate means, have added much to its endowment and means of usefulness. The funds derived from sales of the



THE CONVERSE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

public lands and allotted to the land-grant colleges by the wise legislation of Congress, under the lead of Senator Justin

States, have enabled it to greatly extend its facilities for training young men in the practical arts of life. Few colleges are now better equipped than this to fit men not only for the professions, but as civil engineers, chemists, electrical engineers, architects, botanists, horticulturists and farmers.

In 1853 the medical department, which had lapsed for a time, was revived. It has become one of the largest and best medical colleges in New England, drawing its students from many states north and south; and its diplomas are recognized in Europe, as well as this country, as entitling their holders to rank with the best in the medical profession. Among the men of national reputation who have occupied chairs in this department, or who hold its diplomas, are two Surgeons General of the United States—W. A. Hammond and J. H. Baxter; Drs. A. L. Ranney, Robert W. Taylor, John Ordonaux, D. T. Conant, A. B. Crosby, William Darling, J. L. Little, S. W. Thayer, Walter Carpenter, R. A. Witthaus, and many others. Dr. A. P. Grinnell is the efficient dean of the medical college.

The latest catalogue of the university shows a board of instruction comprising thirty-two full professors and seven instructors (besides ten special professors in the medical department), and 470 students, of whom 188 are students of



M. H. BUCKHAM.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

S. Morrill, who has been for thirty years one of the trustees of the university, as well as one of the greatest benefactors of liberal and useful education in the United



UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, MAIN BUILDING.



THE SCIENCE BUILDING.

medicine. The university has sent out about 3,000 (to be exact, 2,974) graduates. The roll

of these includes such theologians as Dr. William G. T. Shedd of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. N. G. Clark of the American Board, Dr. George B. Spalding of Syracuse, N. Y., Dr. E. C. Cutler of Worcester, Mass., Dr. I. E. Dwinell of California, Dr. John H. Hopkins of Pennsylvania, Bishops W. H. A. Bissell of Vermont and W. B. W. Howe of North California, and others of scarcely less eminence. What the university has done for law and legislation may be suggested by the names of Jacob Collamer, Asa Owen Aldis, John A. Kasson, Dorman B. Eaton, Robert and Matthew Hale, John A. Jameson, Charles L. Benedict, Thomas L. Nelson, Edmund H. Bennett and other jurists and statesmen of high distinction, who are proud to call her *alma mater*. To American journalism the university has given Henry J. Raymond, founder of the *New York Times*, James R. Spalding, founder of the *New York World*, Alexander Mann of the *Rochester American*, Dr. Simeon Gilbert of the *Chicago Advance*, and many others. The list of eminent business men among her graduates includes railroad kings like Frederick Billings and John Gregory Smith; publishers of world-wide fame like H. O. Houghton of Boston and B. F. Stevens of London; and manufacturers like John H. Converse, leading partner

in the greatest locomotive-building firm in the world. Among the thirteen college presidents and seventy college professors trained in its halls, may be mentioned Marsh and Herrick of Pacific University, Williams, Kent, Wead and Denison of Michigan University — whose distinguished head, James B. Angell, made his first reputation as a college president while at the head of the University of Vermont; Peabody of the Illinois Industrial College, Allen of the University of Pennsylvania, Tuttle of Cornell, Woodruff of Andover, and Angell of the Leland Stanford University in California. The present president of

the University of Vermont, Dr. M. H. Buckham, has in the twenty-three years of his able administration seen the number of college buildings grow from three to thirteen, counting the group of agricultural buildings as but one building, the corps of professors treble in number, the number of students quadruple, and the income of the institution increase five-fold. The university now



THE CONVERSE DORMITORY.



UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

possesses two dormitories, one of them the gift of Mr. John H. Converse, built of marble and rivalling in size and completeness the best structures of the kind in America; a library building, the last



REV. L. G. WARE.

completed edifice of the famous architect H. H. Richardson, erected by Frederick Billings, at a cost of \$160,000 and yielding in beauty to no similar structure in any country — this library comprising among its treasures the collection of George P. Marsh, of world-wide fame, given to it by Mr. Billings after Mr. Marsh's death; a science building, now approaching completion, the gift of Dr. E. H. Williams of Philadelphia, a spacious and imposing fireproof edifice, massively built of granite, brick and steel, to be devoted to laboratories and lecture-rooms; a mechanical building with motive power, for practical instruction in civil and electrical engineering, bridge-building and other mechanical work; a medical college building, the gift of Mr. Howard; a building devoted to the Cabinet of Natural History, Museum and Gallery of Art; a building for the United States Experiment Station; four buildings for the Col-



GEORGE P. MARSH.

lege Farm (of one hundred acres) and Dairy School, including one of the best barns in Vermont, in which is stalled a herd of thirty Jersey cows; a college commons or boarding-house; and houses



SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

for the president and several of the professors. The limits of our space permit us only to add that the university was never so well equipped for useful work as now, and that its facilities and its fame are steadily extending from year to year.

The public schools of Burlington are thirteen in number, divided into kindergarten, primary, intermediate, grammar and high schools. These have felt the fostering influence of the university, and received generous support from the taxpayers, and they rank very high in the character of their work. Three of the school buildings are of the most modern construction, and are models of

convenience, as well as ornaments of the city. The Converse school, herewith illustrated, is presented as a sample of them, and is a school building of which no city would feel ashamed.

Among the private schools, the Vermont Episcopal Institute for boys and the Bishop Hopkins Hall for girls, under the care of the Diocese of Vermont, occupy spacious stone buildings, in most picturesque and healthful locations on Rock Point. The schools maintained by the Roman Catholic Church include the St. Joseph's College for boys and Mount Mary's Seminary for girls, and other excellent schools. All things considered, it may be doubted whether there is a city in the United States of the size of Burlington which offers superior educational advantages to youth.

Something has also been done by citizens of Burlington to disseminate knowledge by means of the printing-press. Among the important works which have been printed and published here may be named Williams's "History of Vermont," in two volumes, several editions of Ethan Allen's "Narrative," Thompson's "Vermont," Bennett's "Law of Railways," in two volumes, Roberts's Digest and other



THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

valuable law-books, and Benedict's "Vermont in the Civil War," in two volumes. The city is also the home of the *Burlington Free Press*, which had the honor to be included in the famous list of the one hundred best newspapers in the United States, made by that veteran journalist and relentless critic, Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*.

The limits of this article do not permit any detailed description of the various religious, charitable and benevolent public institutions of the city. Among these are ten churches,—Episcopal, Methodist, two Congregational, two Baptist, two Unitarian, two Roman Catholic (one of them a cathedral) and a small Jewish synagogue,—five of these churches occupying handsome stone structures,—



BATTERY PARK.



RED ROCKS.

the Young Men's Christian Association, housed in a building which cost \$80,000, largely the gift of the present mayor, Mr. W. J. Van Patten; the Adams City Mission, for religious work among the classes which avoid the churches; the Louise Howard Mission, for care of the poor, founded by the wise bequest of the lady whose name it bears; the Home for Destitute Children, newly risen from the ashes of the fire which destroyed its former building; the Home for Friendless Women, the Home for Aged Women, and the Cancer Relief Association. These homes occupy their own spacious buildings, and are admirably managed by boards of charitable women. To these should be added the Mary Fletcher Hospital, a noble charity founded by Miss Fletcher by a gift of \$200,000 to the city, and endowed by her by a bequest of \$350,000, — superbly located, comprising wards for men and women, clinical amphitheatre, etc., equipped with the latest and best appliances for medical and surgical care of its in-

mates; and the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and Hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, occupying a large and commodious building costing \$50,000. Among the excellent private institutions for the relief of suffering are Dr. Willard's Nervine Home, Dr. Bingham's Sanitarium, Dr. Clarke's Retreat for the Insane, and Dr. Sparhawk's (Homœopathic) Sanitarium.

The city possesses a Free Library of twenty-seven thousand admirably selected volumes, founded by Mrs. Thaddeus Fletcher and Miss Mary Fletcher, and supported by the city; an elegant and



ROCK POINT.

finely appointed hall for music and the drama, the Howard Opera House, the gift of Mr. John P. Howard to the public of his native city; a thriving yacht club of two hundred members, owning a spacious club-house at the lake and doing much to promote the healthful recreation of yachting on what has been declared by W. H. Murray to be the finest body of water in the United States for inland yachting; various societies, Masonic, Odd Fellows, Grand Army of the Republic, Loyal Legion and others, occupying their own halls; a successful social club of gentlemen, the Algonquin, and other social clubs; a Commercial Travellers' Association, with over two hundred members; and other associations too numerous to mention.

Burlington is supplied with water drawn from the broad lake at a point three miles from the wharves, pumped into two ample stone-lined reservoirs on the hill, at a height which gives a powerful head of water for fire purposes throughout the city and furnishes the citizens with an ample supply of pure and limpid water for domestic use. It has an extensive electric street railway system, extending to the adjacent manufacturing village of Winooski on the north, and to the manufacturing suburb, agricultural fair grounds and private parks and bathing-houses on the south of the city. Power for electric lighting of the streets and residences and for electric motors is supplied by extensive dynamic plants driven by water powers on the Winooski River. The city has three public parks, pleasantly laid out, with fountains and shade trees, besides a private park for athletic sports, and other private parks.

Between the years 1850 and 1860 Burlington rose into prominence as a lumber mart, being the most convenient distributing point for the vast supplies of lumber shipped to the United States from the almost boundless pine forests along the Ottawa River. Mills for planing and dressing lumber, which were when built the largest mills of the kind in existence, were erected; and many manufactures of wood, of various kinds, followed. Cotton is manufactured here in three large mills, one of which was erected the

past summer at a cost of \$400,000. The Burlington Woollen Mills have had a wide and high reputation for many years; and there are extensive machine shops and other factories, which have been attracted by the facilities for transportation by rail and water, freedom from labor troubles, and cheapness of living at this point.

Four banks, not one of which has ever closed its doors in business hours, having deposits exceeding six and a quarter millions of dollars, furnish ample accommodations to their customers. One of the largest and most successful firms of manufacturing chemists in the country, that of Wells, Richardson & Co., which has its headquarters here, does a business of two millions of dollars a year, and ships dyes and proprietary medicines to the four quarters of the globe. The Burlington dry goods merchants do business in the largest and handsomest shops in the state; and the soundness of the business men of Burlington, evidenced by the absence of failures of any consequence for many years, is a matter of frequent remark at the commercial agencies and in the trade journals of the land. It would be difficult to name a city that has felt the "hard times" less than Burlington. The growth of the city has, in fact, been greater during the past eighteen months than in any previous period of its history. Including the adjoining village of Winooski, there is a population of some nineteen or twenty thousand souls living within a mile and a half of the City Hall.

The character of a city is the character of its citizens. The character of the men of Burlington may be judged in a measure from the names of its leading citizens, either native in it or identified with it by long residence. A number of these have been already mentioned in these pages. Others worthy of mention, belonging to the present or the past, are Judge Samuel Hitchcock, Cornelius P. Van Ness, governor and minister to Spain; George P. Marsh, scholar, author, linguist and diplomat of world-wide fame; Judge D. A. Smalley; George F. Edmunds, for twenty-five years United States senator and the acknowledged leader of the senate; Edward J. Phelps, minister to England and leading counsel for the



United States before the Behring Sea Tribunal; John Henry Hopkins, long presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States; Zadock Thompson, historian; Joseph Torrey, John Wheeler and Calvin Pease, scholars, authors and educators; John G. Saxe, the poet, and Generals Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Israel B. Richardson, George J. Stannard, Truman Seymour and William Wells, soldiers of national fame.

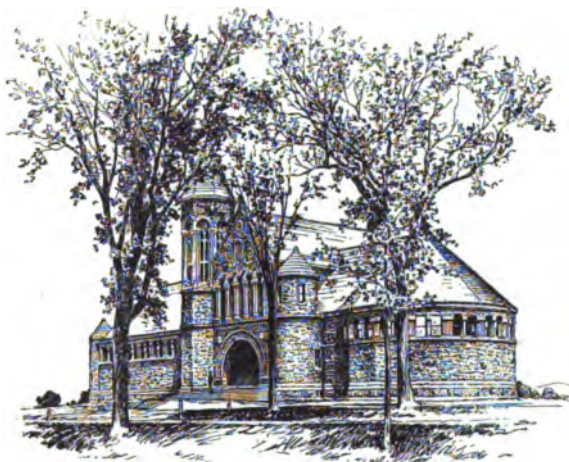
Something might be said for Burlington as a place of delightful homes, combining the advantages of town and country life; of the Christian harmony which pervades its churches, of its healthful moral as well as physical atmosphere, of the culture, enterprise and *esprit de corps* of its citizens. But it had better be said by some one outside of their own number, and it could not be better said than by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale came to Burlington upon a time, having been invited thither to advise its citizens and suggest improvements in their system of charities. He spent several days, and left declaring that he had found so little room for criticism and for possible improvements, that his coming was needless. Soon after, in a public address, he spoke as follows, and printed his words in a widely circulated periodical, so that the words express no idle compliment, but his deliberate judgment. He said, and his kindly tribute, which could come surely from no source more intelligent, may fitly close this article:—

“I was told, the other day, that there was nothing ‘distinguished’ in our cities. I asked myself what was the last city I had visited away from my own home. As it happened, it was one of the smallest of American cities,—it was the city of Burlington, in Vermont. I remember the moment when I arrived there, when the magnificent range of the Green Mountains, white with snow as it had been through the day, was tinged with the crimson of the setting sun; and as I turned west to look upon the clouds of sunset, the sun himself was sinking behind the broken range of the Adirondack Mountains. Between the white ice of the frozen lake; and so far as nature has anything to offer to the eye, I had certainly never

seen, in forty years of travel, any position chosen for a city more likely to impress a traveller as remarkable and to linger always in his memory. Those of you who have been in Burlington will know that I was in a city of palaces. I mean by that, that there are private homes there which, while they have the comforts of a log cabin, display the elegancies of a palace. But I shall be told that this is not distinguished now,—that this may be seen everywhere in a country as rich as America. Let it be so. Then they took me to visit a new hospital, arranged with everything which modern science knows for the treatment of disease, with a staff of surgeons and physicians who might stand unawed before the great leaders in their profession; and they told me that here any person in Vermont who was in need could be treated by the best science of the nineteenth century and with the tenderest care that the Christian religion inspires. They told me that this institution was maintained by a fund of nearly half a million dollars, given by one lady for this purpose of blessing her brothers and sisters of mankind. If this be a commonplace monument, let us thank God that we live in a commonplace land. They took me then to their public library. They showed me the Canadian emigrants from the other side of the border, thronging the passages that each might have his French book to read, the German emigrant pressing for his book,—they showed a perfect administration for the supply of these needs. And they showed me that they had not only provided for the rank and file in this way—providing, observe, thousands of books in German and thousands of books in French; but they showed the ‘last sweet thing’ in the criticism of Dante, the last publications of the archæological societies of Italy, books and prints which had been issued—well, let us say it among ourselves, for as dainty people as you and I are—for the elegant students of Browning or of mediæval times. They had taken as good care of us in our daintiness as they had taken of the Canadian wood-chopper or of the German mechanic. This seemed to me rather a distinguished bit of administration. And

so I might go on to tell you about other arrangements for charities, of their fore-look in regard to sanitary arrangements; and when I asked them, on the particular matter which I was sent for to give counsel, how many people they had in their Blackwell's Island establishments, in their public institutions for the poor, I found there was a momentary question whether there were *three* of these people at that moment, or possibly *four!* That is so distinguished a condition of affairs, that I should not dare tell that story in any Social Science Congress in Europe. It would be set down as a Yankee exaggeration. People would say it was impossible. It is not impossible, because the men and women of Burlington have

known how to give themselves to the administration of the wealth in common. Among other things, I may say in passing, they have known how to suppress the open bar. I have no need to discuss the details. I only attempt, in one such incident, to show to you that, as a friend said to me to-day, while we travel in Europe to see external things like statues and cathedrals and other physical monuments, we travel in America to see what man does for man, what is the training of the human being, and we find some interest in the advance which, from one generation to another, man makes in arresting sickness, in abolishing pauperism and, in a word, in the improvement of mankind."



THE BILLINGS LIBRARY.

## ALONG THE DUST-WHITE RIVER ROAD.

*S. Q. Lapius.*

ALONG the dust-white river road  
 The morning sunbeams cringe and crawl;  
 And in and out among the trees,  
 Stirred gently by the lazy breeze,  
 The tipsy shadows slip and sprawl.  
 They stagger o'er the prickly wall  
 Of verdant hedge, and through the wheat,  
 With tossing arms and flying feet,  
 They nimbly dodge and madly run,  
 Spurred onward by the rising sun.  
 A squirrel, startled by the sound  
 Of wheels upon the sun-parched ground,  
 Forsakes the breakfast he has found,

*ALONG THE DUST-WHITE RIVER ROAD.*

And seeks his sheltering abode  
Across the dust-white river road.

Along the dust-white river road  
The saucy redbird chirps and trills ;  
His liquid notes resound and rise  
Until they meet the cloudless skies  
And echo o'er the distant hills.  
He steals — this rogue of crimson hue —  
The poplar's cup of honey-dew,  
And drains, with many a gurgling note,  
The contents down his pulsing throat.  
The burning sun climbs high and higher,  
The noontide hour draws nigh and nigher ;  
The bird forgets his cheery code  
And hides his drooping wings of fire  
Among the leaves along the road.

Along the dust-white river road  
The fiery mid-day glare pours down ;  
The drowsy waters shimmer o'er  
The shining sands along the shore ;  
And out across the meadows brown  
A stillness like the hush of death  
Is mingled with the sultry breath  
Of timothy and clover blooms.  
One solitary work-bee booms  
Across the shorn and barren fields,  
Swift-bent upon his homeward way ;  
But overcome by heat, he yields,  
And seeks a shelt'ring wisp of hay.  
A yoke of oxen pant and sway  
Beneath the driver's heavy goad ;  
The laden wagon grinds and groans,  
And rattles o'er the heated stones  
Along the dust-white river road.

Along the dust white river road !  
The weary sun plods down the west ;  
The silent shadows, trooping back  
Upon their morning-travelled track,  
Among the waters sink to rest.  
The speeding sunbeams leave the hills  
And fling their gorgeous banners high  
Against the mottled western sky ;  
And coming night the valley fills  
With dewy odors, strange and sweet,  
Of fresh-mowed hay and rip'ning wheat ;  
And like a benediction rare,  
Borne gently on the ev'ning air,  
Adown the highway comes the sound  
Of merry voices, homeward bound.  
Like giant spectres, grimly loom  
The patient oxen and their load,  
And disappear within the gloom  
Along the dust-white river road.

## RALEIGH'S LOST COLONY.

*By James Phinney Baxter.*

*The illustrations accompanying this article are chiefly from drawings made in Virginia in 1585 by John White, who was sent to the colony by Sir Walter Raleigh for that purpose.*



MODE OF CARRYING  
CHILDREN.

THE first efforts at the colonization of Virginia furnish one of the most romantic pages of American history, though tinged with a pathos which in a measure subdues every emotion but that of sympathy. The most interesting in many respects, and one which appeals most strongly to one's feelings, is the effort to plant the colony of Roanoke by Sir Walter Raleigh in the year 1587, which colony strangely disappeared from human knowledge, leaving the world to strive vainly until now to penetrate the

mystery of its fate. Before entering, however, upon the story of Raleigh's lost colony, which has been fitly denominated the tragedy of American colonization, we will briefly review the preceding efforts at colonization made by the unfortunate but noble Raleigh.

After the heroic death of his step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with whom he had been associated, Sir Walter applied to the Queen for a reissue to himself of his step-brother's charter. The request of the favorite was granted, and a charter especially designed to encourage colonization was, on March 25, 1584, bestowed upon him. By this charter Sir Walter was empowered to plant colonies within its limits upon any land not already in

the possession of any Christian prince or people, and his colonists were guaranteed the enjoyment of all the privileges possessed by Englishmen at home.

Florida was claimed by the Spaniard; but north of this favored region lay a vast unexplored territory, to which Raleigh, on the twenty-seventh of April following the date of his charter, despatched two vessels with the design of there planting a colony. These vessels were under the command of Phillip Amadas and Arthur Barlow. On the tenth of May they reached the Canaries, and a month later were off the West Indies, where many of the men fell sick, owing probably to the close confinement and extreme heat to which they were subjected. On the second of July, the voyagers were regaled by odors so sweet that they seemed to be "in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers." This betokened the proximity of land, and two days later land was reached. Skirting the coast northward, the voyagers entered New Inlet, where anchor was cast, and they eagerly landed to view the mysterious country which they had come so far to behold. Their first act was to formally take possession of the land in the name of the English queen, and then to deliver the same to Raleigh's representative in accordance with his charter. This done, the adventurers found enough in their novel surroundings to delight their eyes: grapes, in greater abundance than they had dreamed of, everywhere met their admiring vision, depending from the branches of the tallest cedars, clustering upon shrubs along the sandy shores, on verdant hillside and plain, in a manner "incredible to be written." Ascending the adjacent hills and looking about them, they found that they were on an island about twenty miles long and six miles in



"THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISHMEN IN VIRGINIA."

width. The view from the hilltop was enchanting. Magnificent forests stretched away on every side, not such woods as they had beheld in "Bohemia, Muscovia or Hercynia, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars of the world, farre bettering the cedars of the Acores, of the Indies, or Lybanus." Nor was there lack of variety in these rich woodlands, redolent with sweetest odors; for pines of magnificent proportions lifted their verdant crowns cloudward, overtopping the dark cypress, the gummy lentisk, and "the tree that beareth the rine of blacke Sinamon, of which Master Winter brought from the streights of Magellan, and many others of excellent smell and qualitie." The umbrageous solitudes of these vast woods sheltered numberless deer and other animals of the chase, and the discharge of an arquebuse raised such a multitude of cranes, that their mingled cries seemed like an army of men. On the third day of their sojourn here, while they were all on shipboard, a solitary canoe propelled by three natives appeared and landed on the island. One of the natives walked out on a point of land toward the ship as if to hold intercourse

with those on board, whereupon Simon Ferdinando and Phillip Amadas taking a boat rowed toward him. No sign of distrust was shown by the native, who fearlessly entered the boat and was taken to the ship, where he was treated to wine and meats, and dismissed with presents. To show his gratitude, the poor savage, upon regaining the shore, took his canoe and began to fish assiduously. So abundant were the fish, that within half an hour his canoe was full, and going on shore, he placed them in two piles, making signs that one was for each vessel. He then departed.

On the following day, the brother of the king, with forty or fifty of his people, came to the island opposite the ships. Leaving their canoes on the shore, they spread upon the grass a long mat, upon an end of which the royal representative sat down, while four of his principal men sat on the other end, the rest of the company standing at a respectful distance. This indicated that an audience was expected, and the English with their weapons landed and proceeded toward him. Strange to say, neither the king's brother, Granganimeo, nor his people

exhibited any fear, but maintained a dignity of demeanor quite unexpected in a savage people. With hearty goodwill the king's brother beckoned to the Englishmen to take a seat beside him, which they did, and were welcomed by signs expressive of pleasure at their coming. He then addressed them in a long speech unintelligible to them of course, and was answered by a present of trinkets, which greatly gratified him. During these ceremonies the people maintained a respectful silence, the four chief men only venturing to address each other in low whispers, such was the apparent reverence for their king and his representative; indeed, their whole bearing indicated that these people were much farther advanced toward civilization than the natives encountered by Frobisher and others in the far north. The absence of the king himself was caused by wounds which he had recently received in battle, which prevented him from leaving the village where he resided, a distance of five days' journey from the place where the English ships had anchored. Presents were afterward made to the four principal attendants; but the donors were informed that these were servants, and not allowed to receive gifts, which, according to their laws of etiquette, appertained to royalty. A trade was opened with these people, and trinkets exchanged for furs, a bright tin dish proving to be the most highly valued thing exhibited by the English, because it would serve, as the royal representative explained by suspending it from his neck so as to cover his breast, as a protection against the arrows of his enemies. The natives greatly desired to obtain hatchets and swords, which they could use in war; but these the English refused to part with. After a better acquaintance, Granganimeo visited the ships with his wife and children, and partook of English hospitality. They were adorned after the savage fashion with showy ornaments, were of a yellowish complexion, and some of them had hair of auburn and chestnut hue. Large numbers of the people continued to arrive, all eager to exchange their furs for English notions; but none except the chiefs, whose rank was indicated by badges of

copper worn upon their heads, attempted to trade in his presence. When he would visit the ships, he would inform those on board, by causing fires to be built along the shore equal in number to the boats which he intended should accompany him. Both by him and his wife a showy state was maintained, and wherever they went they were accompanied by numerous attendants. Their boats, unlike those of the northern savages, which were usually made of the bark of the birch, were formed from the trunks of trees suitably hollowed by burning, and scooping out the coals with shells. Granganimeo in his dealings with the English displayed a degree of honor unexpected in a savage, and the English did not hesitate to trust him with valuables, upon the promise of payment for them. His goodwill was daily exhibited by presents of game and vegetables sent to the ships. The armor of the strangers greatly excited his admiration, and he expressed a desire to obtain it; but although he offered in exchange his choicest pearls, his offers were disregarded.

A party of the adventurers paid a visit to the island of Roanoke, seven leagues distant from their anchorage, where they found a small fortified settlement. Here they were welcomed by the wife of Granganimeo, who entertained them royally; and as their clothes were wet and soiled, she assisted her women in washing and drying them. While the adventurers were partaking of the repast prepared for them, they were startled by the appearance of two hunters returning from the chase with bows and arrows. Perceiving the uneasiness of her guests, their hostess not only caused the seizure and destruction of the arms of the offending hunters, but had them driven away. In spite of this generosity, the English did not dare to sleep in the village, and withdrew to their boats, greatly to the regret of the simple natives, who pressed upon them not only the materials of a partially prepared feast, but even the vessels containing it. The distrust exhibited by her guests seemed to cause real grief to the wife of the chief; and finding that they insisted upon remaining in their boat through the night, she sent them mats to



"THE CARTE OF ALL THE COAST OF VIRGINIA."

protect them from the weather and caused a guard of men and women to sit all night on the bank near them. So gentle and affectionate were these people, that the chronicler of the voyage was forcibly reminded of the golden age and its innocent felicities. Never, they told him, had they seen white people but once before, when a ship was wrecked on their shores, about twenty years past, the evidences of which were still visible in a few iron implements which they possessed. Some of the shipwrecked mariners were saved, and with the aid of the natives fastened two of the canoes of the country together to sustain masts, upon which they stretched rude sails made of their shirts and put to sea, but were lost, as was evidenced by the wreck of their anomalous craft, which was afterward found by the natives upon the shores of a neighboring island.

The people even here in this fruitful paradise were ever agitated by the alarms of war. There were leagues offensive and defensive, and conflicts cruel and destructive with neighboring tribes; so that at the period described some parts of the country had been nearly depopulated. Their weapons were few and ineffective against light armor; swords of hardened wood, arrows of reed tipped with bone, clubs fortified with the horn of the stag or other beast, comprised their simple armory. But upon weapons they did not wholly rely. They carried to the foray an image of the deity who presided over their destinies, of which they took counsel, "as the Romans were wont of the oracle of Apollo."

Without making any considerable explorations, Amadas and Barlow, having satisfied themselves of the fitness of the country for colonization, thought best to return home and report their discovery to Raleigh; and taking leave of the natives, after a prosperous voyage they reached England about the middle of September, having with them two natives of the country named Manchese and Manteo, both "lustie men."

The adventurers' account of the country of which they had taken possession for Raleigh in the name of Elizabeth was received with enthusiasm. Elizabeth named it Virginia, and bestowed upon

the fortunate Raleigh the honor of knighthood; hence he was enabled to decorate his arms with the legend, *Propria insignia Walteri Raleigh, milites, Domini et Gubernatoris Virginus*.

Without loss of time Raleigh began preparations for colonizing his new possessions, and on the ninth of April, 1585, despatched from Plymouth seven ships under the command of his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, "with one hundred householders and many things necessary to begin a new state." The head of the colony was Ralf Lane, who had seen military service in Ireland, and was well known to Raleigh for his ability. A number of gentlemen of reputation, among whom were several who subsequently achieved distinction, accompanied the expedition.

On the twelfth of May, Grenville, with a portion of his fleet, came to anchor at the island of St. John de Portorico, where he landed and erected a temporary fortification and, felling timber, began building a pinnace, which, it seems, he considered needful to carry out his designs. While engaged in this work he was surprised by the appearance of a company of Spanish horsemen, who reconnoitred the intruders from a safe distance and then withdrew. Soon after a strange sail appeared in the offing; and alarmed at what might be an enemy by sea, which might co-operate with those on land, the *Tiger* hastily weighed anchor and stood off to reconnoitre. The strange ship, however, proved to be one of his own vessels, under the command of the afterward renowned Thomas Cavendish, which had been separated from the rest of the fleet in a storm in the Bay of Portugal. Her appearance was hailed with joy, and she was welcomed with a salvo of artillery.

A few days later a force of twenty Spanish horsemen showed themselves; whereupon Grenville despatched twenty footmen and two men mounted upon horses, which he had secured, who were met by a flag of truce. After an exchange of civilities, learning that the English only desired to provide themselves with necessities of which they stood in need, and which they were determined to have



at all extremities, they withdrew with effusive demonstrations of goodwill, promising to supply their wants; but failing to fulfil their promise, Grenville, after waiting ten days, having launched the newly built pinnace, marched into the country to obtain the provisions which had been promised him, and not meeting the Spaniards, he set fire to the forests and withdrew to his fortification, which he also fired, and prepared to continue his voyage.

Shortly after sailing, Grenville fell in with two Spanish ships, one of which her crew abandoned when they espied the English fleet. The other proved to be richly laden and to have on board "divers Spaniards of account." These the audacious Grenville "ransomed for good round summes," and landed at St. John's.

Taking one of the captured vessels, Lane sailed to Roxo Bayou, the southwest side of St. John's, where the Spaniards had salt works, and in the face of a Spanish force loaded his vessel with salt and rejoined the fleet, which then set sail for the island of Hispaniola. Here the English were received by the Spanish authorities with courtesy; and although at first they exhibited some apprehension of danger at the landing of so large a body of men in their harbor, their fears were soon dispelled by the friendly attitude of the English, who, while their general and the Spanish governor were conferring together, proceeded to erect "two banqueting houses covered with greene boughes," one for the gentlemen, the other for the "inferior sort;" wherein they soon set forth a right royal banquet served "all in state," of which the Spaniards partook, amid the exhilarating strains of martial music.

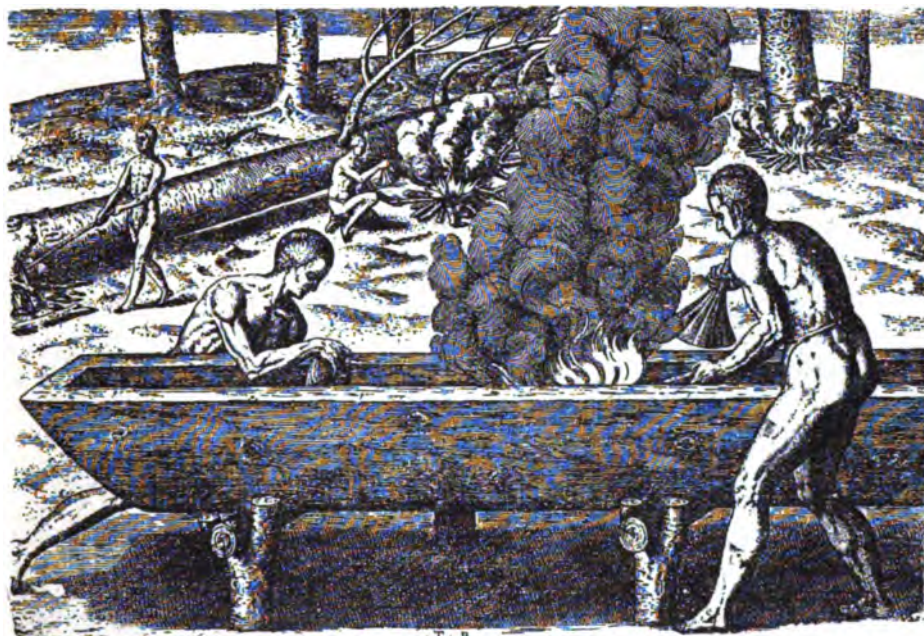
Not to be outdone in generosity, the Spaniards invited their entertainers to a cattle hunt, in which they engaged with zest. An exchange of goods and presents followed, and on the seventh of June Grenville, having supplied himself with "horses, mares, kine, buls, goates, swine, sheep, bull-hides, sugar, ginger, pearls, tobacco, and such like commodities of the Island," spread his sails for America, departing with an ostentatious show of goodwill from the Spaniards, which was imputed to

fear by the more experienced of Grenville's party, who doubted not that, had the English force been insufficient for successful resistance, they might have received the same barbarous treatment which Englishmen were wont to receive at Spanish hands. Proceeding on his course, Grenville passing the next day near a small island abounding with seals, anchored to enjoy the sport of capturing some of the strange creatures, and barely escaped being wrecked with a number of his friends in the pinnace. Escaping this hazard, he resumed his voyage on the ninth at the island of Caycos, where he had been told by a Portuguese in his company salt ponds could be found; but failing to discover these ponds, greatly to the discomfort of the poor Portuguese, he again resumed his voyage, stopping at various islands to reconnoitre. On the twenty-third the fleet was off Cape Fear and, barely escaping wreck on that dangerous headland, entered a harbor, where the people on shipboard feasted on fish, which they caught in great numbers. On the twenty-sixth, Grenville came to anchor at Ocracoke Inlet, and on the eleventh of July, having brought with him for guides and interpreters the two natives, Manteo and Manchese, who had been carried to England by the former expedition, he set out with a considerable company across Pamlico Sound to explore the country. In this undertaking, three Indian towns, Pomeiok, Agnascogok and Secotan, were discovered. A silver cup had been lost at Agnascogok, said to have been stolen by a native of the town; and as it had not been returned as promised, Grenville, upon returning to his fleet, went in a boat with a party of men to recover it. Upon his appearance the affrighted natives fled; and to punish them for the loss of his cup, Grenville "burnt and spoyled their corne and Towne," an act of barbarous cruelty which converted these people into dangerous enemies of the colonists.

Granganimeo, the brother of King Wingina, visited the ships in friendly fashion as he had done the previous year, and no cause of trouble between that gentle savage and the hasty Grenville appears to have arisen. After several weeks spent in explorations and preparations for

settlement, having on the fifth of August despatched John Arundel to England, Grenville, having landed the colony of one hundred and seven men on Roanoke Island, sets sail on the twenty-fifth for home. But the fiery and heroic Grenville could not resist an adventure when it came in his way; and six days after leaving Roanoke he fell in with a Spanish ship of "300 tunne richly loaden," which he boarded with "a boate made with boards of chests," so frail as to sink at the ship's side as he and his valorous crew left it.

nesse, yet wilde, as France, Spaine, nor Italie have no greater, so many sorts of Apothecaries drugs, as common there as grassies here." To the delighted eyes of the colonists, Virginia was another Canaan flowing with milk and honey. The savage inhabitants were courteous and tractable; the affluent soil brought forth the maize, richest of breadstuffs, in lavish profusion; indeed, whatever "commodities soever, Spaine, France, Italie or the East partes" yielded, "as wines of all sortes, in ozles, in flaxe, in rosens, pitch,



BOATMAKING.

Having captured the Spanish ship, Grenville took up his quarters on board, and headed his prize for England, reaching Plymouth on the eighteenth of September, where he "was courteously received by divers of his worshipful friends." By a letter bearing date the third of September, written by Lane to Richard Hakluyt, we have his description of the country, which he enthusiastically pronounced to be "the goodliest soyle under the cope of heaven, so abounding with sweete trees, that bring such sundry rich and pleasant gummess, grapes of such great-

frankensence, corrans, sugars," this favored land abounded with.

It would be supposed from this letter that the prosperity of the colony was assured; but such was not the case. Although Lane was a man of ability, apparently well fitted to be a pioneer in founding a state, the times were not propitious for his colonial enterprise. It was soon discovered that the place chosen for settlement was unsuitable; the harbor was poor and the coast dangerous. Natives from various tribes in the vicinity visited his settlement, and from them he



A GREAT LORD OF VIRGINIA.

gathered valuable information. From accounts given him by an Indian chief, Menatonon, while exploring the Chowan, he learned of the Chesapeake Bay abounding in pearls, and the people who inhabited its shores, and resolved to remove his colony thither as soon as the expected supply ships came from England. Unfortunately, Manchese, one of the natives who had accompanied the colony from England, did all in his power to sow distrust of the colonists among the savages, and the king's brother, the friendly Granganimeo, suddenly died, whereupon, Wingina, influenced by their enemies, assumed an air of hostility toward the colonists and incited the chiefs of other tribes against them. But although Lane found the tribes with whom he had established leagues of friendship hostile to him, he thought it important to explore the Roanoke, which the Indians had informed him issued from a great rock near a sea and flowed through a country rich with precious metals.

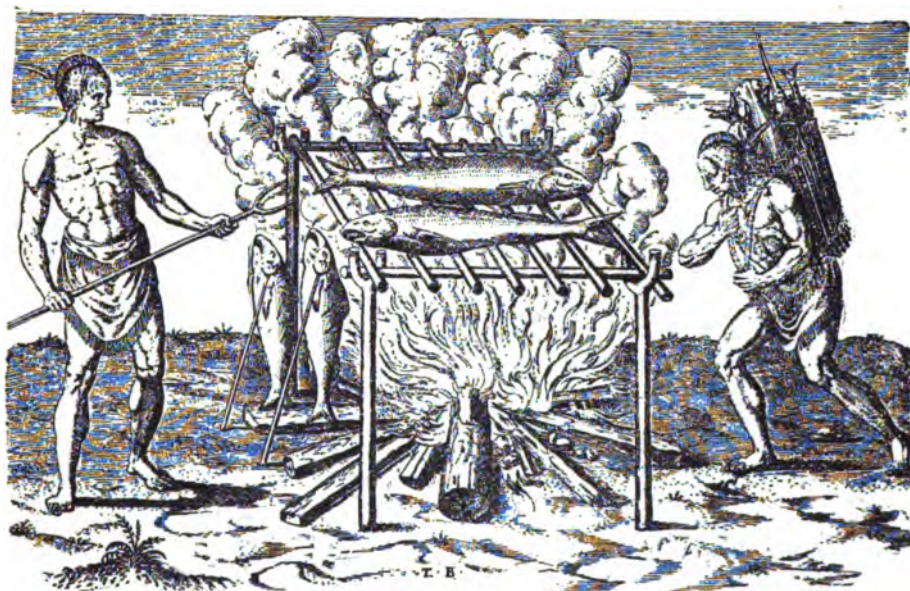
This undertaking was attended with severe hardships. Provisions soon grew scarce, and none could be obtained at the towns which they passed, the inhabitants having fled at their approach; hence Lane proposed to his men to turn back, but left the decision to them. They, as eager as himself to feast their eyes upon the riches of the country and to be the first to trace a water-way to the western ocean, which they fondly believed the sea described by the Indians to be, resolved to go forward, and when their provisions were exhausted to kill two mastiffs which accompanied them, and sustain themselves upon their flesh. With this spirit, the little company pushed forward, Lane himself burning to reach the country of the Mangoaks, who, he had been told, had intercourse with a strange people whose land abounded with a "marvellous mineral" in such abundance that they wrought it into plates with which to adorn their habitations. This mineral, paler and softer than copper, was brought down by the swift-rushing stream, and caught by the natives in bowls partially covered with a skin. Pushing on then with energy, Lane pursued his course for two days, the natives of the country withdrawing as he advanced.

On the afternoon of the second day, while lying on shore suffering for lack of food, their stores having all been spent, Lane heard the voices of savages calling, as he thought, from the wooded river banks, to Manteo, his native guide; and glad to have the opportunity of holding friendly intercourse with them, he caused Manteo to reply. Hearing them sing, apparently in response, which Lane supposed to be in token of welcome to their country, he was beginning to feel that his toils and sufferings were to be rewarded by success, when suddenly Manteo warned him of danger, and ere the English could put themselves in a proper state of defence, they were assailed by a storm of arrows. Fortunately none were hurt; and, scaling the steep banks of the river, Lane pursued the flying foe until the setting sun deepening the gloom of the forest compelled his men to return to their boats. Weary and famished, with no prospect of obtaining

food from the natives, the adventurers set out before daybreak, having first regaled themselves on "dogges porridge," on their return to Roanoke.

On the way they were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon a decoction of sassafras leaves; and when they reached the broad sound, which lay between them and their destination, they were weak from want of food. It was on the eve of Easter, and a heavy gale lashing the waters into foaming billows warned them against attempting the passage in their frail boats; accordingly they

hind in a perilous situation. Rumors of disaster to his party had reached Roanoke, and Wingina, who, upon assuming the chieftainship, had taken the name of Pemisapan, and had for some time regarded the English coldly, became offensively insolent to the little colony in its weakness, and, contemning the Christian faith which they had shown some regard for, openly taunted the English with the weakness of their God, who had been unable to protect his friends against the fury of the savage Renapoaks. In vain Ensenore, the aged father of Pemisapan,



"THE BROWYLLINGE OF THEIR FISHE OVER THE FLAME."

"fasted very truly" that day, and on Easter morning were rejoiced with the sight of pleasant skies and tranquil waters.

They were expecting when they reached Chimpanum, a fishing station of friendly natives, to be able to obtain fish to allay the pangs of hunger; but great was their disappointment when they reached the place, late in the afternoon of Easter, to find it deserted. They found, however, a few fish in the abandoned weirs, which revived them somewhat, so that the next morning they reached Roanoke in safety. Here Lane found the people whom he had left be-

who had always been a faithful friend of the English, endeavored to persuade his people to entertain a better spirit toward the colonists; and had not Lane unexpectedly returned, they would have abandoned their settlement, which would probably have been fatal to the English, since they depended upon the natives for food, being unable to construct suitable weirs for taking fish, and having no seed corn to plant in the spring.

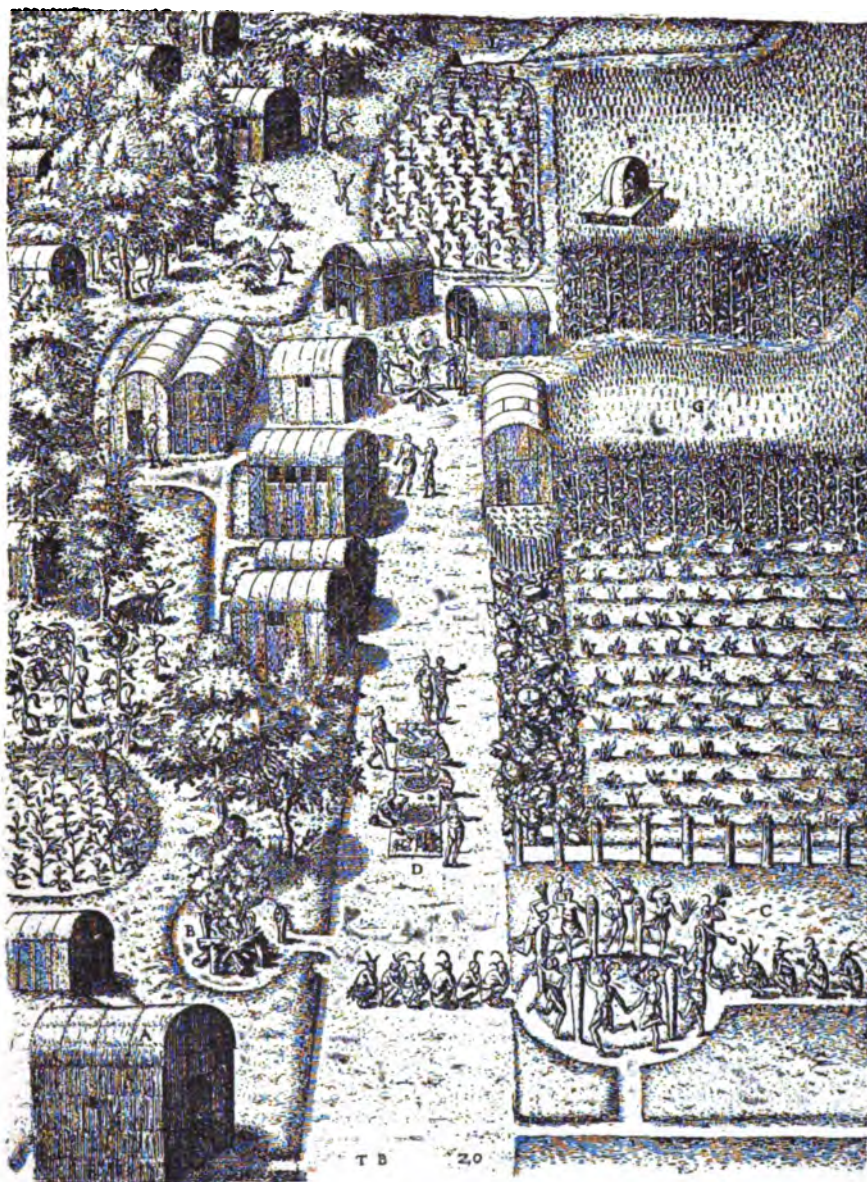
The return of Lane with all his men from the country of a people whose prowess was acknowledged quickly turned the tide in their favor, and Ensenore at once assumed the dignity of a prophet. This

aged chief entertained exaggerated theories respecting the pale men, who had come like spirits from the misty sea. He had told the people that, if they killed these strange men, they would after a short period return to life again, and that even while in the land of shades they would avenge wrongs done them in life. Some of the superstitious natives remembered strange sounds which they had heard and blows which they had received in the darkness when far away from the settlement, and attributed them to the spirits of the English who had died among them. The natives, too, who had accompanied Lane told marvellous stories of English prowess when they encountered the dreaded Renapoaks, and took Menatonon, one of their chiefs, with the son "that he best loved," prisoners, the latter of whom Lane still held in captivity. Thus the colony at Roanoke became suddenly popular; and when Menatonon sent an ambassador with a costly pearl to ransom his son and, joining with Okisko, a neighboring king, sent twenty-four of the chief men of the country to offer service and homage to Elizabeth and Raleigh, they were regarded even by Pemisapan with favor. Weirs were constructed for them by the natives, and corn planted for their sustenance, until they could receive stores from England, which they expected would arrive not long after their harvest. Unfortunately their faithful friend Ensenore died, and the enemies of the colony again became active. In order to make the destruction of the colony certain, Pemisapan and others, among whom was Manchese, their bitterest enemy, drew some of the neighboring tribes into a scheme to surprise and destroy Lane and his people. To this end, bodies of men from these tribes were invited to assemble at Roanoke, a month after Ensenore's death, to join in a funeral celebration in his honor. In the mean time Pemisapan secretly caused the weirs to be broken beyond repair by the English, and removed to another place, for the ostensible purpose of preparing the ground for planting, thereby throwing the colonists, who had depended upon them for partial supplies of food, upon their own resources, which compelled Lane to send

parties of his men to a distance to obtain sustenance. These detached parties it was intended to cut off and destroy separately, and in the dead of night to surprise the colonists who remained at Roanoke by setting fire to their dwellings and slaying them as they rushed forth confused and unprepared for conflict. To two of Pemisapan's chief men was assigned the honor of despatching Lane; and but for the gratitude of the captive son of Menatonon, whom Lane had treated with kindness, the plot would probably have succeeded. This young man, however, to whom all the details of the plot were disclosed, revealed them fully to Lane, who promptly prepared to checkmate his enemies by a night surprise. A few days before the time set by Pemisapan for consummating his designs, his people, on the last of May, began to assemble at Roanoke, and Lane resolved to surprise them.

In order to prevent news from being carried to their chief, upon whom he had designs, Lane intrusted to one of his men the task of secretly seizing after nightfall the canoes lying about the shores of the island, to prevent the departure of any of the natives. This plan, so well calculated to succeed, was frustrated by unskillful management. The man who was to prevent any of the natives from going to Pemisapan discovered a canoe leaving the island, and upset it, killing at the same time two natives who were in it. This being seen from the shore alarmed the natives, and a conflict at once began between them and the English, which resulted in the defeat of the natives, who finally fled to the woods for safety.

As soon as it was light enough the next morning, Lane with a small force of men started to surprise Pemisapan, who had not yet learned of the overthrow of his people at Roanoke. Landing near the residence of Pemisapan, Lane sent him word that he was on his way to Croatoan, and wished to complain to him concerning an attempt of one of his people to carry away the captive son of Menatonon. Not suspecting danger, Pemisapan allowed Lane to approach him, and while talking Lane suddenly



"THE TOWNE OF SECOTA."

- |                                  |                         |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| E. Gardens.                      | D. Feasting Place.      |
| F. Watchman to protect the corn. | B. Place of Prayer.     |
| H. Young Corn.                   | A. Tombs of the Kings.  |
| G. Ripe Corn.                    | I. Garden.              |
| C. Dancing Ground.               | K. Fire at Feast Times. |
| L. River.                        |                         |

gave the watchword, "Christ our victory," which had been agreed upon as the signal for attack. Pemisapan fell from a pistol shot fired by the colonel, and was supposed to be dead; but while the English were occupied in slaying the surprised natives, he sprang up and attempted to escape. He was overtaken, however, by Lane's Irish servant, who slew him and bore his head in triumph to his master. This put an end to present danger from Pemisapan's people.

A week after this occurrence, the colonists were overjoyed to receive news from Captain Stafford, whom Lane had sent to Admiral's Island to get food and watch for the appearance of sails, that he had seen twenty-three vessels in the offing. Of course it was not known whether they were friends or foes, and the little colony was in a state of anxious suspense until the arrival the next day of Stafford himself, who brought a letter from Sir Francis Drake offering to supply their necessities. On the tenth of June Sir Francis himself anchored at Roanoke and offered the colonists all the assistance in his power. This was done with the consent of all the commanders in the fleet, for Drake's fleet was a little commonwealth, in which all the commanders had a voice, and questions of moment were referred to them for decision.

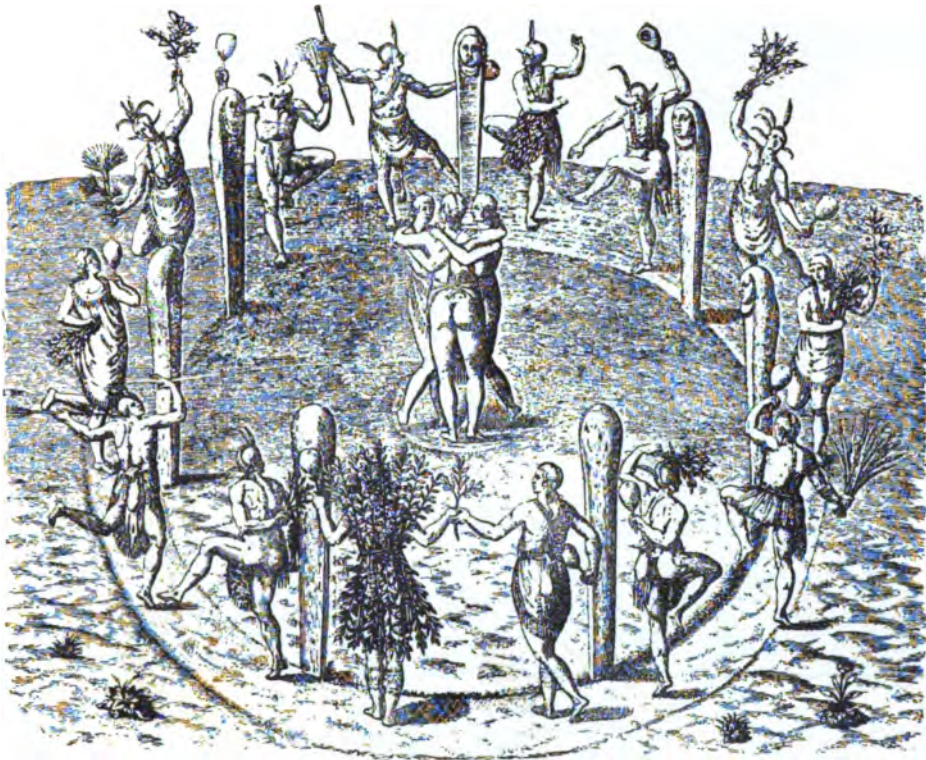
It was decided, upon Lane's request, that Drake should take home the weak and unserviceable members of the colony, and should leave at Roanoke ships and competent commanders with a sufficiency of provisions, and if supplies did not reach the colonists as expected by the following August, that they were to embark for home and abandon their settlement. This arrangement, so satisfactory to the colonists, concluded, every one was on the alert to prepare letters for their friends at home. While they were busily employed in this pleasant occupation, a terrific storm broke upon the fleet; and, exposed as it was in the unsheltered roadstead, it suffered severely. One of the vessels assigned to Lane, already provisioned for the colony, and having on board some of his most efficient men, was driven to sea and returned no more.

The bad harbor and the injury already

suffered by Drake in his philanthropic efforts to assist the colonists admonished him to bring affairs to a speedy conclusion; but with almost unexampled generosity, he offered to place one of his principal ships at Lane's disposal, to carry out the plan already agreed upon, although he declared himself unwilling to leave the ship in the unsafe harbor of Roanoke, where she would be likely to suffer wreck, preferring to leave her in the roadstead where Lane would be obliged to assume the responsibility of her care. At the same time he requested Lane to deliver to him in writing word as to what he desired him to do, promising to comply with his wishes as far as possible.

Reflecting upon the mishaps which had befallen the colony, Lane summoned a council of the colonists to consider what it was best to do. Considering their weaknesses and losses, the want of a safe harbor and the uncertainty of receiving any supplies from England, it was resolved to request Drake to carry them home; and Drake, consenting to their request, took them with their belongings on board his fleet, which, says Lane, "sustained more peril of wrack than in all his former most honorable actions against the Spaniards," and, "with praises unto God for all, set saile, the nineteenth of June, 1586, and arrived in Portsmouth the seven and twentieth of July the same year."

In studying the accounts of this settlement at Roanoke, one can but experience a feeling of regret at Drake's well-intended but superzealous action in visiting them with such profuse proffers of assistance; and Sir Walter Raleigh must have reflected with no pleasant emotions upon his friend's meddling interest in his affairs. For he had not forgotten his colonists at Roanoke, and had labored assiduously in making provisions for their necessities; and when Lane and his people, crowded into the vessels of Drake's fleet, lost sight of the land which they had esteemed as the "paradise of the world," the ship which Raleigh had with such personal labor and sacrifice freighted with plenteous supplies for their wants was speeding with swelling sails toward their abandoned settlement, where their



"THEIR DANSES WHICH THEY USE ATT THEIR HYGHE FEASTES."

household goods were scattered in confusion, as though their owners had been "chased from thence by a mighty army," and their fields almost ready for the harvest were pleasantly rustling in the summer winds. Finding the colony gone from Roanoke, after searching the surrounding country in vain for them, Raleigh's vessel returned to England to find the colonists already there.

Nor was this all that had been done for the welfare of the colonists; for Sir Richard Grenville had been despatched to Virginia with three ships, and he arrived at Roanoke two weeks after the departure of the supply ship for England. Not finding the colonists as he expected, and unwilling to lose *de facto* possession of the country, he left fifteen men at Roanoke with provisions for two years, and returned to England, landing on his way at the Azores and despoiling the Spaniards, as was his wont wherever he found that detested people.

But the failure of the colony under Lane in no whit discouraged the dauntless Raleigh. The next year, on the eighth of May, three vessels containing one hundred and fifty men sailed from Plymouth harbor for the New World. The charge of this expedition Raleigh intrusted to John White, whom he appointed governor, associating with him in a charter carefully prepared, active associates, under the sonorous title of the "Governor and Assistants of the Citie of Raleigh in Virginia."

The commander of the principal vessel was a Spaniard, Simon Ferdinando, whose heart was not in the service of the enterprise, if we may credit the chronicler; for, arriving in the Bay of Portugal, the fly-boat bearing a part of the colonists was "lewdly" forsaken by him with all on board, while in distress, and he went contentedly on his way, entertaining White and his companions with stories which in all cases proved to be fictitious.





"THEIR IDOL KIWASA."

Indeed, had it not been for Captain Stafford, a man whose vigilance and ability had been often tested, he would have wrecked his ship on Cape Fear, which would have brought the enterprise to an ignominious close. As it was, the colonists escaped wreck, and on the twenty-second of July their two vessels came to safe anchorage at "Hatorask," and White with forty of his best men took the pinnace to go to Roanoke to find the fifteen men left there by Grenville the year before. After finding these men, it was White's intention to take his colony to Chesapeake Bay and there establish it; but no sooner had the company embarked than they heard to their dismay a command given by Ferdinando's direction to the mariners to leave them at Roanoke, with the exception of the governor and a few favored persons, as he would land them at no other place on account of the lateness of the season, — a pretext too ridiculous to consider.

In vain White argued; all the mariners whom Ferdinando had before brought to his own views sustained him in this particular matter, and he was obliged to yield.

The company reached Roanoke Island at sunset, but found the place deserted. No trace could be found of the missing men except the blanched bones of one of their number, mournful tokens of a savage attack upon the little settlement. The fort which Lane had erected was thrown down, but most of the dwellings were standing. Nature, however, was already actively engaged in her favorite work of effacing the art of man, and even the dwellings had been invaded by a rank growth of vegetation, particularly of melons, upon which a number of deer were quietly feeding.

White at once set his company at work repairing the houses and erecting new ones, being obliged to abandon his projected settlement at Chesapeake Bay. While thus busily engaged, the fly-boat, which Ferdinando had stolen away from in the night, while lying in the Bay of Portugal, arrived safely, to the joy of the colonists, but to the chagrin of Ferdinando, who was grieved greatly at their coming, having evidently a grudge against the captain, who he hoped would be

unable to find his way to Virginia, or would fall a prey to enemies in the dangerous place where he abandoned him, — but “God disappointed his wicked pretences.”

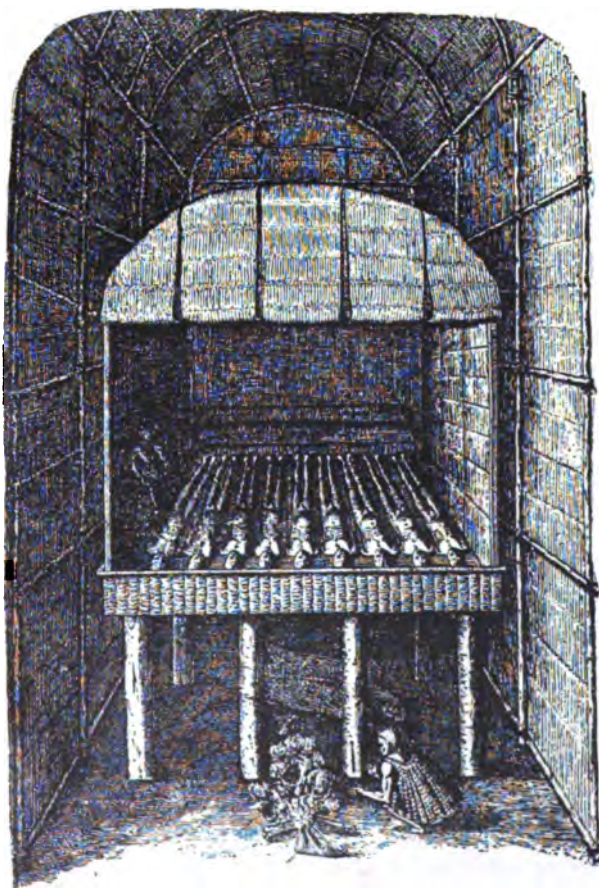
A few days after their arrival, George Howe, one of the colonists, while gathering crabs, was slain by savages in ambush, an emphatic reminder of the necessity of constant caution.

On the thirtieth of July, White despatched Stafford with twenty men under the guidance of the faithful Manteo, who had accompanied them from England, to visit Croatoan, where Manteo's mother and relatives lived, for the purpose of getting tidings of Grenville's missing men. At first the Croatoans received them with distrust, but upon being informed by Manteo of the peaceful character of their visit, they received them with good-natured hospitality. From these natives Stafford learned the fate of Grenville's men. They had been surprised, and several of them slain by natives, who had been hostile to Lane's colony, those who escaped alive having fled no one knew whither.

To several of the neighboring tribes, who had shown unfriendliness to the English, White sent messages offering them friendship and forgetfulness of past wrongs, and requesting them to send some of their chiefs to confer with him. The natives failing to appear at the time appointed, and White having learned that the remnant of the deceased Pemisapan's people had slain Howe, and had moreover been engaged in the attack on Grenville's men, resolved to punish them; therefore before daybreak on the ninth of August he set out for their village with Stafford and twenty-four men, guided by the faithful Manteo. Nearing the village of the hostile natives, White de-

scried a number of people gathered about a fire, and getting them between him and the water he fired upon them. Taken by surprise, the wounded natives fled and hid themselves in the reeds, followed by the English, who had not gone far before they were surprised to see one of the natives run toward Stafford, calling him by name. To their chagrin they discovered that they had attacked Manteo's people, who, hearing that Pemisapan's men had abandoned their settlement from fear of the English, had repaired thither to gather the grain and fruits left behind.

Disappointed in his purpose of punishing the foes of the English, and chagrined at having inflicted injury upon his friends, which grieved Manteo greatly, though he



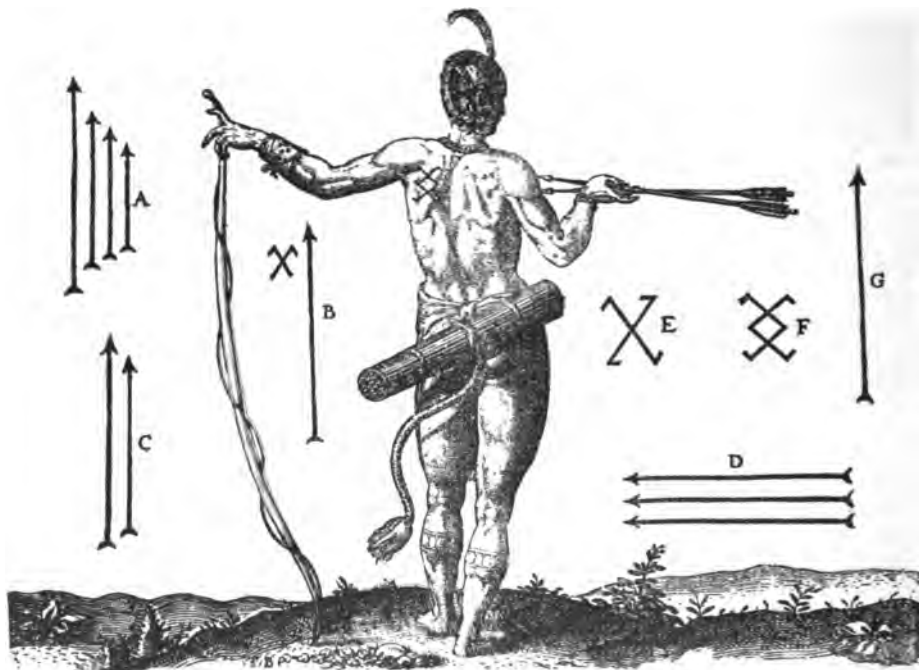
"THE TOMBE OF THEIR CHIEFF LORDES."

ascribed it to their fault in not coming to Roanoke as they had promised, White retraced his steps to the settlement. To reward Manteo for his fidelity, he was publicly christened "Lord of Roanoke and Dasamonguepeuk." On the eighteenth an event occurred which would have passed unheeded but for the peculiar circumstances which surrounded it, but which will now forever stand in recorded history, — namely the birth of a grand-daughter to the governor, who was christened Virginia, as she was the first Christian child born there.

The vessels were now nearly ready to return to England, when a violent north-east storm arose, which came near causing their destruction. It was deemed best to send two of the assistants home

and he at last reluctantly yielded to their persuasions.

All was now bustle and activity in the little settlement. But half a day was left for the governor to get ready for his departure, and everybody was busy preparing messages for their friends at home. On the twenty-seventh, at midnight, the governor went on board the fly-boat, which he seemed to prefer to the larger ship commanded by Ferdinando, and the two vessels set sail for England. After mishaps and hardships unusual even in that age of maritime misadventure, with the loss of many of his men and the sickness of others, White reached the western coast of Ireland on the sixteenth of October and, leaving his storm-beaten vessel, found his way to England as best he could.



"THE MARCKES OF SUNDRYE OF THE CHIEF MENE OF VIRGINIA."

by the vessels to secure supplies for the colony, and a controversy arose, no man among them being willing to go. The governor himself was therefore pressed to go, but declined, as it would subject him to the criticism of his enemies, to leave his colony so soon after arriving in the country. The people, however, insisted,

Ferdinando had arrived before him, with his crew so reduced by disease that he was unable to bring his vessel into port without assistance.

When White reached England he found all in commotion. Rome had summoned her hosts from all quarters to make one supreme effort to bring England under her



THEIR SITTING AT MEATE."

iron rule. To this end Philip the Second was selected to be the standard bearer of the Holy Roman Empire, and was admonished by the Pope "that, seeing God had blessed him with such exceeding great Blessing and Benefits," he ought to "perform somewhat which might be pleasing and acceptable to God : " namely by making a "Conquest of England, and replanting the Catholick Roman Religion and abolishing Heresie there." This pious charge was accepted by the most Catholic king; and to this new conquest of England the pitiless legions of Rome gathered as of old, but inspired with a fiercer zeal for success than had ever flamed in the breasts of Cæsar's rude veterans. So confident were they of success, that they held it sufficient to recommend "the Cause, the Armada and Army, to the Bishop of Rome, and the Prayers of the Catholicks to God and the Saints." Indeed, they fully believed that, stained as they were with the blood of numberless Christian martyrs, at home, in the Netherlands, in France, England and elsewhere in Europe, and of the helpless natives of the Indies, with the sickening smoke of a thousand *auto-da-fes* upon their garments, they would have

the all-conquering hosts of heaven to fight for them.

Against such a foe it was necessary for England to gather all her energies; and White found his expectations of assistance for the friends he had left at Roanoke frustrated. Raleigh, as solicitous as himself for the welfare of his colony, could hardly find time in the wild confusion of that "climacterical year of the World," as German chronologers had foretold it would be, to listen to his story. True, a few score lives were at stake on the Virginia shores; but many more lives were in danger at home.

White must have been beside himself with anxiety. He had left dear friends at Roanoke, among them his daughter and infant child. They must not be allowed to perish.

In spite of Raleigh's preoccupation with military affairs at home, with his usual enterprise he soon had an expedition for the relief of the colonists ready to sail under the charge of Grenville; but before it had weighed anchor Grenville was ordered by the government to proceed to Cornwall, where troops were being gathered to repel the expected invasion, and his ships passed into the government service.

Again White strove to obtain relief for his friends in Virginia, and Raleigh lent him his powerful aid. By their joint efforts, on April 22, 1588, White with exultant heart sailed from the shores of his native land with two vessels freighted with the much-needed supplies for the colony at Roanoke, who with longing eyes were scanning the eastern horizon for expected sails. But they looked in vain. White, proceeding on his course with pleasant anticipations of soon grasping the welcoming hands of his friends and kindred across the sea, came upon some Spanish ships. A fight ensued, and the English ships, battered and rendered unfit to proceed further on their errand of mercy, were forced to return to England, fortunate in having escaped worse disaster.

It was too late for White to again set out from England; the shadow of the coming storm was upon her. He was helpless and obliged to curb his impatience as best he could, while waiting through that dreary summer for the storm to burst; the sooner the better for him, as he might the sooner get relief to his suffering friends. How he must have chafed as the weeks wore away, and rumors were blown across the channel of the slowly gathering squadrons, the impregnable ships and terrible engines of destruction, which were soon to overwhelm England and bring it again under the rod of Rome.

We know the end. The terrible Armada came, wafted by priestly benedictions, its black ships christened with the names of saints and apostles and baptized as though they were sainted things, their high decks adorned with trappings of the Roman faith, crosses and chalices, candles and bells, shrines and sickly images, — came, and was smitten by cannon and tempest, until naught was left of it to excite any emotion save of pity or contempt.

Although the dreaded Armada was destroyed as effectually as the chariots of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, everything was in such confusion throughout the realm, that White could accomplish nothing for the relief of his colony until the year 1590, when a chance seemed open. John Wattes, an enterprising merchant of London, had fitted for an adventure to the

West Indies three ships which were lying idle in the dock on account of the necessary embargo which had been laid upon shipping, that it might be at the disposal of the government when needed. Knowing of Wattes's design, White obtained from him a promise to land him and some others at Roanoke with supplies for the colony there, provided he was able to procure the release of his ships. This, through Raleigh, White was able to accomplish; but the treacherous owner and commander, at the last moment, when it was too late to procure an order for their detention, refused to receive any one on board except White himself, who, however, resolved to go alone, and on the fifteenth of August, 1590, was landed at Roanoke. He found there no living soul of all the hopeful colony, which he had left there three years before, to welcome him. Nothing remained save several broken chests, which had apparently been buried near the fort and subsequently dug up by the Indians, and fragments of books, maps and pictures, some of which he recognized as his own property, scattered about in the long grass. On a large tree, from which the bark had been removed several feet from the ground, the word *Croatoan* was cut in capital letters, which evidently was to inform him of the removal of the colony there, that being the home of the faithful Manteo, whose people were friendly to the English. It had been decided before White left to remove the colony from Roanoke and to leave the name of the place to which they decided to go in a conspicuous place, to guide him to them on his return.

Anxious beyond measure to rejoin his people, White besought the captain of the vessel in which he had taken passage to take him to Croatoan, which he consented to do; but a convenient storm furnished a plausible excuse, and with White on board he set sail for England, where he arrived on the twenty-fourth of October. Frustrated in all his attempts to reach the colony, White was finally obliged to abandon all hope of again seeing his friends and relatives in Virginia, and he died after a few melancholy years, haunted ever by the familiar faces of those whose spectres peopled ever his

waking hours. Raleigh, however, made several futile attempts to discover them, but, exhausting his resources, was obliged to leave his patent to others, and the fate of the colony became an interesting and unsolved problem.

When the settlement was made at Jamestown in 1607, anxious inquiries were made for the lost colony, and attempts were made to discover if any of them were still alive. Inquiry was made of the natives, and Captain John Smith was told by one of the principal chiefs of the neighborhood that "at Ocanahonan were certaine men cloathed" in the same manner that Smith himself was; and William Strachey, who was the historian of the colony, speaking of this same place, says that by the relation of one "Machumps," an Indian, who had been in England and was friendly to the colonists, the people who lived there had "howses built with stone walles and one story above another, so taught them by those Englishe who escaped the slaughter at Roanoak, at what tyme this our colony, under the conduct of Captain Newport, landed within the Chesapeake Bay, where the people breed up tame turkeis about their howses, and take apes in the mountaines, and where, at Ritanoë, the Weroance, Eyanoco preserved seven of the English alive, — fower men, two boyes, and one yonge mayde (who escaped and fled up the river of Chanoke), to beat his copper of which he hath certaine mynes." These relations of the natives about Jamestown prompted the colonists to endeavor to find their lost countrymen, and attempts were made to reach them.

It is well known that the Spaniards were eager to obliterate all evidence of the discovery or occupation of American soil by the English, whom they regarded as interlopers, the Pope having bestowed the country upon Spain some time before its discovery; hence many interesting maps, plans and documents were obtained surreptitiously by Spanish agents and sent to Spain. A number of these plans and documents were recently discovered at Simancas, among them a curious chart of Virginia made shortly after the founding of the Jamestown

colony, and which Dom Pedro de Zuniga, with a letter dated at London, September 10, 1608, forwarded to his master, Philip the Third of Spain. This very interesting chart was probably carried to England by Captain Francis Nelson, who sailed from Virginia, June 2, 1608, and it must shortly after his arrival in England have fallen into the clutches of Zuniga. By it we are enabled to locate places mentioned by Smith and Strachey, and curious inscriptions upon it confirm the statements of Smith relative to attempts to discover the lost colonists.

The chart shows three rivers southward of the James, probably the Tar, the Roanoke and the Neuse. On the southern branch of the latter was the place which we are interested in locating, namely, Ocanahonan.

Smith, in his *True Relation*, says: "We had agreed with Ye King of Paspahege to conduct two of our men to a place called Panawicke beyond Roonok, where he reported many men to be apparalled. Wee landed him at Warraskoyack where playing the villaine and deluding us for rewards, returned within three or foure dayes after without going further," and later we find that he sent from Warraskoyack Master Sicklemore and two guides "to seeke for the lost company of Sir Walter Raleigh's."

By reference to this chart we find on the southern bank of the James the place whence the expedition sent from Jamestown set out on its fruitless search, and near this place are these words: "Here Paspahege and 2 of our men landed to go to Panaweock." Proceeding southerly and crossing the Neuse, the expedition reached a place called Panaweock, which appears to be the same place known to the lost colonists as "Dasamonguepeuk," over which, as we know, Manteo, their faithful friend, was baptized as "Lord," and near this place we read: "Here the King of Paspahege reported our men to be and wants to go." Proceeding now southwesterly, we come to "Pakrakwick" or, as given by Smith, "Panawicke," and read as follows: "Here remayneth 4 men cloathed, that came from Roanoke to Ocanahonan." We cannot suppose that these four men were seen by the

Jamestown men; for if they had been, Smith or Strachey would have recorded the fact. We must therefore conclude that they were only reported to have been there.

Another important allusion to the same subject has been left recorded by the managers of the Virginia Company, who, speaking of their own hardships, say: "If with these are compared the advantages which we have gotten in the intelligence of some of our Nation planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, yet alive, within fifty mile of our fort, who can open the womb and bowels of this country, as is testified by two of our colony sent out to seek them, who (though denied by the savages speech with them) found crosses and Letters, the Characters and assured Testimonies of Christians newly cut in the bark of trees." From this we gather much to excite our interest.

name of the place whither they removed where it could be easily found to guide him to them on his return, and "that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, they should carve over the letters or name a Crosse (X) in this forme." As no such sign of distress was found over the name Croatoan, it seems reasonable to conclude that they removed to Croatoan, the home of their friend Manteo, expecting White to follow them there on his return. Nor are we to suppose that this place was far distant from their abandoned settlement at Roanoke. Why they left a portion of their property behind is not easily explained, unless they intended to return for it, which is probable. We should, however, endeavor to fix the locality of "Croatoan."

On the earliest maps this name is affixed to a low sandy island incapable of supporting a people, while on later maps



A CROATOAN MAN'S HOUSE NEAR PATE P. O., N. C.

That the colonists removed to Croatoan there can be little doubt. We know that it was understood before White's departure that "they intended to remove fifty miles further up into the maine presently," and that they were to leave the

name is given to the peninsula on the mainland opposite Roanoke Island, which was fertile and in every respect well suited to habitation. This fertile peninsula was but partially occupied by the Croatoans in White's time, on account of

the proximity of their enemies, the tribe of Wingina. Professor White, in a late very able article on the subject, advances the ingenious supposition that by an understanding with Manteo's people the Croatoans joined the colonists and took full



CROATOAN MAN.

possession of the peninsula, which they had long coveted, and that this occupation accounts for the change on the maps. This is a very reasonable supposition. The colonists were looking for a suitable place for settlement, and what more natural than that they should avail themselves of this fertile peninsula not far distant from Roanoke, where by an alliance with a friendly people they would be comparatively safe from molestation by tribes who were inimical to them. Later they moved toward the west, and in Smith's time may have been at Ocanahonan.

Two interesting questions now arise. What became of the Croatoans? and if any of the colonists intermarried and mixed with them, are any traces of such miscegenation now to be discovered?

With regard to the first question:—a tribe of Indians is now living in the state of North Carolina, who have been officially recognized as Croatoan Indians. The traditions of these Indians point to migrations from more eastern settlements. When these removals took place is not known, though it is probable that their last removal was from the Black River, in Sampson County, some time during the seventeenth century. In 1732 there was a grant of territory made to two of their number, Henry Berry and James Lowrie.

These names will be noticed later on. These Indians have always been migratory, and branches of them are to be found in places far remote from the main body of the tribe. Lawson, the historian of Carolina, who knew them in 1709, tells us that they claimed to have formerly lived on Roanoke Island.

Let us now consider the second question, whether the modern Croatoans show traces of English blood. Their color varies greatly, some being very dark and others almost white. Those in whom Indian blood seems to predominate are beardless, while those who show a preponderance of white blood are bearded. A recent traveller among them thus describes one of these remarkable people: "Where in my life had I seen a handsomer man? The face was pure Greek in profile, the eyes steel blue, the figure of perfect mould, and the man as easily graceful in his attitude as any gentleman in a drawing-room. I sat in my buggy



CROATOAN GIRL, 12 YEARS OF AGE.

talking with this man for an hour, finding him far above ordinary intelligence and full of information." They were long classed as mulattoes, and denied the right of franchise on the ground that they were free persons of color; but this designation they greatly resented, and refused to allow their children to be educated in negro schools. In 1885, however, this ban was removed, and they were provided with separate schools, and forbidden as white citizens were from intermarriage with negroes. They possess schools and churches, have quick intellects, and show a greater capacity for improvement





BEST SPECIMENS OF CROATOANS  
IN VIRGINIA.



they found a powerful tribe of Indians cultivating the soil with slave labor and speaking the English language.

The Croatoans of to-day claim to be of English and Indian descent, and are proud of this mixed ancestry. Some of them, however, show plainly a mixture of negro blood. They claim to have come originally from Roanoke, and that one of their chiefs was lord of that region and visited England. But the strongest evidence of their

than other tribes. Senator Revels of Mississippi was a Croatoan, a native of North Carolina. The Croatoans are hospitable, cleanly in habit, and, unlike other Indians, are skilful road builders. One of their roads is known to have been in use for over a century, and is still used.

If we examine the evidence of travellers among them in the past, we shall find further support to the theory that the Croatoans carry in their veins the blood of the lost colony. Lederer, a German explorer, in 1669, speaks of them as bearded men, whom he supposes to be Spaniards, because Indians never have beards. Nearly forty years later, the Rev. John Blair speaks of them as a very civilized people; and Lawson, the historian of Carolina, already quoted, who was well acquainted with them, tells us that they claimed that "several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do,—the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found amongst these Indians and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices." Lawson believed that these people were descendants of the lost colony, and says: "We may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with the Croatoan Indians for relief and conservation, and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relatives; and thus we see how apt human nature is to degenerate;" while a tradition of the early settlers in North Carolina is that

English origin is found in their names and in the presence of certain old English words among them. We have spoken of Henry Berry and James Lowrie, to whom a grant of land was made in 1732. Among the names of persons composing the lost colony appear the names of Henry and Richard Berry and Charles Florrie, the last certainly suggestive of Lowrie. The following names are also found among them, identical with names of the lost colonists, namely, White, Baily, Dare, Cooper, Stevens, Sampson, Harvie, Howe, Johnson, Cage, Jones, Willis, Brooke, Taylor, Butler and many others.

Finally, to quote Professor Weeks on their linguistic peculiarities. He says: "They begin their salutations with 'mon-n-n,' *i. e.*, man. Their traditions usually begin, 'Mon, my fayther told me that his fayther told him,' etc. They retain the parasitic (glide) *y*, which was an extremely common development in Anglo-Saxon, in certain words, through the palatal influence of the previous consonant, pronouncing cow as cyow, cart as cyart, card as cyard, girl as gyirl, kind as kyind. The voiceless form whing is retained, instead of the voiced wing. They have but two sounds for *a*, the short *a* being changed into *o* before nasals, and representing Anglo-Saxon open *o* (*ō*) in mon. They use the northern lovand in place of the later hybrid loving. The Irish fayther is found for father. The dialectical Jeams is found in place of James. They regularly use mon for man; mension for measurement; aks for ask; hit for it; hosen for hose. Crone is to push down; and knowledge is wit."

The title bestowed upon the region inhabited by these people, which embraces about six thousand acres and is located in the southeastern portion of the state of North Carolina, is Scuffletown; hence the people are locally denominated Scuffletonians. Many of them are still wild and lawless, and being of mixed blood, they are not regarded with much favor by their white neighbors; indeed it has been declared that the title of Croatoans was bestowed upon them for political purposes, and that they are all descendants of a notorious outlaw, James Lowrie, a mulatto, who, it is claimed, was the son of Judge James Lowrie, by one of his ebony sultanas. Being manumitted by his father, it is said that he married a half-breed Tuscarora Indian woman, Sarah Kearsy, and, about the year 1769, emigrated to the region in which the Croatoans now principally reside. A recent writer has traced with some minuteness the immediate descendants of James Lowrie, telling us that two of his three sons married, one a white and another a half-breed Tuscarora woman, while a grandson married a Portuguese, and he claims that the physical peculiarities of this people are derived from this intermingling of African, Caucasian, Indian and Portuguese blood. But he presses his theory too far when he ascribes to miscegenation traits common to certain classes among every people, — namely a

fondness for fishing and hunting, cunning and pilfering propensities, a love of ease, licentiousness, and a respect for woman. Though among the Croatoans may be found descendants of James Lowrie, and though it may hereafter be proved that he was the son of a judge of that name, the descent of this entire people from the famous outlaw will still remain unproved, — indeed, one may safely opine, will ever so remain; and the more romantic and less improbable theory, that they carry the blood of Raleigh's lost colonists in their veins, will continue to excite speculation.

Let us carry this theory to a conclusion. Twenty years after White left his colony at Roanoke, the Jamestown colonists arrived. During this twenty years the lost colonists had commingled with the Croatoans and were living on the peninsula of Dasamonguepeuk. When news of the settlement at Jamestown reached them, a party set out to visit them, probably composed of but a small number of the original colonists, and were intercepted and a number of them slain by Powhatan's men, the rest finding refuge with a neighboring tribe, perhaps related to the Croatoans; and subsequently the Croatoans, now having among them a considerable number of people bearing English blood, migrated westward to their present home in North Carolina. If all this is true, a problem of history has been solved.



## A CHAPTER OF ALASKA.

By C. E. Cabot.



PREVIOUS to the year 1867, the land situated at the extreme northwest corner of our North American continent was to the people of our country practically unknown. It was at that time called Russian America, and was the outpost of its parent country, its only industry that of the fur trade, which was carried on by an organized company of traders known as the Russian American Fur Company. In time, as the rapid growth of our Pacific coast developed new needs, a company was formed in California to furnish ice in quantities, to be brought from Russian America to the port of San Francisco and from there distributed. In furtherance of this project the plan was conceived by the ice company to lease the province from its owners. This matter was in due course privately laid before the suitable legislators in Washington, at whose councils the importance of its commercial value to our country as a source of revenue became more and more apparent; and Mr. Seward, then our secretary of state, with the far-seeing wisdom of able statesmanship, proceeded to enter into preliminary negotiations with the Russian government, through its minister, Baron Stoeckl, for the purchase of Russian America. The matter was practically confined to the knowledge of the two prime ministers and to the few others whose interests favored privacy in its consideration until the time should be

ripe to report it to the senate for ratification.

Those were troublous times at the capital; the senate was watching the President's supposed dangerous designs, and the people were watching the senate and anxiously waiting the issue. But amid all the clamor of angry debate, Mr. Seward in the State Department was quietly preparing to carry out his long-cherished plans for the annexation of Russian America. The "54° 40' or fight" measure of 1846, which would have carried us to the southeast boundary of Russian America, had failed through the efforts of those opposed to any further northern extension of our boundaries. In 1860, in a speech at St. Paul, Mr. Seward, with sure prescience, had said:—

"Standing here and looking far off into the northwest, I see the Russian as he busily occupies himself in establishing seaports and towns and fortifications on the verge of this continent, as the outposts of St. Petersburg, and I can say, 'Go on and build up your outposts all along the coast, up even to the Arctic Ocean; they will yet become the outposts of my own country—monuments of the civilization of the United States in the northwest.'"

Later, during our civil war, his observation of the disadvantages under which we labored for lack of advanced naval outposts strengthened his determination to obtain such a foothold of power. And now at last, in 1867, he found the way opening before him. Russia was to us a friendly neighbor; for her own safety she would in no case allow her American province to pass into the hands of any European power through whom it might become to her a future menace. Under American control it would be to her a safeguard through its more rapid development, and to the United States it would become an important stronghold for commercial and naval operations on our Pacific coast. The subject presented so many mutual advantages, instead of conflicting interests, that all minor considera-

tions were easily adjusted ; the two prime ministers, Seward and Gortchakof, were not long in coming to an agreement, and its satisfactory conclusion seemed now well assured.

On Friday evening, March 29, the Czar's consent to the cession of the territory was received by the Russian minister, who hastened at once to the residence of Mr. Seward, as the importance of the case made it necessary to take immediate action before the end of the session now near at hand. Charles Sumner, then chairman of the committee on foreign relations, was at once summoned, together with the officials and secretaries necessary to prepare the matter for submission to the senate ; in less than two hours the brightly lighted windows of the State Department indicated that business was going on there as at mid-day ; and with so great despatch was it conducted, that by four o'clock on Saturday morning the midnight treaty was engrossed, signed, sealed and ready for transmission by the President.\* A few hours later, when the message was announced in the chamber, great was the surprise of all when the secretary ejaculated rather than read, "A treaty for the cession of Russian America,"—a surprise still further increased when Mr. Sumner, a leading opponent of the President, rose to move favorable action, asking that a hearing be assigned for it on the following week. At the hearing in executive session the treaty was almost unanimously confirmed, conditional on an appropriation to be made by Congress to pay for the purchase within a year. The treaty provided that the territory should be surrendered to the United States as soon as a qualified official should arrive from Russia to perform that duty. Count Peterschoff was appointed for this purpose ; and in September, 1867, accompanied by General Rosecranz and the necessary military force, he proceeded to Sitka to perform the transfer. With the usual ceremonies attendant on such occasions, the Russian

flag gave place to our own, and Russian America became United States territory. At Mr. Sumner's request, the name Alaska, already belonging to the peninsula of that country, was retained and adopted as that of the whole territory.

The treaty was ratified April 9, 1867. The United States had taken possession of the new territory, but had not paid for it. Measures were necessary to be taken at once to formulate some suitable plan of government which could be maintained for the best good of the native people there belonging and for the increase of our own revenue as might be. We had acquired a peculiar possession, needing peculiar and hitherto untried forms of government. It was a crisis in which no one seemed to know quite the best thing to be done nor the best way to proceed ; the most that was known of the region was that it was unknown and ice-bound. But as in all history, the right man, the God-sent man, has always been found for the emergency, so in this case, one who had retired from his long whaling voyages in the Pacific seas, which had furnished abundant opportunity for thorough and complete observation of every form of natural phenomena thereto pertaining, whose brain had become a well-filled storehouse of valuable knowledge available for just this or similar occasion when it should arise, who had in the retirement of his private life been sought for and elected a member of the Massachusetts legislature, there becoming acquainted with some of the leading men in public affairs, and through them with scientific experts and with influential Washington legislators, thus by successive steps making the necessary connecting links in the chain of events which was to bind our new possession into harmonious and suitable relations with already existing conditions, and to open out new avenues of interest, of profit and of usefulness,—this one of all others in our country best fitted for the emergency awaiting, after his many years of almost unconscious preparation, was found well equipped and ready for his country's service at her call of need. Upon him devolved the task to investigate, to formulate and to carry to

\* The above detail of the working out of the midnight treaty is substantially as given in the "Story of the Life of William H. Seward," by his son. The illustration, from the original painting by Leutze, is used by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Derby & Miller, New York, N. Y.



BY PERMISSION OF DERRY & MILLER.

THE MIDNIGHT TREATY. FROM THE PAINTING BY LEUTZE.

completion plans for mutual benefit,—the work of a statesman and of a philanthropist, of a man sound in knowledge of the world's affairs, of good judgment and of unimpeachable integrity, unselfish and incorruptible.

Providentially the man and the hour had met. Hugh McCulloch, then secretary of the treasury, at the instance of several eminent men, after due conference with Charles Bryant, appointed him as special agent subject to the authority and supervision of the Treasury Department which had assumed charge of affairs in our new territory, with instructions to proceed to the Pribylov Islands, the home of the fur seal industry which had proved of so great value to its former owners, to investigate the conditions there existing, and to report upon the necessary steps to be taken for the subsistence of the people and for the protection and furtherance of our own interests as well. In this relation Captain Bryant, in pursuance of his duties on the islands, resided there for several years, during four presidential terms, and under the supervision of seven successive treasury secretaries, instituting and perfecting the various systems of living, of education and of industry which have continued to the present time. It is of him in this peculiar relation that the present paper treats.

Born in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, of the sturdy Pilgrim stock whose independence and integrity impressed its character so strongly on the beginnings of our New England history, his earlier years were passed, like those of all sons of the industrious farmers whose occupation was confined to achieving not only a livelihood, but the comforts of that time, in the multitude of duties more or less arduous and shared by all alike, with but little schooling except that obtained from the open book of nature surrounding and enriching the minds of all its pupils who had eyes to observe and ability to learn its lessons. Doubly fortunate was he in the fact that the large farming country in which his boyhood years were passed was also a seaport (now long since in its decadence), whose industry of ship-building furnished an opportunity for



CAPTAIN CHARLES BRYANT.

profitable maintenance to the lads whose desires or whose needs prompted them to seek for such outside the home life; and beyond this employment the next step out and away into the world was by the whaling industry, the source of many large fortunes during the thirty years or more in which it flourished so prosperously in the years following 1830. From the farming towns all over New England it recruited its workers, offering to them attractive inducements to see some part of the great world outside of and beyond their circumscribed opportunities for knowledge; and among others we find our country lad, his brain teeming with glorious day-dreams of future possibilities, exiling himself from his boyhood home with its beloved inmates, hoping thus to secure a surer and larger competence for their future when the disability of increasing years should render them less able for their laborious and constant work. Six voyages were made by him during the eighteen years from 1840 to 1858, covering all latitudes from sixty degrees south to the frozen barrier of the Northern Arctic Sea in latitude seventy-two degrees, through all seas inhabited

by whales; and in pursuit of this calling he visited most of the various islands therein situated, making himself familiar in every instance where it was possible for him to do so with the manners and customs of the people and with their native language.

In 1867 and 1868 he was called to the Massachusetts legislature to represent the district in which he then resided. Here again in quite a different field were this man's talents of observation, of well-cultivated memory and of disposition to usefulness in whatever line of life-work he was called upon to fill to stand him in



A GROUP OF BEHRING SEA OFFICIALS  
IN 1872.

good stead. Not lightly did he regard the fulfilment of any duty intrusted to his care; and in the pursuance of his official duties the impress which he left upon the minds of his associates was to open up to him further opportunities and heretofore undreamed-of possibilities. Here he came in contact with other scientific minds; and through a vote of his own favorable to the appropriation of a sum of money for use by Agassiz in the preservation of the remarkable Brazil collection, his own wide and thorough knowledge of the family of fishes of nearly every kind became known to the men who shortly were to seek this knowledge absolutely un-

attainable through any other of our own people.

One morning in the spring of 1868 the press all over the country spread abroad the surprising announcement of Mr. Sumner's submission to the senate of Mr. Seward's treaty (as it was called) for our purchase of Alaska; and great the wonder grew. Laughable were the comments and ridiculous the criticisms of those all uninformed, the general public feeling being one of doubt as to any possible benefit which could accrue to us from the possession of so vast an adjunct to our landed possessions. Some witty ones made merry in rhyme as extravagantly set forth as possible, as may be seen in the following verses from a Boston paper at that time:—

" Know ye the land where the iceberg and myrtle  
With early geen peas and walrus combine?  
Where the Esquimaux sups upon truffles and  
turtle,  
And the white polar bears upon Esquimaux  
dine?  
Where the roses are blooming all the year  
round,  
And the oranges ripen with snow on the  
ground?  
Where the polar bear howls in the barley and  
wheat,  
And the settlers are howling for something to  
eat?  
Oh, know ye that land? 'Tis the land of the  
ice;  
'Tis a big Russian land at a rushin' big price."

and also these from San Francisco:—

" Lean of flank, and lank of jaw,  
See the real Northern Thor!  
See the awful Yankee leering  
Just across the Straits of Behring,  
Leaning on his icy hammer  
Stands the hero of this drama;  
And above the wild duck's clamor  
In his own peculiar grammar,  
With its lingual disguises,  
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises:

" Wa'll, I reckon 'taint so bad,  
Seein' ez 'twas all they had;  
True, the springs are rather late,  
And early falls predominate;  
But the ice crop's pretty sure,  
And the air is kind er pure;  
'Taint so very mean a trade,  
When the land is all surveyed,  
There's a right smart chance for fur chase  
All along this recent purchase;  
And unless the stories fail,  
Every fish from cod to whale;  
Rock, too, mebbe quartz; let's see —

'Twould be strange if there should be —  
Seems I've heerd such stories told;  
Eh! — why, bless us — yes, 'tis gold!"

On the public announcement of the intended purchase, Captain Bryant's interest in the matter was so great that he at once consulted several prominent men how best to take action, which resulted in their telegraphing to Mr. Sumner that one of the members of the Massachusetts legislature was thoroughly familiar with the region of Alaska, and asking if his information would be of value. Mr. Sumner replied that, although he had volumes of Russian records, the practical evidence of a living witness would be invaluable. Captain Bryant therefore immediately sent to Mr. Sumner such portions of his private journals as bore directly upon the case, which testimony was made use of in Mr. Sumner's argument favoring the purchase, and portions of it were printed entire, which proved of great value in the consummation of the treaty. Mr. Sumner afterward referred publicly to Captain Bryant's aid at that time, in these kindly words: "Gentlemen, next to myself you owe it to Captain Bryant that we were successful in purchasing so valuable a territory."

The Treasury Department, on assuming control of affairs, at once fitted up a revenue cutter for active service, whose charts were referred to Captain Bryant for accurate revision, as here again he alone could furnish the information needed; and in September, 1868, he himself, acting as agent for the Treasury Department, set sail for the Seal Islands, via Panama, to San Francisco, thence to Sitka. But at that point he found himself farther from his destination than if he had remained in San Francisco. In March, 1869, however, he reached the islands by a chance merchant vessel; and after passing the entire sealing season in a careful and thorough study of existing conditions, he returned to Washington to lay his report before the Treasury Department, in which report he recommended methods of necessary legislation.

Owing to delay in affairs at Washington, the final consummation of our purchase did not take effect until July 27, 1868; and at that date, acting on authentic

information regarding the indiscriminate slaughter of the seals by various raiding parties from many ports, immediately following the transfer of the islands, and before our own officials could arrive there, Congress, in the absence of any knowledge of the habits of the seals and the needs of the people, passed a law prohibiting all killing.

Up to the time of Captain Bryant's arrival at the Seal Islands in 1868, nothing had been known of the habits of the fur seals, though they first became known to commerce through the discovery of their nurseries on the rocky islands around Terra del Fuego and in the Southern Atlantic and Indian Oceans; and in this direction, therefore, a close study had to be made of their needs and conditions. The natural laws controlling their life were found to be inexorable, differing in important degree from those governing all other varieties of their species. As their young are not amphibious before fifty or sixty days old, it is necessary for their successful rearing that they should be born on land and remain there until able to swim. Special conditions of climate are requisite, such as are found on these islands alone, situated where the colder current from Norton Sound meets the warm Japan current that passes through the openings between the Aleutian Islands, producing a humid condition of atmosphere through the summer months, often registering ninety-six per cent of obscuration of the sun. The male seals begin to land in May, the whole herd following in increasing numbers, staying until November, when they return to the deep waters and remain until the next spring. During these months on land, if the mothers are killed in their brief absences from their young necessary to obtain food for themselves, the young seals perish. The males while on land partake of no food, subsisting entirely on the store of fat and oil laid up in their blubber through the winter season when they annually return to feed in the open waters between the islands and the mainland. It is in these waters alone that an amount of food is found of fish and of marine life necessary to sustain them for the ensuing season. Some conception of the vast



quantity of animal life which exists in these waters may be obtained from the knowledge that each of the five million seals that leave the islands to feed requires at least six pounds of fish per day, — thirty million pounds of food daily for all. It is on their passage through and near these straits that the seals have been wantonly slaughtered by raiders who hunted them in vessels.

The full-grown male seal weighs between two and three hundred pounds; the full-grown female, about eighty pounds. Never more than one seal is produced at a birth, its weight being about five pounds.

A short time before Mr. Seward's death, he explained to Captain Bryant the details of a plan for making a treaty with Russia, by which the two nations should have the joint control of those northern waters and their fisheries, saying that it was a source of deep regret to him that his successor in office in the State Department had allowed the matter to lapse. At the time we bought Alaska he had already formed this plan, his attention being called to its necessity by the fishery troubles then existing and by his desire to guard against any future contingency that might arise in that direction. He had therefore carefully compiled all possible data and statistics for use when the matter should be ripe for action, — a matter the importance of which grew on his mind with every day of his life, and which he had learned to consider one of the greatest acts of his statesmanship, destined to be regarded in our future history with ever-increasing appreciation of his wisdom and foresight in its successful achievement.

In March, 1870, Captain Bryant was sent to the Pacific coast on a private mission for the government; and while there, learning from reliable sources of the destitute condition of the natives resulting from the enforcement of the law passed by Congress the previous year, prohibiting all killing, — for without commerce the people would need to depend absolutely upon the seals for food, fuel and clothing, — he laid the matter at once before the Treasury Department, on which he was detached from the private mission, and was ordered to proceed at

once to the Seal Islands on a revenue vessel with supplies for the natives, there to take charge until Congress should enact the necessary laws for suitable protection.

In Captain Bryant's preliminary report of 1869, he submitted first and chief of all his conviction that the care and protection of the seals by well-regulated methods would tend not only to support the natives comfortably, but to pay a considerable revenue to the United States by the adoption of a proper system of management and control. Grafting a plan, therefore, on the former somewhat inadequate methods of the Russian government, he recommended that the islands be leased to some single company for the right to take a certain number of seals under proper restrictions and conditions, with reference to the rights and needs of the people and the requirements of the Treasury Department. This course would be necessary in order that the officer in charge of the islands might have full authority to secure the enforcement of the conditions; for if more than one party were allowed to trade with the natives, their competition would give rise to irregularities which could not be traced or fixed upon any one, and the result would be prejudicial to the welfare of the people. Captain Bryant's plan as submitted to our government was adopted with modifications as needs arose; and as a result of his recommendations the islands were leased to the Alaska Commercial Company under certain conditions, in addition to which the company voluntarily agreed to furnish a resident physician on each island, with all the medicines necessary for the gratuitous care of the natives; to furnish also materials and skilled labor to aid them in building their cottages; and at a later date they also imported a library of Russian books for the use of those who could read them for the benefit of all.

In October, 1870, the first vessel of the Alaska Commercial Company arrived with its load of supplies for the natives, bringing its own authority as lessee and also official instructions for Captain Bryant to execute the plans as already set forth by him. At this time there were two hundred and seventy people on St. Paul's

Island, the headquarters of the settlement, mostly Aleuts from the Aleutian Islands, with a proportion of creole blood, or a mixture of Russians and natives, most of whom had been brought from Sitka on the transfer of the territory. This creole element was of great service from having seen better conditions of life, and from having acquired sufficient knowledge of the Russian language to be able to speak it; this was our only means of communication with the natives, the Aleutian language being too difficult to acquire by speech. The native people are undoubtedly of the same origin as the Japanese, their ancestors having probably drifted in vessels to these shores where they found the conditions of life severe and strange, and at so remote a period as to have lost the use of their native language; but no marked change has occurred in their physique, they having been frequently recognized by native Japanese as of their own race, though speaking an unknown tongue.

Congress having thus in 1870 authorized a fixed condition of the affairs of the islands by leasing them to the Alaska Commercial Company for twenty years, it next became important to administer the civil affairs through a regular staff of officials; and for information in this direction Captain Bryant was summoned to Washington in 1871 to confer with the heads of the Treasury Department as to the best methods to be pursued. As a result it was determined that the staff consist of four officers, — the agent, one first assistant and two second assistants. As it would be best that on the score of health each one should leave the islands every second year, it would be necessary that two competent officers should be always in charge with the necessary knowledge for the proper performance of the duties required; and Captain Bryant, as duly accredited agent of our Treasury Department, in the spring of 1872, was permitted to personally select his own assistants, and was himself invested with full official authority.

To realize more clearly the wide scope of this undertaking, we will consider the geographical situation of our new purchase. Alaska itself is two thousand eight

hundred miles from east to west, and over seven hundred miles north to south, or about twelve times the size of New York state; but stretching away and beyond Alaska in a southwesterly direction is a long chain of islands, the western extremity of which is farther west of San Francisco than is the distance from that city eastward to the coast of Maine.\* And two hundred miles north of this chain, situated nearly in the middle of Behring Sea, lies the Pribylov group known as the Fur Sea Islands. They are four in number, St. Paul, St. George, Otter and Walrus, the two latter being only small outlying rocks of St. Paul's Island. These islands were to prove by far the most valuable part of our purchase, from the fact of their being the yearly resort of the fur seal in enormous numbers, from the wise management of which as a source of revenue our government hoped to secure valuable returns. They are of volcanic formation, seemingly of more recent eruption than the Aleutian chain, and are distant three hundred miles from the nearest point of mainland on the north.

As to the part allotted by our special agent to the people themselves in the conduct of their affairs, he improved upon the former Russian methods, without decided change, and appointed one of the leading chiefs to act as his executive officer, whose duty it was to report to him at night all the occurrences of the day, as to the number of seals killed and all other matters requiring his cognizance. This plan was gradually developed and modified from time to time as the conditions seemed to direct and as new necessities arose. As Captain Bryant reported to the department at Washington only

\* Wolf Island, Maine, and Attow, the western extremity of the Aleutian chain, are the extremest distances of the United States possessions. They are 7000 miles apart.

From San Francisco to Wolf Island, 3300 miles.  
 " " " " Washington, 2700 "  
 " " " " Attow, . . . 3900 "

The Pribylov Islands are 200 miles north of the Aleutian chain.

Attow is so far west that it laps over into east longitude.



once a year, he had ample time to test the value of his experiments and to prove them; when found satisfactory, they were legalized by the government on his submission. In this simple manner affairs were conducted systematically step by step and without any friction. In cases of misdemeanor which required judicial action, three chiefs were constituted a council to examine and to report their opinion and decision, subject always to the agent's approval. So just and honest were these men that seldom were any changes necessary to be made. Their veracity in all matters coming up for settlement Captain Bryant testifies he never had reason to question, and he never knew of an attempt at evasion. They were men who in any civilized community would have been natural leaders of social law and order.

To these simple people, from out the mists that surrounded their isolated island home, had appeared in substantial vision the apostle of the era of better things. To their sick he had ministered, their children he had educated, their civil government he had perfected. In all material comforts through him they lacked nothing, and him they revered equally with their religious director. Patriarchal

in its simplicity was his attitude toward them in his efforts for their welfare as a community; physically, mentally and spiritually, through him had their dormant faculties been awakened, and they had grown to their full stature. Naturally their feeling for him had come to be one of unbounded love and gratitude.

Their final parting I will give in Captain Bryant's own words: "The relations between the people and myself had become so close and had continued so long that the parting was a heartfelt one on both sides. They all attended us to the beach on our departure and gathered around us, loath to have us leave them. Many shed tears, and I must confess I was very near it myself. When the final adieus were said they all assured us that they should go to the church to pray for our safe passage and happy arrival home, and that they should never pray for themselves without remembering and praying for us. The last sound of their voices as we left the shore was *Lise Bogh am* (God bless you); and our last sight of them was as they stood upon the cliffs waving their handkerchiefs as our ship steamed away into the distance. I would rather have their benediction than that of the highest bishop in the world."



## A MEMORY.

*By John E. Butler.*

POOR faded flower! dost thou recall that day  
 When, perfect in thy beauty, thou didst rest  
 Upon her bosom, and with thoughtless jest  
 Wast tossed to me, her lover's friend, who lay  
 There at her feet? All nature owned her sway  
 And spoke its love. The breeze from out the west,  
 Fast hurrying seaward, lingered and caressed  
 Her, loath to leave and hasten on its way.  
 A bird aswing upon the tree-top trilled  
 To her his amorous note. And only I—  
 As angry waves some fainting swimmer's life—  
 Crushed out the love that all my being thrilled.  
 Then didst thou hear my heart's despairing cry,  
 When Honor met with Love in deadly strife?

## THE PASSING OF THE SQUIRE.

*By Edward Porritt.*

**A**NCESTRY and acreage now no longer count in English rural politics. The new democracy has almost completely dethroned the squire, and, so far as local politics are concerned, has placed him not upon the old intermediary level of the tenant farmer who rents the squire's acres, but upon the new level of the tenant farmer's hired man.

English political reforms are usually exceedingly slow in making. It took more than three quarters of a century to bring about the first reform of the House of Commons, and still another half-century to effect something like equality in the parliamentary franchise. When, however, the work of a century and a quarter was completed, and when equality in the parliamentary suffrage was reached, it took less than ten years to equalize the position of the town and country wage earners in local politics, and in the same domain to bring the landlord to the political level of the rural laborer.

The rapidity of this levelling process in local government has been surprising. Five years ago the squire was as exclusively dominant in county administration as he was at the beginning of the century, when the House of Commons itself was controlled by the landlords through the nomination and rotten boroughs. For sixty years the municipalities have been governed in accordance with democratic ideas, as democratic ideas were understood by the Whigs in the first two or three parliaments after the Reform act of 1832. But outside the areas of the municipalities, until five or six years ago, everything was in the hands of the squirearchy. The squires dealt out local justice; their influence was the controlling element in the administration of the poor laws; and all the larger affairs of the county, together with all the county patronage, were entirely in their hands. They had no constituents, and there were no elections at which their policy and their

actions could be criticised and, if need be, condemned. When once a man was of the county bench, he was there for life. He owed his appointment legally to the Lord Chancellor, but primarily to his neighbor landlords who were already magistrates, and whose suggestion or recommendation for his appointment was made to the Lord Chancellor through the Lord Lieutenant, the Queen's representative in the county. The county benches were exclusive to the last degree. A man who had no neighbors in the full social sense of the word could never hope to be of the county magistracy. To begin with, to be of the magistracy he must be a landowner; the law settled that point. But the possession of land did not settle everything, nor clear away all obstacles to the much coveted place on the county bench. Custom and tradition interposed, and decreed that the appointive power of the Lord Chancellor should be exercised only at the instance of the Lord Lieutenant; and they further decreed that the name of no man who had been engaged in retail trade could be submitted by the Lord Lieutenant to the Lord Chancellor.

This was the condition of things governing appointments to the county bench. In the municipalities it has always been much easier to obtain a seat on the bench. By virtue of his office the mayor is a magistrate for two years, and usually before these two years have expired his name is permanently added to the commission of peace for the borough. In the case of the boroughs, the Lord Chancellor appoints to the bench without any reference to the Lord Lieutenant; and any man of character and standing who has political friends may hope for a seat among the borough magistrates. It is no bar that a man has been engaged in retail trade. While, however, the borough bench has always been much less exclusive than the county bench, its duties are much more restricted. The functions of

a borough magistrate are confined to the town for which the commission of the peace to which his name is attached is issued. The magistrate has no judicial functions whatever outside the area of the town, nor does his position as a magistrate confer on him any special privileges. He attends the local police court once or twice a week without any pay and, with the help of a lawyer who acts as clerk of the bench, dispenses summary justice in the less important cases, and helps to form a court of first instance for the hearing of more serious charges.

In addition to the difference in social standing between magistrates of the borough and county benches, there are privileges attaching to the county magistracy which do not attach to the magistracy in the boroughs. A county magistrate has a right to take part in the proceedings of the ancient court of quarter sessions; and he was, up to a year ago, solely by virtue of his office, a member of the board of guardians for the relief of the poor for the district in which his property is situated. He thus enjoyed the exercise of two functions connected with local government and the administration of local justice which were withheld from the borough magistrate. The magistrate in the borough might, of course, submit himself for election to the town council and to the board of guardians; but the magistrate in the counties was in the enjoyment of a large share in local government without any of the worry and expense of election.

Prior to 1888 the proceedings in quarter sessions were both judicial and administrative. The magistrates met to try prisoners whose cases demanded juries, and also to administer all the affairs of the county. They controlled the county constabulary, and appointed its officers. They had in their custody the care of the main roads, the county bridges and all the county buildings. They administered the affairs of the county asylums, and also determined the amount of the county taxes. In short, up to 1888, the appointed magistrates, holding their positions for life, acted for the county as the municipal councils act for towns and cities, with the important difference that the councillors in the towns are elected

on a popular suffrage and have to seek re-election every three years.

Nearly all the administrative duties of quarter sessions were taken from the magistrates by the County Government act of 1888. That measure was passed by a Unionist administration. It is not what it would have been if it had been passed by a Liberal House of Commons, as more recent legislation shows; but it was a better measure from a democratic point of view, coming as it did from a Unionist administration, than if it had been carried in a House of Commons in which the majority was exclusively Conservative. The influence of the Duke of Devonshire, then the Marquis of Hartington, and of Mr. Chamberlain is apparent in the act of 1888, as is also the fact that the government had the vote of the rural laborer in mind. Still, notwithstanding this Unionist influence and the imperative need of doing something for the rural laborer who had received the parliamentary franchise three years earlier, the Salisbury government was exceedingly careful for the squire, and was naturally disposed to let him down gradually. He had to go, but his going was made as easy and as pleasant as possible. The squire would have fared much worse in 1888 at the hands of a Radical government. As it was, the Unionist administration was careful to leave him some excuse for still repairing to the county town at quarter sessions. These meetings of the magistrates were deprived of all their old powers in connection with municipal affairs, and a county council elected on a popular franchise took their place. But it was well known that the squire highly valued the control he had enjoyed over the county police force; and with a view to leaving him some connection with that body its entire control was withheld from the new county council, and was vested in a hybrid committee to which the county council delegates half the members and the county magistrates in quarter sessions the other half. Apart from the tenderness of the Salisbury government for the squires and their deference to them in the House of Commons, there was no reason for this division of responsibility; for in all the incorporated towns the popularly elected

council has always enjoyed the full local control of the police.

In the larger affairs of county government this partial control of the police force was all that the Salisbury government was able to save for the squire in 1888. The measure of 1888 did not touch the smaller affairs of rural government; it left parish and poor-law administration just where they were. At that time Lord Salisbury's government promised a District Councils bill; and their supporters in top-boots, both in parliament and in the rural constituencies, must now be regretting that the Unionist government did not spare a little time from the concerns of Ireland and of labor between 1888 and the general election in 1892, in order to complete their plan for the reform of local government in the counties. There could hardly have been any finality about a measure carried at that time by a Unionist government. The rural democracy is exigent, and would sooner or later have demanded the reopening of the question; but a Parish and District Councils act carried between 1888 and 1892 might perhaps have given the squires ten years of respite, and at least it would have saved for them for a time the county magistracy and the administration of the poor law.

As it is, now that the Parish Councils act has come into operation, the hold the squires have had for sixty years upon the poor law is gone completely; and, while the squires will still have their places on the bench, the county magistracy has lost all its old exclusiveness. The possession of land is no longer a qualification for the bench, and in the future the squire may be called upon to sit at petty or quarter sessions side by side with a successful retail grocer or an advertising dry-goods man.

Parish and district councils, popularly elected, the country Tories were prepared for. They have known since 1884 that whatever party was in power at Westminster, sooner or later local government in the parishes and rural districts would have to be assimilated to local government in the towns. They were willing to acquiesce in the turning down of the parson in civil affairs, and in seeing the affairs of the districts taken out of the hands of the rural

sanitary authorities elected from the boards of guardians for the relief of the poor, and placed in the hands of boards elected and constituted like the municipal councils in the towns. These changes the squires had come to look upon as inevitable. After securing to the parson and the church wardens the custody of ecclesiastical charities, the country Tories in the House of Commons made no great fight over the municipal clauses in the Parish and District Councils bill. All their strength was reserved to contest the clauses setting out the conditions under which the newly constituted councils are to take land for allotments, to preserve the exclusiveness of the county magistracy and to keep the control of the poor law administration as heretofore in the hands of the landed proprietors.

Only two or three clauses were necessary to deprive the squires of their power in poor-law politics, and about the same number served to break down the feudal barrier which for a century or more has most effectually protected the county magistracy. As concerns the poor law, one of these clauses sweeps away the right of a county magistrate to be of the local poor-law board by virtue of his magisterial office; a second establishes the principle of one man one vote in poor-law elections; and a third substitutes the ballot for the old-fashioned system of open voting. Against all these clauses the top-booted Tories fought with much earnestness; for together these clauses deprive property of all its influence in the poor law, and place the administration of poor-law relief in the hands of the democracy. Hitherto the rural laborer, struggling through his working life on a wage which rarely exceeds twelve shillings a week, and ending his days in the workhouse, has had no vote in poor-law elections. Voting for guardians of the poor was exclusively in the hands of the squire, the larger tenant farmers and the well-to-do residents, and the number of their votes was regulated by the amount each was called upon to pay to the poor-law fund.

Henceforward the landlord and the tenant farmer will have each only one vote. The laborer also will have one

vote, and his vote will count for just as much as that of the tenant farmer who employs him, or that of the landlord from whom the tenant farmer leases his land. With the one man one vote principle established, with elections by ballot and with the sweeping away of the property qualification for membership of a board of guardians, the laborers may now, if they are so disposed, make themselves as dominant in poor-law administration as the landlords and the large farmers have been since 1834.

It was the consciousness of this fact which made the country Tory members of the House of Commons fight so hard in the winter of 1893-94 for what is known as the *ex-officio* principle in poor-law politics. The fight was long and stubborn, and resulted in one of the few concessions made by the Gladstone government when the bill was in committee. When the Conservatives were outvoted on the clause abolishing magistrate guardians, they and a few members on the government benches, who are more Whig than Radical, sought to introduce a clause by which the magistrates might annually elect several of their number to the local poor-law board. Defeated in this, the Tories sought to set up the principle of cumulative voting, and to secure the adoption of a plan by which the local government board in London should have the right to nominate five guardians for each poor-law union. But failure also attended these attempts to protect landed property, and finally the Tories had to be satisfied with a clause under which the boards of guardians can choose their chairman and vice-chairman from non-members of the board. This concession is not worth much, for a majority of the board can determine whether the clause shall be acted upon, and who shall be chosen to fill these offices. The ostensible object of the clause is to give a board power to avail itself of the services of a local expert in poor-law administration who has not been elected to the board.

The new system of direct election replaces a system partly of election on a narrow franchise, and partly of nomination. There are six hundred and forty-

eight poor-law unions in England and Wales, each with its own board of guardians. In the year 1893 there were in all twenty-eight thousand guardians, of whom twenty thousand were elected on the old franchise, and seven thousand exercised the functions of guardians by virtue of their office as county magistrates. Many of the magistrates never troubled themselves with poor-law administration. Others attended the board meetings but seldom, generally when some appointment was to be made; while in other unions these magistrate guardians outnumbered the elected guardians, and were often the most active in poor-law affairs. But whatever part they took in these matters, the landlords who were magistrates were under the old system in possession of a strong reserve power; and if in any union the elected guardians were acting contrary to the interest of the landed proprietors, it was an easy matter for the magistrate guardians to put in an appearance at the board and determine its policy on any question which might be engaging attention.

In some respects the position of the magistrate guardians was not unlike that of the members of the House of Lords. They owed their position generally to birth and landed possessions. As long as the House of Commons confines its action within well-defined limits, it encounters no interference from the House of Lords. Eighty or a hundred members form a large attendance in the House of Lords at ordinary times; but when a bill touching landed interests is before parliament, or a measure involving any constitutional change, the number of peers in attendance is at once doubled or trebled, and the votes of the non-active members are always thrown against the popular movement expressed in the bill originating in the House of Commons. It was the same with the old poor-law boards. As long as the elected guardians conducted their proceedings in a humdrum manner, the magistrate guardians usually gave little heed to their doings. If, however, they entered on any new departure, such, for instance, as a radical change in the mode of administering outdoor relief, the *ex-officio*

members could always swarm in upon them and negative their proposals.

As regards the magistracy, under the new act the squires fare almost if not quite as badly as in connection with the poor law. The changes in the poor law touch their economic and political position. The changes in the county magistracy affect their judicial, their territorial and their social position, especially their social position. The first blow at the social exclusiveness of the bench is contained in the clause under which the chairman of the new district councils, of which there are more than one thousand six hundred, become members of the county benches during their three years of office without any reference to the initiative of the Lord Lieutenant and the Lord Chancellor. The squires fought determinedly against this innovation. They sought to give the Lord Chancellor a veto on the election, so far as the magisterial position of the chairman of the council is concerned. Next they endeavored to limit the chairman's magisterial functions to the district over which the council of which he is president exercises administrative powers. The squires dislike the idea of the presence of a retail trader, or perhaps a farm laborer, or an artisan, on the local bench at petty sessions; but they dislike infinitely more the idea of the appearance of such a man at quarter sessions. It was argued that borough magistrates are not allowed to share in the work of quarter sessions, and that an invidious distinction in favor of the rural district would be set up by the clause. But on none of these points would the government give way; and before the squires had recovered themselves from these shocks, it was announced that the government were to introduce a new clause practically repealing the old act of parliament which provided that a man must have a clear income of £100 a year from landed property before he could take his place among the county magistrates.

This old law, which dates from 1732, and the custom of nominating through the Lord Lieutenant have been several times attacked since the present government came into power. The reason for

these attacks is not far to seek. The law and the custom stood in the way of appointing men as county magistrates as a reward for political services. A new spoils system in English politics has grown up since the civil service was reformed in the seventies. The rewards embraced in the new system are but few in kind. First come peerages, baronetcies and knighthoods for the wealthy men who fight forlorn hopes at elections in order to keep the party in battle trim, and for those who give handsomely to the campaign funds, or bolster up partisan newspapers where the party is not sufficiently strong to support a daily paper. After these rewards come appointments to the borough and county magisterial benches. It has always been easy to reward the local politicians when all they desired was a place on the borough bench. Law and custom, however, have made it exceedingly difficult to bestow places on the county bench. All the difficulties are not removed by the abolition of the landed property qualification; but a break in the feudal barrier having now been made, and the retail trader being now no longer entirely ruled off the bench, it should be much easier to secure the appointment of county magistrates than Radical members have found it to be during the existence of the Gladstone-Rosebery governments. The Lord Lieutenant and the Lord Chancellor have still to be reckoned with, and perhaps not much headway in the appointment of Radical county magistrates can be made for some time to come; but when once the working class Radicals make their way into the government, it will not be long before the county bench becomes democratic.

From the time household suffrage in the counties became a reform to which the Liberals were pledged, Whigs of Mr. Goschen's type have never ceased to prophesy what would happen when it became an actuality. These Whigs had the poor law in mind whenever Sir George Trevelyan's old resolution in favor of parliamentary reform was brought forward in the House of Commons; and they were full of the fear that there must inevitably be some



breaking away from accepted forms of political economy, when once the rural laborer became a power in local and national politics. The rural laborer is now a power. In many places he may become the controlling power. Certainly if he likes he may now become the controlling influence in poor-law affairs; and England will soon be watching to see how far the forebodings expressed in the seventies and eighties by Mr. Goschen will be realized.

There is not much to fear from the new parish and district councils, — that is, judging by the results of sixty years' experience of the working of the muni-

cipal system in the towns and cities. But from the nature of things, and especially from the pitiable condition of the English rural laborer, the experiment with the poor law is a risky one. The poor law has been a closed question for three generations, and some responsibility must rest upon the government which has reopened it, and which has cleared away nearly all the local safeguards which were built around poor-law administration by the men who were familiar with the terrible condition of rural England in that period of the poor-law history which has been named the "Pig Sty" era.

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## BY WAY OF PANAMA.

*By Helen Marshall North.*

IN the early days of the California gold fever, the route from New York to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus of Panama was by no means a neglected one. Twelve and even fifteen hundred passengers often filled the gallant steamers of the Pacific Mail line, and lodged three in a stateroom through the warm days and nights of the Torrid zone, thinking themselves fortunate to obtain passage of any sort. The swift overland transit has long since despoiled this route of its popularity, and by lessening the number has greatly increased the comfort of the travellers who elect this delightful voyage.

There are certain conditions connected with the isthmus route which exist on almost no other tour accessible to the inhabitant of the eastern United States. In the first place, there is the long ocean voyage, varying in length from twenty-five to twenty-eight days, ordinarily over smooth seas and under sunny skies, a source of health and happiness, in itself considered, to the weary invalid or the careworn man of business. The extreme heat of some latitudes is tempered by the sea breezes, which at night are invariably delightful and refreshing. A sense of blessed restfulness steals over weary

nerves at the realization of nearly a month of quiet life, unbroken by the arrival or departure of mails, trains, office boys or visitors. The steamer is a large and ordinarily a well-kept hotel. One need have no apprehension of high gales, storms or shipwreck. The Pacific is like a placid lake; the Atlantic, in these latitudes, very seldom turbulent. The sleepless nights, the irregular and often unsatisfactory meals, and the constant jolting incident to the railroad trip across the continent are unknown. So also are the rough, icy breezes and the violent pitchings and tossings of the Atlantic voyage to Europe. There is seldom, almost never, a day when the voyager is prevented from going on deck by the inclemency of the weather. Again, the expense of the trip is considerably less than half that of the overland route, the price paid for the ticket including all necessary expenses, with the exception of ice and fees. An entire stateroom is not an expensive luxury, neither is a room-mate a disagreeable incident of the voyage. So peaceful and soothing is the atmosphere that the world seems for a time to have ceased its revolutions, and all its inhabitants to have gone, like ourselves, on an ocean trip.

Another advantage of the isthmus route is the taste of foreign travel, which generally surprises the tourist. There are frequently passengers returning to their homes in Cuba, Mexico or Central America, or Chili, Peru and other western South American states, people of intelligence and agreeable manners, whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Then the steamer makes numerous stops at the Spanish American, Mexican and island ports; and the brief stays at Panama and Aspinwall and the ride across the isthmus give one the impression of having visited old Spain itself. The climate is undeniably warm, since a portion of the route lies within a few degrees of the equator; but in mid-ocean the salt breeze makes life quite tolerable, and the beauty and freshness of the cool tropical nights and evenings no pen can fittingly describe. A few days of discomfort, with little alleviation, must undoubtedly be expected; but in the pleasant round of social life which is almost invariably found on these steamers, one may in a measure forget minor unpleasantnesses.

The first few days out from New York lead through scenes familiar to the coast-wise traveller, not forgetting the passage of Cape Hatteras, where general internal commotions correspond to the rough weather outside. With the days following, when first the steamer is out of sight of land, and one has no expectation of suddenly discovering upon the horizon a low blue reach of coast, the novelty of the voyage fairly begins. There is nothing but blue sea and blue sky to gaze upon, with an occasional sail outlined against the distant horizon, always an object of interest, and in mid-seas even of excitement. On the sixth day from New York, a faint line of lilac hue in the far distance warns us that we are nearing the Bahamas. The entire ship's company is aroused. Guide books, maps and opera-glasses are in demand, and the beautiful reef-encircled islands, with their broad, almost snow-white beaches and translucent, greenish blue waves, look to us the most charming land in the world. Little Inagua, Watling's, Navasse, Castle, and the beautiful Fortune Islands, each a gem in itself, pass before us in a strange panorama. We

are especially interested in the tropical vegetation, and the broad-leaved palms are a novel sight to our American eyes. Here and there the rude thatched huts of the natives, whose pictures we have seen in various missionary journals, add an air of unreality to the scene. What a wild, Crusoe-like life must these people lead! It is impossible to imagine any rigid civil, social or religious regulations existing in these sunny, wave-kissed, luxuriant islands. Are clocks and calendars known here? Is there any point of demarcation between this year and last, and do the coming three hundred and sixty-five days hold out any promise to these lonely island dwellers? The traveller in these tropical regions cannot easily conceive of time in connection with events, and scarcely of events, so disconnected with the great whirling world and so inconsequent and purposeless does existence here seem.

That long tongue of land crowned with a granite lighthouse, and looking as fair and fresh as an emerald, is undoubtedly Cuba — so says the captain, and so the first mate. But to our fancy, Cuba stands for a small, pink-colored spot on the map, surrounded by numerous curly black lines, which our childish eyes used to seek out on the map of North America, somewhere in these latitudes, and which we never dreamed of seeing outside of the book.

Past many dots of land scattered at haphazard in the deep blue, we slowly make our way southward; and on a gloriously warm Sabbath morning the stately steamer cuts its way to the wharf of Aspinwall, or Colon, as the natives prefer to call it. The harbor is gay with small islands; land seems to be a surplus commodity down here, — and these are all thickly crowded with luxuriant foliage. The town itself is situated on Manzanilla Island, and is low, dingy and, with few exceptions, decidedly unattractive. Gathered on the wharf to witness our landing are tall, comely brown women in flowing white garments, somewhat lacking in freshness, it is true, but picturesque in effect and very becoming to their dark-eyed wearers; and a throng of men and boys to whom clothing is evidently a matter of contempt, a steamer-day necessity.

Rents huge and on the way to increase threateningly diversify each article of apparel; the ruins of time are encroaching on the crowns of their brimless hats. But who cares for such petty affairs? The sky over our heads is deeply, intensely blue, the sunlight dazzling. Bright flowers and brilliant tropical birds are alive and coquetting in the forest; the bay smiles and dimples under the blue. Here is a whole cargo of giant powder to be unloaded, — which means a harvest of small coin in the ragged urchins' empty pockets. The powder, by the way, has had a peaceful passage hither in the hold of our vessel, unsuspected by the tranquil passengers. All hands on board! and in self-defence we leave the noisy ship to its fate, to roam about the town until the afternoon train shall be in readiness to take us across the isthmus.

To strange eyes, the tall, towering palms, the gayly flowered vines and the queer people are very interesting sights. The streets are merely ill-kept paths; the houses low and uncleanly; and flocks of turkey-buzzards are perching suggestively on the tiled roofs. Here is an old stone English church, now fallen into disuse, its oak finishings discolored by dampness and mildew. Its doors are open to the passers-by; and through them one may catch glimpses of the blue waters of the bay beyond. Everything about us is strange and new. The shop-keeper and his customers, the mother and children, the street venders and the strollers, are all jabbering in the Spanish language, with an ease which you would give something to possess; and if you lose your way you must find it again, for none of these strange beings can understand your most agonizing entreaties. Your money, too, is entirely different from theirs. You realize for the first time, if you are hitherto untravelled, that if God made of one blood all nations of the earth, there has been a considerable confounding of tongues and tempers since the creation.

Did you hear the preacher return thanks, last Sunday, — or was it years ago, in a previous state of existence, — for birth and education in a Christian land? And in your respectable pew, clad

in decorous garments, with all your respectable neighbors in pleasant proximity, did you think the phrase a wearisome repetition, which had been uttered in your hearing almost since memory began? Now you begin to realize the fulness of that trite expression, and to appreciate the richness of your own life in contrast with the darkness and barrenness of that of these people.

But we are off for an afternoon ride across the Isthmus of Panama, — for which ride of forty-eight miles the Pacific Mail Steamship Company pays twenty-five dollars in gold for each passenger. With difficulty we resist the temptation to buy a half dozen beautiful green parquets, trained to utter sonorous Spanish oaths, for a "long bit" each, and a choice collection of wizen-faced monkeys at equally reduced rates. But the prospect of journeying in company with a small menagerie for several thousand miles restrains us, even if the steamer's regulations were not very strict in the matter of transporting such additional impedimenta. We listen with amusement to the sale of an unusually bright monkey to a fellow-passenger, and witness the futile efforts — repeated each time that the creature is sold, the official tells us — of its new owner to bear away his property. The train finally departs, leaving the monkey, his price and his Spanish owner at the station, and the lawful possessor on his way to Panama.

The ride is one long scene of delight to the lover of natural beauties. High swinging walls of wild convolvulus vine drape the tall trees on either side for many miles. Rich brown trunks bear aloft thick clusters of long spreading fern-like palm leaves. Gay red and yellow orchids are peering out from their surroundings of foliage, or springing up by the wayside at tantalizing distances. A great rough brown alligator is sunning himself in a lazy stream near by. We stop at many little villages along the way, and buy luscious bananas, spicy pines and rich slices of blood-red melons from the dark-eyed, bronze-skinned villagers. The low-thatched huts crowded with thinly clad children do not suggest the idea of home to our northern eyes.

Now we plunge into the dark jung'e again, and dimly see on either side dense masses of ferns and underbrush, and fancy the glittering eyes of a cobra shining beneath. The air is loaded with warmth; but the cars are cane-furnished, and the windows numerous, so we reach Panama in fairly comfortable condition, but conscious that the same ride through less attractive regions would have been very wearisome.

Lazy, beautiful, careless Panama! Coffee and rolls at six or seven, if one wishes, and breakfast at eleven, and no particular reason why one should breakfast then — for apparently there is little to tempt one to exertion, and it matters little how the four-and-twenty hours of the day are apportioned. We have but a single day to spend here, however, and cannot afford to indulge in the indolence which is so easily excused in a native. It is a much larger town than Colon. Everything is in better condition. There are many streets, to us precisely alike. But here are banking houses, hotels, well-kept streets and other traces of civilization. Across the little plaza from our hotel stands a fine old cathedral falling to ruins. Workmen are trying to repair some of the ravages of time in the interior. Loose stones with mortuary inscriptions are lying about and underneath, — all that remains of some dark-haired belle or gallant gentleman.

Here is another cathedral, which has quietly resigned all pretensions to the name. It is little more than a heap of stone, over whose decaying columns a gentle green vine of light and sparse foliage is industriously trying to weave a veil, and a brave young sapling raises his strong branches for a shelter to the weaver. All sorts of wares are exposed for sale, — the flowers, fruit and the carvings in Panama amethyst or in fish-bone being the best choice.

All our observations are taken with the internal reservation that the heat is simply appalling. We cannot forget it for an instant. Our New York travelling-garments, purchased in disregard of the guide-book's advice, albeit of very light texture, assume the warmth and weight of heavy furs. The most cobwebby cover-

ing is all that nature permits one to enjoy in these regions. The heat is most insidious, pervasive, ubiquitous. The pavements have been storing it away for years, awaiting our northern footsteps, and now it burns and scorches at every tread. One fancies that great furnaces are sending out their heated blasts on the cheek as he passes. Clouds of heat hover above us. We dream of iced lemonade, — an expensive luxury here, by the way, with ice imported from the North, — and try to picture the rigors of a northern winter; but the liveliest fancy falters.

A lighter takes us out to our steamer, lying at anchor in the harbor of the beautiful bay of Panama. How one's memory loves to linger about that beautiful bay as it looked to two pairs of eyes gazing on it from the deck until the last trace of it had faded away forever! The pretty islands of every possible size and shape, which looked so green and charming by day, became only picturesque shapes, with bright dots of light on the larger ones shining out from thick groves of trees. Ships from all countries at anchor in the harbor blazed and gleamed in the darkness; and the stars were only ships' lights a little higher up in the sky. We fire a parting gun to the friendly steamers lying in port, receive in return their salute, and are out and away for our two weeks' sail up the Pacific coast.

What idle yet busy days, — when to sit with folded hands and dream of nothing in particular, under this warm tropical sky, was abundant occupation for every one! There was no morning in these days. Far back in the growing-larger hours, early risers reported a time when the sky was reddened with the blushes of the coming day; but at our late breakfast hour it was high noon, and the sun shone on relentlessly without any abatement of zeal for hours and hours. Sea gulls floated lazily overhead, or settled themselves on the foam-covered lines of the steamer's passage, and comfortably followed our onward course, apparently without motion. A school of whales created the only excitement in which we indulged ourselves for several days. They appeared most inopportunistly,

after being looked for a long time, on a clear Sabbath morning, just at the beginning of church service in the dining-saloon. The ship's surgeon, in his robes of office, had just begun, "Dearly beloved brethren," when a sudden cry of "Whales, whales!" floated down from the upper deck. The service had been preserved for several hundred years, and the presumption was that it would last as many more; but in the mean time the whales might be putting out to sea. Therefore in an incredibly short space of time the dearly beloved brethren, armed with opera-glasses, were all on deck. "A false alarm!" says one. "That is a small island in the distance, or a rock seen just above the surface." But a lordly spout from the distant brown outline, recalling the pictures of Jonah's whale in the Pictorial Bible, and the glasses soon helped us to make out the school of playfellows, each a whole United States in himself, sporting on their long journey to the east, west, north or south, whither they would, with no guide or compass other than their own instinct, with no travelling satchels or umbrellas, each complete in himself, and each a huge boarding-house for any half dozen luckless Jonahs who might come in his way.

Our first course from the isthmus is southward, until, when within four degrees of that much-talked-of line dividing the earth into two parts and equally distant from the poles, we make a sudden turn to the north, and skim along in sight of Central American ports. Punta Arenas was not sufficiently inviting to tempt us out to a four-o'clock landing; but the breakfast-table was cheered next morning by the vision of a new passenger, a fair young lady in fresh and irreproachable costume, which never seemed to wilt or lose its purity in that trying climate.

The smooth, half-moon bay of Acapulco, lying in quiet beauty, with a distant background of hills to complete the picture! What admirable soldierly sentinels are the tall palms with great plumes of ferns crowning their summits, and paying no heed to the lashing surf at their feet! "Thus far and no farther!"—and the sea keeps its distance. Somehow, the surf belongs to us. We are a part of the ocean world. We "do business on

the great waters." The little lace-like edge of foam is our *courier avant*. We watch its graceful motions with the complacency of possession.

Crowds of dark-skinned natives in their tiny canoes gather around the boat and invite inspection of the wares which they have to sell. There are beautiful shells and shell-flowers, palm baskets and abundance of fruit. The method of shopping is unique. To a deep narrow basket containing the wares on exhibition is attached a rope, which is thrown up over the ship's side to the shopper. Investigation follows. If satisfactory, the verbal bargain is concluded and the two-bit or four-bit piece is placed in the basket and returned to its owner. Here again are the luscious, sun-ripened bananas, the refreshing limes, genuine lumpy red tomatoes, looking somewhat strange in their southern home, and some cakes of maple sugar.

The ancient fortress of San Diego, surrounded by a moat and provided with a drawbridge, is situated on a bluff overlooking the bay, and repays us for a walk through this thrice-heated town,—the very hottest place on the coast, the captain says, and the most unhealthy. A melancholy spectacle of a Mexican greaser here adds itself to the ship's company. He appears to be sun-hardened, for he leans over the side of the ship for the remainder of the journey, in patient or sad meditation. Who could tell the history of that rough, immovable face? Was it a hidden heart's sorrow, or the story of a crime and its concealment,—or was he making calculations on a cargo of bananas? No one could guess.

Pretty little Manzanilla in the state of Colima, Central America, nestles in the shadow of mountain surroundings, and is as near to the sea as it can well be without losing its balance and falling overboard. As we approach, a small, sweet church-bell sends out its invitation to morning prayer. From this distance, the worshippers who are hastening at its summons appear like so many dolls. Still nearer the shore,—and the wreck of a vessel over which the waves are washing warns us of a possible fate. Toward this great rock a luckless captain with

difficulty brought his burning ship not so many years ago, and a number of passengers climbed up the steep sides of the cliff and were saved. The reddened waves for miles around told the sad story of those who met the death from which they tried to escape, by the angry jaws of the sea monsters. This sad tale, repeated to every passing ship, had suffered no loss in the telling.

At Manzanilla there is no landing for steamers, or rather for passengers, except in boats to a certain distance, and by the friendly arms of natives the rest of the way. Huge, man-eating sharks were swimming hungrily around us, and greedily seized any morsel thrown overboard.

We are off again, through the warm summer seas, passing by some choice little islands with picturesque caves silently following in underneath the tall dark cliffs, and sea-foam howling and roaring like an angry monster about and within. We could see the great waves, already broken to snowy whiteness, as they entered the dark doorway, and could hear the loud welcome they received from the rocky sides; but the imagination must picture the grand leap of that huge mountain of water. No human eye can see it. Outside, however, another wild billow rolls up and over a lofty yawning cliff, curls and gleams in the air for a moment, and is out again to sea with a fresh delight in the sport, which it has, perhaps, repeated for centuries, and has in prospect for as many more. Yet as we gaze at the stately cliffs as long as they are in sight, the sense of self, lost for a time, or at least diminished to a point, returns, and we have no faith in the recurrence of the wave shocks. With no eye to see the grand picture, why should it exist? If we return this way to-morrow, next week, next year, we expect to find it, laughing and shouting for us as now; but in the mean time our personality obscures the thought of existence apart from the presence of man.

There is no better cure for the self-seeker or the melancholily inclined than a sea-voyage, — that is, if one is disposed to be cured of his malady. We are out of the great world for a time. In the city which we have left, the bulletins are

teeming with news, the streets are filled with busy men and women, the good and the bad are living their full, restless, eager lives. We are indifferent to it all. Our floating world carries, to be sure, its full complement of human joys and sorrows, passions and emotions; but they are bounded within the brief limits of the ship. Kingdoms may rise and fall; for us they have no existence. We are not even quite sure sometimes of our own individuality. Many a man is not himself, but another — perhaps a better, possibly a worse — during his days of voyaging. That which he has laid aside may be awaiting his coming on the further shore; but for the time he is that which he proposes to himself and his fellow-passengers to be, — and his old self seems like a distant dream. A traveller over the great Nevada desert experiences the same sensation of loss and gain, an experience which he never wholly forgets.

“Those awful solitudes remain  
Henceforth, for aye, a part of you;  
And you are of the favored few,  
For you have learned your littleness.”

Yet it may as well be greatness as littleness. The Creator of the mighty sea, with which, henceforth, one feels an identity and an interest, created also the human. The depth of the sea suggests possibilities; its breadth, capacity; the overarching, tender sky, the divine race that never leaves or forgets the work of its creation.

Mazatlan is the city of rich rosewoods and mahogany, with a beautiful but dangerous harbor, in which our prudent captain does not care to linger. The evident discontent of venturesome passengers, who are forbidden to go ashore in the gay little native boats which issue such tempting invitations, is stilled by the recital of five terrible shipwrecks which have occurred in this very spot. Here we bid adieu to the charming Mexican coast, with its drowsy, languid, yet brilliant beauty, and scud across to Cape St. Lucas, where we turn again sharply northward toward the Golden Gate, where we expect to meet the friendly trade winds, — which are now on their way to greet us, the captain says.

Cape St. Lucas,— what would it be like? Hitherto it had been just such another long arm of land as Cuba,— only green instead of pink. A long, sandy reach of land, humpbacked with a big rock, as quiet and uninteresting as possible, placidly fulfilling its duty of being a cape, and finishing up Lower California according to the geographer's scheme, was the reality. Yet it had an interest as identifying the unknown with the known; and as we slowly steamed around the point, stifling with the heat to which we had for so long a time resigned ourselves as to a dread inevitable, there arose a feeling of mysterious pleasure in the storm-swept, lifeless, barren arm of land, of which we, in the fulness of our strong, young lives, were taking a passing and a final look, but which, years and years hence, when our places and names would have been long forgotten, would still be lying here quietly under the burning sun, its one side bathed with the heated waves, the other cooled by grateful breezes. And so we said adieu to Cape St. Lucas.

Did we believe the captain and the slant-eyed celestials who served us as domestics when they confidently prophesied cool trade winds beyond the cape? Assuredly not. That there was anywhere in the round world a spot not withered by the sun's rays, a nook where fans and gossamer raiment would not be acceptable, and where ice would not be a luxury, seemed incredible. But the blessed breezes of the Arctic regions, tempered a little by each succeeding degree of warmer latitude, at last met us face to face. How their fragrant chill revived us! They ruffled damp tresses and ran riot unrebuked with muslins and ribbons.

We held out our hands in grateful welcome. Were ever breezes more enjoyed? The palest invalids revived, and the ship's cook bent himself to the task of satisfying keen appetites. Promenades were no longer wearisome. Every breath of the bracing air brought health and happiness. We had a merry scud up the California coast, and at last the good ship pitched and tossed and fairly hurled us with undignified haste into the harbor of San Francisco.

Partings and packings seem mercifully ordained to neutralize and nullify each other. The ship which had been our home for four weeks, which had witnessed our joys and, with remorseless heavings, caused our sorrows, every one of whose choice retreats was well known to us, we left with regret. The good friends from all parts of the world, who had laughed with us and groaned with us, who had told us entertaining and marvellous tales, and who had listened courteously to our counter-marvels, these also we were loath to leave. Possibly we were not altogether glad after this blessed month of delicious, dreamy idleness, to step again into the busy, unromantic, work-a-day world, which had all this time been patiently going on with its homely duties, and find ourselves the same plain, commonplace selves that we had ever been, — all the glamour of life gone, nothing but the monotonous prose remaining.

And yet I doubt if any one who takes this pleasant sail over summer seas does not always bear with him thereafter the impress of its bright, tropical charms, and enough enchanting memories to weave a thread of gold in many a sombre web of life in after years.

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## HIDDEN LEDGES.

*By Rosa H. Knorr.*

**H**ID 'neath a calm blue sea the ledges lie,  
 Save for a fringe of foam as waves roll by, —  
 Like as some hidden sorrow of a heart  
 Betrays its patient presence by a sigh.

## RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

*By Helen Leah Reed.*



O speak of the early years of an institution whose whole life has not yet reached a legal majority may at first thought seem absurd. But an institution, though of longer life than an individual, has in its early existence, if at all healthy, a growth much more rapid than that of the human organism. Thus although the Harvard Annex, now

shaded, and like many Cambridge streets, dusty in summer and muddy in winter. Nevertheless its situation makes it interesting. Starting not far from the site of the famous "spreading chestnut tree" in Brattle Street, it enters Garden Street opposite the Soldiers' Monument at a point about midway between the Washington Elm and the most historic corner of the college grounds. As the Annex from the first was to depend for its success largely on the benevolence of Harvard



THE APPIAN WAY HOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY P. W. ENGLISH.

become the more definite Radcliffe College, has not yet reached its sixteenth birthday, we may justly speak of its early years. Those early years properly precede 1885, the date when the Annex moved to Fay House from its less commodious quarters in Appian Way. Every Harvard man recalls the Cambridge Appian Way, a thoroughfare so named, perhaps, by a mild collegiate sarcasm, because it in no way resembles the classic *via Appia*. It is short, narrow, scantily

instructors, it had to be located near the college, that the members of its faculty need make no *détour* when passing to or from the college buildings. Appian Way therefore commended itself to the Annex management; and the new institution was first lodged in an unpretending wooden house in this street. At first two rooms only were hired from the private family occupying the house, although later a third was engaged, and a fourth room was available in emergencies for Annex





PHOTOGRAPH BY P. W. ENGLISH.

FAY HOUSE, THE PRESENT HOME OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

use. The bath-room in time was pressed into service as a laboratory for physics, and students and instructors alike made the best of all inconveniences. It was fortunate for many of the Annex students who came strangers to Cambridge that the institution was housed with a private family. The hospitable lady at the head of this household was always ready to advise or aid in other ways those who without real claims on her time made any demands upon her.

Small though the Annex rooms were, and simply furnished, they were never too small for the individual classes. A class of six was large, and the average hardly exceeded three or four. Yet the classes themselves were numerous, and every hour of the working day found the little rooms occupied. Many of us, however, who shared the teaching of these early years remember as one of the pleasantest features of our student life the classes held at the houses of various professors. For many professors with houses preferred to receive their students at their own homes; and the smallness of each Annex class made this perfectly feasible. Certainly study received an impetus when conducted in the seclusion

of a private library, where all the best books of reference were ready at hand. In those days, too, when the Annex library was so small as to be almost invisible, professors and instructors liberally lent their own books to the young women in their classes. Sometimes they took special trouble to accompany their classes to libraries or museums to guide them to valuable collections of books or specimens. Thus the narrow quarters and limited possessions of the Annex were well supplemented through the kindness of Harvard professors. When the Annex began to form its own reference library, the instructors themselves gave it many books; and soon a room in a second house on Appian Way was hired as a reading-room. Finally the instructor in physics, finding his work hampered by the poor apparatus at his command, lent two thousand dollars' worth of the best apparatus, and a suitable physical laboratory was fitted up in still a third house in Appian Way. During its first year in Fay House, the total number of students enrolled by the Annex was only seventy-three, and in the earlier years the number was even smaller. It was then practicable for any one of hospitable intent to entertain

the whole body of students at once; and we all have long-lingering remembrances of afternoon teas and other pleasant hospitalities extended to the women students by the ladies of the management or by the wives of professors. In this way the students were given many opportunities of meeting their instructors socially, and of making the acquaintance of Cambridge people in general. No commencement, however brilliant the future of Radcliffe College may be, will have for the older graduates the interest of that first commencement, held in the beautiful house of those warm and ever-lamented friends of the Annex, Professor and Mrs. Gurney. Only second in interest was a later commencement, when Mrs. Agassiz threw open her house to students. In 1890, when Fay House was undergoing repairs, Miss Longfellow, who had often before entertained Annex students within the charmed doors of Craigie House, gave the students and their friends the pleasure of a commencement at Craigie House.

In the early days each Annex student knew every fellow student by sight at least, if not personally. Although the majority came from Massachusetts, — indeed from the immediate neighborhood of Boston, — even among the twenty-five and forty-seven of the first and second years there were several from remote parts of this country; and each year saw a larger proportion of students from a distance. To us Cambridge girls, bred in somewhat narrow ways, this contact with girls from far-off states was in itself no inconsiderable part of the Annex education. Of late years, with larger rooms, Annex students incline more and more to crystallize into clubs. Before the change to Fay House, I recall only one effort

in this direction, — the "Appian Way Association," an afternoon club before which occasional essays on literary subjects were read by members. Why it came to an untimely end was never made perfectly clear, although probably the writing of special papers proved too great a burden to busy students, who would have turned more readily to a club with purely social aims. The early students were hard workers, and it was their zeal and success which went largely toward establishing the Annex on a firm footing.

Most people in this country interested in the higher education of women know how the Annex came to be established. Cambridge, like many other communities, had felt the pulse of the movement toward



THE ROOM IN FAY HOUSE IN WHICH "FAIR HARVARD" WAS WRITTEN.

the higher education of women, which had made rapid progress in the decade preceding 1880. But Cambridge and Boston, if radical in thought, are conservative in action, especially in any matter connected with Harvard College. It is not easy to say who first dared suggest that women ought to be admitted to full Harvard privileges. Perhaps this idea was occasionally broached even in the days of our great great-grandfathers. But it is doubtful whether any one had the courage of her convictions to an extent sufficient to make a definite application to the Harvard corporation until

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, about fifty years ago, and before her marriage, sent in such an application, and was refused. Efforts to break down the barriers, formal applications by parents in behalf of their daughters, have been made from time to time during the intervening half-century, and especially during the past decade. In my own childhood one or two ladies of reputed erudition were pointed out to me, of whom it was whispered — with what truth I know not — that in their youth they had made an unsuccessful attempt to get a Harvard education. Efforts of this kind were for a long time,

women, established by the Women's Education Association of Boston more than twenty years ago, set a seal of excellence on the secondary education of those women who chose to profit by them. The fact that many girls passed with honor not only the entrance examinations, but those which covered the work of the Harvard freshman year, started many people to wondering in what way instruction by Harvard professors might be made more available for ambitious girls. I say "more available," because it had long been the custom of Harvard professors to give private instruction to



LOWER HALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY P. W. ENGLISH.

however, regarded as impertinences by the average man or woman, no matter how great his or her culture. But as the secondary education of girls began to reach a higher standard, to many people it seemed a pity that girls who in high schools and academies ran their brothers a pretty close race in rank should be so restricted in the field of higher education. Admirable though the work of the special colleges for women has been from the first, many people were anxious to see just what woman could achieve when measured according to the self-same standards as men. The Harvard examinations for

young women as well as to young men. The two elder sisters of Colonel T. W. Higginson nearly sixty years ago studied Latin, French and mathematics with the most eminent professors of their day. We have no complete record of those who studied in this fashion during the intervening years, yet doubtless an occasional ambitious girl from time to time, directed by friendly professors or tutors, pursued her solitary way toward the higher education.

In the year 1878 a young lady was studying in Cambridge under certain Harvard professors, who, undertaking her work in a systematic manner, had shown

great capacity for what she had undertaken. Greek was her specialty; and later, after completing the course that she had mapped out for herself at Cambridge, and after teaching for a time in a Boston school, she became professor of Greek at Vassar College. The positive success of Miss Leach, the kindness which her professors had shown toward her, emboldened a group of ladies and gentlemen already interested in the subject to try to arrange for women in general some systematic courses of Harvard instruction. When President Eliot was consulted about the feasibility of this plan, he not only did not discourage it, but he was

even willing to give advice as to methods. Many Harvard professors also were ready to promise to repeat their courses of instruction to women; and the committee having the matter in charge, after several informal meetings, issued its preliminary circular February 22, 1879. This circular, signed by Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. E. W. Gurney, Mrs. J. P. Cooke, Mrs. J. B. Greenough, Mrs. Arthur Gilman, Miss Alice M. Longfellow and Miss Lilian Horsford, with Mr. Arthur Gilman as secretary, on the authority of the signers made the following statement:—

“A number of professors and other instructors of Harvard College have consented to give private tuition to properly qualified young women who desire to pursue advanced courses of study in Cambridge. Other professors, whose occupations prevent them from giving such tuition, are willing to assist young women by advice and by lectures. No instruction will be provided of a lower grade than that given in Harvard College.”

Further information was given as to

examinations, cost of instruction and lodgings. A circular sent out in April gave details as to examinations and expense; and a third circular on the first of May furnished a catalogue of the



STAIR-WAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. T. H. THURSTON.

studies offered for the ensuing college year. In all fifty-two courses were offered (grouped in fourteen departments), by more than forty Harvard professors and instructors, of whom a majority were of the highest rank. They included, among others, in Greek, Professors Goodwin and White; in Latin, Professors Lane and Greenough; in English, Professor Hill; in German, Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Bartlett; in French, Professor Bocher; in Italian, Professor Norton; in philosophy, Dr. Peabody and Professors Everett and Palmer; in political economy, Professor Laughlin; in history, Professors Allen, MacVane and Emerton; in music, Professor Paine; in mathematics, Professors J. M. Pierce and Byerly; in physics, Professor Trowbridge; in botany and zoölogy, Professors Goodale and Mark. I enumerate these leading professors of the new institution—so soon to be known as the Harvard Annex—to show that from the beginning its instructors comprised many of the best-known members of the Harvard faculty. Certainly up to this time American



DRAWING-ROOM.

PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEBBINS.

women had had no such opportunity for obtaining a university education, and the greatest praise should be given to the originators of the scheme.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilman, who themselves had already had some experience as educators, were really the first to suggest the possibility of organizing a system of Harvard instruction for women. They had thought of it and talked it over with various people for a year or two before it took definite form. The ladies who signed the preliminary circular were selected to authorize the new movement, first, because of their general interest in the higher education of women, and, secondly, because they were in no way exponents of extreme views either on education or the woman question in general. Had it been otherwise, the more conservative element of the Harvard corporation might from the beginning have been unfriendly to the new undertaking. As it is, whatever the opinions of individuals among the Harvard fellows or overseers regarding the higher education of women, or coeducation itself, the Harvard corporation showed no inclination to interfere with the work of the Annex. The privilege of using with-

out expense the identical examination papers printed for Harvard students, the drawing of books from the college library, were highly appreciated by the Annex management. Had the fellows and overseers of the college disapproved of the Annex experiment, they might at any time have ended it by making it impossible for Harvard instructors to engage in the work of teaching Annex students. Their non-interference may be regarded as a tacit approval of the undertaking. On the other hand, the Annex management was always careful to ask no favors of Harvard, preferring to wait until the Annex should have passed beyond the experimental stage.

The financial question would have been one of the most difficult to meet but for the generosity of various men and women, chiefly Bostonians, who raised a fund of \$17,000, sufficient to cover deficits likely to occur in the first four years. For although the salaries of professors were not large, and although the expenses of administration were kept at the minimum, the tuition fees in the early years were not sufficient to pay running expenses. The tuition fees for a full year's work had been fixed at \$200 (\$50 more than

tuition at Harvard), and the fee for a single course at \$75; yet so small were the classes and so various the subjects chosen, that the average expense for each student was in excess of what she paid. Even in the sixth year of the Annex, when the average payment for tuition by each of the fifty-five students was \$135.73, the average cost of tuition and administration was more than \$200 each. The tendency, however, was toward self-support; and in 1887-88—the ninth year—the fees received from students exceeded the amount paid instructors. This did not mean complete self-support, for with the growth of the institution the expenses of administration increased, and money had to be spent for books, for apparatus, for laboratories.

In its first four years of life the Annex had proved its right to existence. Before the close of its third year it had secured a charter under the seal of the state of Massachusetts, taking as its legal name "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women." The charter stated the

stated above in a manner satisfactory to the association." This "purpose" about this time was defined by Mrs. Agassiz to be "to connect the Annex directly with Harvard." Soon after the incorporation of the Annex—for so it was called in spite of its right to the longer title—the management began to raise a permanent endowment fund. In a few years, when this fund reached \$100,000, the subscribers were still largely from the same somewhat limited group of Cambridge and Boston people who from the first had shown so much interest in the movement. In 1886, when the hired rooms on Appian Way no longer sufficed for the growing classes, friends were again found to furnish the \$20,000 needed for the purchase of Fay House.

While the Annex had from the first a steady growth in numbers, this growth could hardly at any time be called rapid. It was an increase, however, thoroughly satisfactory to all interested. The Annex was intended not to create but to supply a demand. It was desirable that its



PHOTOGRAPH BY P. W. ENGLISH.

AUDITORIUM ARRANGED FOR A CLASS TEA.

object of the organization to be "the education of women with the assistance of the instructors of Harvard University;" and the intention was expressed of "transferring the whole or any part of its funds or property to the president and fellows of Harvard College whenever the same can be done so as to advance the purpose

work should be undertaken only by those women desiring the highest collegiate instruction. As an institution the Annex could present to its students few of the pleasant social features that give a decided charm to student life at other colleges for women. Moreover, the \$200 annual tuition, added to the rather high cost of



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MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ. FROM THE PAINTING BY MRS. WHITMAN.

living at Cambridge, made the total expense so great as to deter the average woman at a distance from Cambridge or Boston from entering on a course that in other respects attracted her. The Annex, too, had no scholarships or other aid funds to smooth the student's path financially. In its eleventh year it received its first endowed scholarship, founded by a relative in honor of Miss Maria Dennie Fay, and adequate for the tuition of one student annually; though

before this a scholarship had been established to be supported by annual subscriptions from present and former Annex students.

Although in its very first year the Annex enrolled several students in its regular course, — that for which the degree of A. B. would be given at Harvard, — for a long time special students were the more numerous. Some of these latter really did post-graduate work. In the first year there was one graduate

from Smith and another from Vassar; others were Cambridge ladies of mature years and liberal education, who took this method of deepening their knowledge of particular branches. Still others were teachers, or younger women, who usually put the best of work into the courses of study which they undertook. In those early days, when many people looked askance at the new movement, and Harvard students in particular ignored the Annex, save as the butt of some college jest, it was a partial compensation to hear that this professor or that had said that his Annex students had done far better work than his college men. These pleasant rumors were not always traced to their source, and perhaps they were not always accurate, but it would not have been strange had they contained more than a vestige of truth. For the man who goes to college is sometimes sent there to please his parents, or because it is the fashion, while the Annex student rarely undertook her work unless moved by a genuine love of study.

Few worldly adages are truer than that which attributes success to success. After the Annex had moved into Fay House, its existence became more real not only to the people of Cambridge and Boston, but to the large numbers of tourists to whom Cambridge is a Mecca. Fay House, even without its more recent improvements, had a dignity of its own admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was chosen. A roomy mansion of brick, painted pale brown, with its curving front shaded by trees and facing Cambridge Common and the Washington Elm, it is certainly picturesque. Although not a colonial mansion, it is one of the older houses of Cambridge; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once told me that when a boy he delighted to gather gooseberries from the bushes growing at its door. One room of Fay House has an historic interest for all Harvard graduates; for within its walls Rev. Samuel Gilman, in 1836, composed the words of the song "Fair Harvard," which, set to an old English melody, was at once adopted as the Harvard College song.

In 1890 and again in 1892 the growth of the Annex classes necessitated the enlarging of Fay House. Under the direction of skilful architects this was accomplished without altering the general aspect of the old building. At present Fay House has eight or nine recitation rooms, drawing-room, reading-room, library, rooms for the regent, dean and secretary, an auditorium with an elevated stage, a dining-room where luncheons are served, a good kitchen and living-rooms for the housekeeper, as well as lavatories and dressing-rooms for the students. The chemical and physical laboratories are in separate buildings adjacent to Fay House. Students have the use of two gymnasiums, one under the direction of Dr. Sargent, director of the Harvard Gymnasium, and one in which the Swedish movement is taught; and they have also good tennis grounds. The great charm of Fay House has always been its homelikeness. Its pleasant hallway, ornamented with photographs and classic casts, with rich-toned portières hanging near the broad stairs; its library with mullioned windows, cosey window seats, and shelves of books reaching from floor to ceiling; and last of all its drawing-room with grand piano, easy-chairs and other tasteful furnishings, make its atmosphere that of a private house rather than an institution. It is in the pleasant drawing-room that Mrs. Agassiz on Wednesdays through the winter presides over a five-o'clock tea-table, and welcomes students or visitors from outside who call informally to pay their respects to her; and in this room her portrait by Mrs. Whitman has lately been hung.

The *esprit de corps* which has developed among these women students the past few years shows itself in various clubs. The "Idler Club," to which all students are eligible, may be called a recreation club. Amateur theatricals are given from time to time, to which members only are invited. Twice a year, at "open meetings," friends of the members, numbering a thousand or more, are the guests of the club, and Fay House presents a scene of great brilliancy. Many Harvard students, as well as Harvard professors, are always to be counted among the



"Idler's" guests. The Tennis, Philo-  
sophical, English, German, French, Music,  
Glee and Banjo, History, Graduates' and  
Classical Clubs indicate by their names  
the purpose for which they exist. The  
Emmanuel Club has for its object the  
discussion of sociological and philan-  
thropic problems.

In the beginning the ladies of the man-  
agement had agreed to see that students  
from a distance were provided with  
suitable lodgings. Later a special com-  
mittee took charge of this matter. No  
effort was made to establish the dormitory



MR. ARTHUR GILMAN.  
REGENT OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

system in connection with the Annex,  
nor were boarding-houses approved, for  
it was always possible to find suitable  
homes for the students in private families.  
In view of the expense of this arrange-  
ment, it is hoped that people interested  
in the education of women may in time  
build and equip houses suited for the  
accommodation of ten or a dozen stu-  
dents. With this first cost of equipment  
met, and with a housekeeper to manage  
the household economically, even girls of  
very limited means might find student  
life at Cambridge a possibility.

From year to year the Annex was fed  
from a widening geographical area, and  
the last report shows that its students came  
from 24 states, the District of Columbia,  
Cuba, Japan and Canada, while 173, or  
one half of the whole number, were from  
Massachusetts. Even more striking was  
the fact that the 255 students had been  
prepared for their work at 124 different  
institutions.

The present number of Radcliffe stu-  
dents is about 275, of whom 118 are  
in the undergraduate department, study-  
ing for the degree of A. B.; 26 of the  
remainder are graduate students  
from other colleges for women;  
and of the 136 special students  
(including more than 40 teach-  
ers) the majority are doing ad-  
vanced work.

The Annex requirements for  
special students were gradually  
raised until they are now in  
advance of those prescribed by  
Harvard itself, while the average  
age of undergraduates is now  
somewhat less than that of Har-  
vard men. Including the class of  
1894, the Annex graduates now  
number eighty-seven; and five  
girls have received the A. M.  
certificate or degree. The pres-  
ent senior class has twenty-three  
members; and henceforth the  
classes will be much larger than  
they have been hitherto.

From the very beginning the  
Annex maintained its high stand-  
ard. Students entering the reg-  
ular course passed examinations  
identical with those taken by  
young men entering Harvard, using the  
identical examination papers, which were  
marked by the same examiners, and their  
courses duplicated Harvard work. The  
same thing was true of all the examina-  
tions taken by Annex students at the  
various stages of their course. Regular  
students at graduation received a certifi-  
cate stating that they had pursued the  
course of study and had satisfactorily  
passed the examinations for which the  
degree of Bachelor of Arts was given at  
Harvard College. This certificate bore,  
in addition to the names of Mr. Gilman



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. ENGLISH.  
THE OFFICE.

and Mrs. Agassiz, the signature of W. E. Byerly, Secretary of the Academic Board of the Annex, and had the value of a degree. Students receiving it have been permitted at Columbia, Cornell and other colleges to work for the degree of M. A., for which one of the requirements is the degree of B. A. Second-year and final honors in classics and in history have been awarded to thirty Annex students by the recommendation of the members of the committees of the Harvard College faculty acting upon the corresponding subjects in college. The Annex faculty indeed was practically the Harvard faculty. Last year, for example, seventy-five professors and instructors of Harvard offered the Annex curriculum of one hundred and twenty-five courses. Many of these were graduate courses of the highest order. Several were research courses, in which in past years Annex students have prepared important scientific or historical monographs for publication. By the liberality of their founders the Sargent (Latin) and George B. Sother (Literature) prizes were offered for competition to Annex students on the same terms with Harvard men. The former has twice gone to Annex students.

Should it be asked for what the Annex has stood in the movement toward the higher education of women in this country, it may be well to recall the words of President Barnard of Columbia,

uttered many years ago: "To the success of the limited experiment of the Harvard Annex, so-called, may be traced the remarkable change in public opinion in regard to the university education of women." The Annex in the beginning had to bear a great deal of undeserved reproach from those women who thought that Harvard ought from the first to have granted women full privileges as well as degrees. Annex students were equally blamed by many reformers because of their willingness to accept a Harvard education when degrees and other Harvard honors were not to be theirs. It is true that they might have received thorough instruction at several women's colleges as well as at many coeducational institutions. Yet they were hardly to be blamed if, believing that Harvard stood for progress along the most advanced lines, they desired for themselves courses of study planned in the broadest way. They were contented to have the thing — the best education — even though the degree and some other pleasant privileges were lacking.

In considering this matter it must be remembered that the alumni of Harvard form an exceedingly conservative body.

It was first of all necessary to demonstrate that women were capable of doing the work necessary for a Harvard degree, as well as to see whether or not there was a demand for this highest education. The result more than justified the hopes of the founders of the Annex. There is a growing demand on the part of women for a Harvard education, and women have shown their mental and physical capacity for receiving it. While silent on the subject of coeducation, the Annex corporation never concealed the fact that its ultimate aim was to unite the Annex to Harvard. They were supposed to be waiting simply for the right time to come. When it had applied for incorporation, the Annex management had been enlarged by the addition of two or three ladies and several gentlemen.

A majority of the latter were Harvard professors. Of the original members of the corporation, Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. Greenough have been lost by death; but up to the time of the change of name to Radcliffe College the Annex management was almost the same as in the beginning, with Mrs. Agassiz as president, Mr. Arthur Gilman as secretary, and Mrs. J. P. Cooke, Mrs. Arthur Gilman, Mrs. Henry Whitman, the Misses Horsford, Longfellow and Mason, Professors F. J. Child, W. E. Byerly, G. L. Goodale, W. W. Goodwin, J. B. Greenough, C. E. Norton, J. M. Peirce, C. L. Smith, and Messrs. H. L. Higginson and J. B. Warner, the remaining members. The organization was kept as simple as possible, that it might melt away when the hour of fusion with Harvard should come. After it was known that the Annex work was thor-

oughly approved not only by the Harvard faculty but by many of the Harvard corporation, the only thing standing in the way of a complete union of the two institutions was said to be the lack on the part of the Annex of a suitable endowment. The endowment fund of the Annex amounted to about \$75,000, when in November, 1892, the Woman's Education Association of Boston held a meeting to consider what could be done to increase this fund. All who heard President Eliot of Harvard address this meeting must agree that no one could have spoken with greater appreciation of the work of the Annex, which he called the "most intelligently directed effort" for the higher education of women in America. He could not, he said, state

exactly what the action of the overseers would be in the matter; but even if willing to adopt the Annex as a Woman College of the university, they could hardly afford to do so unless the Annex brought a sufficient endowment, since most Harvard funds are held for specific purposes. When \$250,000 was named as the smallest endowment that would meet the probable expenses that would be incurred by Harvard in taking charge of the Annex, the ladies present promptly voted to raise this sum. The next year was not a good one for such a purpose, and in a year the fund had reached only \$65,000, exclusive of a legacy of \$91,000 intended by its donor as part of the endowment. By January, 1895, it is possible that the whole amount might have been raised.

But almost a year before this time, in December, 1893, an arrangement



PROFESSOR W. E. BYERLY.  
CHAIRMAN OF THE ACADEMIC BOARD, RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

involving no financial considerations was announced as the result of negotiations between the Annex management and the Harvard corporation. Under this arrangement the "Society for the Private Collegiate Instruction of Women" was to apply to the Massachusetts legislature for permission to change its name and to grant degrees. The desired permission was granted in March, 1894, when the name "Annex" was lost in "Radcliffe College," a title suggested by Mrs. Agassiz, to commemorate Anne Radcliffe, a seventeenth-century Englishwoman, founder of the earliest Harvard scholarship. A board of visitors was thereupon appointed by Harvard, and the class of 1894 received Radcliffe degrees instead of Annex certificates.

The degree of the new college bears the Harvard seal, as well as a Radcliffe seal, and is signed both by Mrs. Agassiz and President Eliot. President Eliot over his signature certifies, in formal Latin, not only that the student receiving it is qualified to be admitted to the degree, but that "the degree is in all respects equivalent to the one to which in like case we admit our [Harvard] students." Notable advance though this is over

Harvard's former position, one easily sees why many people interested in the higher education of women regard Radcliffe degrees as an undesirable compromise between Annex certificates and Harvard degrees. If women are to receive degrees for college work that is identical with work done by Harvard men, why not give them a Harvard degree? Why might not the Annex have remained in its somewhat anomalous state until public opinion should have moved the Harvard corporation to give the Harvard degree? But sympathy with the protests against the Radcliffe College arrangement can blind no one to the fact that those who



PROFESSOR GREENOUGH.  
FIRST CHAIRMAN OF ACADEMIC BOARD.



PROFESSOR GOODWIN.  
TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN OF ACADEMIC BOARD.

avored the new plan, as well as those who opposed it, aim at the one thing, to give to women the best education obtainable in this country. If Radcliffe College proves the shortest road to Harvard degrees, as it may, the new arrangement will have more than justified itself. As it is, the closer relation with Harvard has already widened the privileges of women students at Cambridge.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARVARD CAMERA CLUB.

ONE OF THE LARGE RECITATION ROOMS.

Of the one hundred and sixty-six courses of study offered by Radcliffe this year, fifty-one and one half are Harvard courses designed primarily for graduates; and the women who take them enter the Harvard class-room side by side with men students. Thirteen Radcliffe students are now studying in this way, and the number will doubtless increase from year to year. Eleven and one half courses of the same grade, repeated at Radcliffe, are taken by fifty-three students. Instead of the two lectures a week of former years, most courses at Radcliffe offer three, as at Harvard. In smaller ways, too, a recognition of Radcliffe by Harvard is to be noted. The official bulletin board at Fay House bears the heading, "Harvard College;" the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* gives large space to Radcliffe College affairs; and the Harvard daily papers have a Radcliffe half-column.

In most respects, however, Radcliffe College differs little from the Annex, even in the matter of its officers and governing board. Mrs. Agassiz, honored and beloved by present and past students, is still president. Mr. Arthur Gilman, who from the founding of the Annex has so admirably performed the duties of its chief executive officer, has still the same position, though with the new title, "Regent." Miss Mary Coes, a graduate

of the Annex, '87, who for six years, as Mr. Gilman's assistant, has come into close personal relations with students, advising them in many practical matters connected with college and social life in Cambridge, and helping them greatly in their choice of studies by her own technical knowledge of Harvard work, has now the title "Secretary." In the place of Miss Horsford, Mr. H. L. Higginson becomes treasurer; and a new office has been created, that of dean, whose functions, while not exactly academic, embrace those hitherto performed voluntarily by the ladies of the executive committee. Miss Agnes Irwin of Philadelphia is the first dean, a lady whose own fine personality, as well as her many years' experience as a teacher of girls, well fits her to act as general adviser to Radcliffe students. The chairman of the Academic Board is still Professor W. E. Byerly, and the other members are Professors Greenough, Goodale, F. D. Allen, James, MacVane, B. O. Peirce, Von Jagemann and Kittredge. The president, dean and regent, who are also on this board, by tacit consent do not vote on the qualifications of candidates for degrees, since it is best that this matter should be decided solely by Harvard professors. Though the *personnel* of the present Academic Board differs somewhat from that of former years, its chairman,

Professor Byerly, for nearly twelve years has served the Annex zealously and without salary.

The former corporation of the Annex is now known as "Associates of Radcliffe College;" and the former executive committee is the council. The alumnae are now for the first time represented on the governing board by Miss Barber of New York, of '83, and by Miss Coes, who were elected by the alumnae in June as associates for two years.

Within the past year more gifts and bequests have been received than during any similar period in the past. The endowment fund now amounts in all to \$155,000; and there is a fund of about \$1,600 for publishing monographs. Recently unrestricted gifts, amounting in all to \$30,000, have been received from Miss Belinda T. Randall, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, and the estate of Mrs. Sweetzer, with bequests of \$70,000 from the estate of Miss Sarah E. Parker, and of \$10,000 from Miss Anna Cabot Lowell. Four scholarships have also been founded during the year, — the Josiah M. Fiske, the Agnes Irwin (by former pupils of the

dean), the Joanna Hoar, for girls from Concord, Mass., and the Alumnae scholarship by Annex graduates. Even with the addition of the earlier established Maria Denny Fay scholarship, but a small amount of aid is thus available for girls of



CONVERSATION ROOM.

limited means who wish to do graduate or undergraduate work at Radcliffe. Undoubtedly the best application at present of money intended for Radcliffe would be the establishing of scholarships or fellowships; for every year promising students are turned away because they cannot themselves afford

to bear the whole expense of education at Cambridge. A second important need is for better laboratories and apparatus for physics and chemistry. For although Harvard for years has offered women students in Cambridge the widest opportunities in the departments of botany, zoology and astronomy, including the use of all apparatus and collections, there are practical difficulties in the way of the same liberality in chemistry and physics.

It is a fine commen-



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

tary on the quality of work done by Annex students, that of the twenty-two girls who last June were graduated as the first class of Radcliffe, ten received their degrees *magnâ cum laude*, and three *cum laude*. Nor was this good work the mere result of an ambition to have degrees of the highest marketable value; for only six or seven of this class had studied with the intention of immediately teaching. To-day, as in the past, many, perhaps the majority, of Radcliffe students are studying for the sake of that wide and general culture so valuable to a woman, whatever her work in life may be.

It is worth noting that Annex students, though never subject to restraints or rules for personal conduct such as prevail at many colleges, have never called forth a word of reproof from the Annex board, nor of gossip or scandal from the outside world.

Nearly two thirds of this year's students live at their own homes in Cambridge, Boston or its neighborhood; and the proportion has never been less than this. They thus live a natural home life, and are not cut off from those pleasures of society which would be theirs had they not chosen to study. Much gayety involving late hours is of course inconsistent with deep study; but the Radcliffe student, whether living with her parents or boarding in Cambridge, is able to live a normal life which fits her admirably for the wider sphere that will be hers after graduation. This pleasant condition of things is the result not of accident, but of the wisdom and foresight of the ladies and gentlemen who planned the experiment known as the Harvard Annex. The experiment itself has been justified by the young women who have demonstrated their physical and mental fitness for a Harvard education.



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## TUNE'S CHERRY TREE.

*By Annie E. P. Searing.*

FROM his school-boy days, when his short brown legs ran other people's errands, when his slate pencil and books, the cookies in his dinner-pail and his pocket hoard of marbles, strings and jack-knife were at the disposal of his companions, down to old age, when his house, his money and his heart were expended on the worthy and the unworthy alike, Tunis was everybody's friend. His halting speech and shy manner seemed always limited to the one expression of his inward impulse toward all mankind, — a general and indiscriminating formula of hospitality. To stop him in the street and exchange a few words with him was to be asked to a meal at parting, while to do him a favor was to be pressed to spend a week. He would hardly give you time to finish your business before his eye would wander in inward speculation and his face brighten at thought of something to offer from basket or store.

"The pears are ripe," he would break in gently; or "I guess the melons are about good now; come up to-night and try 'em."

When all the fruits of the earth had had their due season, then it would be a new barrel of cider or a bottle of currant wine to be opened, or more often nothing but his own irresistible hospitality that tempted him to reckless invitations scattered far and wide along his daily path. Like all people with that superabundant virtue, he was a sore trial to his family and friends when, as often happened, the burden of his miscellaneous entertainment fell upon them. While his mother lived, she bore with him in her plaintive, indulgent way, and his only serious fault in her eyes was his obstinate resistance to every matrimonial plan she could concoct for him. During the long bachelor years succeeding her death black Jane tided him over the difficulties that were ever arising from forgotten or unexpected guests.

The only woman he had ever wanted to marry had never suspected his desires, nor indeed did he do so himself until she had united her fortunes to those of his next-door neighbor. She had so dominated his life from the time they wore pinafores together and sat at the same desk, had so commanded his time and service in loyal affection, that she became to him a natural part of himself. He came and went, fetched and carried at her arbitrary bidding, with unconscious and patient obedience. When she married, he awoke to his loss, but his way of bearing it was characteristic of his simple, self-devoted nature. He never by word or deed betrayed his feelings toward her, but kept on his course as her devoted slave and friendly providence. Her husband, who was a sea-captain, had a kindly, half-contemptuous regard for him. Sometimes he would say nonchalantly at his wife's grateful mention of those daily services: "Oh, yes, Tune's a good fellow — a little soft in the horn, but a blamed good fellow, you know!"

No one knew as she did during the years that followed just how much of a "blamed good fellow" Tunis Van Brunt could be. Every morning, during her husband's long absences, the lanky figure would appear in her doorway with a cheery "Well, Esther, what's up to-day? any errand down town?" He was mail carrier, business man, general manager and burden bearer; and when the children came he constituted himself nurse also. His sandy-haired, pink-faced and white-eyebrowed exterior was not beautiful, but it carried with it strength and help and good cheer to the little household next door, and often in delicately concealed ways little streams of refreshment from his affluence found their way into the frugal fields where had been transplanted his one flower of all the world. The blossom opened for another, but his were the hidden streams that



watered its roots. The harvest is not always to him who cultivates the seed.

In time the adored Esther's imperious ways toward her faithful friend softened into an attitude of half-tolerant, excusing protection. But not infrequently the old childish impatience would flare up and scorch him. Of all seasons when he was most in need of a guardian to defend him from his vice of hospitality the most important was cherry time. On the crest of a wide-sweeping lawn stood the joy and pride of his horticultural collection, his cherry tree. No child in the town had been more carefully nursed and coddled; and its spreading branches each year yielded rich returns. So devoted had he been to its welfare and growth, winter and summer, that his curious attachment became a by-word among his friends, each of whom tried in turn some little pointless pleasantry.

"I guess Tune's got a treasure buried under his cherry tree," said one, with a patent wink at Esther, who stood eating ripe cherries, her baby on her arm, as Tunis tossed them down.

"I have, indeed," was Tune's grave answer; "and there's nobody but me and the tree going to know what it is, either!"

"It's one of Tune's mild insanities," said Esther, as she released a red bunch from the child's clutch.

One day, just at dusk, Tunis appeared on the next-door threshold with a distraught expression which was clear evidence of some new imprudence of hospitality.

"Got any cookies, Esther?" he said deprecatingly, as he removed his hat and rubbed his red locks in a fever of perplexity,—"or anything else handy to eat? And, say, can't you send the boys over quick, to pick cherries?"

"Why, Tune, what ails you? No one could pick cherries now; it's too dark, and they'd look crazy enough up the tree with a lantern! What kind of a mess have you got yourself into? Company again, I s'pose, and you forgot you asked 'em!"

"Well," said Tune, "it looks a little like that. I seem to remember that as I went down town this morning I said to several people that my cherries were ripe.

'Come up to-night,' I said, 'and help yourselves.' I must have said it twenty times, for there sit twenty people over to our house waiting to help themselves! Now, I say, Esther," he added beseechingly, as he observed the severity in her face, "you know as well as I do that twenty people can't get into one cherry tree. I'll have to pacify 'em with something else, and Jane can't find a thing in the house."

The latter half of this speech was delivered to Esther's irate back, as they walked in a procession of two around to the outside cellar door, the entrance to a base of supplies that never failed poor Tunis in his extremity. When they issued from the dark depths he was clasp- ing tightly to his heart a big stone crock heaped with cookies; and Esther, as she reflected on her wasted morning's work, flung after him a parting shaft.

"The Lord only knows, Tune Van Brunt, what ever will become of you when I'm dead!"

The man stood stock still, with a sudden shock that nearly finished the crock on the stone wall, and looked after her receding figure with a frightened expression in his eyes.

"The Lord only knows," he said with a sigh which was almost a sob, "what I could do!"

So the summers came to Tunis and his cherry tree, tarried briefly and slipped away, until one day they found themselves old and quite ready to be cut down. The man lived his life backward now, in dreams of long-gone Junes; and the tree had forgotten how to blossom and bear save in a feeble reflective way that was like a memory. Tunis would go out and stand under its dropping leaves and fancy himself once more a school-boy hand in hand with Esther, that happy day when she brought him a bunch of black oxhearts in her little dirty pocket. Once more he tasted the luscious sweetness of the dark fruit flavored with her childish love and the grit from her pocket treasures; once more he hoarded the pits and stole out at dusk to plant them in his own garden plot; and again he watched with daily recurring joy the little sprig of green that grew at last

to a tall tree, to become for him the secret commemoration of a life-long affection.

The noisy voices of Esther's children would sometimes break into the old man's reverie, their cries and laughter, and their mother's tones calling them home. Again the tall sons and daughters came back from school and college, where Uncle Tune's generosity had sent them; and once more in memory's panorama they married or passed away into the engulfing mists of the greater world. Again they returned for brief stays, or to invoke the ever-ready help of their next-door almoner.

But the times that stood out as happiest of all in those visions were the last years, when he had Esther to himself. Quite alone and widowed, she seemed to go back with him to the companionship of their school days. Together the two aged children resumed the closeness of boy and girl relations, entertained in common the unexpected guests, or ate

the few cherries that came each year on the drying branches of the old tree, and sat through the long winter evenings talking of the children who went their ways on distant paths of divergence. Then Esther died.

Poor old Tunis wavered along for a time, in a purposeless, lost way, repeating vaguely the echo of his old plaint: "Lord only knows — Lord only knows what I'm to do!" But his tottering mind held on to one idea out of the wreck and chaos. One day he had the old cherry tree cut down and sawed into planks, as well as its rotting trunk would permit. Out of it was saved enough for his purpose, however; and to the amazement of Esther's children, when they came soon after to close his dying eyes, they found themselves enjoined to lay him away in a cherry-wood coffin already provided.

"Poor Uncle Tune!" they said pityingly. "He quite lost his mind after mother died!"



## A WAYFARER.

*By Susie M. Best.*

**H**ARK! a step in the midnight drear.  
Who comes here? Who comes here?  
Sounds of weeping and cries of bale, —  
*"An old man palsied, an old man pale!"*

*"Ho! why farest thou forth alone?"*  
Hist! did the winds of the midnight moan?  
*"The door was wide, and they drove me forth.*  
*Tell, is Eternity south or north?"*

*"Pray, why seekest thou that strange sea?"*  
Oh, how sad may the wind's wail be!  
*"My reign is given to other hands;*  
*A jocund babe on my threshold stands!"*

*"Ha! hasten, I pray, and speak thy name!"*  
A star! A star! in the heavens like flame!  
*"Oh, cry me 'Speed,' and I'll hence from here;*  
*I am only the old and lonely year!"*

## THOMAS OF PARKWORTH'S.

*By Clifford Hoffman Chase.*

I FIRST knew Thomas when he was a waiter at Parkworth's. Parkworth's is an eminently respectable and sedate table d'hôte, patronized by quiet, elderly single men, who read their papers systematically every evening and smoke a modest cigar after dinner. I am a single man, but I am not elderly. I thought I was till I went to Parkworth's; then I began to feel like a juvenile. I felt sadly out of place, too, at first. My hair has not yet begun to turn, and at Parkworth's gray hair is considered the essential claim to respectability. I know that for the first two weeks I was looked upon with marked disfavor by the older *habitués* owing to my youthful appearance — I am thirty-five; but as I was quiet and unobtrusive in my demeanor and showed a marked respect for the traditions of the place, I soon came to be regarded with toleration.

Thomas was one of the traditions. I think it was the realization of his presence among us which established the strong bond of common sympathy the diners at Parkworth's always felt for one another. We never spoke, rarely bowed, — that was another tradition, — but we had a mutual sense of dependence and a certain vague security in each other's society which was almost touching. We were all united on one single point — our awe and dread of Thomas. We had never discussed this subject or openly expressed our opinion about it, but it was in the air; it was as unmistakable as the very fact of Thomas's existence. Each of us sat apart at a small square table and revelled in the knowledge that there were others in the room besides himself.

I would no more have dared to dine alone with Thomas during those first weeks, than I would have dared to resist his mild yet tenacious despotism. All new-comers pretended to be lost in their evening's paper whenever Thomas approached; but I know that the printed

words were as blurred and meaningless for them on such occasions, as they were for me. I experienced that same tremulous emotion which I used to feel when the village schoolmaster marched down the aisle and paused near my desk. Even if one had committed no offence, he endured all the pangs of a guilty conscience. I fell into the habit of covertly watching any new-comer at Parkworth's when Thomas hovered near him, and I used to rejoice over his ill-concealed trepidation. It always gave me a delicious sense of superiority, until my own turn came; then I knew that he was secretly studying me — which only increased my nervous agitation.

Thomas was better than any book of etiquette I have ever seen. I verily believe that he could have impressed a savage with the responsibilities of decorum. He was an Englishman, but not a cockney. I always thought of him as having served in some great lord's family, where he had directed an untold number of servants; for he seemed to feel that the entire responsibility of Parkworth's rested upon his shoulders. He had a certain magisterial dignity and pompous deliberation of manner, which conveyed the impression that it was a great stroke of good fortune that he condescended to wait on one at all. He had a way of raising his eyebrows if you spilled the claret or used the wrong set of spoons, which made you blush uncomfortably and believe that you had committed some indictable offence.

He was immaculately neat; his very clothes betrayed his conservative, almost aristocratic gentility. He indulged in none of your flashy jewelry or imitation stones. His only ornament was a plain gold ring upon one of his fingers, which I liked to fancy my lady had given to him when he retired from private service. He was wonderfully shaved, and the manner in which he parted his hair used

to inspire me with envy. I never remember to have seen a lock out of place, while the adroitness with which he concealed a certain bald spot just back of his right ear would have done credit to any old beau. I often used to wonder whether he kept a valet — it would not have surprised me in the least to find that he did.

I recall very vividly the embarrassed hesitation with which I offered him his first tip. He did not pocket it greedily, as his brother waiters were in the habit of doing; he stood weighing it gingerly in his hand as if pondering whether it would be too great a loss of dignity for him to accept it. He made me feel the humiliating insignificance of being a diner at a table d'hôte, which before had seemed quite an enviable position. When I knew Thomas better, I found how supreme was his contempt for all frequenters of a restaurant — it was such a bare-faced avowal that they were without a club. I never understood why Thomas so much as recognized me, though I had a faint suspicion that it was because I once chanced to mention the dining-room of a certain club on Piccadilly. At least his manner toward me changed perceptibly after that evening; he seemed to allow a slight degree of good breeding to one who had even stepped inside so sacred a British institution. Still I was made to feel that I was only on probation; a false step on my part would be fatal to any hopes of favor in which I might have indulged. It was this sense of insecurity which always imparted a certain tinge of excitement to my dinners with Thomas. I felt as if I might be on the verge of some unspeakable disaster; and it was not until the last cup of coffee was finished that I began to breathe freely again.

I was forced to be especially strict about my linen when I dined with Thomas. I once had a vision of those dreadful eyebrows at the exposure of a frayed wrist-band, which filled me with dismay. If I had dared, I would have asked him for the address of his laundress; simply to behold his collars was an education in itself. His manner of walking was peculiar; indeed he seemed to glide rather than walk. His shoes never

squeaked, and he always startled you by rising suddenly beside your chair when you least expected to see him. The glasses were filled by magic, the plates removed without a sound. He came and went like an apparition; you felt rather than saw him, yet he was omnipresent. He often took the place of the head waiter, but on such occasions he never deserted his old clients. One was served as quickly and efficaciously as ever before, while Thomas waved one guest to a table or assisted another with his coat. He never appeared to hurry, yet he went on wings.

There was a subtle flattery about his attentions, when you had once gained his favor, which never failed of its effect. He made you feel that he was utterly absorbed in caring for your wants alone and that you were the only person in whom he could possibly be interested. I have no doubt that every *habitué* of the place had this feeling also, and prided himself that he was treated with a deference which Thomas granted to no other guest. At the same time you were kept at a distance; you were not allowed the privileges of familiarity. One always had a vague premonition of waking up and finding himself in disgrace.

There were distinct stages of progression in his condescension; one gained ground only by degrees. It was not on a first or second meeting that he admitted you to the delights of his reserved intimacy. At first one was made to feel distinctly that he was but tolerated. It was only Thomas's sense of duty toward his employers, I am sure, which prevented him from ignoring you altogether. Then you were subjected to delicate tests and trials, the manner of getting into your coat, for instance, the number of lumps you took in your coffee, the dishes you sent away untasted, a very significant point, — all of which formed a part of his judgment of you and decided your fate. If one came out of this ordeal unscathed, there remained others of a still finer kind to be undergone, before he entered into the full privileges of a permanent probation.

Many a guest, I suspect, has been lost over the intricate subtleties of the tip.

It must not be too large, which was vulgar, or too small, which showed a still greater lack of breeding. It must not be given carelessly, nor yet with an air of patronage. One must not offer it in small change, or fumble in his pocket for it after his coat was put on; it must have been selected with due consideration beforehand. Again, one must not be so much absorbed in his evening paper as to overlook the best dishes on the bill of fare; you must show that you appreciated a good thing when you saw it, — but you must not overdo it. You might remark on its excellence, if you did it with the air of a connoisseur; there must be no smacking of lips, no vulgar asking for more. One might indicate delicately that he was used to such dishes, but a trifle surprised to find them at a table d'hôte. One was also permitted a few derogatory remarks, if they were apt and well timed and pertained to matters over which Thomas himself had no control. You could not complain of a draught, — that was his affair; but you might protest against a bad odor from the kitchen.

After a due initiation into these mysteries, you might feel fairly secure of your position, with the possibility of falling from grace at any moment. I never dared think of what would happen if by any chance one should be permanently disgraced; it was too ominous a subject to dwell upon. Whether you would be neglected altogether, or simply treated with scornful contempt, was an open question. It would be the exquisite part of your punishment, that you alone should be made to feel the weight of Thomas's displeasure. To all outward appearance one might still retain his former foothold, but he would know in his heart that he was irremediably fallen. Doubtless he would be unable to bear this ignominious treatment for any length of time, and would be forced, from a mere sense of self-respect, to seek another dining-place. This was also a part of Thomas's inexorable revenge.

I remember when I was in the second degree of probation, and still sufficiently in doubt of my own position to sympathize keenly with another victim, that I had a cousin from the West come to visit

me. He was a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, though brusque in manner and loud of voice. He had charge of a large mill in a western town, and he was accustomed, I suspect, to give orders rather imperiously to his men, and have them implicitly obeyed. He had no comprehension of fine shades or nice distinctions, and I was not a little curious to see the effect Thomas would have upon him. We used to dine regularly at Parkworth's, and I had an ample opportunity to watch the results of my experiment, as I soon began to call it. I had never spoken of Thomas to my cousin, or indicated in any way the peculiar sway he exercised over his guests. I confess I had misgivings as to the probable end of the experiment, while I was fully aware of the grave danger I incurred myself in being associated with one who was so far removed from Thomas's idea of a gentleman; still I was ready to run the risk for the sake of seeing the working of my theory.

Upon their first meeting Thomas eyed his new guest suspiciously. One could easily see that he mistrusted him, but out of deference to an old client, as I was pleased to suppose, he was ready to give the man a chance. I longed to warn my cousin to be on his guard; but he would not have understood the warning, and besides it would have been a violation of the terms of my compact. I experienced from the process that acute kind of satisfaction which a cat is supposed to derive from the mouse with which she is toying. If I had dared I would have begged Thomas to be merciful, so much did I dread his unique and undisputed supremacy; but I was compelled to be silent.

I saw Thomas start when my cousin unceremoniously thrust his hat and coat into his hands; but he did not for a moment relax the rigid gravity of his expression. I fairly paled when in stentorian tones my companion ordered a Scotch whiskey before beginning his oysters, and I looked so beseechingly at Thomas that I am sure he was touched; but his face grew if anything more severe. There was an air about his back when he glided away to fill the order, which filled me with foreboding. My cousin, however, happily unconscious of

his fate, went on to regale me with an account of a large strike which had recently occurred in his mill, and which he had taken such a summary method of quelling that it fairly made my blood curdle to hear him. He was especially loud in his denunciation of some English workmen whom he employed, and I saw a compression in the lines of Thomas's forehead which augured ill for his guest.

My cousin was considerably older than I, so I could not check him as I might have done a younger man. He had strong prejudices and little patience with what he called "fopperies;" and I was sure that in his estimation I came under such a head. He patronized me prodigiously,—a fact which made me less sorry for him than I otherwise should have been.

I cannot assert with confidence that on the very first night he felt the influence of Thomas's presence; but that he felt it before the end of the week is unquestionable. He betrayed his consciousness of it in various trifling ways. He was nervous and uneasy whenever Thomas approached. He broke off suddenly in his conversation on three different occasions, when by chance he happened to meet Thomas's eyes. I know that Leonard struggled heroically to free himself from this spell, which he did not in the least understand; but he might as well have tried to live without breathing. In vain he tried to bluster—his old-time assurance would not come to his aid. On the fifth night his voice sank to the ordinary conversational pitch. The next week he ceased to order Scotch whiskey before the oysters and call for cocktails between the courses. How this change was wrought is still as mysterious to me as at the time it happened. It could not have been anything Thomas said, for he scarcely opened his mouth except to bid us good night, and he could not have used outside threats, as at one time I almost came to believe. The eyebrows, I suspect, were at the bottom of it. I used to watch them, fascinated by their multiform play of expression. One could very nearly follow Thomas's train of thought by means of those eyebrows. They were ironical, contemptuous, intimidating. And yet they

were not especially noticeable eyebrows; in fact they were rather retiring. Upon any other man than Thomas you would never have noticed them at all; but when once your attention became riveted to them you could never forget them. I am certain that my cousin was duly impressed by them, for I used to see him furtively eyeing them, and I am ready to swear that I saw him start when Thomas once elevated them more ominously than usual. I never shall forget the frightened glance Leonard gave me when they rose to an incredible height because he persisted in using his toothpick at the table.

My cousin stayed with me three weeks, and at the end of that time he was a changed man. He seemed to have something constantly upon his mind. He was oppressed, not to say cowed, whenever we dined with Thomas. He indulged in none of the grandiloquent phrases with which he had favored me on our first meeting. Before two weeks had passed he might easily have been mistaken for some timidly self-assertive western schoolmaster, having his first experience out of hours. He would start to speak, pause, then give it up altogether, as if he had encountered a big lump in his throat. He had a haunted, careworn expression, he lost his swagger, but, as I say, he did not succumb without a struggle. He had a puzzled, questioning air which was almost pathetic; he seemed to be always trying to find something which he had lost. He never alluded to Thomas except disrespectfully. At first his comments were confined to his sudden appearances and disappearances—he thought there was something very queer about those. Then he complained of Thomas's secretiveness—the dirty beggar, he said, was spying upon him all the time. Next he found him impertinent, unbearably officious; till at last he capitulated like the rest of us, and ceased to speak of him altogether, though I saw that he was often upon his mind. To me the change was little less than miraculous, and I could hardly believe my own ears when near the end of the third week Leonard absolutely refused to go near Parkworth's again. My eyes must have betrayed my astonishment, while my

admiration for Thomas's method was unbounded. I sacrificed myself, however, to the extent of humoring my cousin's wishes, and I did not see Thomas until Leonard had gone. Now that he was released from the spell of the eyebrows, my cousin resumed his old manner once more, and when I bade him good by at the station he was quite himself again.

One little conversation I remember very distinctly. It was shortly before his departure. He had been on the point of confiding something to me on two or three different occasions during the day, but he evidently could not decide to do so. We were at one of the down-town cafés, — I had promised never to take him to Parkworth's again, — and we had just settled back in our chairs after lighting our cigars, when he suddenly broke out: —

"Its cussed queer about that man!"

"Yes," said I, pretending not to understand his allusion. "To whom do you refer?"

"Why to that d—d waiter at Parkworth's."

"What about him?"

"Didn't you ever notice anything uncanny about him?" he asked somewhat hesitatingly.

"My dear fellow, he's only a waiter," I replied. "I never pay much attention to servants."

"But he was so — unusual; he was so creepy. Didn't you notice what strange eyes he had?"

"Upon my word, I never thought of them," I returned, — which was strictly true; I had observed only the eyebrows.

"He made me crawl whenever he looked at me. I believe he has eyes like a snake's."

I laughed loudly at this, for my companion was so sincere in his speech, with so little comprehension of the real state of affairs, that it affected me as irresistibly droll.

"You may laugh," he maintained stoutly, "but it's true. If you had ever given him any attention, you'd see what I mean. That fellow is a consummate rascal, or I don't know men. No man with a clear conscience could ever look as he does."

"Well, I'll watch him the next time I dine there," I replied; and the conversation turned to other matters.

I was more than glad, however, to know just the exact way in which Thomas affected my cousin. I had never thought of Thomas's eyes resembling those of a snake, though I was fully aware of what my companion meant. The more I thought of Thomas, indeed, the more remarkable he seemed to me and the more he aroused my curiosity. My interest in him was still further strengthened by a remark which my cousin chanced to let fall as I bade him good by at the station.

"Good by," he said, "and keep away from that d—d waiter! He's got the evil mark upon him. Mind my words — that man was born to be hanged"; — and the train moved off as he waved me an adieu from the platform.

I must confess that I felt a certain involuntary thrill at these last words. They were uttered in a tone of deepest conviction, and I had no reason to doubt my cousin's sincerity. Still this view of Thomas's character only increased his charm; it was an added proof of his versatile accomplishments.

Shortly after my cousin's departure, Thomas was promoted to the position of head waiter. It must have been a proud moment for him when he could glide up the long, narrow room, unencumbered by tray or napkin, to reprimand a dilatory underwaiter or straighten one of the spotless tablecloths; but he bore his triumph with the same impassive gravity which he always displayed, and betrayed no trace of emotion. He made an ideal head waiter. If a salt-cellar was moved out of place, Thomas darted upon it and put it back where it belonged. If a crumb was spilled upon the floor, his eagle eye detected it in a trice, and it was brushed away. Cigar ashes he regarded as his legitimate prey, and woe to the man who dropped them on the cloth. The eyebrows were immediately called into play, and the culprit was made to feel the enormity of his offence.

Thomas, however, was too well bred to crow over his less fortunate companions. He was, if anything, a trifle less consequential than he had been in

his former position. It was another example of his innate delicacy, that even toward us he should be less severe than his position warranted. He scorned to take an undue advantage of the opportunities afforded him; and we bore his mild tyranny with meekness, grateful that it was not more burdensome. To see Thomas as he stood near the door with folded arms, his critical eye glancing down the double line of tables, his head erect, every sense alert to catch an unnecessary shuffle of feet or a needless rattle of the crockery, was indeed an impressive sight. He had no charity for the small boy with papers of flowers who ventured into the establishment. A wave of the hand or a movement of the eyebrows was enough to send him scampering away, awed and frightened.

One evening the room happened to be more crowded than usual, and Thomas asked permission to put a guest at my table. I readily granted the request, and my companion proved to be a man whom I had frequently noticed as a regular patron of the place, and to whom I was strongly attracted because of his remarkably interesting face. He was long and angular, with rather melancholy eyes and a sensitive mouth which was not entirely hidden by his heavy black mustache. He was dressed with a careless nicety which yet had something individual about it, and I derived a pleasant satisfaction from his appearance after a continued association of three weeks with my overdressed western cousin. My new acquaintance had a deep, low voice, while he pronounced his words with an unmistakable southern accent. There was a certain languorous drawl in his manner of talking, which, combined with a habit of dropping his final syllables and slurring certain harsh vowel sounds, gave an unwonted flavor to his conversation. We had soon passed beyond commonplaces, and began to exchange impressions of the life about us. My companion professed his ignorance of contemporary politics; and as this was a subject for which I had decided aversion, we found at once a common bond of sympathy. We had drifted into a discussion of our favorite dining-places; and I was charmed to find that my

new friend preferred Parkworth's to any other.

"There's an air of seclusion and good breeding about it which appeals to me," he said.

"Have you ever analyzed just what it is which gives the place this air?" I asked.

He considered for a moment before he replied.

"I've often thought of it. It used to puzzle me, for I could not discover that Parkworth's differed in service or appointments or cooking from a number of other places I know. But I finally found the reason."

"Yes?" I asked eagerly.

"It's Thomas," he replied.

I leaned across the table and grasped his hand.

"My dear sir," I said, "you have afforded me more pleasure than I can tell you. I arrived at that very conclusion some time ago."

"Yes, Thomas is a remarkable, a very remarkable man," he continued. "I've known him for a long time, and yet I often think that I'm not much further along with him than on the first night I dined here."

"Exactly my own case," I exclaimed, "though in a few minor points I feel that I've gained ground — that is, I'm a trifle surer of myself than I was. I don't feel quite so ignominiously insignificant as at first."

He smiled quietly.

"I'm growing unbearably conceited," he confessed after a moment, "because I've begun to think lately that Thomas really tolerates me without animosity. I even went so far as to say to myself the other night that he was beginning to like me. I know that you'll think I've lost my head," he added with a humorously quizzical expression. "Indeed I have doubts of my own sanity."

"We've both reached the second degree," I cried.

He looked at me in surprise.

"The second degree?" he asked with polite curiosity.

"I'm afraid you doubt *my* sanity," I responded; and went on to explain the stages through which I fancied we progressed into Thomas's favor. My



companion laughed heartily when I had finished.

"Come," he said, "I see we shall like each other. Suppose we dine together here every night, if the proposal doesn't seem to you too abrupt."

"Not in the least," I replied. "I should enjoy it of all things. I can only regret the stupidity which has prevented our knowing each other until now. But you know what the traditions are."

"Oh! Parkworth's traditions!" he sighed.

"We can discuss Thomas to our hearts' content."

"An endless topic! But you mustn't try to outshine me in his good graces."

"Just what I was thinking of you," I rejoined.

Thus it was that I came to have a companion to share my former solitary meal at Parkworth's. We aired our theories about Thomas very freely, and I think each of us stirred up a little unconscious rivalry; but this did not in the least interfere with the pleasure we took in each other's society. My friend had some ideas concerning Thomas with which I did not at all agree; but I had no means of proving that they were wrong. I told him of my cousin's theory, at which he scoffed, though he did not deny that he too had been impressed by a vague sense of mystery hovering over Thomas.

We amused ourselves by watching the bewilderment of new-comers in their first experience with the "sphinx," as we began to call him. We lived with them through their periods of protest, often of open rebellion, against his authority; but if they were not driven away, they invariably succumbed in the end. Thomas had each new pupil in complete subjection in two or three weeks; though an especially refractory one sometimes demanded an extra week. His patience, however, was unlimited. The only person of whom he ever really despaired, I think, was a vivacious little Frenchman who, by some ironical stroke of destiny, had wandered into his clutches. With him Thomas was reduced, if not to despair, at least to desperate measures. In vain he tried his old tricks. He bullied, he threatened, he cajoled—all to no effect; the daunt-

less little Frenchman stood his ground so manfully that Thomas at last, out of mere weariness, was forced to leave him alone. It cost him a struggle, I know. He was very touchy about it, and for a day or two after his final defeat he went about with a crestfallen mien which was truly pathetic. I felt honestly sorry for him, and both my companion and myself treated him with a compassionate consideration which seemed to aggravate rather than heal his wounded pride. Owing to this unfortunate blunder we lost heavily in his estimation. My friend, as having been the more forward in his expression of sympathy, had to bear the brunt of his displeasure, and he never fully regained his favor. This, of course, was a cause of ill-suppressed satisfaction to me, and I could scarcely refrain from gloating over my companion's discomfiture. Thomas inflicted upon him the most exquisite shafts of his resentment, which his victim felt all the more keenly as he understood so well the subtle shades of his punishment.

It was about this time that we began to hear rumors of coming changes at Parkworth's. The old proprietor was dead, and it was said that the son was bent on making a large number of improvements. We paid no attention to the report, however, believing that in such a conservative place as Parkworth's no change could possibly occur. We continued our speculations concerning Thomas, and derived a great deal of quiet amusement from my companion's theory that Thomas was an emissary from the British government, sent over here upon some important mission of state.

To my great regret, my friend was called home by sudden business about six weeks after I first met him, and I went to see him off. Oddly enough the station proved to be the one from which my cousin had gone. I promised to write and keep him informed of the progress I made with Thomas; and his last words were:—

"Take my word for it—Thomas is some great mogul, and an intimate friend of Gladstone's. We'll both go down in diplomatic history for having once known him."

With a laughing jest he shook me

warmly by the hand and disappeared in the crowd. I never saw him again.

One of the first bits of news I had to communicate was an account of the new additions at Parkworth's. This happened a few weeks after my friend went away, and, combined with the loss of one to whom I had become much attached, gave me a strange feeling of homesickness as I sat in my old place in the corner. Another larger room was added to the original cosey dining-room. Electric lights were introduced; a conventional counter replaced the modest little desk; the ceilings were frescoed; and — most unbearable of innovations — a staring gilt sign was hung over the outside door. The customary unruffled quietness of the place was disturbed by loud peals of noisy laughter from the adjoining room, while the atmosphere of the room was contaminated by cigarette smoke — a fact which caused consternation among the older generation. A protest against this latter abomination was signed by all the old *habitues*, and sent to the new proprietor; but as no attention was paid to it, and as they were also given to understand that their interference was regarded as most uncalled for, they left in a body to seek the seclusion of more congenial retreats. Soon the original customers had entirely disappeared, and a new element took their place. Parkworth's was becoming popular.

If it had not been such a personal matter with me, I might have enjoyed Thomas's distress at these innovations. The poor fellow bore the change with very ill grace. He lost his old-time serenity and dignity. He was harassed and careworn. He tried in vain to impress the careless new-comers, who now crowded the brilliantly lighted rooms, with the grave sense of his importance; their numbers were too many for him. His fine points and nice distinctions were utterly thrown away on these lounging cigarette smokers and jauntily dressed young women who filled the rooms.

I remained after the old customers had left, simply out of sympathy for Thomas. It seemed cruel to desert him now. He appreciated my delicacy and lavished upon me his most subtle attention; but

even my devotion could not dispel his now habitual gloom. His former alacrity disappeared. His face became more than ever a mysterious mask; but to the last he preserved his immaculate neatness of dress, though one Sunday evening when he was more than usually troubled I did discover a slight irregularity in his parting.

I was grateful for the changes at Parkworth's in one respect — it brought me into a closer contact with Thomas than I should otherwise have ever dared to hope for. Now that his old pupils had left him, he began to appreciate their good qualities. These appeared all the more commendable in contrast with the disheartening types with whom he now had to deal. He fairly clung to me as a last reminder of his former glory. He treated me with such deferential consideration that I longed to say to him: —

“My dear fellow, you mustn't go too far, you know, — you mustn't overdo it.”

He hovered about my chair during an evening, as if he found a poignant kind of painful pleasure in calling back old associations. He seemed to be trying to expiate some fancied slight which he might once have put upon me. He watched me with such imploring eyes that I experienced an embarrassment greater than I used to feel under his old *régime*. I really believe he would have been grateful if I had patronized him. I could, however, only offer him silent sympathy. I did not commit the unpardonable blunder of openly expressing it. He struggled himself to speak of his affliction, but he always ended by resisting the temptation. I laid myself open to the most flagrant breaches of decorum in order that he might reprimand me and gain some of his old assurance; but he would not take advantage of this generosity, — for I am sure he fathomed its motive. I yearned for a tact infinitely fine to show him my sympathy; but it was some compensation to know that he felt my good intentions.

One night, to my great surprise, he did succeed in breaking through his reserve. He was helping me on with my coat, when he startled me by saying in his unemotional low voice: —

"It is hard, sir. I don't think that I can stand it much longer."

"We must stand by each other, Thomas," I replied, frightened at my own audacity.

"Oh I thank *you*, sir, but *I've* about given out."

I inferred that he intended to draw a delicate distinction. I might be able to stand it endlessly, he was of finer clay and had his limitations. Still this meagre exchange of confidence brought us nearer together than we had ever been before.

Thomas really grew thin with his mental cares and worries. The little bald patch behind his ear became so large that it required the most unremitting attention to keep it hidden discreetly from sight. The management of the waiters caused him a great deal of additional annoyance. It became necessary to employ a number of new ones, who proved to be the most incorrigible of Irishmen. They resented Thomas's interference in any of their duties, and they seemed to take a childish delight in teasing him. They persisted in wearing imitation shirt studs and heavy boots, and they put oil on their hair until it rivalled the odor of the cooking.

"I've tried, sir. I've fairly gone on my knees to them, but it's no use," Thomas confessed to me one evening. "They won't pay any attention to me, and they say that it's none of my business. I should die with mortification, sir, if any of my old friends should come back."

It soon became the custom for Thomas to hold a whispered conference with me as he helped me on with my coat. I think that it relieved him to speak of his troubles, though we exchanged but a few words. These grew more confidential, however, as the days went by. Thomas found a great deal to criticise in the methods of the new proprietor, especially in the means he took to increase his patronage. It fairly made him blush to speak of it.

"I can stand the sign, sir—that's American; but when it comes to 'and bills and placards, it shows we're in a bad way. It's not right, sir; it's something I can't excuse."

At last, one evening, Thomas came to

me with a more cheerful countenance than usual.

"I've done it, sir, I've done it," he said with mournful complacency. "I've given my warning. I told them I couldn't stand it any longer, and they were rude to me, sir. I've got to stay out my month, but it's like—I don't know what, sir. I've been with them fifteen years, and I 'oped to stay till the end; but I can't do it. I'm going back 'ome."

"Going back to London, Thomas?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, sir. It's the only place. They know what form is *there*, sir."

Thomas began to pick up a little after he made this resolution. He had eased his conscience, and he went about his duties with a resigned air of martyrdom. I told him that I should of course leave Parkworth's when he did, and he replied: "That's very good of you, sir;" but he expressed no surprise at my statement. It was only to be expected that I could no longer bear the vulgarity of Parkworth's after he had deserted it. He was to sail shortly after his month was out; and he informed me, with something like joy in his eyes, that he had booked his passage.

"I hope that you'll find congenial fellow travellers," I answered,—a reply upon which I prided myself; it was such a delicate reference to his fastidious susceptibility to environment. But he gave a gentle sigh, from which I inferred that he had no such hope. He was too considerate of my feelings to make any disparaging remarks concerning my countrymen as travellers; but the eyebrows indicated what he left unsaid.

The last night I dined at Parkworth's I did so with a solemn sense of bidding farewell to a good share of my old life. I had many associations with the place, but all of them clustered about Thomas. It was rather a funereal occasion, and I was glad when the ordeal was over. Thomas felt its solemnity, too, and I think for once he ceased to be annoyed by the whisperings of his old enemies, the waiters. He seemed to be lost in a cloud of reminiscence. He hovered about each table as if trying to recall some familiar face, and I noticed that he did not once go into the adjoining dining-room,—

he would have his meditations disturbed by no such vulgar intrusion. He was dressed with even more than his usual care, and the obnoxious bald spot was entirely concealed. Not a lock was out of place, while his parting might have been composed by mathematical measurement. I never felt his consummate powers as an artist so strongly as on this occasion. His deportment was exactly fitted to the requirements of the situation. It was not obtrusively mournful or passionately regretful, nor yet extravagantly joyous, as if he were glad to shake the dust of Parkworth's from his feet. It was mellowed by charitable thought and subdued feeling. It showed no trace of resentment. It seemed to say: "I know that I have been injured, deeply injured, but I do not choose to betray the depth of my wound."

That evening, to the majority of diners at Parkworth's, would never be a memorable one. It would never be distinguished in their minds from countless others which they had spent there. But for Thomas and myself it contained the elements of tragedy. He scarcely approached me during the evening, — and I could see that he purposely avoided doing so. He hesitated, however, when the time came for him to help me on with my coat; and though I would have preferred to slip away without a formal leave-taking, he finally came over to my table.

"Well, Thomas," I said, as I took my hat from his hands for the last time.

"Well, sir," he repeated in the same tone.

"It's all over, I suppose," I said as cheerfully as possible. "We're neither of us likely to see the old place again."

"Oh, the old place!" he replied with a mournful accent which implied unspeakable things about the modern one. "It's been very kind of you to stay, sir. You've made it almost easy for me. I sha'n't never forget it, — never."

There was real feeling in his voice, and I was sincerely touched by it.

"Don't speak of *that*," I rejoined. "Then it's good by?"

"I'm afraid it is, sir," he answered.

"If we don't meet over there, then good by, Thomas," I said, shaking the

hand he held out to me. (I should hardly have ventured to take it otherwise.) "I'll hunt you up when I'm in London."

"That would be very good of you, sir," he replied in a way which seemed to say that the obligation would lie rather on my side than on his. I had carefully prepared a little present for him; but I could not give it to him. I felt that he saw my hesitation and knew what I was hiding in my hand; but he made no comment, and I went away with something of my old feeling of insignificance. He would never have showed such a lack of tact, I almost heard him say. When I went again to Parkworth's, a few days later, Thomas was no longer there, and I did not go again, but drifted about the city in search of another dining-place.

My medical practice was much larger than it had formerly been; and as I was often called away in the early evening, I soon fell into the habit of taking my dinner in whatever part of the city I chanced to be at the time. It must have been some three months after Thomas's departure that I was summoned to visit a patient living in one of the poorer districts of the town. I found my address to be a dirty court swarming with children and ash-barrels. It was already late when I finished my visit, so I decided to find a restaurant in the neighborhood. I wandered down one of the shabby streets where staring white placards in the windows betokened the nature of the houses. It was a part of the city which had once been fashionable, and its suggestion of past grandeur only made its present dreary decay the more forlorn. The houses, once stately and dignified, now disfigured by drooping blinds and battered front doors, seemed to resent the mean uses to which they were put, and appealed to one with a pathetic air of remonstrance. I found my restaurant on the ground floor of such a house. A poster in the window announced that dinner was served for twenty-five cents. The dining-room had evidently been the drawing-room in better days, for it still kept its air of quiet dignity, in spite of the cheap paper on the walls and the modern ugliness of the furniture. There were a few sickly

geraniums on the window ledge, and an odor of boiled cabbage was in the hall.

A few people, with questionable hats and coats hanging from the row of hooks which bordered the room, were seated at the turkey-red covered tables. An air-tight stove, placed in front of the once pretentious mantelpiece, made the atmosphere close and stifling. A small boy at the table opposite the door was eating his vegetables with his knife, while his mother drank her tea from her saucer. Two waiters were at the lower end of the room giving their orders through the slide which communicated with the room beyond. I seated myself and began to peruse the bill of fare. It had evidently served on various previous occasions, for it was smeared with spots and stains. One of the waiters in shirt sleeves and soiled apron passed quickly by me, and as I turned to call his attention to my wants, I was startled to hear a muffled "Well, sir," in my ear. The voice was strangely familiar, and brought with it a flood of associations. I lifted my eyes. There was no mistake. It was Thomas!

"Well, sir," he repeated, unmoved by my cry of astonishment.

"Thomas! You here? I thought you —"

"Yes, I know sir. I didn't go."

"Didn't go?"

"No, sir. I've been ill."

I glanced at him again, and I was shocked to find how thin and pale he looked. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes faded, his hair perceptibly thinner. He had glided up with his old-time noiselessness, however, and his linen was as immaculate as ever. He seemed sadly out of place amid such surroundings; and I thought of Beau Brummel in his attic.

"But when were you taken ill, Thomas?" I asked.

"As soon as I left Parkworth's, sir. I was all run down. I was too bad to sail."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you send for me? Couldn't you trust me?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It wasn't that, but I —" He hesitated, and I even think that he blushed a little. I felt as if I had

committed an indiscretion, but I understood his silence. He wished to imply that after waiting on me for so long a time, he could not dream of allowing me to wait on him. So I answered as if he had expressed this sentiment: —

"You ought not to have thought of that, Thomas. It would have been a pleasure for me to attend you."

"You're very good, sir; but I couldn't think of anything professional between us, you know, sir. Will you have soup?"

He glided away to fill the order, leaving me amused and touched by his reply. I could not but feel honored at the delicate compliment he had paid me. Had I then been accepted unconditionally as a friend? This was indeed a triumph. Besides there was something infinitely fine in the insinuation he made, which the eyebrows, if not the words, expressed. The eyebrows seemed to say reproachfully: —

"And you can think of such a thing as this between gentlemen?"

All my old-time embarrassment and sense of littleness returned in the presence of those eyebrows. I felt crude and unpolished and wretchedly insignificant. I seemed to have hob-nailed shoes, and clothes that didn't fit, and frowsy hair. I had entered so quickly into the territory of refined, almost superfine analysis, that it quite took my breath away — it gave me a shock, coming as I did from the hard, prosaic, professional world. The transition was too sudden — it was difficult to breathe in his rarefied atmosphere. The tawdry furnishings, the sordid meanness of the establishment, the very odor of the cabbage in the hall vanished and were forgotten in the magic of Thomas's decorously proper personality. He pervaded the place — he gave it an air. It was no longer an eating-house; it was a mansion. The dining-room became again the drawing-room, where stately women and courtly men sipped their tea and discussed the gossip of the day. One could almost hear the rustle of gowns and the rumble of carriages before the door. Even the thick, white, common china and the plated spoons failed to destroy the illusion; while Thomas himself, grave and dignified, became the major domo of the

festivities and kept the company at the proper pitch. Thinking of him thus in an appropriate setting, it became much easier for me to talk to him.

He showed that he was glad to see me, but he was not effusive. His welcome was tempered by a certain reserve, and I felt some explanation of my presence here was due him. He took my apology gravely and made some graceful remark about the happiness the encounter afforded him. I could not in the least understand why he still lingered on in the city, and I ventured to broach this topic.

"Have you given up your original plan, Thomas?" I asked, as he placed some unsavory, overdone dish in front of me.

He carefully arranged the vegetables in order, brushed away a few crumbs from the cloth, and filled my glass before he replied. I was afraid that my question had offended him, but his answer reassured me.

"Oh, no, sir; I've not given it up. I'm going to sail very soon now."

"But why didn't you go long ago — as soon as you got well? Why did you stay on?"

He hesitated again, this time longer than before. He seemed to be trying to find the most suitable phrase for his thought.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "you see — that is — sickness is rather costly."

"But surely, Thomas, there was no need of your coming to a place like this. Why didn't you go back to Parkworth's?"

"Oh, Parkworth's!" he exclaimed.

"But why didn't you get a place down town then? You would have found no difficulty in doing so."

"Well, sir, er — the fact is, I bade everybody good by, — all my friends, you know, — and I couldn't go back where I was known. So I came here — retired as you may say, sir, till I — er, er — recuperated."

"But doesn't any one know that you're here," I said, seeming to scent some mystery.

"No one except yourself, sir. I haven't seen a soul I knew. I'm out of the world."

"Surely you would — that is, the salary would be more remunerative elsewhere?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But I like this seclusion. It's quieting and restful. I'm quite well satisfied, sir."

I don't know why, as Thomas turned away, the words of my southern friend should recur to me. Could Thomas be in government employ after all, and was he simply waiting for further developments of international politics before he returned home? When he came back with my coffee I ventured another question.

"How did you happen to select this place, Thomas?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir. I was going by one day, — so I stepped in, and I've been here ever since."

"It's quite a change from Parkworth's, isn't it?"

"There's no electric lights here," he replied, "and no shoddy, half-respectable people, sir. They're poor, but they aren't vulgar, as those were. That's what I like about it, sir. Besides, just look at that mantelpiece; look at the floor; look at the woodwork. It's all real. I like it, sir. I like to think of the real ladies and gentlemen who used to live here. That's why I stay."

Thomas *was* real, then! He felt, too, the subtle charm of bygone splendor and pathetic decay. I was glad to have this last impression of him; and as he helped me on with my coat I remarked: —

"This seems like old times, Thomas."

"Yes, sir," he said. "I little thought I should have this pleasure again, sir."

"I hope that you'll have it many more times yet, Thomas."

"Don't wish that, sir, please. I'm sure this is the last time."

"Quite sure, Thomas?"

"Quite sure, sir," he replied slowly.

I turned to leave, but hesitated and, drawn by some sudden impulse, said: —

"Oh, by the way, Thomas, when you get back to England remember me to Gladstone."

He looked at me without a glimmer of a smile, neither starting nor betraying the least surprise, and answered quietly: —

"I will, sir, if I see him."

"Then good night."

"Good by, sir." He opened the door,

bowed, as if doing the honors of some lordly mansion, and I went out.

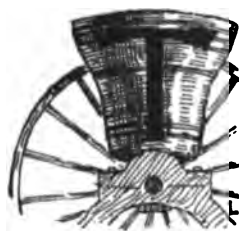
Whether Thomas returned to England or not, I never learnt; but I never saw him again, although I looked for him many times about the city. It will always

be a question in my mind whether after all my southern friend was not perhaps right in his surmise. But I shall never know; and I feel that to me, at least, Thomas will always remain an unsolved mystery.



## CHRIST CHURCH BELLS.

*By Ralph Adams Cram.*



HE nineteenth of April, 1894, sixty years after they were pealed for the last time in honor of the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette to the coun-

try he had helped to make free, heard the bells of Christ Church, rehung and restored to their old condition of precedence above all the bells of the republic, pealed after that fashion for which they were cast one hundred and fifty years ago.

This is more than an episode, — it is an historical event, it may be an artistic epoch; for on that day a distinct art, lost for a century so far as the United States was concerned, came again into existence. The movement so generated is spreading rapidly, and in the course of time it may be that not only will the noble art of bell-ringing take its place once more in this country as an adjunct of Christian worship, but something may be relearned of that lost art, lost in a measure in England as well as in America, the very noble art of bell-casting.

It may seem to some unjustifiable to speak in this fashion, — to some who call to mind the thousands of bells that yearly are hung in church towers, who remember the scores of churches where "chimes" are rung weekly or daily; but one can,

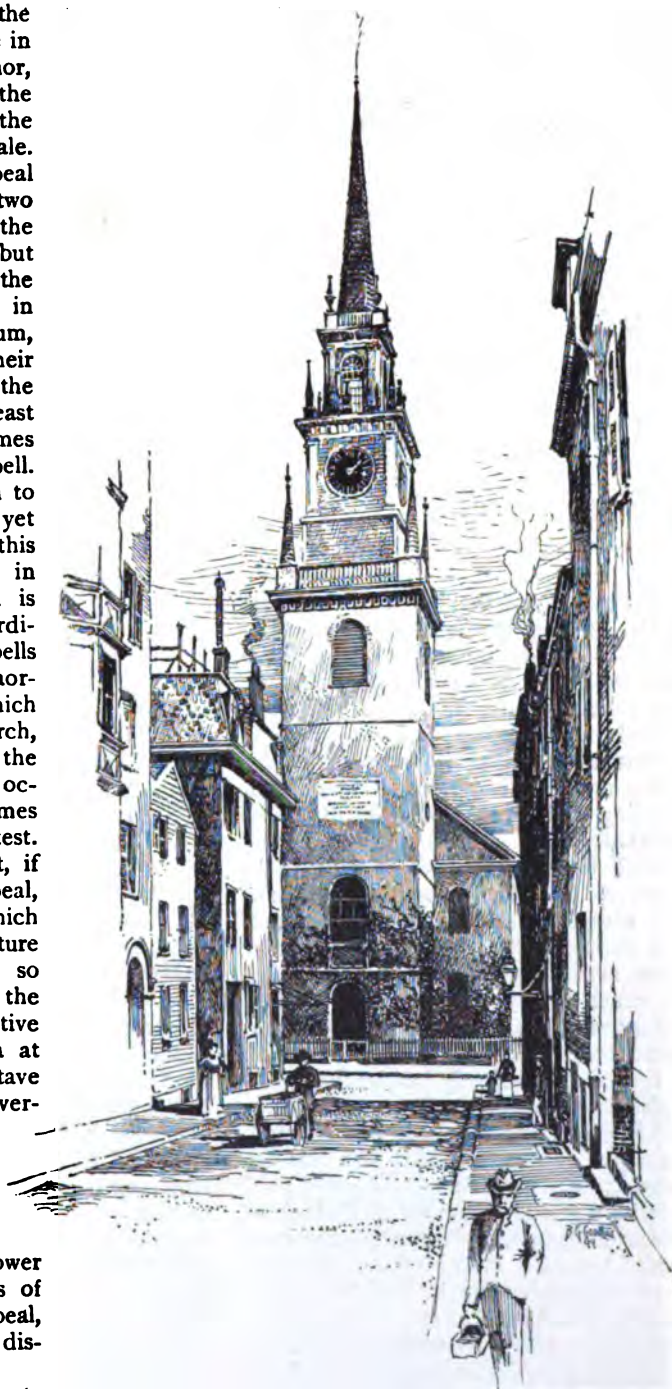
nevertheless, say without fear of contradiction that bell-casting is in many respects a lost art, and that scientific bell-ringing in the United States is a lost art as well.

The bells of Christ Church, as they were found last year, prove this beyond a doubt, if proof were needed. Here was a ring of bells, the first cast for North America, the most perfect from a campanological standpoint, so hung that they could not be rung, and insulted by being employed merely in a system of chiming, which is to true bell-ringing what a child's drumming on a pianoforte is to the art of a Paderewski. And in all the United States there was no chime of bells that could approach this in the point of small variations in weight, in homogeneity of metal, in carrying quality or in musical tone; neither was there a single ring of bells properly hung and properly rung on the entire continent.

The art of campanology is delicate, intricate and subtle. It begins with the first steps toward the casting of a bell, it considers every detail of its contour, its weight, the thickness of its parts, its composition, every detail of its hanging and adjusting, every detail of its ringing. Many of the secrets of the art are still preserved by the bell-ringing guilds in England, but certain processes which deal with the creation of the bell itself are absolutely lost. For example, one of the most important factors in the creation

of a perfect peal is the point of the difference in weight between the tenor, or heaviest bell, and the treble, or lightest, in the octave of a diatonic scale. In the Christ Church peal the tenor bell is but two and a half times the weight of the treble; but modern founders of the highest repute, both in England and Belgium, have adopted in their peals a scale in which the tenor bell weighs at least three and one half times as much as the treble bell. The nearest approach to old results that has yet been achieved in this country is a chime in which the proportion is four to one, while ordinary combinations of bells often reach the extraordinary conditions which exist at Christ Church, Cambridge, where the heaviest bell in the octave weighs eight times as much as the lightest. Such an arrangement, if by courtesy called a peal, is a combination which no ringer would venture to handle, for with so marked a contrast in the weight of the respective bells, the tintinnabula at one end of the octave would be completely overpowered by the deeper vibrations of the heavy bells; whereas there is no perceptible difference in the carrying power of the different bells of this ancient Boston peal, even when heard at a distance of four miles.

The same unfortunate retrogression shows itself in every direction. By

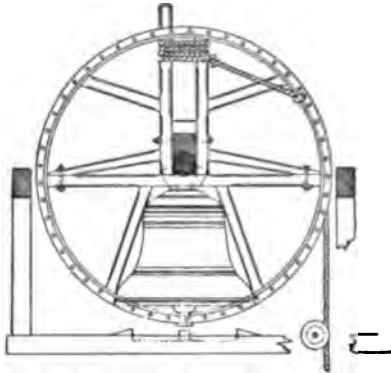


FROM A DRAWING BY S. G. GOODHUR.

THE OLD NORTH (CHRIST) CHURCH, BOSTON.



abandoning the ancient system of ringing for the makeshift of chiming, the noble art dropped nearly to the level of a trick, and the craft of bell-casting became a trade. Everything was sacrificed



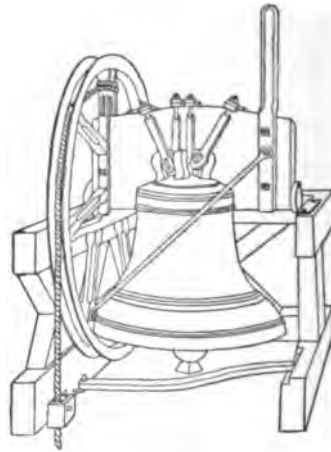
Proper hanging for bell of moderate weight.

in the making of the bell to cheapness; in the hanging of the bell to the capacity of a blundering sexton; and where once we had great bells leaping through the sonorous air, pouring their tone toward each other from resounding throats and driving it for many miles, where once we had loving ringers, each knowing his bell, each knowing its exact position in its swift revolution at any second to an eighth of an inch,—we now have to endure ill-assorted masses of dull clanging metal swung by ignorant and careless sextons, or hammered by some mechanical makeshift. It is not too much to say, therefore, that campanology was, so far as this country is concerned, really a lost art in all its branches.

Indeed, so absolutely had its first principles fallen out of sight that certain abominable imitations which, it was claimed, were just as good as bells, and less expensive, have been accepted by the public with a serene ignorance of their absolute wretchedness. Fortunately the most loudly heralded form of these abominations misnamed "tubular bells" has precisely the least sonorousness and penetrating power, so that its steely and dissonant clangor can hardly be heard beyond the block in which it may be placed. One of these bogus "chimes" ("*horresco referens*") has been recently hung in a

church in this vicinity, but fortunately is almost inaudible. Christ Church peal cannot but act as a great object lesson in future; for a comparison of the harsh screaming of the modern substitute with its own mellow song will show very quickly that a steel tube is not a bell, not even a substitute therefor, but simply a grotesque absurdity, to be compared only to an African tom-tom.

Another evidence of the desuetude of the art is shown in the history of the so-called Columbian bell. Apart from the wicked vandalism which the scheme of this bell involved—the childish destruction of the hundreds of precious and historic heirlooms—the alleged method



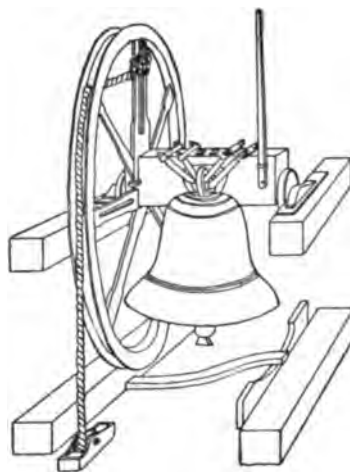
Proper hanging for heavy bell, slightly "tucked up" in the headstock.

of constructing the bell proved the deadness of the art; for into its composition went all manner of heterogeneous elements, metals of every kind, including much silver, if the statements of the projectors of this scheme are to be credited. Now, any one familiar with ancient bell-making would have predicted the result of such an amalgam, which was—absolute failure. The claim had been made that the silver would improve the tone of the bell, though in a pamphlet printed in 1877 the Meneely founders of Troy had expressly stated that it was a fact that silver added to the amalgam of copper and tin would ruin the ringing qualities of a bell. The false representations made in

connection with the absurd Columbian bell scheme led scores of misguided and foolish people to sacrifice their silver and relics. Of course the first bell was a lamentable and utter failure, and another had to be made, from which the sacrificed silver was discreetly eliminated, and though this bell appeared at Chicago toward the close of the Fair it was not thought worthy of being assigned a place, and was left upon the ground in the rear of the Administration Building, and when occasionally tolled, its dissonant chords, which could be heard but a short distance away, were even less musical than those of some steel bells exhibited by a Prussian founder. It would be interesting to follow the subsequent history of two thousand pounds of metal obtained from the wanton destruction of valuable relics, and also of the unfortunate bell itself.

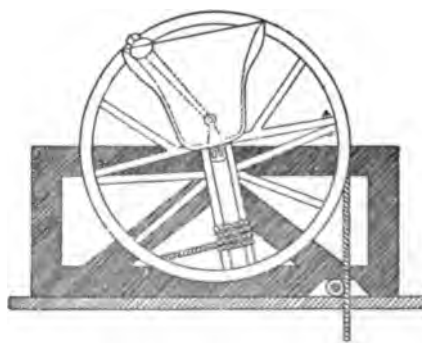
These instances seem to show how the once noble art has ceased to exist, and to indicate as well how great a destiny may be the fortune of Christ Church peal. Properly hung, properly rung, it may bring a recrudescence of a beautiful art. Once more church towers may have a reason for existing, and may contain in their tops, in place of misbegotten and ill-assorted bells ranging from "Big Bens" to schoolhouse gongs, perfect and harmonious peals, swinging exultingly on every festive occasion, appealing to cultivated and refined ears, not tolling dissonantly or chiming trivially, "to make the judicious grieve."

Now just a word about tolling and ringing. In ringing of course the bell is first raised and balanced with its mouth upward, and held ready for the signal to

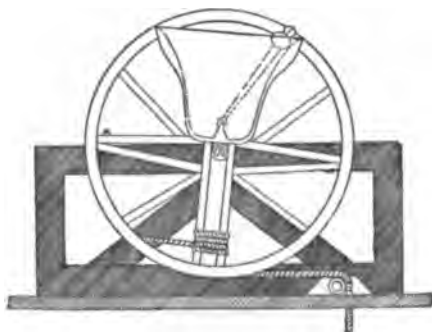


Bell at rest, properly hung, showing stop-stay slider and ground truck.

swing off and strike. When the bell is released it falls, the tongue tapping the sound-bow on the upper side toward the end of its revolution, and pouring the waves of sound outward, perhaps into the waves of the bell swinging opposite, so that perfect harmony may result from this blending. In tolling, the bell rests rigid, with mouth downward, the tongue being beaten against the sound-bow. The sound thus emitted is dull and muffled, and being necessarily driven downward it carries but a short distance. To obtain



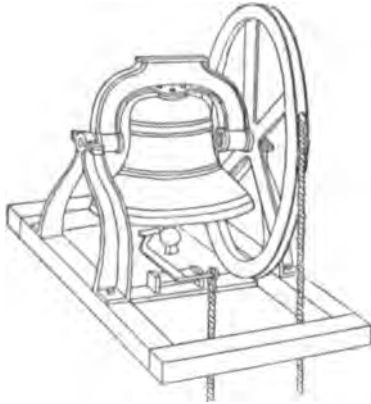
Bell set at back-stroke.



Bell set at hand-stroke.

good effect, then, the bell must be swung, and this requires competent ringers. Now, as it takes some two years for a man to become a proficient bell-ringer, it may seem that it must be some time before

ringing can become popular or common. Perhaps, — but already in Boston the Old Colony Guild of Bell Ringers has been formed with a dozen active members, formerly members of ancient English guilds. From this guild men will be assigned to such neighboring parishes as may need their services; and so fascinating an art as this cannot fail to draw novices anxious to become proficient masters in this manly recreation tending to the development not only of the physical powers but also of the intellectual



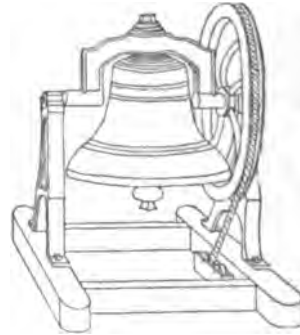
Faulty hanging common in the United States. Bell being "tucked up" too high revolves slowly instead of oscillating rapidly. Hence the clapper strikes on wrong side, and bell is unfit for peal-ringing.

faculties. One by one, peals will be hung and manned; and in time, it may be, no state will be without its ringing guild.

Returning now to "the Boston Bells," Christ Church peal, it may do no harm to repeat its history, although now it is generally well known. In the year 1743 a subscription was taken up in England to purchase a peal of bells for the mission in North America, and the commission for casting was given to Abel Rudhall of Gloucester, one of the most famous bell-founders of England, the representative of a house that had existed for many generations. In 1744 the bells were hung in Christ Church tower, where they were pealed regularly for thirty years. Certain political events with which we are familiar made it expedient for a large part of the parish to transfer its residence to Halifax; and after the close of the

war the bells fell into disuse. In 1810 an apparatus for chiming was added, and the decadence began. In 1824 the cage was renewed, and an attempt was made to ring the bells from the lower chamber; but this was a complete failure, and from this moment the bells were used as gongs, that is, they were tapped by their tongues being used as hammers. Certain conditions prove this beyond a doubt. For example, the cage of one of the bells was so narrow that the bell could not possibly revolve in it, and again, the tongues and brims of the bells were almost unworn.

When the first examination of the bells was made last year, preparatory to restoring them, they were found in surprisingly good condition. Of course the hangings of red oak and the blocks of *lignum vitae* had gone to pieces pretty badly, but the bells were unharmed and the cage was secure. The labor of re-hanging the peal was of the utmost delicacy. Every part of the wood and metal fittings had to be duplicated ex-



Faulty hanging, designed for unskilled ringer. Clapper strikes false, wheel too small, and bell cannot be set.

actly, for the modern and inferior metal hangings, with the bell raised high in the headstock, were not to be considered for a moment, as bells thus suspended "ring false," *i. e.*, the tongue strikes the lower instead of the upper sound-bow, while the rate of oscillation is too slow to admit of change-ringing. As the work progressed many curious things developed. The bells were found to be a virgin peal, *i. e.*, untouched by the file or chisel to correct the tone; an actual ball-bearing axle

was discovered in the "ground trucks," made years before the modern ball-bearing was patented. It was found that since the time that the bells were hung not one material improvement had been effected in the mechanism of suspension and ringing,—that in every respect these hangings were superior to any modern patented contrivances. Therefore they were absolutely restored in their original shape and similar materials, and the old hangings preserved as historical relics, one specimen being deposited with the Bostonian Society.

This careful and important work was done by an expert sparmaker, under the constant direction of the gentleman to whom Boston owes in great measure the restoration of the bells; and when this was complete, the work of adjustment began. This could only be done by a maker of marine instruments, so delicate is the work of lining up the bells, raising or lowering them in the headstock, adjusting the tongue, etc.; for a difference of a sixteenth of an inch in the point of impact of the tongue changes the tone of any bell, and may even imperil its integrity. This work consumed two weeks; and at the expiration of this time the ropes, which had to be obtained in England, where only bell-ringing ropes are made, had arrived, the Old Colony Guild of Bell Ringers had been organized, and once again the famous bells hung waiting to be rung up, ready to fall in the first crash of harmony which they had created for almost a century.

And just here it may not be out of place to refer to the system of "change-ringing" — which, though now three centuries old, is hardly known outside of England, the place of its birth — and to the training necessary to produce a skilled change-ringer. Having become familiar with the various parts of his bell, its hangings and its forward and back oscillation upon its gudgeons or axes, he is first taught to "set" it, *i. e.*, to balance it mouth upward, the ringer standing meanwhile gracefully and without bending the body at the hip, or moving the feet, or looking up to catch the "sally" or colored "tuffing" woven at one point into the rope, which when gently grasped

checks the bell in its course, and serves moreover as an index to mark its exact position. In the course of a few weeks he will learn to regulate his bell, so as to be able to strike accurately at both "hand" and "back" stroke, and to manage his hands and the rope without having to think of the matter. Then comes a course of round ringing in which the bells are rung in regular succession in descending scale, beginning with the smallest, or treble, bell of the diatonic scale, and ending with the largest, or tenor, bell, thus: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. He thus acquires the compass or time of revolution and stroke of the various bells, and learns to regulate the beat of his own instrument, modifying the time of its stroke until it sounds at regular intervals with the other bells of the peal. At the same time he begins to acquire what is termed "rope-sight," which is the ability to follow with his eyes the movements of all the ropes, and thus learn to know how much "start" to allow the rope next preceding his own, in order to allow an exact, uniform interval between the notes of the bells striking immediately before and after his own.

The next step in the ringer's education is to advance from round ringing to the varied permutations in the order of the bells constituting "change-ringing," in which each bell changes places successively with the one which has preceded or followed it.

When the path of any individual bell is progressively upward from one to eight, or reversely from eight to one, it is said technically to be "hunting up" or "hunting down," and one of the first rules to be learned at this stage is, that "*odd numbers hunt up and even numbers hunt down.*"

If the path in which the bell moves in a series of changes is not progressively up or down, but is at times retrograde, this zigzag or irregular step is termed "dodging," and one of the chief obstacles to proficient ringing consists in the difficulty of knowing just when to dodge, for any error in this respect on the part of a fumbling ringer may demoralize the work of all the others.

When a score of other technical terms have been mastered, such for instance as



(a)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
2	1	4	3	6	5	8	7
2	4	1	3	5	6	7	8
4	2	3	1	6	5	8	7
2	4	3	6	1	5	7	8
4	2	6	3	5	1	8	7
2	4	3	6	5	8	1	7
4	2	6	3	8	5	7	1
4	6	2	8	3	7	5	1
6	4	8	2	7	3	1	5
4	6	2	8	7	1	3	5
6	4	8	2	1	7	5	3
4	6	8	1	2	7	3	5
6	4	1	8	7	2	5	3
6	1	4	8	2	7	3	5
1	6	8	4	7	2	5	3
1	8	6	7	4	5	2	3
8	1	7	6	5	4	3	2
8	7	1	6	4	5	2	3
7	8	6	1	5	4	3	2
8	7	6	5	1	4	2	3
7	8	5	6	4	1	3	2
8	7	6	5	4	3	1	2
7	8	5	6	3	4	2	1
7	5	8	3	6	2	4	1
5	7	3	8	2	6	1	4
7	5	8	3	2	1	6	4
5	7	3	8	1	2	4	6
7	5	3	1	8	2	6	4
5	7	1	3	2	8	4	6
5	1	7	3	8	2	6	4
1	5	3	7	2	8	4	6
1	3	5	2	7	4	8	6

(b)

(a) Diagram showing course of first and second bells in a peal of eight. Method: "Double Norwich Court Bob Major."

(b) Table showing work of eight bells in the same method.

"place-making," "snapping," "giving lead," "taking from the lead," "making a bob," "coursing," etc., then must be solved the problems presented by the various methods determining the paths of the different bells in their successive changes, and the duty of individual bells, particularly that of the "course" or "observation" bell, for each bell is always a "course" or guide bell to some other. It is maintained by all instructors that the use of hand bells at this stage is best calculated to familiarize the student with the paths of the bells in these changes which seem at first so bewildering when seen in columnar form in the works of

the composers; and this practice can of course be conducted by members at their homes, independent of the work done with the tower-bells. At the same time valuable information can be obtained by working out or "pricking" the changes on paper, by which exercise the mathematical rules which determine the permutations of the bells are impressed indelibly upon the memory, and the ringer is thus enabled to respond promptly and intelligently to the calls of the conductor.

Of the various methods for producing a series of complex changes none has been found to give more charming combinations than the so-called "Stedman Principle," the composer of which, Fabius Stedman of Cambridge, a member of the Society of College Youths in 1664, and the author of "Tintinnaloga; or, the Art of Ringing," published in 1688, ranks deservedly as the master.

It will be seen from this brief account of change-ringing that the science is by no means a simple one, and the gulf which appears between the bungling sexton and his tolling gear and a quick-witted, cool-headed, scientific ringer is very marked.

Let us leave this matter now and come to the night when the great "Boston Bells" gave tongue once more after their long silence. Every one remembers the night of the eighteenth of April, 1894, a date which may come to mark an artistic epoch. On that anniversary of the immortal ride of a great bell-founder, Paul Revere, who that night assumed himself the function of his own instruments, riding through the gray dawn to awaken a people from the night of colonialism to the white day of nationality, on that anniversary the great dumb bells, weary of their long-enforced silence, were rung up as they had not been for almost a century, and hung poised, waiting the signal of release. Within the ancient church hundreds of eager men and women sat listening patiently to sympathetic words. Outside, the narrow streets of the North End were decorated as for a festival, Italian flags mingling with the national colors, flaunting together in the night in the midst of lanterns and colored fires, over a dense crowd of curious

sight-seers, who one could wish might have known the full importance of the festival they were helping to make. The hours passed. Inside the church, the national hymn, sung by a thousand throats, brought the preliminary festival to a close. The doors opened, and the crowd packed around Christ Church grew denser, waiting in silence. The hour was almost at hand which marked the anniversary of the exact moment of the awakening of a people. Suddenly a dim light flashed in the lowest window of the tower. The light vanished only to appear at the next window above, amid the cheers of the dense crowd without. And so up window by window,

"By the trembling ladder steep  
and tall  
To the highest window in the  
wall,"

where, as the crowd waits  
anxiously, comes

"on the belfry's height  
A glimmer and then a gleam of  
light,"

and at last, as every one gazes  
eagerly,

"full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry  
burns."

A breathless pause, and then, released from their century's silence, the great bells fall in an exulting crash, pouring triumphant music into the still night in one cyclonic symphony. For the first time in a century at least the complex harmonies of a "Triple Bob Major" sounded on the wind of the new world.

Another glory has been given to Christ Church. Famous for holding the first peal of bells cast for the North American colonies, famous again as the means whereby warning was given to a people to rise in righteous revolution, it should justly add another cause of fame to the honorable list in the past, that its bells have sounded the proclamation of revolution in a noble and forgotten art, ring-

ing out the old blundering, clumsy, inartistic chimes, the cheap, modern, imbecile imitations, ringing in the new which is also the very old, the craftily cast, delicately adjusted, manfully rung, genuine peals.

Between the coarse combinations of dissimilar bells which are known as "chimes" throughout America as well as in the vicinity of Boston and the delicately modulated peals of Christ Church, of St. Michael's, Charleston, and of England; between the "tubular chimes" and the masterpieces of bell-founding, between the hammering of helpless bells by a man



OLD GROUND TRUCK (SHOWING BALL BEARINGS).  
FROM TOWER OF CHRIST CHURCH.

working a lot of levers and the swinging of tons of booming metal by a circle of sturdy men, each one of whom is a perfect artist, — between these poles of good and bad, right and wrong, is the gulf which divides art from blundering, beauty from monstrosity. Now that Christ Church bells have proved this, proclaiming the rediscovered truth to the four winds of heaven, let us believe the day of makeshift is done, the day of good art rung in.



ENGRAVED BY M. LANORT BROWN.

LOWELL MASON.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF LOWELL MASON.

*By Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., the author of "America."*

LOWELL MASON was a normal product of New England institutions, a typical representative of her sons. As such, we may well claim a place in these pages to trace his influence and to do him honor. Through his efforts American church music and children's music entered on a new era. He was the pioneer of a grand epoch, in whose blessings all New England and the whole United States participated. Alone he entered a field long neglected, and achieved results such as no other musical leader had ever here accomplished.

Born in Medfield, Mass., in 1792, the

Medfield Historical Society did itself and the memory of Mr. Mason honor, and the cause of musical education in the whole country a service in celebrating, as it did two years ago, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. Tunes of his own composition were sung, and speakers who had known him personally participated in the ceremonies.

The house in which he was born has been removed from its foundations and divided into two parts, one being removed a considerable distance to the east and the other to the west of the original location, — an emblem of his influence, which has reached far and wide, eastward and

westward, from the spot where his life was begun.

Mr. Mason was of English descent, of the sixth generation from Amos E. Mason, who settled in Medfield in 1652. His father was a man of genius and refinement, and the stories of Indian warfare and patriotic achievement in that historic town must have had their influence in educating every successive generation. One of his neighbors was George W. Adams, an organ-builder, who also played on the violin and other instruments; and in his home and workshop young Lowell Mason undoubtedly gained valuable lessons pertaining to his future specialty. He also received important help in his studies from Amos Aldrich, then a musical teacher of considerable note. He represents himself as a youth of very little promise, except in the direction of music; but other authorities maintain that he was the best scholar in the public schools of the town. He says himself that he spent twenty years of his life in doing nothing save playing upon all manner of instruments that came within his reach; and it is said that he seemed equally at ease as a player of the flute, clarinet, piano or organ. Though he speaks thus lightly of his youth, he was the leader of the parish choir and of a band in his native town at the age of eighteen; and at twenty-one he had already begun to earn a livelihood, in part by giving musical instruction. In Savannah, Ga., where he went in 1812, in addition to his employment as a bank officer, he led a choir, taught a singing-school, and was superintendent of the first Sabbath school ever conducted in that city. A gentleman from Boston having heard his choir in Savannah, was so much gratified that he at once set about removing Mr. Mason to Boston, that he might find a wider field of usefulness; and when in 1827 Mr. Mason returned to Boston it was by invitation of a committee of several denominations, to take general charge of church music. His position as teller in the Columbian Bank in Boston left him the command of his afternoons, which he devoted to his cherished pursuit of music.

In his work for the improvement of

church music, Mr. Mason turned his attention to the hymn-books in use in the churches. Until the year 1830 or 1831 the Congregational churches in New England had for many years used in their worship a hymn-book entitled "Watts' and Select Hymns," a book which, together with much merit, also contained compositions unpoetic in structure and expression, or otherwise not adapted to Christian worship. In connection with Rev. David Greene, one of the secretaries of the American Board, Mr. Mason compiled a new hymn-book entitled "Church Psalmody," every hymn in which was supposed to be in all respects suited to its purpose. An edition of the same, with some changes, was also issued under the title of "Manual of Psalmody," for the use of other denominations. These books



GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

were a great improvement upon previous collections of psalmody, though they never gained very wide circulation. Of his life and work in detail another will write in these pages. I will say a few words concerning my personal relations with him.

Mr. Mason interested himself very much in teaching children to sing. He adopted the German idea that almost every one has a voice for singing, which might be cultivated and developed by courage and effort. He found the Pestalozzian method full of promise, and used it successfully.



In the beginning of the decade of the thirties, he commenced a school for the gratuitous teaching of children to sing, in the vestry of Park Street Church in Boston. It was afterward held in the basement vestry of Dr. Lyman Beecher's Church in Bowdoin Street. Here he met every Saturday afternoon all who came for instruction in the principles of music. A happy company they were. A hundred or two young voices sang with joyful hearts their hosannas to the Son of David, and teacher and pupils alike found



DR. S. F. SMITH.

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

it a foretaste of the melody of the celestial choir. About this time, 1831, Mr. Mason published the first book of children's music ever issued in America, entitled "The Juvenile Lyre." It was a thin octavo of less than a hundred pages. The songs were set to German music, and most of them were translated from German songs by the writer, then a student in Andover Theological Seminary. Mr. William C. Woodbridge, a distinguished educator, had recently returned from a visit in Germany, whither he had gone to survey the system of German common schools, and in which he found

that much attention was paid to children's music. He brought back with him a large number of music-books, especially those in use in the common schools. The tunes of Nägeli and others found an answering chord in the little ones of New England, and the writer participated largely in the work, sometimes putting the German songs into English verse, sometimes making songs of his own of the same rhythm and accent as the songs in the foreign dialect.

To this period belongs the composition of the hymn "America," which originated in a casual turning of the leaves of one of these German music-books. The tune struck the author's fancy. In a half hour or less the hymn "America," now so widely known and sung, was written and dropped in the author's portfolio without a thought that it was ever to be honored as a national hymn. It was soon forgotten by him, but recalled to his memory by finding that Mr. Mason, to whom he had casually shown it, had made it a part of the programme of the children's Fourth of July celebration on the following anniversary, 1832, in Park Street Church. It was under the inspiration communicated by Mr. Mason that I also wrote the hymn "The morning light is breaking," "The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding," the German motet, "Morn of Zion's glory," "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," and many others.

Under Mr. Mason's influence juvenile classes were established and taught gratuitously. So onerous did his labors become, that he was compelled to associate with him in his work Mr. George James Webb, a man of like spirit and kindred enthusiasm. Through their united labors, vocal music received a new impulse in Boston and throughout New England. Music was introduced into the schools far and near, as a regular branch of instruction, Boston taking the lead in this grand movement.

Mr. Mason was organist of Dr. Beecher's church, and he also became president of the Handel and Haydn Society, into which he infused new life. Among his best known tunes are the "Missionary Hymn," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," — which was written in half an

hour, while he was in Savannah, "Hebron," "Ward," "Laban," "Olivet," "Bethany" and "Mount Vernon." He was the founder of the Boston Academy of Music.

Mr. Mason visited Europe in 1837 and again in 1852-53, making himself acquainted with the musical centres of the Old World and the great composers of music. He entered into their methods, learned their merits, and became acquainted with the history of their successes. He was present at the first jubilee concert in Boston in 1869, as a special guest, and was an object of universal interest. He was invited to the second, where he would have been no less a figure of marked interest; but the increasing infirmities of age prevented his attendance.

After his second return from Europe, Mr. Mason resided for a season in New York, and was organist in the church of which Rev. James W. Alexander was pastor. In 1854 he published a volume detailing his experiences in Europe, under the title "Musical Letters from Abroad." The honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon

him in 1855 by the New York University, — the first instance of the conferring of that degree by an American college.

The evening of his days was spent in Orange, N. J., where he died August 11, 1872. As long as he was able to work he was engaged in striving for the musical education of the people and the promotion of congregational singing. His capacity for work was great. He published at different times fifteen or sixteen juvenile collections of music, seven or eight glee books, mostly in connection with Mr. Webb, and twenty books of sacred and church music.

Mr. Mason was a leader and prince among men. He was also an earnest Christian, as sweet and simple-hearted as a child, and accessible to all. He had great tact and ability, and when he lectured every eye was fixed upon him. His personal magnetism was remarkable. It is said that he never touched the keys of his piano without lifting up a silent prayer that his playing might be worthy of God. Such a man's history is an honor to New England. His life and labors have been a blessing to the world.

## LOWELL MASON.

*By Francis H. Jenks.*



MUSIC in its earliest days in New England was almost exclusively confined to the meeting-house, where it was practised simply as an aid to devout expression, with no thought of art. The manner was the simplest. The people at a given point in the service rose, faced the minister, and sang in unison a psalm in metre, line by line, as it was "lined out" or "deaconed off." No instrument of any sort was allowed to profane the occasion. As the Puritans brought with them a version of the Psalms prepared in Amsterdam, "the words and music together" (1612),

and as the first book printed on the continent, north of Mexico, was the Bay



PIANO ON WHICH LOWELL MASON COMPOSED MANY OF HIS TUNES.

MADE BY A. BABCOCK ABOUT 1830.



PINCHETT STREET.  
TWO OF THE LOWELL  
MASON & BORDON RESI-  
DENCES.



DERNE STREET.

Psalm Book (1640), it is fair to assume that the science of music was not entirely unknown to the first settlers in New England. With all its simplicity, however, even then church music proved a bone of contention, as it has proved so many thousand times subsequently. There rose a faction to maintain that all singing in church was improper; another to insist that only church members should be allowed to sing; still another to hold that to put the psalms into metre was wrong, and to sing them to tunes, possibly written by the ungodly, was worse. These objections were refuted by the Rev. John Cotton in a tract, "Singing of Psalms a Gospel Ordinance," (1647). Nor was there wanting a recognition of art as a handmaid of religion. In 1641 Thomas Lechford\* pleaded earnestly for the appointment of singing leaders in the churches, and boldly suggested the use of choirs, in the query, "May not some be better fitted to lead in singing than others?" Grown yet bolder, he asks, "Lest they may fall out

\* Plaine Dealing: or, News from New England.

in their tunes to jarring, why may they not use the help of some musical instruments?"

As time went on and the several communities waxed stronger in men and means, there came forward teachers and other exponents of the art, intent on the improvement of music in the churches. Not without opposition, however, were the people to be permitted to sing by note. The contest between the defenders of note singing and the more conservative adherents of rote singing was bitter, and raged for twenty years—1720 to 1740. Each congregation settled the dispute for itself. Boston led in a general adoption of the new idea, and the example was followed by degrees elsewhere, in some places wholly, in others with various forms of compromise. With the introduction of the science came the necessity of teaching it to the people, and hence singing-schools were organized, Boston again taking the lead with a school on Brattle Street, under the auspices of Dr. Benjamin Cole-

man's society, in 1720. The schools in turn made printed music a necessity. A



SILVER VASE.

"Presented to Lowell Mason by the past and present members of his choirs, July, 1851."

collection of psalmody was published at Newbury about 1712, and collections followed at Boston and other New England towns, with increasing frequency as the century wore on. It is interesting to note that several of these publications mark epochs in the development of the art of printing in New England. For examples, Walter's "First Book of Music," Roxbury, 1721, was the first in which bars to divide the measures were used; Flagg's collection, engraved by Paul Revere, Boston, 1764, was the first book printed on paper made in this country; a collection printed at Worcester by Isaiah Thomas in 1786 was the first book printed in the colony from movable music type.

It was about 1770 that the Billings craze began. William Billings was a remarkable man in many respects; and the peculiar fever of which he was the cause was largely due to his strong personality. He stands in our musical history as the first self-taught native composer. A collection published at Philadelphia in 1761, entitled "Urania," had furnished him with models for composition, and working from these he prepared a host of "fugueing tunes," which, through their very freshness, quickly commanded attention. Church music had

acquired a dolefulness due to the slow pace that had become the fashion. Billings commanded liveliness, and his fugues favored greater animation than had seemed proper for the plain harmonies and steady rhythms of the older tunes. The head of the new school, a tanner by trade, was somewhat deformed



LOWELL MASON.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RANSOM.

with legs of different lengths, a slightly withered arm and a blind eye. He had a voice of tremendous power and a manner that brooked no opposition. There was no one to criticise his tunes or to controvert his theories, some of which



"COSEY COTTAGE," ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

were really shrewd and sound ; and so long as he lived, which was until the century had nearly expired, he had hosts of followers. Taste, however, was even then growing, and choral societies here and there hastened its cultivation. The Stoughton Musical Society, first of these organizations and still in existence, was



BUST OF LOWELL MASON.

MODELLED IN 1865 BY TRUEMAN H. BARTLETT.

founded in 1786 ; and between that year and 1815, when the Handel and Haydn Society came into existence, nearly a score of singing-clubs were formed in Boston — some of them under the fostering care of churches — and elsewhere, two colleges also taking up the fashion. In all of them church music was about the only phase of the art that received attention ; and that was not carried far beyond the limits of psalmody. It was still with the idea of improving church music that the Handel and Haydn Society was organized, as appears in its charter, although its members soon manifested an interest in music of a much higher type than had yet been heard here, excepting possibly occasional efforts to present bits from Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven at services in Episcopal churches. The Roman Catholic Church had not yet displayed here any of the richness of its musical stores.

While the Handel and Haydn Society was in its babyhood, there was growing to man's estate a youth who was destined to be by turns the *protégé* and the ruler of the society, as well as to achieve distinction beyond all his predecessors in extent and thoroughness of influence on the development of music in this country as practised in church choirs and singing societies. At Medfield, Massachusetts, on January 8, 1792, Lowell

Mason was born. A remarkable fondness for music was manifested by him at a very early age, and this passion was directed with a care and judgment that prevented it from running to waste. His parents, intending that he should follow a mercantile life, sent him to Savannah in 1812, when he was not yet twenty. While there, having the good fortune to meet a capable instructor, Mr. F. L. Abel, he made rapid advancement in theory, and soon attempted composition. His first efforts were psalm tunes, which were based on the tunes he found in a collection called "Sacred Melodies," prepared by William Gardiner, an English composer and writer on musical topics, now chiefly remembered by his treatise, "The Music of Nature." Some of the tunes in this book were arrangements to English words of themes by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Mason grouped selections from this work with some of his own writings in a compilation for which he vainly endeavored to find a publisher in Philadelphia and Boston. Chance drew the attention of the Handel and Haydn Society to the work, and Dr. G. K. Jackson, organist for the society,



LOWELL MASON IN LATER LIFE.

singing-schools throughout New England, as well as into the choirs. Seventeen editions were published in course of time. This hearty reception of his work had the effect to turn the young man into a calling which he ever after followed with honor to himself and with profit to others — that of teacher of chorus singing. In 1826 he was back in Boston, and soon drew attention by his lectures on church music and his energetic advocacy of improved methods of musical education. A lecture which was



"SILVERSPRING," ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

having given it his approval, it was published in 1822, with the title "The Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Music." The venture was an instant success, the book — thanks to the indorsement of its worth by the society — quickly finding its way into

published was widely circulated and carried the author's name and ideas far beyond the town and state. Some extracts from this lecture will serve to show the freshness of Mason's reasoning, regard being had for the times when he set forth his views. He had been



ABIGAIL GREGORY MASON, WIFE OF LOWELL MASON.

affected by a work, "Dissertations on Musical Taste," by Thomas Hastings (of whom more anon); and accepting some of that writer's views, he thus undertook to solve the problem that music being an art must not be an art when it enters the church:—

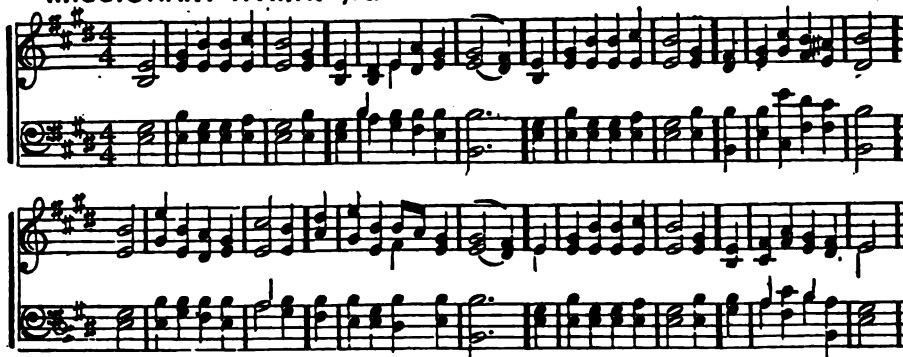
"Music is an art, and is to be regularly cultivated in its own measure, like painting or poetry or sculpture or architecture. We cannot expect to derive benefit from it if we suffer it to be neglected. In the secular department this principle is well understood. . . . It is only the music of the church that is left to take care of itself or committed to unskilful hands."

Holding that through the medium of music truth is presented to the heart in the most forcible manner, that the feelings are aroused and the emotions excited, and also that musical taste is much more intimately connected with religious feeling than is generally supposed, he maintains:—

"It is equally important for those who sing the praise of God to improve themselves in their art if they would awaken devotional feeling in the assembly of God's people. Music does not spring up spontaneously in the human mind, growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength. It bears more resemblance to the

## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6.

Lowell Mason. 1833.



exotic, which requires a delicate and attentive cultivation."

Here are his requisites for a choir leader: —

"A choir leader should be a competent, if possible a pious man, at least a man of intelligence, taste, judgment and influence; one who is well acquainted with the whole subject of church music and who is capable of instructing others."

These are his views concerning the organist: —

"Mere musical talent will no more enable a man to play than to sing church music appropriately; and probably Handel and Bach, two of the greatest performers on the organ that ever lived, would have been as unfit to accompany as Braham or Catalani would be to lead a choir of singers in public worship. Execution, or a mere ability to play expertly upon his instrument, is probably not more important to the organist than studied elocution is to the preacher; and yet this is the only qualification which is generally required. A mere trial of skill often determines the choice; and the man who excels in executing the most difficult passages upon his instrument is appointed to the office."

It is not difficult at this day to point out the weak spots in these arguments; but it should be remembered that Mason had been brought up in the strict tenets of the Orthodox church, and that there still lingered in the churches and society a feeling that, after all, music was only a frivolity, and that if it be allowed at all in the church it must be encompassed round about with every safeguard against the intrusion of worldliness.

Sound enough were his views on the promulgation and diffusion of improved musical knowledge by means of the study of music in the public schools. It was apparent to him that, if music in the

church was to be lifted from the dead level of mediocrity where it had so long lain, the work must begin where all other work that is mentally elevating begins — with the children. He pursued his studies with ardor, and in 1830 he submitted his plans to George James Webb, the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot and other gentlemen who had become interested in his schemes for cultivating talent and awakening taste.

Mason, let it be noted here, was not the first in New England to attempt to teach children to sing by note, another psalmist claiming that distinction with juvenile singing-schools in Boston, Cambridge and Charlestown in 1824. This pioneer was Nathaniel D. Gould, born in 1789 at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, and known as a compiler of psalmodies, juvenile songs and instruction books, and also as the author of "Church Music in America," a rambling but good-natured treatise, which is by turns historical, æsthetic, pedagogic and didactic. Gould died in 1864. Thomas Hastings, named above, was also contemporary with Mason. He was born in Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1787. His family removed to Oneida County, New York, in his early youth. Hastings was self-taught, and soon became a teacher of others in the schools of his neighborhood. In 1816 he became connected with the Handel and Haydn Society of Oneida County — the existence of which at that time is an evidence of a growing musical taste in the country; and as there was a need of music for practice he, aided by others, compiled a book called "Musica Sacra."



**SABBATH.** Lowell Mason. 1824

He subsequently prepared several collections of psalmody, and besides the dissertations already named wrote a work entitled "Forty Choirs." Hastings was an industrious, painstaking musician, who did much good work in his chosen field. Moreover, he was a man of upright character, amiable disposition and deep religious principles. His views on musical æsthetics and on ethics as related to the art of music were undoubtedly sincere, but seen in the light of to-day seem very narrow. In his case, however, as in Mason's, allowances must be made for the early influences of the preachers and for the stern theology of the day. Mason, nevertheless, was a man of much broader views, even at the beginning of his career; and his association with others of his profession, together with his travels and his experience, aided further to broaden his judgment. Both Gould and Hastings worked with the same determined purpose that actuated Mason, — to raise the standard of popular taste and to disseminate enough knowledge of musical theory among the people to dissolve the mystery that had been associated with the printed signs and emblems. Their labors were independent of each other and of Mason as well. Neither attained the distinction of Mason, mainly because of Mason's greater energy and partly, perhaps, because of Mason's more favorable opportunities to proclaim his theories and to put them into practice.

Mason's first dealings with the Handel and Haydn Society were in October, 1821, when he signed a contract making him and the society joint partners in the

publication of the work entitled "The Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Church Music, Harmonized for Three Voices, with Figured Bass for Organ and Pianoforte." We may step backward for a moment to see how Mason was persuaded to come to Boston on this venture. In a letter to Samuel Jennison, Esq., of Boston, in 1871, S. Jubal Howe writes that he knew Mason at Savannah, in 1821. Mason was then a clerk in a bank,\* and besides studying with Mr. Abel, was learning something of thorough bass by correspondence with Mr. S. P. Taylor, organist for the Handel and Haydn Society at various times in its first lustrum. Chance brought to Savannah Mr. W. M. Goodrich, an organ builder in Boston, who came to set up an organ, and Colonel Newhall, a singing master, whose errand related to a new hotel then in process of erection. Coming into contact with these gentlemen, Mason was led to believe that he would find a market for his wares in Boston, and he may have been encouraged by these gentlemen in his hopes. At any rate he sailed for Boston, with Mr. Howe as his only travelling companion, and they were landed at Falmouth, whence they drove to Plymouth, where they visited a Mr. Hobart, known to Mason as the publisher of the Old Colony Collection. The publisher was not a musician, however, and so they went on to Boston, where Newhall introduced him to Dr. Jackson, who,

\* According to others Mason was a salesman for a jeweller. The disagreement of statements is unimportant and may be due to a possible difference of the time to which the several writers refer.

## HEBRON. L. M.

Lowell Mason. 1830.



after examining Mason's manuscript, gave him a first-class certificate. This was on October 5, 1821, and five days later the contract with the society was signed. Amasa Winchester, president of the society, who was also greatly pleased with Mason's work, gladly arranged the details of the contract, in which it was agreed that the works should be published without the appearance of Mason's name, but that the copyright should not be sold without his consent, and that the society should superintend the publication and sale of the collection. The omission of the young compiler's name was his own suggestion. He has since written that he did not then wish to be known as a musical man, as he had not the least thought of ever making music a profession. It is in the letter which contains this explanation that he speaks of himself as a bank officer in Savannah.

The venture met with unexpected success, and there being a call for a second edition, Mason, who had returned to Savannah, busied himself with the selection and arrangement of additions. A third edition and yet more followed; and at the close of the term set in the contract, five years, there had accumulated over \$4,000 for division between the editor and the society.\* It was this success which led Mason to abandon the bank and to come back to Boston in 1826.

Mr. Winchester and the other friends of the young composer who had been urgent in their solicitations to him to

\* Not equally, as appears from a report of the treasurer, which seems to show that the proportions were about sixty per cent for the society and the balance for the editor.

come to Boston had guaranteed him \$2,000 a year if he would make the change. On his arrival they busied themselves in finding employment for him, and through their influence he was appointed to take charge of the music in turn at the Hanover Street Church, the Green Street Church and Park Street Church, all belonging to Orthodox Congregational societies, serving at each church six months. When this arrangement was found unsatisfactory by him, he was given permanent charge of the music at the Bowdoin Street Church; and as this failed to produce the sum named in the guarantee, his friends procured for him the post of teller at the American Bank. In the mean time he continued his editorial care of the Handel and Haydn Society's publications under a new contract, which also proved highly profitable to both parties. These collections were not the first books that had been put forth by the society. Two volumes had been published before Mason and the society had embarked on their joint venture, and in them were included pieces that betray the lack of æsthetic culture at that time; for example, an arrangement of Zerlina's air, *Batti, batti*, in "Don Giovanni," to the hymn "Gently, Lord, O gently lead us." Nor was Mason altogether a novice, the second volume of the Old Colony Collection, published about 1820, containing his arrangements of a *kyrie* and a *gloria* by Mozart to English words, for which he probably received no remuneration. The *kyrie* he had originally sent to a poor musical friend in

LABAN. S. M. Lowell Mason. Rep.

Waltham, with a suggestion that he offer it to the Handel and Haydn Society, from which the friend probably received a small reward. Mason tells the story of these early efforts in a letter to the Rev. Luther Farnham, written in 1869.

The Handel and Haydn Society, in 1827, though the most earnest and ambitious in its art longings of all the societies with a musical purpose then existing in the United States, had not yet outgrown the practice of anthems and other forms of music intended for use in public worship. Then, as now, its ranks were largely recruited from the church choirs of the city, without restriction as to sect; and though exercising a wholesome influence on its tributary forces, who were led to select better music to sing and to sing it better, it was still under the influence of those choirs and the prevailing taste in music. Its concerts were few and of small distinction. With the exception of "The Messiah," "The Creation," and these oftener in fragments than complete, the *Dettingen Te Deum* of Handel and "The Intercession," by M. P. King, a composer long since forgotten, nothing that could fairly be called a work was offered to the public. A cause of this halting, aside from the indifference of the public, was the extraordinary attention given to the issue of its compilations of sacred music. It is true that this branch of the labors of the society was highly profitable, and but for the sale of its publications the society would have been deep in debt. Furthermore, the wide circulation of these works

had been favorable to the development of taste both within and without the society. At the same time there was a longing among some of the members to do more and better work for the public ear; and as Mr. Winchester declined to serve longer as president, Lowell Mason, whose agency in securing success for the publications of the society and whose skill in the direction of church choirs were known to everybody, was called to the post without a dissenting voice. In accordance with the by-laws of the society, Mason served as music director as well as president.\* He was a strict disciplinarian, and it is fair to assume that the society profited musically from his supervision of its rehearsals and concerts. On this point the records and contemporary writers throw little light; but the accounts of the treasury show that the society prospered through the five years of Mason's administration, the sale of the popular compilations again being the main source of income.

All this time Mason was thinking, studying, talking, discussing plans for popular education in music. Good fortune brought him into contact with William C. Woodbridge,† a teacher of repute,

\* The special employment of conductor was not authorized until 1847, when Charles E. Horn was appointed.

† William Channing Woodbridge, born at Medford, Mass., 1795; died at Boston, 1845; graduated at Yale, 1817, and studied medicine and theology. He was never ordained, but had a license to preach from the Congregational Association of Hartford. He was principal of the Burlington Academy, New Jersey, 1812-14, and in 1817 was instructor at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford. He made three visits to Europe. In August, 1831, he bought the *American Journal of Education*, changed its name to *Annals of Education* and published it until 1838, serving also on its editorial staff. Several text-books of geography for schools were prepared by him alone or with others.

**WATCHMAN. 7** Lowell Mason. 1830.

who had been to Europe, where he had studied the methods of education practised in Germany and Switzerland, devoting special attention to the Pestalozzian theory. He had returned well grounded in his subject and fortified by the opinions of high pedagogic authority on the applicability of Pestalozzi's theories to musical instruction. Mason was in turn convinced of the soundness of the logic of the great teacher and his disciples, but with his usual caution and conscientiousness waited to make practical tests before he would recommend the adoption of the system. In 1832 the primary school board of Boston, which then acted independently of the school committee in certain matters, voted to set aside a school in each district for systematic instruction in music. The experiments tried under this order came to naught, and Mason decided to resort to more potent means to shape public opinion. He taught classes of children free, and gave concerts to illustrate the practicability of his plans. His most important step was taken when, withdrawing from the Handel and Haydn Society, he organized the Boston Academy of Music, with the assistance of George James Webb,\* Hon. Samuel A. Eliot and other gentlemen whom he had interested in his ideas. The experiment was an enormous success, the pupils in the first

\* George James Webb, born in England, in 1803, and originally intended for the church, came to the United States in 1830, and settled at Boston. Besides assisting Mason in the work of the Academy, he was his collaborer in the preparation of the music and text-books published by the Academy. He was also organist at Saint Paul's Church. He removed to Orange, New Jersey, in 1870, but continued his work as teacher in the city of New York.

year, 1832-33, counting over fifteen hundred. After a while, but not until 1836, public interest in musical education as a part of the public school system was aroused to the point of demanding that something be done; and the school committee of the city of Boston, in answer to a petition, authorized the introduction of Mason's system in the grammar schools. Even then the city council refused to make the necessary appropriation, and Mason, strong in his convictions that he was in the right way, offered to serve as instructor for a year free of charge. The offer was accepted, and work was begun in the Hawes Grammar School, South Boston, under his supervision. In August, 1838, the committee on music reported that the experiments had been completely successful; and thereupon music was added to the regular course of study in the grammar school.

Another important field of musical instruction was occupied by Mason at this time. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, while organizing the Perkins Institution for the Blind in 1832, became impressed by the necessity of training the musical faculties of his wards, recognizing the love of music as heaven's own gift to brighten the lives of the sightless; though the blind have not, as a rule, a sharper or a more refined sense of hearing than is given to others, contrary to a popular belief, based on a sentimental theory that nature always provides a compensation for a missing or a defective sense. Dr. Howe appealed to Mason to aid him in his great work, and Mason, as strong in his humanity as in

## BOYLSTON. S. M.

Lowell Mason. 1833.



his love of music, accepted the charge, and retained it for seven years, beginning in 1833. Again his remarkable ingenuity in devising means for accomplishing a purpose, to which he had owed much of his success as a teacher, was exercised. As never before, at least in this country, except perhaps in some isolated cases, had the blind been trained in music, Mason had to invent a system widely different from anything he had tried for learners who could see. Heretofore, the staff and notes had been put before his students at the start; with his blind pupils a method more after the exploded rote system was unavoidable.

It was while thus engaged in the direction of the Academy, the supervision of the musical instruction in the public schools and in aiding Dr. Howe to carry out his humane projects, that Mason made his first voyage to Europe. This was in 1837. While abroad he made special studies of various methods of teaching, particularly those practised in Germany. A willingness to learn from others was always a characteristic of Lowell Mason—not a common trait, it may be observed, among those who have acquired knowledge with little aid from teachers, for Mason must also be reckoned among the self-taught.

All this time the Academy was flourishing. The first seven years, ending in 1840, were mostly devoted to the development of the institution on purely educational lines, though public concerts were given now and then. It justified the use of the term academy by publishing a col-

lection of church music, compilations of glees and other secular music, a manual for teachers founded on the Pestalozzian system, and a translation of Fetis's "Music Explained to the World." Furthermore young men, among whom were Harvard graduates, were persuaded to seek a musical education in Europe. Concerts were more frequent in the succeeding seven years, and they were often of a high quality, good and hitherto unknown examples of orchestral and choral music being presented, while the solo performers, singers, violinists and pianists were the best that could be procured in this country, so that by degrees it was made more and more difficult for pretenders to gain a hearing from the musical public. It was at a concert by the Academy that a symphony by Beethoven was first heard in Boston—in fact, in this country. This important event occurred on February 10, 1841,\* and the symphony was the immortal fifth, played by an orchestra of twenty-three, under the direction of Henry Schmidt. The seventh symphony of Beethoven was brought out by the Academy on November 25, 1843. The Academy came to an end in 1847.

Always seeking new fields for his labors as an educator, Lowell Mason followed up the publication of the Manual of the Boston Academy of Music, prepared for the use of teachers and in itself a new idea,

\* The concert was given at the Odeon, the name by which the Boston Theatre (at the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets) was known while it remained in the hands of the Academy, for the use of which it had been newly fitted. It is interesting to note that the fifth symphony led off the first concert by the Philharmonic Society of New York, on December 7 of the following year.

## OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason



by working out a plan for the assemblage of music teachers in classes, not only that he might expound his theories, but to give them opportunities of learning from each other. The first summons brought a dozen together; in 1838, when the experiment was not more than three or four years old, the convention was attended by a hundred and thirty-four teachers, representing ten States. Henceforward the convention was a regular part of Mason's system, and the advantages of the plan were extended by holding similar councils in other cities under the direction of professors of the Academy. It is claimed that the teachers' conventions, which have been of so much importance in the spread of economic ideas in the science of education throughout New England, were developed from Lowell Mason's invention. At any rate it is certain that the musical conventions that were so common in the early autumn over the Eastern States and a part of New York grew from these normal institutions, by degrees, as choral selections from the works of the masters and other music were woven into the programmes of the assemblies. One of these associations which held annual sessions became in course of time a local art institution of marked dignity and importance — the Worcester County Musical Association, which holds an annual music festival in September at Worcester, drawing there connoisseurs from all over the land.

Although the Academy was dissolved in 1847, Mason continued his labors as teacher and lecturer in various parts of

the country. In 1851 or thereabout he held, with George F. Root, normal classes at North Reading, Massachusetts, lasting three months. It is said of the work done by these classes that its chorus singing was of the highest quality, James Alfred Novello of the famous music-publishing house in London, and like all of his gifted family a cultivated musician, being especially warm in his expressions of admiration.

Late in 1851 Mason started on his second trip to Europe, which lasted about fifteen months, in the course of which he listened to music in all its forms and of every school, and wherever the best conditions prevailed. The results of his observations were embodied in fifty-four letters, which originally appeared in various American periodicals, and which were made up into a book, in 1853, with the title "Musical Letters from Abroad, including Detached Accounts of the Birmingham, Norwich and Düsseldorf Musical Festivals of 1852." It was while on this trip that he bought the musical library of Dr. H. C. Rinck, of Darmstadt, which, with much other valuable matter of a kindred nature, was given to the theological department of Yale College by his widow.\*

\* Ten years ago this collection was reported to contain nearly eight thousand five hundred books and over six hundred manuscripts. It is particularly rich in hymnology, seven hundred of its books relating to this branch of the art of music. Among its rarer treasures are theoretical works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in various tongues. There has been complaint that the collection has been of little use to anybody, not even to the students, who have carefully avoided it, probably because of the lack of an experienced adviser. As the science of music has lately been made an elective study at the college and an accomplished musician has been placed in charge, this complaint is likely soon to disappear.

## DENNIS. S M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



It was just before starting on this journey to Europe that the friends of Lowell Mason in Boston gave him a tasteful and valuable testimonial of their regard for him. It was a silver vase, thirteen and a half inches high, nine and a half wide, bearing this inscription: "Presented to Lowell Mason by the past and present members of his choirs, July, 1851." The vase was decorated with an elaborately engraved picture of a church organ and with shields supported by musical instruments. On one of these shields was inscribed, "*Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*" In other places were the legends, "*Laus Deo*;" "*Handel and Haydn Society Collection, 1822*," the first book prepared by Mason; "*Cantica Laudis, 1850*," his latest book at that time. Mason was a citizen of Boston twenty-four consecutive years, in the course of which he lived on Staniford, Chestnut, Belknap (Joy), Derne and Pinckney Streets, Bulfinch Place, and, finally, at No. 2 Kingston Street.

On his return from Europe, in April, 1853, Mason made his home in New York for about a year, when he bought a beautiful estate known as Silverspring, on the side of Orange Mountain, in New Jersey. Here he compiled new collections of church music and secular choruses and revised the older compilations for new editions. In 1855 he received the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of New York.

A correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript* wrote on July 14, 1854, this

description of Mason's methods of working:—

"Besides editing, Mr. Mason has always been extensively engaged in lecturing and teaching, and how he has ever got through with all his work is a mystery. I have been informed that it has always been his practice to rise about eight o'clock and go down to breakfast, where there would be a batch of music proof, which he would examine and correct while breakfasting. At nine o'clock his teaching and other public labors would begin, and continue until dinner time. After dinner he would again engage in teaching, lecturing or other business; and at tea there would be more proof to be examined and corrected. After tea he would give a lesson in music to some class or to his choir, unless otherwise engaged, and then return home and work until midnight, and often until two o'clock in the morning. It is said that for twenty years he was never known to spend even half a day in mere amusement. It is thus that Mr. Mason has been enabled to write fifty works, instruct thousands in music, lecture far and wide, travel over the United States and Europe, amass a splendid fortune, and give away another fortune,—for his industry is only equalled by his benevolence."

Lowell Mason was married September 3, 1817, to Abigail Gregory of Westborough, Massachusetts. Their family consisted of four sons, Daniel Gregory, Lowell, William and Henry. The first two established the music-publishing house, Mason Brothers, in New York, which was dissolved by the death of Daniel Gregory in 1869. Lowell and Henry were concerned in the famous organ-making firm of Mason & Hamlin, in Boston, with which grandsons of the subject of this article are now connected. William, the only surviving son, is a pianist, composer and teacher of great distinction, who has practised his

## HAMBURG. L. M.



profession chiefly in the city of New York.\*

Lowell Mason's long, busy, useful and honorable life closed at his home in Orange, New Jersey, August 11, 1872. "His long life of more than eighty years," said the Rev. George B. Bacon in a funeral oration delivered in 1873, "spans almost the whole history of sacred music in this country."

In studying the career of this remarkable man it is found that his chief value in the development of music in New England was as an educator, and in that capacity he has commanded wide and general admiration even from critics who have had small opinion of his ability as a composer. The Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham said of him: —

"Dr. Mason did more to make the practice of vocal music popular than to raise the standard of musical culture, and long before his death the influence of his school had yielded to the power of more finished art. Still his work was of great value in his time."

Frederic Louis Ritter thus discusses Mason's musical powers in his historical treatise, "Music in America": —

\*In Gould's "Church Music in America" there is a brief record of the work done in Cincinnati by T. B. Mason, a brother of Lowell. This gentleman went to the western city in 1833 or 1834, at the invitation of Dr. Lyman Beecher, who had been transferred to the Second Presbyterian Church there from the Bowdoin Street Church in Boston, where Lowell Mason had been organist and choir master. The experiments in teaching tried in Boston were repeated in Cincinnati with marked success under Mr. Mason's direction. He also published a collection of psalmody entitled "The Sacred Harp," and was chosen professor in an institution similar to the Boston Academy of Music, called the Eclectic Academy. The writer of this article finds no mention of Mr. T. B. Mason elsewhere.

"Mason was not a genius, perhaps only an average talent; but he loved music sincerely, and as a composer never attempted to undertake what he saw was beyond his power, confining himself almost exclusively to psalmody, which was then the music of the people. . . . He strove toward simplicity in melodic and harmonic treatment. . . . He was not much of a contrapuntist; this was perhaps to his advantage. . . . Many of his psalm tunes are popular with congregations whose capacity as congregational singers they do not exceed. And this is in some way a merit."

But Ritter freely acknowledges Mason's ingenuity and success as a teacher and notes the change in views that came over the mind of Mason with gathering years and broadening observation and experience. It is interesting to recall that Mason's first efforts at arrangement of classic works for popular use were made with movements from masses by Mozart and Haydn. As at that time there was no opportunity to hear these masterpieces in a Roman Catholic Church in this country, Mason's ability to recognize their great and lasting beauty was really wonderful. Then, too, it must be remembered that his early training had been anything but favorable to a kindly consideration of the ritual of the older body of Christians.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, who was caught in his young days by the Mason enthusiasm, thus recalls, in "A Century of Music in America," Mason's manner of lecturing, and gives an instance of the results due to his teaching: —

"Mason was a natural teacher, full of tact, logical, handy with crayon at the blackboard, and delightfully simple in his phraseology. In



OLIVET. 6. 4. Lowell Mason.

this capacity he exerted a great influence. He used to go as far west as Rochester, New York, and meet choruses of five hundred voices, many of them teachers of singing who had come a hundred miles for the occasion. I used to meet a singing teacher in western New York who told me what those Rochester meetings were to him. He was a plain man, a carpenter by trade, playing the violin and melodeon, and singing with a good tenor voice and teaching classes in winter. His enthusiasm for Handel and Haydn and Beethoven (for 'Hallelujah to the Father' of Beethoven was in the Boston Academy book) was equal to that of an Englishman."

A brief but sympathetic and appreciative biography of Mason was furnished to Dwight's Journal of Music in December, 1879, by Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, the enthusiastic compiler of a life of Beethoven which has few parallels in biographical literature for thoroughness. Mr. Thayer says that Mason, in buying books for his library, by no means confined himself to such as he could read, his purpose being to form a collection that should be of general use. Some of Mason's fine traits of character are set forth by Mr. Thayer, who thus concludes his sketch:—

"The writer freely confesses that he has differed from Mr. Mason on various matters of opinion and taste; but this confession can only add emphasis to the expression of his deep appreciation of his many great qualities."

Charles C. Perkins, in the History of the Handel and Haydn Society, when recording the events of the years through which Mason was intimately connected with the fortunes of the society, devotes much space to an account of the work done by Mason outside of the society, and relates the chief incidents in his

life. Speaking of his tunes, the historian says:—

"For these he will not be remembered, but rather for the real service he rendered to the cause of music by the introduction of vocal instruction into school education on a practical and sensible plan. . . . It is to his Boston Academy manual that we owe the teaching of singing as a branch of common school education on sound principles. With some modifications it might be adopted as a text-book to-day and do excellent service. This is no slight praise, considering the many laborers who have followed him in the field during the last half century."

Lowell Mason's published works, according to several authorities, exceed fifty volumes, many of which had an immense sale and some of which are still used in churches of various faiths. The aggregate circulation of his collections of psalmody has been estimated at more than two million copies; several of his juvenile collections also had large sales. A list of his most successful books, compiled from various sources, is appended. As the authorities consulted differ in titles and dates, the correctness of the list is not guaranteed. Many of Mason's compositions are contained in these books. The dates are presumably those of the original editions.

"Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Church Music" (with Dr. G. K. Jackson), 1822; "Juvenile Psalmist and Modern Psalmist," 1829; "Juvenile Lyre" (the first book of school songs published in this country), 1830; "The Choir, or Union Collection," 1832; "Manual of Instruction in Vocal Music" and "Boston Academy Collection of Church Music" (with George James Webb), 1834; "Sabbath School Songs," 1836; "Lyra Sacra" and "Occasional Psalmody," 1837; "Songs of Asaph" and "The Seraph," 1838;

"Boston Anthem Book," 1839; "Carmina Sacra" (of which and its two revisions, "New Carmina Sacra" [1850] and "The American Tune Book," more than 600,000 copies had been sold at the time of Mason's death) and "The Gentleman's Glee Book," 1841; "American Sabbath School Singing Book," Philadelphia, 1843; "Boston Academy Collection of Choruses," 1844; "Song Book of the School Room" and "The Psalter," 1845; "Primary School Song Book," 1846; "The National Psalmist" (with G. J. Webb), 1848; "Cantica Laudis," 1850; "The Hand Book of Psalmody," London, 1852; "The Hallelujah," New York, 1854; "The Normal Singer," 1856; "Mammoth Musical Exercises," 1857; "Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship" (in collaboration with Professors Edwards A. Park and Austin Phelps of Andover), 1858; "The Song Garland," 1866; "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book;" "Congregational Tune Book."

Mason's most familiar and renowned tunes are the following: "Migdol" (Sweet is the work, my God, my King); "Marlow" (Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear); "Lischer" (Welcome, delightful morn); "Sabbath" (Safely through another week); "Hebron" (Thus far the Lord has led me on); "Corinth" (I love to steal awhile away); "Hamburg" (When I survey the wondrous cross); "Harwell" (Hark, ten thousand harps and voices); "Naomi" (Father, whate'er of earthly bliss); "Shawmut" (Oh, where shall rest be found?); "Cowper" (There is a fountain filled with blood); "Bethany" (Nearer, my God, to Thee); "Olmutz" (Your harps, ye trembling saints); "Laban" (My soul, be on thy guard); "Olivet" (My faith looks up to Thee); "Boylston" (Blest be the tie that binds); "Ward" (God is the refuge of His saints); "Missionary Hymn" (From Greenland's icy mountains); "Meribah" (When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come); "Mount Vernon" (Sister, thou wast mild and lovely); "Uxbridge," "Downs," "Rockin-bridge," "Hermon," "Mendon," etc.

The biographers have little to say about Lowell Mason's disposition and personal traits, but that little is always a record of honor. He was a man of deep

religious convictions, but it does not appear that he was ever intolerant of the opinions of others or that he was given to the assertion of his views at inopportune moments. His benevolence was guided by wisdom, and he could restrain himself out of kindness to others at times when most men would have given way to their feelings. Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, in his biographical sketch already cited, narrates an instance of Mason's sweetness of character that is very touching. Mr. Thayer says:—

"Upon those who sought to injure him he never retaliated, but bore calumny and detraction in silence,—he lived them down,—and many an opponent he changed to a friend by simply giving them the opportunity of knowing him personally. Here is a case in point. A young writer on musical topics in the periodical press, upon partial information, made a somewhat bitter attack upon him. No other notice was taken of it than was involved in Mr. Mason's inviting him to his house and giving him the free use of his library. Prejudice soon gave way to respect and admiration on his part, while on the other a kindly feeling grew up, which resulted in the loan of a handsome sum of money, to be repaid at convenience, without interest, to enable the young man to pursue his studies in Europe. Not until years had passed did the latter know, and then not from his benefactor, that the article above named had deeply pained and wounded him."

It has been the writer's privilege to read a large number of letters, running through a long series of years, written by Lowell Mason to his sons, grandsons and other kindred, which have been preserved with filial piety. They show a character of strong affections, constant thoughtfulness and earnest regard for the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of the loved ones to whom they are written, but all expressed with a beautiful cheerfulness and with a remarkable freedom from a dictatorial spirit. If he advises, it is more in the tone of a friend than of a parent, so that each to whom he wrote, young or old, must have felt that not to carry out the suggestions would be to pain the loving writer.

The Lowell Mason tunes reproduced with this article are used by permission of Oliver Ditson Company.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE conflict of talent and character, of letters and affairs, of study and service, of art and duty, presents itself in some form to every scholar and every man aiming high in this world. Wise men have pondered on it from the day when Aristotle wrote his "Ethics" to the day when Goethe wrote his "Tasso." The problem may present itself sometimes in simple form and be simply solved; the artist may see that he at once best develops his own character and best serves the world by simply being an artist, the scholar by simply being a scholar. So in our time the life of Tennyson would teach, and of Browning, of Longfellow and of Emerson. Emerson somewhere urges the scholar to view himself in a priestly way, keeping from secular employment, and maintaining himself in a high and consecrated separateness; but his counsel could be met and modified by scores of passages from his own pages. "A talent," Goethe said, "is developed in quietude, but character in the stream of the world," the tumult of affairs. Tasso and Antonio alike were in Goethe himself, are mere personifications of the rival, struggling qualities of his own nature, which it was the task of his years to adjust and reconcile and make serve each other in an efficient, synthetic, all-round life. We do not remember often enough or well enough not only that Goethe the poet was Goethe the scientific man, but that the man of letters and of science was also the politician and the minister of state,—the long years through which "Faust" grew, and "Wilhelm Meister," and the doctrines of morphology and metamorphosis, crowded too with the administrative cares of a dukedom, the interests of the Saxe-Weimar roads and farms and forests, the parish schools and Jena University. All sufficiently great men have great powers of many sorts. Michael Angelo builds cathedrals, carves statues, paints pictures, writes sonnets, and fortifies the city, and in each province is the master. Da Vinci is equally many-sided. When a great man of action, like General Grant, takes the pen, he writes a book which shames the literary men. We spoke in these pages last month of Phillips Brooks, quoting his word as to the infinite range of capacities which every great soul seems to have, and the mere accident or chance which seems so often to determine which capacities shall here and now be called into play; and we noticed how, with his own marvellous many-sidedness and opulence, he was himself one thing from first to last—the preacher—everything made tributary to this great dominant aim and definition of his life. The moral and religious imperative was supreme—the needs of humanity borne in upon him so strongly and so constantly that it was impossible for him to give the poet and the artist in him their independent rights. We are constantly impressed by this immense amount of unused literary talent in high and strenuous religious na-

tures. The preachers, the good ones, never get half credit enough, to our thinking, for their real literary ability, of which many of them show enough quite by the by to set up in trade many writers pure and simple, and give them a very considerable reputation. How great a place Robertson of Brighton, with his fine critical insight and his warm creative imagination, might have won for himself in the fields of literature, had he chosen to be essayist instead of preacher! What rare volumes from the hand of our own William Gannett would stand on our bookshelves, had it been possible for him to be nothing but a poet instead of simply a poet by the by! How splendid would Edward Everett Hale's fame as a story-writer be, had he elected to be nothing but a story-writer; his fame, indeed, for his actual brilliant literary accomplishments would doubtless be far greater than it is, if these accomplishments stood simply by themselves instead of as the mere diversions of a great moralist and citizen. The preacher in whom the poet is strong will, besides permeating all his preaching with poetry, now and again burst his bonds and sing his song; and so the poet, if the crying wrongs and needs of humanity ring loudly in his ears, will, because he is a man, drop the lyre and mount the pulpit, or make his very song his potent and best instrument as a man of affairs. How true has this been of our New England poets—true, above all, of Lowell and Whittier! "O, not of choice," exclaims Whittier in "The Panorama,"—

"O, not of choice for themes of public wrong  
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,  
The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn  
For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn!  
More dear to me some song of private worth,  
Some homely idyl of my native North,  
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales,  
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales,  
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,—  
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm  
With prayer of love like dreams on Virgil's  
elm.  
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,  
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung,  
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,  
And the rough picture overwrought appears,—  
With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,  
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,  
Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,  
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire."

He turned from the purely poetic life to the tumult of affairs and to direct *service* in and by poetry, for the same reason that Milton did it, for the same reason that was ever sweeping Fichte away from philosophic speculation to the pulpit and the rostrum, and that drew Curtis away from "Howadji" and "Potiphar" and "Prue" to lecturing and editing and caucusing—because

"The call of human hopes and fears,  
The Macedonian cry to Paul,"

drowned in his heart every sweeter and seductive sound. Whittier himself became the secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the editor successively of two anti-slavery newspapers; and he took his part in conventions, — said once that he valued more than any honor for anything which he had written the honor of having been of those who signed the call for the first anti-slavery convention. Yet cannot we call Whittier a man of affairs in the sense that we call Goethe a man of affairs, or call Curtis so; just as we cannot call Howells a man of affairs, although the social and moral motive grows more and more to overshadow the purely literary and artistic motive with him, and the book becomes more and more an instrument of reform. He feels, as every man who is serious and important feels in this time, whether he be a literary man or a man of other sort, the imperativeness and inevitableness of the great social and industrial issues — feels it as Carlyle felt it fifty years ago. "Carlyle thinks it the only question for wise men," Emerson found, "instead of art, and fine fancies, and poetry, and such things, to address themselves to the problem of society;" and he turned from tasks which would have been far more natural and congenial to him as a scholar and a man of letters to write "Past and Present" and the "Latter-day Pamphlets," as Whittier turned from the homely idyls of New England to "griding taunt" and "bitter scorn," and as Howells turns from *Dreams of Italy* and Boston courtships to write "Altrurian Letters" and tracts upon plutocracy. Each is a greater, truer and more serviceable man for doing it, and each surely in the service has developed character, each doubtless grown in it and by it to be the larger man who makes the larger artist; but for its sake and for the occasion the artist has retired into the background.

\* \* \*

We can think of few men in literary history, we have certainly had no man in America, who reconciled so well the claims of the active and the contemplative life, who was at once so genuinely and completely the scholar and the man of affairs, as George William Curtis. We are led to think of it anew and more distinctly as we contemplate the picture of the man and his singularly strong, consistent and beautiful career, so lovingly and faithfully sketched for us by Edward Cary, in the new biography in the *American Men of Letters* series. Bryant the poet was also Bryant the editor, and as such threw himself for almost his whole lifetime into the work of moulding social and political opinion. It is Curtis himself who has paid him here the most eloquent tribute. "It is the lesson of this editorial life, that public service the most resplendent and the most justly renowned on sea or shore, in cabinet or congress, however great, however beneficent, is not a truer service than that of the private citizen like Bryant, who for half a century, with conscience and knowledge, with power and unquailing courage, did his part in holding the hand and heart of his country true to her now glorious

ideal. . . . No American has more truly or amply illustrated the scope and the fidelity of republican citizenship." Yet Bryant's life was more like Milton's, whom Curtis praises as the ideal scholar, "priest of the mind" and "conscience of the state," the asserter and defender of liberty of thought and speech.

\* \* \*

It is with Lowell among Americans that we should soonest compare Curtis. He had not Lowell's great originality, he had not his brilliancy and wit, he had not his marvellous love of nature and subtle kinship with the earth and air and sky, he was not a poet as Lowell was. But he was a scholar as Lowell was, the range of his interests and enthusiasms as a scholar remarkably similar; they were close friends; the same reforms enlisted both; both stood as types of the courageous independent, in times when the many were for party and few were for the State; both spoke to men as well as wrote to men, although Lowell was no orator as Curtis was; both were men of society and of the world; and Lowell, although not a worker in practical politics, as Curtis was almost his whole life long, was still active and influential in political affairs, rendering the nation much distinct and definite service before he went to represent her in Spain and then in England. It is to be remembered here that the English mission was offered Curtis before it was offered Lowell, as the German mission was offered him later, but that both were declined by him. He had carefully determined in what directions his largest and best influence lay, and decided that it "was not wise for him to change the order of his life."

Curtis's last public address was that on Lowell, the noblest and most discriminating tribute to Lowell which followed his death; and there is nothing in it finer than the tribute to that political independence which Lowell and Curtis illustrated alike. "With his lofty patriotism and his extraordinary public conscience, Lowell was distinctively the Independent in politics. He was an American and a republican citizen. He acted with parties, as every citizen must act if he acts at all. But . . . he listened, not for the roar of the majority in the street, but for the still small voice in his own breast. For, while the method of republican government is party, its basis is individual conscience and common sense. This entire political independence Lowell always illustrated."

There flash before us here those lines which Lowell addressed to Curtis in 1874, when he was himself the subject of so much cruel criticism for his stern criticism of corrupt and dangerous tendencies in our politics: —

"Dear friend, if any man I wished to please,  
Twere surely you, whose humor's honied ease  
Flows flecked with gold of thought, whose  
generous mind  
Sees Paradise regained by all mankind,  
Whose brave example still to vanward shines,  
Checks the retreat, and spurs our lagging lines.  
Was I too bitter? Who his phrase can choose  
That sees the life-blood of his dearest ooze!"

I loved my country so as only they  
Who love a mother fit to die for may;  
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame, —  
What better proof than that I loathed her  
shame?

That many blamed me could not irk me long;  
But if you doubted, must I not be wrong?  
'Tis not for me to answer: this I know,  
That man or race so prosperously low  
Sunk in success that wrath they cannot feel,  
Shall taste the spurn of parting Fortune's heel;  
For never land long lease of empire won  
Whose sons sat silent when base deeds were  
done."

There is no finer *apologia* from Lowell's pen, written in all the trying time when he was under fire, than these lines addressed to Curtis, unless it be the sonnet prefixed to the Three Memorial Poems, in the same spirit as these; and there is no more touching piece of self-revelation in all his works than this whole poem. Valuable for its reference to the writer, it is no less valuable for its characterization of Curtis himself, emphasizing that which we have here dwelt upon, the rare union and balance in him of the literary man and the great citizen.

"Curtis, whose Wit, with Fancy, arm in arm,  
Masks half its muscle in its skill to charm,  
And who so gently can the Wrong expose  
As sometimes to make converts, never foes,  
Or only such as good men must expect,  
Knaves sore with conscience of their own  
defect,

I come with mild remonstrance. Ere I start,  
A kindlier errand interrupts my heart,  
And I must utter, though it vex your ears,  
The love, the honor, felt so many years.  
Curtis, skilled equally with voice and pen  
To stir the hearts or mould the minds of  
men, —

That voice whose music, for I've heard you  
sing  
Sweet as Casella, can with passion ring,  
That pen whose rapid ease ne'er trips with  
haste,  
Nor scrapes nor sputters, pointed with good  
taste,  
First Steele's, then Goldsmith's, next it came to  
you,

Whom Thackeray rated best of all our crew, —  
Had letters kept you, every wreath were yours;  
Had the World tempted, all its chariest doors  
Had swung on flattered hinges to admit  
Such high-bred manners, such good-natured  
wit;

At courts, in senates, who so fit to serve?  
And both invited, but you would not swerve,  
All meaner prizes waiving that you might  
In civic duty spend your heat and light,  
Unpaid, untrammelled, with a sweet disdain  
Refusing posts men grovel to attain.  
Good Man all own you; what is left me, then,  
To heighten praise with but Good Citizen?"

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CARLYLE remarked, at the beginning of his essay on Voltaire, that if a man were free in this world to follow his ambition, with talent com-

mensurate with his ambition, it would seem that he would choose to be a literary man. We know what he had to say farther on in life of the man of action as compared with the man of letters. "I see now," wrote Hawthorne to Curtis on the appearance of his "Nile Notes," in 1851, "that you are forever an author." And that surely he was all his life, an author in the sense which Hawthorne intended. The "Easy Chair," maintained for almost forty years, down to the accomplished writer's latest days, was a perennial contribution to American letters, as full of fancy, of fine culture, of the feeling of leisure and repose, of choice expression, and of the instinct for beauty, as the "Howadji" books, the "Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I," which at the beginning of his career revealed Curtis to America as a literary man of such fine quality and great promise. He continued long to write poetry; he wrote his novel, "Trumps;" but more and more he became the active citizen and man of affairs, his pen, never withdrawn from the service of pure literature, of imagination, art and scholarship, given more and more to the service of politics and reform, of a nobler and more beautiful public life. He made his choice deliberately; and who shall say that he did not choose well? Had he chosen to remain purely the man of letters, he would have left behind him many works which would be long remembered, where he did leave but few; but most of us, doubtless, will agree that the sum total of his influence would not have been so great or so beneficent. Most of us also will agree that his influence as a man of affairs would not have been so great and beneficent as it was, had he not still remained, to the degree which he did, the man of letters. He solved the problem of his life with the truest estimate of his own powers and the finest adjustment of the claims of duty, of talent and of taste. He simply obeyed the laws of his own nature. From the first, as his biographer justly observes, "the litterateur was in bonds to the moralist." "I make my Lounger a sort of lay pulpit," he writes in 1859 of his department in *Harper's Weekly*, "and the readers have a chance of hearing things suggested that otherwise there would be no hint of in the paper. And, after all, an author has something besides his own fame to think of." Entering active political life, he did it in no amateurish way, carrying with him ever the air of the bookish man, — he was "not a closet politician," as Mr. Cary well says, — but with a native power for practical matters as great as his literary talent.

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By personal endowment, by antecedents, by early associations, and by training, Curtis was greatly blessed; and he made the most of every blessing. His great-great-grandfather was the first settler of Worcester — Worcester's William Blackstone — seemingly quite as independent and self-reliant as his famous Boston prototype. Himself born and brought up in Providence, George William Curtis loved proud little Rhode Island, loved Providence, loved Newport, to his life's end. His father was a man whose creed Curtis was able to state thus: "I believe in God, who

is love; that all men are brothers; and that the only essential duty of every man is to be *honest*, by which I understand his absolute following of his conscience when duly enlightened,"—and a man of such fine intelligence and sympathy that the son's relations to him were as those to a brother and confidential friend. Curtis's letters to his father are among the most interesting which Mr. Cary gives us. The letter on the tariff, written when Curtis was but twenty, deserves wide circulation. It shows the same broad, cosmopolitan spirit at the beginning of his career which Sumner—to whom Curtis paid so lofty a tribute as the great representative of the scholar in politics—showed when, also upon the threshold of his public life, he gave his address upon "The True Grandeur of Nations." Curtis's brother was the original of "Our Cousin the Curate,"—which is surely praise enough. The two brothers studied together at Brook Farm, catching the inspirations of that remarkable community. They lived together on a Concord farm. They came together under the influence of Emerson, which was doubtless the strongest intellectual influence in Curtis's life. They spent years in Europe together. When the family removed from Providence to New York, they came under the pulpit ministrations of Dewey and Bellows. With New York—his home at Staten Island—Curtis was chiefly associated through life; yet the New Englander was strong in him to the end. To the little village among the Massachusetts hills he always turned to spend his summers. At the New England dinner in New York in 1876, he exclaimed: "I stand here as a son of New England. In every fibre of my being I am a son of the Pilgrim." Greatest good of all, Curtis heard in youth the call of a great reform, the fight with slavery, and threw himself into the cause with his whole heart. The best thing which a young man can do, Whittier has said, the best thing for himself, is to ally himself with some great, unpopular cause. Curtis, like Whittier and Lowell and Emerson, allied himself with the cause of freedom in America at a time when her cause did not bring fame and profit but obloquy; and the chivalric service did more for him in the development of character, in the development of

intellectual power, than he did for the cause, much as he did.

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THE range of Curtis's capacities and activities was endless. He was one of the ablest journalists we have ever had in America—his articles in *Harper's Weekly*, usually three a week through so many years, discussing every public question with the highest intelligence and with a fairness so conspicuous, exercising an influence upon the country which can never be estimated. He was a great editor. For years he was one of the most steadily attractive lecturers in the country, carrying sweetness and light all over the land. He was in his last years, by common consent, the foremost living American orator. He was the great leader in the work of civil service reform. He was the typical Independent. He was the typical scholar in politics. As chancellor of the University of the State of New York, he was one of the greatest forces in the country in the cause of popular education.

And whatever he was doing,—this is what we come back to,—promoting public education, pleading for untrammelled speech in a Republican national convention, declining foreign missions, shouldering great debts, lecturing up and down the land in villages and cities, writing leaders, writing the "Easy Chair,"—he was in all at the same time developing talent and developing character. The character was the principal thing. "What is to be written," said a life-long friend of his to the biographer, "is the story of a character." How noble this life!—that is what we chiefly feel, as we lay down the record. How harmonious this life!—that is the second thought. Here, as in hardly any other life in our time, the claims of talent and of character seemed, we say, to be reconciled. Talent and character had been equally developed in the stream of the world. It was because in the midst of the stream there was always quietude at the centre of the man's heart. In the world, he was not of it, because he carried his oratory within him. The storm never interrupted nor hindered nor confused, because the man always heard the deeper voice across the storm.

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## OMNIBUS.

### LIVELY YET.

Love (they say) with bow and arrow  
Has departed from the game;  
Life (they say) is hard and narrow,—  
Dusty bones without the marrow;  
Love is nothing but a name!

Love is dead, without disputing,  
Say the learned and the wise,  
Spending all their days computing  
Errors which will bear refuting,—  
Ancient errors which arise.

But if Love has lost his power,  
What is this disease of mine?  
Not a princess in a tower,  
Not a fairy in her bower,  
Ever wove a spell so fine.

Can an ancient superstition  
Make a man grow cold and hot,  
Bring him to this strange condition?  
"Love is dead!" Ah, then, Perdition!  
What is this thing I have got?

Harry Romaine.

## SIXTEEN.

She is now sixteen, —  
 This Katie, I ween, —  
 This blossom so dainty and fair;  
 I know by the poise and turn of her head;  
 I know by the lightsome grace of her tread;  
 I know, — but why do I care?

Ah! only sixteen,  
 This Katie, this queen —  
 With her gracious and queenly air?  
 But why should I tell her? — for this she knows,  
 She is like to that high-born, blushing rose  
 That swings in the garden there.

Not more than sixteen,  
 With the rustle and sheen  
 That can only with youth compare;  
 And with careless glance she passes me by,  
 While down in my heart is a fluttering sigh.  
 I know, — ah, yes, — and I care.

How sweet at sixteen,  
 This Katie — this queen,  
 Before whom in heart I bow!  
 I long to have her, to hold and to keep;  
 But Cupid in her heart is asleep; —  
 A pity to waken him now!

*Annie S. Hawks.*



## ALONG THE RIVER'S REEDY SHORE.

Along the river's reedy shore,  
 Beside the rippling rim,  
 I saw you drooping there, alone,  
 Your eyes with weeping dim.

Above a wan and anxious face  
 You held a shading hand,  
 And fixed your absent gaze across  
 The distant meadow-land.

A sudden startled glance you turned,  
 And found me standing near —  
 The suitor whom, an hour before,  
 You'd spurned with words severe.

From out your earnest, parted lips,  
 Full gladly rang my name;  
 And lightly leaping from the marge,  
 Along the banks you came.

I saw your eager hand outstretched  
 And heard your joyous cry,  
 As o'er your cheek there flamed the red  
 That burns in yonder sky.

And shining in your eyes I saw  
 That look no maid can give  
 To more than one, although she were  
 A hundred lives to live.

Oh! how my ardent heart leaped up!  
 I sprang to meet you there;  
 I caught you close, and kissed your lips,  
 And stroked your matchless hair.

Alas! I woke — 'Twas but a dream!  
 Oh, would the dream were true!  
 And yet, does its fulfilment lie  
 With me, dear love — or you?

*Arthur Fairfax.*



## LYRA.

Lyra, you have all the pleasures  
 Youth can hold.  
 Do not think the future's treasures  
 All are gold.  
 Many gems we call the rarest  
 Are not bright;  
 Future days that look the fairest  
 Lose their light.

Be you very slow in letting  
 Girlhood pass;  
 Age will mourn its quick forgetting  
 Youth, alas!  
 Love can wait another season;  
 Until then  
 Think you more of books and reason  
 Than of men.

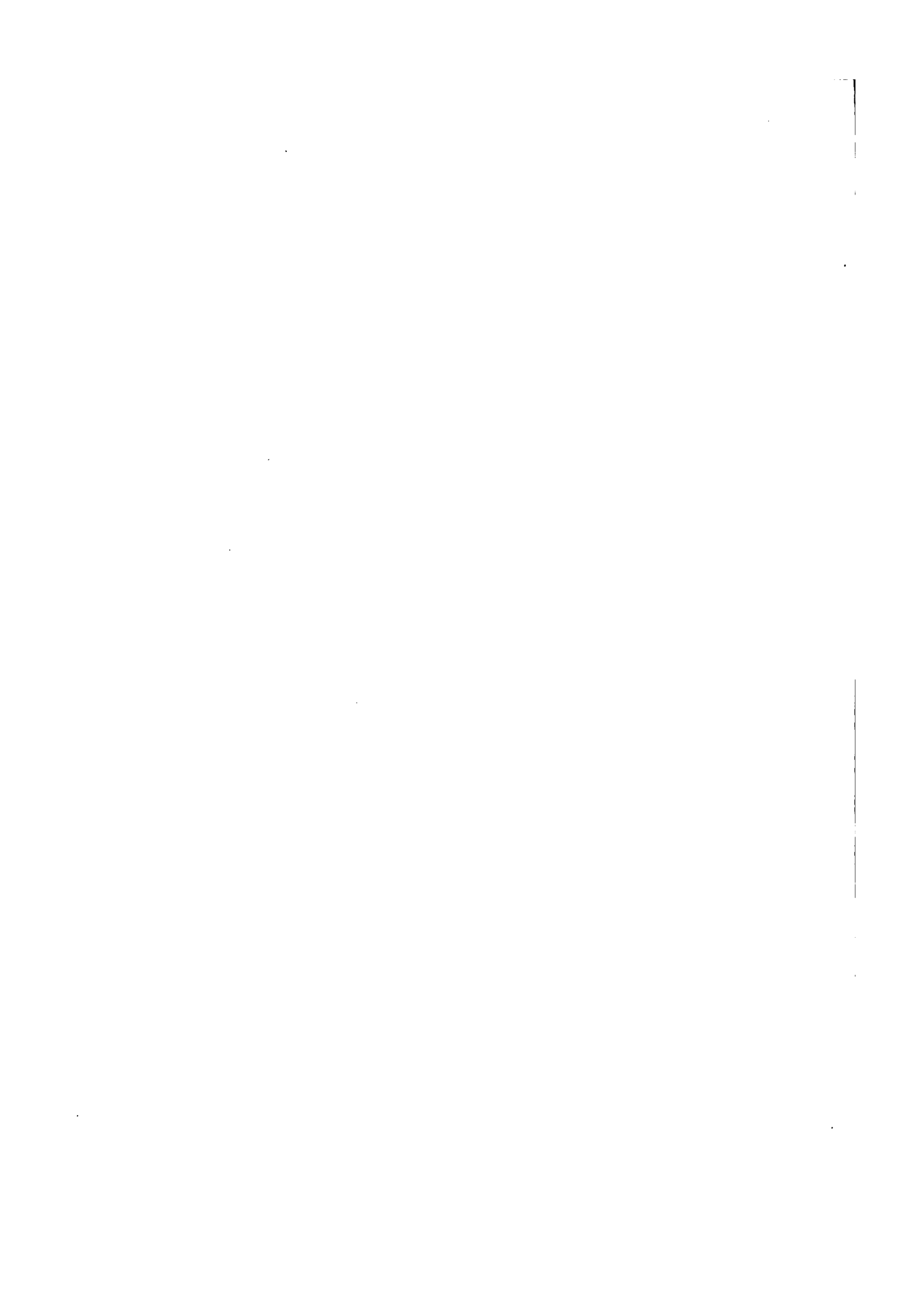
Though your sisters smile, disdaining  
 All your grace,  
 In a while you will be reigning  
 In their place.  
 Men will then be just as witty,  
 Never fear;  
 They will find you quite as pretty, —  
 And as dear.

To you they will come a-wooing  
 Many times;  
 Many others, as I'm doing,  
 Write you rhymes.  
 Even now there's one adores you,  
 Do not doubt;  
 All the more, indeed, because you  
 Are not "out."

And when all your love and duty  
 One shall own,  
 All your gentleness and beauty  
 His alone,  
 May you then in him discover,  
 Then may know  
 Him who was your girlhood's lover,  
 Long ago.

*James G. Burnett.*









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PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD D. BAKER.

A WINTER SUNSET.

THE LOWER KENNEBEC.

*By Winfield Thompson.*



OUT of a great lake in the forest tumbles a bubbling stream, virile and eager, which gathers strength at every bound as it progresses noisily through the virgin woods to where farms border its shores and mill wheels are turned by its bridled force, — the upper Kennebec. Bearing on its broad bosom shipping from a dozen seas, its surface ruffled by the wake of pleasure steamers and fretting tugs, flows a noble river, a highway wide and smooth into the heart of the Pine Tree State, — the lower Kennebec. One courses over countless

obstacles, with many a turn, through a good two hundred miles of wooded country. The other flows uninterrupted fifty miles to the sea. A dam at Augusta separates the domain of one from the other. So completely do the characteristics of the two parts differ, that they seem like two rivers, one coming up to receive the waters of the other; for the lower Kennebec responds to the promptings of the ocean, rising and falling with the same regularity as the tides along the coast.

Above Augusta the river is not different from other Maine rivers. The scenery along its banks is picturesque to a degree, and grows wilder as the stream grows smaller. Eighteen miles above Augusta

is Waterville, the Elm city, and above that are Fairfield and Skowhegan and a number of smaller towns, where the water is shot through flumes and canals to turn the machinery of mills and factories. Charming at every turn and always mighty, the stream makes its way, now

transparent, it takes the hue of amber. In winter, seen through a hole in the ice from a distance, it seems at times almost black.

The river is always a source of pleasure or of profit to the people who live near it. In summer it is the royal road for traffic, as well as the excursion route of the people; and winter, when Jack Frost has closed its waters to navigation, brings its own sports and labors. Then the lovers of horses — and everybody in the Kennebec valley likes horses — find enjoyment in trotting matches held on the ice. Expert skaters are plenty in the towns along the river, and as long as the ice is in condition hosts of them indulge in the invigorating sport. Then



LOADING ICE FOR BALTIMORE.

comes the profit of the season, when the ice "crop" is harvested. In the spring, when the ice has broken up and gone to sea, borne along by the early freshets that counteract for a time the force of tides, great vessels come up behind tugs to take the river's frigid product to ports south of New England. About one thousand five hundred vessels are required to move an average crop of ice, which when housed is about

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In spite of its response to the ocean tides the water of the lower Kennebec is fresh to within about fifteen miles of the river's mouth, and so pure that the ice taken from it has become famous for its quality. In color, when held to the light in a glass, it is like rain water; and when cleft by the sharp prow of a steamboat, falling back to its level like outstretched wings, white-tipped and



BOUND FOR THE ICE-FIELDS. TEMPERATURE TEN BELOW ZERO.

one million tons. The waste in the houses is estimated to be from ten to thirty per cent of the amount stored. The freighting is done largely by three-masted and four-masted schooners, though recently barges, some of them old ships stripped of sails and rigging, have been pressed into the service, being towed from one port to another by ocean tugs.

Ice harvesting on the Kennebec gives employment to about four thousand five hundred men each winter. Four hundred horses are employed on the fields, scraping snow off the ice, dragging planers and groovers, and towing great rafts of square blocks down the canal. The



A DOWN-RIVER STEAMER.

ports carry hundreds of people daily, and the smaller river steamers, swift, clean-cut craft, are never without crowds of passengers. The people of the Kennebec valley are in love with their river, and they spend as much time as they can spare each year enjoying the beauty of its scenery, which never seems to lose its charm for them. "Going down river" is one of the dearest pleasures of the Kennebecker, second only perhaps to the delight of cottage life on the islands of Boothbay Harbor, in which the climax of the journey is usually attained. At Capitol Island, thirteen miles below Bath, reached by the turbulent and crooked Sasanoa River, which is entered



SEGUIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEBBINS.

workmen get from \$1.25 to \$1.75 a day; foremen from \$2.00 to \$2.50; and the owners of horses receive \$1.25 to \$1.50 for the labor of each animal. In summer about four hundred men find employment loading the vessels which take the ice away. There are now forty-eight groups of ice-houses along the Kennebec, twenty-four on the east bank, twenty-one on the west, and three on Swan Island.

With each passing summer the Kennebec is growing in favor as a resort of vacation people. The large steamboats which ply between Boston and the river

from the Kennebec at that point, is a group of cottages owned almost entirely by Gardiner people; while at Ocean Point across Boothbay Harbor, at Squirrel Island, Bayville and other points are to be found scores of other Kennebeckers, from Bath, Richmond and Augusta, and from the upper Kennebec, Vassalboro, Waterville, Fairfield and Skowhegan. The scenery of the Kennebec is of the kind to delight the lover of nature in modest garb. It is at its best, perhaps, in the rich warm days of early July, viewed from the deck of a steamer bound up stream. If the



"SHIPYARDS WHOSE PRODUCTS HAVE CARRIED BATH'S NAME INTO EVERY SEA."

craft be a friend's yacht, so much the better.

The object for which the pilot Kennebec-bound shapes his course is Seguin, lying about a mile from the river's mouth. Its shores are bold and ribboned with surf, and up its black rocky slopes, on a bit of level ground, are the lighthouse, fog-whistle station and keepers' houses. The sea is often in a turmoil around Seguin. Sailors call the neighborhood the roughest on the coast. The ebb tides from the river meet the rollers of the sea and, especially when the wind is from

behind, the shores become bold and rocky, rising into hills clothed in spruce and pine, with here and there the fresh green of maple or birch making a light patch in the sober foliage. Along the banks, half hidden among gnarled apple trees, with its bit of garden and field reclaimed from the woods and a tiny wharf in front, is seen at intervals a modest home. Villages there are also, Parker's Head and Phippsburgh, old and straggling, each with its little cove and wharves, quaint and pleasing to the eye. Opposite them on the east side of the

river are the shores of Georgetown.

The tide is strong along here, and the water clear and as salt as where it churns around Seguin. Nine miles or so from the sands of Popham a sharp turn in the river to the west retards the vision; but once around a wooded point, a fine sweep of water five miles long and nearly a mile wide, with Bath, the city of ships, bordering its western shore, lies before the traveller's eye. The



"RICHMOND, NESTLING IN A BEND OF THE RIVER."

the south, a smart "chop" is created. Inside Pond Island, whose little lighthouse marks the way into the river, smooth water is found, and a panorama that has few equals begins. When the beach at Popham, with its life-saving station, hotels, cottages and old stone fort—a relic of the civil war—are left

city's spires crown the slope on which the town is built, and all along the water front, fringed in places with masts, are the famous shipyards, whose products have carried Bath's name into every sea. The building of wooden ships has declined in Bath, until many of the yards are now idle; but a new industry is springing up

in the construction of iron and steel craft. The Bath iron works have turned out three war vessels in the last three years, and several other craft, including the largest steam yacht ever built in the United States. A shipyard is also equipped in Bath where the experiment of building steel merchant ships has been tried by a firm whose name is widely known for its famous wooden clippers, of which it has turned out an even hundred.

Opposite Bath, in Arrowsic and Woolwich, two of the first stockades on the lower Kennebec were built. They were the scenes of a number of important councils and of several massacres in the long Indian wars. Above Bath the river turns again to the west a bit, between rocky points. The tide rushes fine and free, foam-flecked and dimpled, tossing and twisting around the shores of little islands. The weed along the rocks is here missed; the water changes in color and retains only a taint of salt; and the shores take on a richer cloak than farther down

—maple, birch, beech and hazel being but sparsely sprinkled with needled pines. The channel lies again almost north and south. The broad sheet of Merrymeeting Bay, fully five miles long, receiving at its farther end the waters of the Androscoggin, spreads to the west. The waves splash merrily in the sun with the daintiest hint of yellow as they chase each other before a brisk southwest wind.

A little farther up the Kennebec, the Eastern River enters the larger stream between wide marshes. On the west side is the town of Bowdoinham; and here the sluggish Cathance yields itself to the keeping of the Kennebec. Swan Island, which constitutes the town of Perkins, a borough with nineteen voters, divides the current of the river a little farther up.

Along the shores of the island near the upper end are beaches; and here the cows on summer days may be seen standing in the water, some of them almost submerged, enjoying in quiet gratitude their cool immunity from the sting of flies. There is a good channel for navigation on both sides of the island. The west course is the one taken by passenger steamers; but up and down the east side go many tugs with their long "tows" of schooners. Opposite the head of Pond Island is Richmond, a quiet village nestling in a bend of the river. Shoe manufacturing has been the chief industry of the town for some years, but business changes have recently re-



"A FERRY, PRIMITIVE AND PICTURESQUE."

duced its importance. Ice cutting and the production of lumber furnish more labor for its residents than any other pursuits.

At this point is a ferry, primitive and picturesque, by which man and beast may cross the stream. The ferryman is old and gray, and lives in a tiny house near the water's edge on the Richmond side. For forty years he has plied the oar and managed the old gundelow back and forth across the stream; has seen commerce develop and landmarks disappear; and still he breasts the tide and wind day after day, placidly and slowly, apparently satisfied with his lot. He can remember when overland traffic to the east through Dresden to Wiscasset, when that place was important as a seaport, was of more



THE FERRY LANDING, RICHMOND SIDE.

moment than it is now. People then rode in coaches or on horseback up and down the Kennebec roads, and the scream of locomotives and whir of long trains of palace cars along the glistening steel rails up there on the west bank of the stream did not disturb the quiet scene. He can remember when James Cheesman's first cargo of ice was shipped out of the Kennebec in 1860, leading the way for the endless procession of ice cargoes that have gone out of the river since, and he



A GARDINER LOG-DRIVER.

recalls the appearance of the first train that ran from Portland to Augusta a few years earlier.

Above Richmond the country swells upward in rounded hillocks from the stream. The slopes are covered in June and July with waving grass and rich clover, which sends out an odor delicious beyond description. Tall, slender elms, shaped like long-stemmed sherry glasses, bend to the

sweet breeze on the uplands, here and there one standing alone in a field. Down near the river willows are seen at intervals, and spreading poplars, the wind turning their leaves back and transforming them to silver in the sunlight. There is a pebbly beach between the foliage and the shore. As the steamer passes she seems to pull the water away from it, leaving a mark on the pebbles; then, when she has passed, the water rushes back again with a swish.

The scene here on a clear summer day is idyllic. Ice-houses, great white broad-roofed, smooth-sided structures looking as clean as chalk, stand on the green river bank; big schooners swing at anchor in the stream, pointing their jib-booms now up the river and now down with the tide, or lie at wharves, the clear green ice-blocks disappearing down their hatchways. An ebon-faced steward smiles over a schooner's rail as the steamer goes by; and from the rigging of one high-sided craft a yellow-haired sailor, clad only in overalls, dives full twenty feet into the water, coming up alongside the steamer. All along the banks the story of peace, thrift and prosperity is told in the trim farms with well-kept buildings, the massive ice-wharves, small private landings, and at intervals a bit of road among the trees, with a sleek horse jogging along, the driver and his wife evidently having been to market with eggs and garden truck.

Ancient Pownalborough, chartered as a township in 1760, now dwindled to Dresden, is passed on the right, the old court house of Revolutionary times, near the site of Fort Shirley, standing half hidden in the trees. On the west side of the stream the Dresden camp-meeting grove attracts the eye, then South Gardiner with its mills, and four miles farther up the city of Gardiner, where is met the first bridge that crosses the Kennebec. In response to a blast from the whistle a man will swing off the draw of the old wooden-covered structure, and the trip may be continued past Farmingdale and Hallowell to Augusta, "the head of the tide." The

channel is narrow above the bridge, and only vessels and steamers of light draught can make the trip with certainty of not striking bottom. The stone piers of an old bridge which was long ago swept away stick out of the water at Hallowell. Along here great log booms are passed, with house-boats, in which the logging men live, lying beside them. Each boat has a cook who provides for the inner comforts of a gang of workers. The logs for all the big mills along the

Kennebec are caught in the Hallowell booms, are sorted by aid of the private marks put on each one by the choppers in the woods, and are made into rafts to be towed by a little steamboat to their owners' private booms.

It is in this region that the tourist will find the essence of Kennebec life. Here is the natural centre of the valley. The climate is delightful and the people are typical New Englanders, who have maintained the tenets of their fathers and can trace their lineage in an unbroken line back to the state's pioneers. From this region many able men have gone forth to figure in affairs of state or achieve success in

the world of commerce. James G. Blaine made his start in life in Augusta as a newspaper man. The city is now the residence of his widow, and the old office of the *Kennebec Journal* is pointed out to travellers as the spot where the great statesman first gave his ideas to the people.

One of the chief charms of life along the Kennebec, in Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner especially, is afforded by the many ponds that dot the valley. Behind



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD D. BAKER.

A FARM IDYL.



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. ELLIS.

THE BRIDGE AT GARDINER.



the hills that hedge the river lie in richly wooded vales scores of little lakes, placid and clear, connected in chains by vagrant brooks, a whole series yielding its waters to the river through some farm-bordered stream. There are no fewer than seventy-five named ponds set down in the atlas of Kennebec County, and this does not include all. One of the most important groups is that which has for its outlet Cobbosseecontee stream, abbreviated locally to "Cobbossee," which enters the river at Gardiner, tumbling in its last mile over eight dams and turning the wheels of a score of mills and shops.

The valley of the Cobbossee trends northwest and southeast, the chain of ponds and tributary streams being some

Cobbossee, — "Big Cobbossee" its lovers call it. The drive from Gardiner or Augusta to the outlet of the pond is about ten miles, and from Hallowell about six miles. The trip by canoe can be taken only from Gardiner, and is much longer, as it takes the excursionist through miles of winding stream and smaller ponds.

How dear to many Kennebec hearts is the trip "up stream!" Each little excursion brings some new pleasure. The scenery never palls on the fancy of the loyal Kennebecker. He may know the ripples of every eddy, the wash of every rapid, the shadow of every elm in the clear water, know just where to look for them, and be able to picture in his mind how they will appear long before they



"THE NATURAL CENTRE OF THE VALLEY."

VIEW FROM LOUDON HILL, HALLOWELL, LOOKING TOWARD AUGUSTA.

twenty miles in length, but affording at least seventy-five miles of waterways to the canoeist, with few carries. Lying back from five to ten miles from Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta, these ponds have afforded the residents of those cities beautiful sites for rustic cottages, modestly called "camps," which are not only visited in the summer months, but in other seasons as well. The fishing at the ponds is always excellent. In summer, black bass, large, gamy and fat, bite freely, and perch, white and yellow, may be caught by the hundreds. In winter fishing for pickerel through the ice is a prime sport. The largest of this chain of ponds is

come in view; and yet the paddle is plunged into the stream, the canoe sent across the still places, disturbing the elm's straight reflection, and the light prow made to cut the quickening tide, with the same zest as if all were novel to the delighted senses of the canoeist.

A drive from the river to its limpid reservoirs behind the hills is scarcely less pleasing than the trip by water. It takes one upward over a rolling country from the river, past spreading farms, where the house dog basks in the sun before the door, and children pick daisies in the fields or climb the cherry trees by the roadside in quest of fruit. The road



ON THE ROAD TO COBBOSSEE POND.

dips at times into little intervalles, the land clothed in tall grain; but the grade is up and up, until at last from the crest of a ridge above all the others the valley of the ponds is seen, with a bit of Cobbossee some miles off, shining under the sun's rays like quicksilver in its almost black setting of foliage. Far away in the northwest the mountains of the border counties loom purple in the warm air; and beyond them, sinking into the sky, is Mount Washington, white-capped and robed in blue. The way is then downward through shady dells. An old red schoolhouse is passed, its door-sill worn by many feet and its weather-beaten clapboards engraved with rude initials. A farmer raking his first cutting of hay stops in his work, leans on his rake, and greets you with a cheery "Howdy do, neighbor?"—his tone and attitude inviting conversation.

Thus lazily on, till a sudden turn in the road brings the pond into view. At the outlet you drive into the yard of a big bare-looking house, and a farm hand takes your horse. He will supply you with a boat if you desire to go fishing or to row to any of the many camps around the

pond; and he will tell you, if you invite his confidence, that he leads "a dorg's life." "This pond's a mighty lonesome place; git up at four o'clock in th' mornin', 'n' stay up harf th' night baitin' hosses; bin here forty year, 'n' never expect t' git ennywheres else; ain't never bin t' Boston; never bin out of Kennebec caounty." He does not see the poetry of the pond.

No writer ever more charmingly portrayed the beauties of the Kennebec valley than did Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "American Note-Book." In 1837, twelve years after his graduation from Bowdoin College in the class that also gave to the world Longfellow and many other men who became famous, Hawthorne paid a visit of a month to his college chum and classmate, Horatio Bridge.\* It was probably the first visit of more than a day or two that Hawthorne

\* Horatio Bridge was born in Augusta, April 8, 1806, and died at Athens, Pennsylvania, March 18, 1893. He was admitted to the bar of Kennebec County in 1828, and practised law in Augusta ten years. He entered the navy as paymaster in 1838. He made a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean in the *Cyane*, and one of two years off the coast of Africa in the *Saratoga*. He was stationed at Portsmouth navy yard, 1840-51; was chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing of the Navy, 1854-60; Chief Inspector of Provisions and Clothing in 1867-73; and was then retired as Pay Director with the rank of Commodore. In 1845 he published the "Journal of an African Cruiser," edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

had then made outside of his own family circle. He was unknown in the world of letters. He had written much, but had found few publishers. Fixed upon him was what he styled "my cursed habit of solitude." He spent much time in strolling in the woods and along the river banks at Augusta, and in driving around the country with his friend Bridge, who lived a bachelor's life in his paternal mansion near the river. Hawthorne was

and a grassy track and gravel walk between. Beyond the road rolls the Kennebec, here two or three hundred yards wide. I can see it flowing steadily along, straightway between wooded banks; but arriving nearly opposite the house, there is a large and level island in the middle of the stream; and just below the island the current is further interrupted by the works of the mill-dam which is perhaps half finished." The dreamer sat at his

window and wrote: "There is a sound of wind among the trees round the house; and, when that is silent, the calm, full, distant voice of the river becomes audible. Looking downward thither I see the rush of the current, and mark the different eddies, with here and there white specks or streaks of foam; and often a log comes floating on, glistening in the sun as it rolls over among the eddies, having voyaged,



A CAMP ON "BIG COBBOSSEE."

in Augusta from July 5 to August 5. He wrote in his note-book a few days after his arrival: —

"I think I should become strongly attached to our way of life, so independent and untroubled by the forms and restrictions of society. The house is very pleasantly situated — half a mile distant from where the town begins to be thickly settled, and on a swell of land, with the road running at a distance of fifty yards,

for aught I know, hundreds of miles from the wild upper regions of the river, passing down, down, between lines of forest and sometimes a rough clearing, till here it floats by cultivated banks, and will soon pass by the village. Sometimes a long raft of boards comes along, requiring the nicest skill to navigate it through the narrow passage left by the mill-dam. Chaises and wagons go over the road, the riders all giving a passing glance at the



"UP STREAM."



OFF FOR A CAMPING TRIP.

dam, or perhaps alighting to examine it more fully, and at last departing with ominous shakes of the head as to the result of the enterprise."

The doubters were destined to say, "I told you so;" for hardly was the dam finished when it was swept away, along with the Bridge mansion and grounds. Years after, when Horatio Bridge had made a place for himself in the naval service, Hawthorne visited him and his wife at their house in Portsmouth. One evening at twilight Mrs. Bridge asked Hawthorne to tell her a story. Mr. Bridge lay dozing on a sofa, being convalescent after an attack of malaria. "Looking at me," wrote Horatio Bridge of this incident, in his "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," "he said: 'I will tell you one which I could write, making that gentleman one of the principal characters. I should begin with a description of his father—a dignified and conservative man—who, for many years, had lived in a great mansion, by the side of a noble river, and had daily enjoyed the sight of the beautiful stream flowing placidly by without a thought of disturbing its natural course. His children had played upon its banks, and the boys swam in the quiet stream or rowed their boats thereon. But after the father's decease, his sons, grown to manhood—

progressive in unison with the spirit of the age—conceived the project of utilizing the great body of water flowing idly by. So, calling in the aid of a famous engineer, they built a high and costly dam across the river, thus creating a great water power sufficient for the use of many prospective mills and factories. The river—biding its time—quietly allowed the obstruction to be finished, and then it rose in its wrath and swept away the expensive structure and the buildings connected with it, and took its course majestically to the sea. Nor did this satisfy the river gods, for they cut a new channel for the stream, and swallowed up the paternal mansion of the young men, and desolated its beautiful grounds, thus showing the superior power of nature whenever it chooses to assert itself.'"

A fine stone dam with a wide slippery "apron" of timber now stands on the site of the first structure; and on the very spot where the old mansion stood is the gate house of a great cotton mill, where the water is let into the wheel-boxes to set in motion hundreds of spindles and scores of looms.

Shortly after his arrival at Augusta, Hawthorne visited Gardiner and the famous Gardiner family estate, the "Oaklands." He wrote of the trip thus: "A

drive with B—to Hallowell yesterday, where we dined, and afterward to Gardiner. The most curious object at the latter place was the elegant new mansion of —. It stands on the site of his former dwelling, which was destroyed by fire. The new building was estimated to cost thirty thousand dollars; but twice as much has already been expended, and a great deal more will be required to complete it. It is certainly a splendid structure; the material, granite from the vicinity. At its angles it has small circular

ing and rippling stream, I saw a great fish, some six feet long and thick in proportion, suddenly emerge at whole length and turn a summerset and vanish in the water. It was of a glistening yellowish brown, with its fins all spread, and looking very strange and startling, darting so life-like from the black water, throwing itself fully into the bright sunshine, and then lost to sight and to pursuit." At another time he wrote: "I saw also a long flat-bottomed boat go up the river, with a brisk wind and against a strong stream.



HELL GATE, FROM WHICH THE KENNEBEC TOOK ITS NAME.

towers; the portal is lofty and imposing. Relatively to the style of domestic architecture in our country, it well deserves the name of castle or palace. Its situation, too, is fine, far retired from the public road, and attainable by a winding carriage drive; standing amid fertile fields, and with large trees in the vicinity. There is also a beautiful view from the mansion down the Kennebec."\*

Hawthorne in his notes spoke thus of his first glimpse of a sturgeon in the Kennebec: "While looking at the rush-

Its sails were of curious construction: a long mast with two sails, one on each side of the boat, and a broader one surmounting them. The sails were colored brown, and appeared like leather or skins, but were really cloth. At a distance the vessel looked like—or at least I compared it to—a monstrous water insect skimming along the river. If the sails had been crimson or yellow the resemblance would have been much closer. . . . It moved along lightly and disappeared between the woody banks. These boats . . .

\* The founder of this estate was Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, who was born in Rhode Island in 1707. He settled in Boston, where as a physician and druggist he became rich. About 1754, as one of the proprietors of the Kennebec Purchase, he received from the General Court a grant of land at the mouth of Cobosseecontee. He was very energetic in getting a thrifty class of settlers to go to the place, and more land was granted him, until in 1770 he owned twelve thousand acres in what is now Gardiner, including the water-power of the Cobosseecontee, much of which is still owned by the Gardiner estate. Dr. Gardiner built a great house of wood south of the town, and on its site the present "Oakland" stands. Dr. Gardiner's settlement was first called Gardinerston. In 1761 a grist mill was built on the Cobosseecontee, and for many years this was the only place in the Kennebec valley where the settlers could get their corn ground. When the Revolutionary War broke out,

Dr. Gardiner's sympathies were with the Tories, and he went to join the British army. His real property at Gardiner was confiscated. He never returned to live in Gardiner, but practised his profession in Newport, Rhode Island, until his death in 1780. The greater part of his Gardiner estate was restored to his heir and grandson, Robert Hallowell, to whom the doctor willed the property on condition that he take the name of Gardiner, which he was allowed to do by the legislature in 1802. Gardiner was incorporated as a town in 1803. William Gardiner, son of Dr. Gardiner, continued to reside there after the departure of his father. He was a jolly fellow, fond of hunting and fishing. In 1785, General Henry Dearborn, charmed with what he had seen of the Kennebec valley in his eight years' service during the Revolution, bought land of William Gardiner, and made his home in the village until 1801, when he was made secretary of war.

trade to Waterville and thereabouts — names, as *Paul Pry*, on their sails." After seeing a raft of logs on the river, guided by two men, Hawthorne wrote: "It would be pleasant enough to float down the Kennebec on one of these rafts, letting the river conduct you onward at its own pace, leisurely displaying to you all the wild or ordered beauties along its banks, and perhaps running you aground in some peculiarly picturesque spot, for your further enjoyment of it . . . Another object seen on the river perhaps is a solitary man paddling himself down the river in a small canoe, the light, lonely touch of its paddle in the water making the silence seem deeper."

A fishing trip to one of Kennebec County's famous ponds seems to have given pleasure to Hawthorne. He wrote: "A drive yesterday afternoon (July 19) to a pond in the vicinity of Augusta, about nine miles off, to fish for white perch, . . . a beautiful, silvery, round-backed fish, which bites eagerly, runs about with the line while being pulled up, makes good sport for the angler, and an admirable dish." After fishing some time, the author and his friend went to a tavern



THE "OAKLANDS" FROM THE RIVER.

family written on a black tomb in an engraving, where a father, mother and child were represented in a graveyard weeping over said tomb. . . . There was also a wood engraving of the Declaration of Independence with facsimiles of the autographs; a portrait of the Empress Josephine, and another of Spring. In the closets of this chamber were mine hostess's cloak, best bonnet and go-to-meeting apparel." What odors of lavender and sweet clover probably came from that closet! Cannot each reader who has been a "summer boarder" smell them?

To describe adequately each city and town along the Kennebec, with its history, industry and points of interest, would require more space than can be allotted to a magazine article. The river is rich in historic lore. At its mouth Champlain and De Monts planted the cross and banner of the Fleur-de-lis, in May, 1605, and took possession



THE "OAKLANDS."

where they supped and passed the night. Hawthorne was evidently impressed with the homely furnishings of the country inn. "My own chamber, apparently the best in the house, had its walls ornamented with a small, gilt-framed, foot-square looking-glass, with a hair brush hanging beneath it; a record of the deaths of the

in the name of the king of France. The French had broken ground for colonization at Passamaquoddy in the fall of 1604. Englishmen followed at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607. Neither colony was successful, but the two began the history of New France and New England, and the territory of

future Maine became the theatre of a series of conflicts which ended only when New France was expunged from the map of America by the fall of Quebec in 1759. Ancient Acadia passed nine times between

formed to settle the country around the Sagadahock, as the Kennebec was then known by the English. The organization was called the Plymouth Company. James I. granted it all the territory be-



"BIG SCHOONERS IN THE STREAM."

tween the 35th and 45th degrees of north latitude. Lord Popham and Sir Ferdinando Gorges were prominent members of the company. They fitted out a ship; and two of Weymouth's captives, Deha-

France and England in the period of one hundred and twenty-seven years. In this eventful conquest, the issue of which left North America to the English people, the Indians were important participants, and the valley of the Kennebec was the scene of many bloody affrays.

*The Archangel*, Captain George Weymouth's ship, cast anchor in the river opposite the site of Bath, early in June, 1605. She had been fitted out that spring by the Earl of Southampton, Lord Arundel and others, under the patronage of the crown, and sent to watch the French, rumors of their activity in the new country having reached England. The ship had cruised along the coast from Cape Cod to the Penobscot and back to Boothbay Harbor, where on June 3, off Damariscove Island, five Indian chiefs had been kidnapped. Captain Weymouth had found the "back way" (Sasanoa River) into the Kennebec, and through its troubled waters had towed his vessel. Weymouth and seventeen men rowed up the Kennebec in a boat to the mouth of the Androscoggin, and there planted a cross. Then, on June 16, 1605, Weymouth set sail for England, taking along the Indian captives, in spite of the entreaties of their people, who had followed him to the Kennebec in their canoes.

Weymouth's stories excited such interest in England that a company was

maida and Assecomet, were taken along as guides. The ship sailed from Bristol in 1606, and was captured by the Spanish.

The next year two vessels were fitted out to go to the Sagadahock. One was *The Gift of God*, commanded by George Popham, a brother of Lord Popham; the other was *The Mary and John*, commanded by Raleigh Gilbert, a nephew of Popham. They took out one hundred and twenty "planters" and farming tools. The vessels sailed from Plymouth, May 31, 1607. They sighted Monhegan, July 31, and cruised in shore among the islands in and near Boothbay Harbor, anchoring at the mouth of the Kennebec, August 15. Wednesday, September 23, Captain Gilbert and nineteen men embarked in a shallop from the new fort at the mouth of the river, to "goe for the head of the river." William Strackey, the historian of the voyage, wrote that



THE LOCK IN THE DAM AT AUGUSTA.

"they sailed all this daye and the 24th the like, until six of the clock in the afternoon, when they landed on the river side, where they found a champion land (camping ground), and very fertile, where they remayned all that night; in the morning they departed thence and sayled up the river and came to a flat low island, where ys a great cataract or downfall of water, which runneth by both sides of this island very shoald and swift. . . . They haled their boat with a strong rope through this downfall perforce, and when near a league further up, and here they lay all night; and in the first of the night there called certain savages on the further side of the river unto them in broken English." In the morning a sagamore came across in a canoe, and "called his name Sebenoa, and told us how he was lord of the river Sagadahock." "They entertained him friendly," the historian goes on; but in spite of this it seems that there was some misunderstanding on account of both sides wanting hostages. Captain Gilbert made a display of arms, and that quieted the savages. The party went up the river a few miles further the next day, and inland to a village where they traded with the natives. Then they went back to where they had spent the first night; and "here they sett up a crosse and then returned homeward."

This is the earliest record of a visit of white men above the region of Merry-meeting Bay. It was apparently copied with but few changes from Captain Gilbert's log book made by the scribe of the Popham colony, who was probably one of the party. Some historians have claimed that this trip was up the Androscoggin River, but this theory has been discredited. The plain where the village of Randolph now stands, opposite Gardiner, has been fixed upon as a camping ground most probably selected by the party on its second night. The "flatt lowe island in the midst of a great downfall of water" describes exactly the Kennebec at the place where the Augusta dam now stands, before the peculiar features of the spot were obliterated by the building of the dam. The camping place above was probably Gilley's Point, where many Indian relics have been found. The Indian

village was either in the present town of Sidney or Vassalboro.\*

The story of Captain Popham's death, of the sickness that thinned the ranks of the colonists, and the departure of the survivors for England in the spring, is one of the familiar narratives of America's early history. Three years after the Popham colonists sailed dejectedly out of the river, Father Pierre Biard, a missionary of the Society of Jesus, visited the Kennebec with an expedition under De Biancourt, on a cruise from the eastward along the coast to the western boundary of Acadia, in quest of food for the French colony at Port Royal (now Annapolis, N. S.), founded by De Monts in 1604. He gives in his narrative of this trip a glimpse of scenes on the lower Kennebec two hundred and eighty-three years ago. The vessel came cautiously in by Seguin, and the party landed to inspect the abandoned fort of the English. They were delayed there three days by adverse winds; so, abandoning the purpose of sailing further westward, Biancourt went up the river. After sailing about nine miles they met a party of Indians, twenty-four warriors, in six canoes. "They went through a thousand antics before coming up to us," wrote Father Biard. "You would have likened them to a flock of birds which wishes to enter a hemp field, but fears the scarecrow." "All that night," the good father wrote, "there was nothing but haranguing, singing and dancing" among the Indians who were encamped on the opposite side of the river from where the ship cast anchor, probably on the Woolwich or Arrowsic shore, opposite Bath. "But since we presumed that probably their songs and dances were invocations to the devil," continues the priest, "and in order to thwart this accursed tyrant, I made our people sing a few church hymns, such as *Salve Regina* and *Ave Maria Stella* and others; but being once in train and getting to the end of their spiritual songs, they fell to singing such others as they knew," and when these gave out they took to mimicking the dancing and singing of the Indians.†

\* Blake's History of Kennebec County.

† "Pioneers of France in the New World," by Francis Parkman.



On the morning after the singing and dancing the Indians approached the ship, and made a bargain to conduct De Biancourt to a chief who had corn to trade. They guided him and a crew in a boat out of the Kennebec into the narrow river through which Weymouth had come from Boothbay Harbor five years before. When they came to the Hell Gates, the white men were afraid. Biard wrote: "We thought we should hardly ever escape alive; in fact in two places some of our people cried out piteously that we were all lost; but praise to God they cried too soon."

The party found the chief, whose name was Meteourmite; and while De Biancourt parleyed with him Father Biard said mass in a thicket, and later blessed the children of the savages. An Indian who had been brought from the St. John River by the party acted as interpreter. This was the first Catholic service in Maine, and so far as is known in New England. The spot where stood the rude altar which Father Biard reared is not known, but it was on one of the islands near the Sheepscot River.

The next well-identified visitor to the Kennebec was Captain John Smith, in 1614. He was cruising along the coast trading and fishing.

It was through the devious waterways that lie to the eastward of the lower Kennebec, where the rushing tides so frightened the French, that Samoset, the Indian whose "Welcome, Englishmen," spoken to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, has left his one of the dearest memories of his vanished people, plied the paddle in his birch canoe. He was a Wawenoc, it is thought, and is said to have been carried to England as a captive. He found his way back to his own woods and streams, as did likewise all but one of Weymouth's captives; and in 1623, two years after his famous greeting to the men of Plymouth, he was found at home, as much as wandering Indians can be, at Southport (ancient Cape Newagen), by Captain Christopher Leverett, an Englishman. Samoset showed such a liking for Leverett that he offered his newborn son as a perpetual brother in friendship to the Englishman. The last known of this

noble savage is when he joined a brother chief in deeding to John Brown of New Harbor, afterward of the Kennebec, a tract of land at Pemaquid, July 25, 1625.

The Indians seem never to have given a name to the whole of a river. The portion of the Kennebec below Merry-meeting Bay at the confluence of the Androscoggin was known to the Indians as Sagadahoc. The people in that country were Wawenocs, and their chief was Sasanoa, whose name was given to the narrow river of troubled waters through which excursion steamers now pass daily in summer loaded with people who recite the legends of the place, some of them astonishingly transposed, as the boats pass through the boiling gates and across placid coves and bays.

To Champlain belongs the credit of having named the Kennebec. When he visited it with De Monts in 1605, he explored the river to the mouth of the Androscoggin. His quick ear caught from the Indians a word which he reduced to Quinibequi (or *Kinibeki*), which it seems the savages associated with the monsters they believed caused the waters in the Hell Gates to boil. The word comes from the Algonquin tongue, Kinaibik, meaning serpent.

After the closely grouped visits of the earliest voyagers to the Kennebec but little is heard of explorations there for a decade or more, when Edward Winslow and a few others from the colony at Plymouth went to the river to trade with the Indians. In 1628 they built a trading post at Cushnoc (Augusta), and obtained a deed from their English patrons to four hundred and fifty square miles of land in the Kennebec valley. Captain Charles E. Nash, a Kennebecker, writes of the Cushnoc trading house: "The illustrious men who founded the Plymouth colony came to this place every year for about a third of a century, bringing in their shallops a variety of commodities for the Indian market, and enjoying great profit so long as the supply of beaver skins continued good. Among these traders we discerned the conspicuous presence of Edward Winslow, the colony's resolute business leader. . . . Governor Bradford is recorded to have been on the

river in 1634; and so are John Alden and John Howland. Captain Miles Standish was often here. . . . Governor Prince was also one of those early Kennebeckers; he was commissioned by the colony in 1654 to organize a local government for the pioneers whom the industries of fishing and trading had drawn to the shores of ancient Sagadahoc and Merrymeeting Bay."

The Pilgrims traded in friendship with the Indians for thirty-four years; but in that time the seeds of discord had been blown into the land on winds that favored adventurers, and had taken root. White settlers and traders began to push the savages to the wall; and before long a bloody warfare was begun. One conflict led to another. The French sent priests into the country, and the Indians affiliated with them. England sought to break this bond, and the colony in Massachusetts, growing yearly more powerful, at last offered large sums for the scalps of Indians. Through decades blood flowed along the Kennebec, until at last the original lords of the soil were reduced to a paltry handful of beggars, whose only friends were the Jesuits of Canada.

It was but natural that the persecuted savages should have looked to the black-robed fathers for comfort; for the first white man who had come among them to minister to their needs was a priest of the Jesuit order, Father Gabriel Druillettes, who came from Canada to the Kennebec in 1646. He was the first white man to enter the Kennebec valley from Canada. He reached the Cushnoc trading post in September of the year named, and was kindly received by John Winslow, with whom he tarried as a guest a few days. The father made a trip in a canoe along the coast of Castine, and returning established a mission house at Gilley's Point, a league above Cushnoc. Savages built him a chapel of planks, his record says, which he named "The Mission of the Assumption on the Kennebec." The story of the mission work of this priest is one of noble sacrifice. He was the physician of the sick, the friend of the outcast, the defender of the weak. The Indians loved and revered him, and he gave his whole strength to bettering their con-

dition. He made two journeys to Massachusetts to implore the colony to protect the Kennebec Indians from the incursions of the Mohawks and Iroquois from New York. Though these efforts failed, his work for the Indians redounded to his glory. He was recalled to Canada April 8, 1652, and his mission was abandoned.\*

It was in time of war between France and England over the boundary of Acadia that a successor to Father Druillettes was sent to the Kennebec, in the person of Father Sebastian Rale (also spelled Rasle and Rallé). He was sent for reasons more political than religious; and the story of his patient labors and his massacre at Norridgewock, August 22, 1724, by a party of two hundred and eight men sent out by the colony of Massachusetts, headed by Captain John Harmon, is one of the conspicuous incidents in the history of New England. A price of \$1,000 was paid by the colonial government for the scalp of Father Rale.

Trading on the Kennebec, which had been so profitable for the Plymouth settlers, declined to such an extent that in 1652 the right to trade on the river was leased for £50 a year, and in 1655 the lease was renewed for seven years at £35 a year. October 27, 1661, the patent was sold for £400 to Antipas Boyes, Edward Tyng, Thomas Brattle and John Winslow. From 1661 to 1749 no special efforts were made to settle lands on the Kennebec. In the latter year the heirs of the four purchasers of the patent claimed the Kennebec valley through the deed of 1661. A good part of their claim was legally confirmed. It was through the agency of the Plymouth Company that the valley was finally settled. The company built a fort about a mile above old Fort Richmond, which stood opposite the present site of Richmond village, and called it Fort Shirley, after Governor Shirley. They also built a fort on the site of the Cushnoc trading house at Augusta, which they called Fort Western.

\* Father Druillettes was born in France in 1593. After his retirement from the Kennebec he labored among Canadian Indians, ascending the Saguenay in 1666 in an attempt to reach Hudson's Bay. He went west later in that year with the celebrated Marquette, and labored at Sault Ste. Marie until 1679, when he returned to Quebec and there died on April 8, 1681.

It stood near the spot where the passenger bridge over the river touches the east shore. Fort Shirley stood on what is now Dresden Neck. Here came a few German and French Huguenot families and formed a colony called Frankfort, afterward included in Pownalborough. Their descendants are still found in the old town of Dresden.

But the glory of the Kennebec is not in its past. Men came there seeking fortune, delved, and passed away. They

were of hardy stock, and their children thrived in the land which their fathers had acquired. With the legacy of good blood and a promising country to live in, each generation broadened, until to-day the sons of the Kennebec, through their thrift in developing what was handed down to them, are possessed of a land which, though ice and lumber take the place of the Biblical milk and honey, is as smiling and prosperous a corner as can be found in the length and breadth of the land.



## CAP'N BEN.

*By Alice Brown.*

TWO or three puzzling questions of local history had called me to East Apthorp, a little town among the New England hills; and there I found it necessary to wait in idleness from four in the afternoon until half past seven. Too evidently no yield of external interest should be expected from the irregular collection of dwellings, old enough for quaintness and yet meanly masquerading in modern repairs. There were two box-like churches painted white, with faded green blinds, finished with an ancient fan-fluting at the top; and at the combined store and post-office, so said a terse and bespattered legend in the window, might be found a justice of the peace. The store itself proved to be quite destitute of local flavor. It simply stood, in general terms, for the decay of commerce and the palsy of enterprise. Still, this was emphatically the dull season, and in winter the dingy, dust-begrimed resort might have roused itself to act its appropriate part of an unpremeditated yet powerful caucus. Some village Hampden, sitting upon a sugar barrel, might here taste cheese and hold forth on the tariff and the unattainable; but now, lying in all its bareness under the full flood of June sunshine, it was quite deserted.

Only a very long, spare girl of fourteen, with incredibly thin legs, encased in "rail-road" stockings, stood in the doorway, tying her hair ribbons and meditatively taking in the cut of my jacket.

No food for the imagination was on sale from these arid shelves: here was no plot for culling fancy's bloom; and I took my way along the narrow street, lined with its garnished flower-beds. Past the schoolhouse, vocal with a rattling fire of "spelling in concert," I went to a little hill just beyond, where a few scattered gravestones stood up like unregarded stumps against the quivering blue. An old, old man was coming my way, wheeling a barrow laden with a large, old-fashioned clock. He looked the modern and prosaic vision of Father Time.

"Is that the cemetery?" I asked, since it is good to ignore an obvious fact for the sake of social exchange.

"Hey?" he called, stopping and putting his hand to his ear. "I'm a little hard o' hearin'. The cemet'ry's down there. That's nothin' but the old buryin'-ground. Cemet'ry's down in that holler. Peek round the corner o' that L, an' you'll get a view on't."

I did peek, and saw an arid field, treeless, flowerless, marked by a few glaring

gravestones baking in the sun. I turned to follow out my growing purpose. God's-acre lay on the hill.

"So your clock needs repairing?" I volunteered, by way of a parting remark.

"Hey?" called Father Time. "Clock? I'm carryin' it down to Bill Williams. A man come along, two weeks ago, an' he witched with it till we don't none on us know when to get up nor go to bed. You know Bill? Well, he's easy as Tilly; an' if I should leave this clock with him, I might whistle for my pains. I'm goin' to set right by an' not stir till he tackles it."

These remarks were shouted out in an alarming *crescendo*, as I retreated, and I could not help wondering if Bill lived near, and whether he kept open windows and would not take advantage of the warning to hie him to the fields.

There was no path up the hill to the old burying-ground. The June grasses made a sea of bloom over what had once been the winding way trodden by many true mourners; and I set my feet reverently among the clover and daisies, and began climbing the little slope. This, to the eye late accustomed to city streets, seemed the garden of the year; and three bobolinks sang with reckless lack of unison and a delight audacious even in June, from the stakes set up to repair the lichened picket fence. The headstones proved to be gray with age, moss-covered and eaten by frost and rain. Most of them were of slate, and had crumbled in layers; but now and then one moderately well preserved displayed above the conquering grasses a trefoil-curved top and the head or wing of strangely deformed and melancholy cherubs. But there were no dates. The entire spot had become, in a fashion never intended by those who set its limits, the monument of human decay and nothingness.

At the highest point of all stood a small wooden bench, and thereon sat a man, his hands lightly folded on one overalled knee. I made up my mind, in the moment of approach, that he was an oldest inhabitant, and should be interrogated. As I neared him, a strange familiarity about the scene made itself tantalizingly apparent. Then memory came to my aid; there *was* a resemblance, and I

could translate it. This graveyard looked the very counterpart of another, down by the sea; and on the little bench in that other ground, seafaring men were wont to sit and muse the while they watched the boats at their dreaming and dancing.

"May I sit down with you and rest?" I called.

The little old man turned about with a start.

"Sartain you shall," he responded, with ready cordiality, moving along and brushing away some stray wisps of grass that had evidently formed the occupation of an idler moment. "Set right down! Why, I don't know's I've ever seen you round in these parts afore."

While I was recalling my breath, I looked at him. Such a slender, boyish old man, and so exquisitely neat, albeit in threadbare clothing. His face was marked delightfully with smiling wrinkles, save about the brow, where lay the strenuous, patient lines of care and thought. His eyes were of a strange, bright blue, intensified by that keen and penetrating quality seen in the ordinary glance of sailors, to whom life is a post of lookout for danger and wreck. But, above all, how blue they were! they seemed to reflect and exaggerate the hue of his tidy blue jumper. He was clean-shaven, except for a line of thin, sandy whisker under his chin, and his scanty locks grew fine and light.

"I guess you don't live round here?" he repeated, smiling.

"No, indeed," said I. "I came to look up something in your town records, and I find I should have gone to Apthorp Centre instead."

"Yes, yes, that's the township. They've got the better on us there, but our'n's the oldest settlement. You know why they put this buryin'-ground up so high?"

"No."

"Injuns!" he said triumphantly. "The meetin'-house was in the middle on't, an' they used to go to meetin' with their muskets, an' set lookin' out for squalls while old Priest Winterbottom was haulin' 'em over the coals. Some changes sence them days!"

"I should say there were! But there is something so odd to me about this

little hill. I feel as if there ought to be a view of the sea from this point, right over there where the pine woods lie."

His face surprised me in its sheer and sudden delight.

"Do tell!" he exclaimed. "Is that a fact? Why, now, I never heard anybody say so afore, but that's what I come up here for. I come up every day 'long about six bells, — you'd say three o'clock, — an' I r'ally feel as if I was on deck."

"Then you are a sailor!" I exclaimed. "I knew it the moment I saw you."

If there was a superlative degree to the little man's pleasure, he certainly looked it at that moment.

"Did you study out that?" he said. "Well, you're a bright one. I guess you've been a good deal of a traveller yourself. Folks don't lay up much calculation settin' mumped up inside the house."

"I have been in Europe," I answered modestly.

"Ever been to South Ameriky?"

"No."

"Queer folks there! queer creatur's! Why, there's a creatur' they keep for ketchin' cattle on the prairies — them great plains, you know — they call 'em pampers. Well, this creatur's long an' narrer, an' a good deal like a kangaroo, except he's got his long legs in front. An' so he goes kitin' along, hippity-hop when he's walkin', an' jest like the wind when he's het up. Well, if they want to kill two or three beef-creatur's there, they untie him an' start him arter a herd, an' he goes like a ball out of a gun, an' he bites fust one in the throat an' then another, an' comes leapin' back in a circle; an' they have to hold a bag open to ketch him in, or he'd lay 'em all flat afore him, his keeper 'n' all. But they're dretful fond of their keepers, them creatur's be."

"I shouldn't think they could jump so far if their forelegs were longest," I began.

"They do," he said briefly, and I felt reproved. Still, I did venture to ask: —

"But how does the animal know how many cattle to kill?"

"Oh, the keeper's got a kind of a signal he calls him by. I never give much

heed to it myself, but it's some o' them queer outlandish words. I don't jestly remember the creatur's name, either. Yes, I do. Law, yes! The cheewhang, that's what it is! The cheewhang! Was you ever in a storm at sea?"

"No, not what you sailors would call a storm. I've been out in a capful of wind; that's what you say, isn't it?"

"I guess that's pretty nigh. Well, you'd ought to see it. Waves mountains high, all froth on top! An' then there's birds, great birds with white wings, swoopin' round an' hollerin' like all possessed. Jest like a woman screamin'. Scairt to death they be — or mebbe they like it! An' ye don't know which is sky an' which sea. But if you've got a good tight taut vessel, O how she rides! it's like bein' on top of an elephant that flies like a hawk!"

His blue eyes gleamed as a blade glances in the sun. They sought the pine woods with such fierceness of longing, as if the waving tops were indeed the sea, and he an exile.

"What was your worst, your nearest hairbreadth 'scape?" I asked, with the veneration of one to whom great waters are marvellous, and they who conquer them among the kings of story.

"Did you ever hear of a man's fallin' off the top-mast at dead of night an' bein' picked up the next arternoon about four o'clock, eight bells?"

He asked it defiantly, his tone challenged contradiction.

"No! tell me about it."

"It was the blackest night that ever fell. Still, 'twas moderatin'. That was the only decent thing about it. This man was sent up into the riggin', an' he found 'twas all of a glare of ice. I s'pose a landsman would ha' said he hadn't ought to gone — ought to been in his bed," he interpolated, with a short, scornful laugh. "But a sailor has to do what's set afore him. Well, the vessel give an awful pitch, an' somehow or nuther — I never jestly knew how — he let go his holt, an' down he went. Well the vessel was goin' twenty knots an hour — know how much a knot is?"

"No," said I humbly. "Tell me, please."

"Was goin' twenty knots an hour, an' you'd a thought 'twould ha' been all over with him. But he fell right ahead o' the ship. D'ye see? An' fust he knew, when he come up out o' the water, her figgerhead struck him — 'twas a mermaid, if I recollect rightly — an' he ketched holt, an' drewed himself up."

"How strange! how almost impossible! What could he hold by?"

"Well, ye see, in them days they used to build a ship with long iron spikes stickin' out all over her, like a hog's bristles on a brush; so if anybody fell over they could ketch holt, an' hang on, wherever they happened to be. Now there was a whole row o' spikes on that figgerhead, an' that sailor he hil on to one an' sort o' sod down on another, an' there he stuck till he could ketch the cap'n's eye. But 'twan't till 'long in the arternoon that they lowered somebody down to scrape the barnacles off the figgerhead, an' then the cap'n found out somebody was there. My! wa'n't he done up! But he eat plum-duff for supper. The cap'n ordered it for him special, an' served out grog all round to celebrate."

"You were the man?"

"I don't name no names," he said, with a rare modesty; "but if the man's alive and well to-day, I guess he'd tell the story pretty much as I do."

"And what is plum-duff? A kind of boiled pudding?"

"Well," said he cautiously, "I never made any myself; but you put in cinnamon an' nutmeg an' a little clove, an' see it's cooked through. I tell *you* it tastes master good when you're settin' round arter your watch, in clear, calm weather, an' Davy Jones has got fish to fry somers else."

Here I knew was a conserver of old-time legend and belief. Would it be strange if he had seen a mermaid at her glass, or caught the gleam of a trident through some foaming wave?

"Tell me about the sea-serpent!" I ventured.

His eyes softened into a look of even solemn mystery.

"The great sea-snake!" he said, in a low tone. "Now I wonder what put it

into your head to ask that! There's mighty few men have come across it an' lived to tell the tale. Mighty few! You see, he lives down at the bottom there, miles an' miles below. Lord knows what he lives on! Not plum-duff, — I'll warrant that! But there he is, all twisted round and round in some holler. Why, you know there's up and downs there, hills and valleys, jest as there is above ground! An' he don't rise oftener'n once in fifty year, or mebbe less. But some day a ship goes down plank into the middle of him, or somethin' blows up underneath an' sends him kitin'. An' then you see him. An' some say it's a sign o' death an' judgment; but I dunno — I dunno! It's my belief we've got to live out our 'p'inted time."

"But when did you see him?"

"It was 'way back in '43," he began, dreamily, — and I felt that now at last I was no longer visible to his bodily eye. "Says the cap'n to me, 'Mr. Townsend,' says he, 'you've got good eyes. Ain't that a waterspout over there on the 'rizon?' I put up my hand so, an' made a holler for my eye, an' looked. 'No,' says I, 'it ain't that, but it looks to me like a tidal wave, an' it's comin' right on.' I guess you never see jest sech a man as that cap'n. He wa'n't afraid o' God nor the devil, an' he clapped on all sail an' steered that way. An' if you'll believe it, what we made out arter we got nigh enough was a whale — I ventur' to say he was half a mile long — an' the sea-serpent; and them two were fightin'." Well, I can't jestly tell how it looked. The whale he'd charge at the serpent like an old ram, an' the serpent he tried to coil round him; but the whale was so slippery with oil, he couldn't stick when he got coiled. But he kep' a strikin' out at the whale, an' the sea was bright red, for the blood poured like rain. The snake he see us fust — I've often thought them creatur's had eyes in the back o' their head — an' drewed off; an' then he dove right down under the ship, an' that was the last view we had o' him. I don't rightly know how long he was, but he was nigh on to five minutes gettin' all his len'th down an' the tail stayed thrashin' the water, arter that."

"And the whale?" I asked, in sad credulity. Was there another such purveyor of yarns in whom I could have believed? I thought not. Yet absolute conviction lay in the sincerity of those blue eyes and the sweetness of the kindly mouth. For a moment he chewed an intangible cud, and then again he took up the story.

"The whale, he hung round for more'n ten minutes. He didn't rightly know what to do with himself, an' he couldn't make out why the snake backed down. Whales ain't got much gumption. You know what hins be compared with other birds. Well, a whale's a hjn among reptiles. Mebbe a boat'll be goin' along stiddy, givin' trouble to nobody, an' fust you know there'll be a whale swimmin' right acrost her bows, jest as a hin makes up her mind to cross the road the minute a wagon heaves in sight. Sometimes they git run into, an' sometimes they don't. Well, that whale hung round nigh onto ten minutes, till we got out the boats an' pulled arter him. We hitched a rope round him, and towed him behind the ship for up'ards of a week, feedin' him on orts. An' then we put a couple of shots into him. We got seven hundred barrels of oil out o' that one haul."

"You didn't harpoon him?"

"Couldn't! Hadn't no harpoon on board. You see we was jest comin' home from Siam with a cargo o' parrots. That's a handsome sight as ever you see, a parrot ship! When you're takin' 'em on sech a long v'y'ge you jest bring 'em up, fair days, an' hitch 'em to the riggin'; an' there they set, all green and gold and purple, ketchin' flies, an' talkin' all languages to once."

"And if it storms?"

"Oh, it don't storm none to speak of, in them waters. But when it does, why, you jest put 'em into their coops down below. My, ain't they seasick when they come aboard! I've al'ays said, an' I'll stick to it, a parrot's the nighest a human you can get. I take it his inside riggin' is, too, or he couldn't talk so nat'ral."

"How about monkeys?"

"Well, I don't take much stock in monkeys myself. But they've got their uses. Why, most any day down in Cen-

tral Ameriky you can see Injuns crossin' on a bridge of 'em from one side of a river to the other. Hangin' bridge, you know! Didn't you use to have a pictur' of a hangin' bridge in your g'ography? Well, I did in mine; but I little thought, in them days, I should see a bridge all complete, made out o' monkeys holdin' on to one another's tails to make a kind of a chain. They hate to do it, but the Injuns pay em artewards in nuts."

So the talk went on in a jewelled yet shadowy pageant. I do not think we touched on

"antres vast and deserts idle,  
... the cannibals that each other eat,  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

but that was only because time was a niggard, and the sun would not loiter, not that knowledge on the one side and desire on the other had flagged or failed. I regret now that I did not ask him, this all-knowing one, if he had hobnobbed with Sir Francis Drake, or had received the freedom of Manoa, the Golden City, before yet the greed of man had cast its lustful glance that way. For, knowing how often experience transcends belief, I refuse to doubt what enthusiasm sets before me. The place was exceeding still, fit refuge for the forgotten dead; and with the lengthening shadows even a deeper silence settled upon it, in token of a deeper peace. The moment was near when, as at a definite turning of the tide of life, the sun withdraws and shadows lie softly brooding. The very serenity was insistent; it recalled me to the need of action as silence wakens after sound.

"My train!" I cried. "It is almost time. I must not lose it."

He too awoke with a start from the dream of his remembering.

"Bless you! how time flies when there's good company!" he said, with a whimsical and kindly glance. "I dunno when I've spent such a sociable arternoon. If ever you come this way ag'in — well, I don't s'pose you ever will!"

I did not suppose so either; but for the sake of riveting again the link or thorough understanding between us, I fervently hoped I should. I held out my hand.

"Tell me your name," I said.

"Townsend," he replied, smiling into my eyes.

"Captain Townsend?"

"That's what they call me," he answered, straightening a little with evident pride. "Cap'n Ben."

I sped down the blossomy slope, so soon to be freshened by the dews of night, and where empty clover-cups stood ready to be refilled, under cover of darkness, for the tippling of the honey-hunting bee. Through the street below came Father Time, wheeling his barrow, but without his clock.

"So you didn't get it mended!" I called in passing.

"Hey?" he began. It seemed to be his usual form of apostrophe. "No; Bill, he talked me out on't. Said he'd got to reg'late it. I sha'n't see that clock ag'in for a month o' Sundays. An' so I told him. *She'll* be in an awful stew; but ye can't do no more'n ye can, an' Bill's a smart workman, on'y git him at it. Didn't I see you settin' up on that bench there 'long o' Cap'n Ben?"

"Yes. When did he take his last voyage?"

The old man set down his wheelbarrow, and gave a snort of extreme emotion. The moments were going, but I was forced to linger.

"V'y'ge!" he repeated with a scorn which I at once translated as not for Cap'n Ben, but for me. "He never set

foot on a boat, an' never put his eyes on the sea but once in his life. He's my age, though he don't look it, an' I know him, egg an' bird. He was al'ays possessed to run away an' go to sea; an' when he was fifteen he done it. But his mother had a kind of a stroke the day arter he went, an' his father put arter Ben an' brought him back jest as the vessel was goin' to sail. And then his father died, an' his mother was a paralytic, an' his two sisters growed kind o' pindlin' an' they'd cry an' take on every time Ben mentioned salt water. I ventur' he never stayed out so late arter supper as he is to-night. I guess you must ha' kind o' bewitched him! Well, as I was sayin', his mother's dead now, an' one sister; but Mary — that's t'other one — she's alive, an' I'll be beat if she ain't bed-rid, too! So he tinkers for the folks round here, an' does the housework. He's a master hand for clearin' up. But somehow or nuther it's beat into him he's been to sea, an' what he hain't read out o' books he makes up, as fast as he can speak. We begun to call him Cap'n Ben 'long about fifty year ago; an' now there ain't many left but what thinks the name belongs to him. Well, I dunno as he's to blame for goin' on so. He don't mean no harm, an' it's real to him. Look here, you, ain't that your train? You'll have to clip it! Scooch down under that fence, an' run, an' I'll holler to 'em to hold on!"





## A NEW BIRTH IN THE CITY AND THE STATE.

*By Raymond L. Bridgman.*

"PEACE hath her victories no less than war;" but they cost something, and if they are not won the public good suffers, as it does after the defeat of the nation's army in battle. The infamous corruption which has been exposed in New York, the scathing charges which have been made by the Municipal League of Boston against the Boston city government, and the existence of legislative incompetence and dishonor in city, state and nation are only the inevitable outcome of conditions which have a chronic existence and which will be as potent in the future as they have been in the past unless something is done to prevent them more than to punish the criminals. The causes of municipal corruption and of legislative incompetence and dishonesty are not inherent in our system of government above other systems. They can be removed under our present system. The fault is in the people themselves. If the laws were changed in order to prevent the recurrence of these evils, while the people do not change their attitude toward political affairs, the laws might as well not have been changed at all. But if the people reform their own practices, as is imperative if there is to be any improvement in our municipal and state governments, whether under the present or other system, then the main part of the task will be accomplished. The fault is not in the present laws so much as in the attitude of the people toward public office and the pursuit of other concerns than the public good.

Let us consider some broad facts which sustain this position. The first essential one is that when the law-abiding people of the community are determined to have clean government they do have it. When the public spirit is aroused, when the men of leadership, honesty and ability take the bits in their teeth and say, by their concert of action and their

energy and persistency in effort, "This thing must stop," it does stop. If it did not, then our republic had better be abolished and a despot set up to reign over us. But the overthrow of the Tweed ring in New York, followed, after a more scandalous and widespread prevalence of corruption, by the recent significant overthrow of Tammany, proves that when the leaders of the business, social and intellectual realms put their wills to it, they can lead in the realm of politics as competently. This is the first essential fact to be set down, — that if any community in our country wants good government it can have it. It follows that, if they do not have it, the blame is the people's own, and the consequences which they are forced to pay in the form of having criminals for judges, policemen and administrative officials in general are fully deserved; they can ask no sympathy nor expect outside interference.

The next essential fact is that the element in the cities and states which is best able to rule and which, in the moral condition of the people, is under obligation to rule, does not rule, but abdicates its high duty and wilfully and deliberately abandons the government to the ignorant or inexperienced and dishonest classes.

By the Massachusetts census of 1885, which is the latest state census with the statistics available, there were 442,616 voters in the state, but the vote for governor in that year was only 209,668, while in the following presidential election of 1888 the total vote for all parties was only 344,243, or over 100,000 short of the number of voters in that year. According to the Massachusetts census for 1885, the number of polls was 29.24 per cent of the population, the voters were 22.79 per cent of the population, and the voters were 77.93 per cent of the polls. But according to the figures for 1890 the registered vote was only 17+ per cent of the total population. The vote cast was

only 12.7 per cent of the total population, and only 75— per cent of the registered vote. The vote cast in 1894 for governor was between 13 and 14 per cent of the population, estimating the increase of people from 1890 to 1894 by the increase from 1885 to 1890. According to the statistics for Boston at the last election, only about two thirds of the poll-taxpayers registered their votes, over 50,000 not being on the list. Making allowance for those who were not entitled to vote, still there must have been many thousands who might have voted if they had chosen.

These figures relate to the general indifference on the part of the people as a whole. But there are other pertinent facts which cannot be reduced to statistics and can be given only as matters of observation. It is not too much to charge the most active business men of our cities with a general neglect of political duty, except on election day, and too frequently even then. They may give the necessary hour once a year for casting their vote ; they may attend some political meetings ; they may make some contributions to the fund of their state committee. But these matters occupy little time. If the duty of a good citizen consists in these acts alone, it is quickly discharged and with little thought and no material sacrifice on the part of the citizens. They cast their votes, or give their money, and then seem to suppose that they have done all which a good citizen can possibly be asked to do. But the serious fact is that the city or the state has the right to the thought, the careful consideration and the service of its best citizens. These dues are not paid. Because they are not, because the honest and able men suffer the dishonest and the incompetent to hold the public offices, from which they might easily be kept at the outset, the present evils of corrupt and ignorant administration have grown up. Unfortunately for this discussion, no exact comparison of facts is possible. No two persons would agree as to who were the leading citizens. But yet there can be no question of the truth that the leading citizens are not members of the common councils of our cities, nor, with few exceptions, of the boards of aldermen.

Certainly it is true that the cities, taking Massachusetts cities as examples, do not send to the state legislatures their men of ripest experience in affairs and of the soundest and most approved judgment in business and political concerns. It may be ungenerous to discriminate against the public servants who are at present in these honorable bodies, but this at least is true, that whenever there is published in the daily papers a list of the prominent citizens of Boston who are lending their names and money to some good cause, whether relief of the Johnstown sufferers, or a testimonial to a deceased distinguished bishop, or a reception to some much-heralded visitor from abroad, the names which represent the brains, capacity, public spirit or commercial character of Boston do not include, except as they are few and far between, the present members of either branch of the city government or either branch of the state legislature. Very likely a considerable proportion of these citizens have been in public life some time, but it was when they were younger, when they were ambitious, when they were climbing the ladder of fortune or fame to find that place which Webster told them of long ago, where there was plenty of room. But, having served their term, not for the public good, but for their personal advantage, they acknowledge no call of duty, it would seem, compelling them to give something of value to the public, instead of fastening themselves upon the public for their private gain. They leave the public offices to other men, young as they once were, men "on the make" financially or politically, as they once were (not necessarily in a corrupt, but only in a selfish sense), men who will scorn to serve the public further when they have acquired some experience which qualifies them to render better service than ever, men who will use for their gain hereafter the honor which they have received from the public.

It is perfectly true that the greatest of our modern problems of government is the government of our large cities. If our system threatens to break down anywhere it is at the point of city administration. The cities govern the country. New York city controls the politics of

New York state, and it is the first time when in the most important single factor in our national politics. Massachusetts cities govern the country better as far as regards to state politics of education. The members from the rural districts are a comparatively small force upon the general issues. It is in our cities where the views of our government center, and it is upon the leaders of thought and business in the cities that the attention now, more than upon any other class in the state, is fixed. It is to the shame of the criminals that they are vain, — and that is shameful enough, but it is the shame of the honest and able people that they submit to be governed by criminals, — and that is *van* more shameful. Instead of denouncing the criminals who govern our cities, the decent citizens ought first to put the criminals out of office, and then upbraid themselves and repent in sackcloth and ashes.

It has been the privilege of the writer to observe the Massachusetts legislature for many years, and the evils set forth have been clearly evident there. To the general truth regarding the house of representatives there are some exceptions, but only few comparatively, and the case can be fairly treated without considering the exceptions. As a broad truth, the members from the cities, especially from Boston, have not been in late years the leading citizens, the men who represent in their own persons what is ablest, most honest and most public-spirited in the city. This can be easily demonstrated without being too personal and without pulling down any man from his proper relative position in the community. Let the inquirer take the Manual for the General Court, as the writer has done, for the last fifteen years and scan the names from Boston in the senate and house of representatives. Not only is the point here contended for abundantly shown in the light of the fact; but, what is also of vital importance in this connection, it appears that the character of the delegation from Boston has greatly and sadly deteriorated within the last fifteen years,

that the governing process is still going on, and that the condition of the city delegation will soon be materially worse than it is now, if there is not an instant reversal of the present tendency.

One of the first hundred citizens of Boston in business and administrative ability, a moderate fortune ought at least to be in the public service in the common council, in the board of aldermen, in the state senate and in the house of representatives. Opinions would differ as to who should be included in such a group. A charitable judgment may well be exercised in this criticism of the people of Boston for their neglect of their political duties. Certainly there are some members, beginning with the year 1880, who would not be included by any one in the best one hundred of the city for high standing and conspicuous administrative ability, but who were able business men and honest and competent legislators. Judging the Boston delegation by this standard, and including professional men, lawyers and physicians among the business class, there were in the Boston delegation for that year from twenty to twenty-five men who might well be included among the desirable men to have in legislative life. In 1881 and 1882 the proportion was fully as great, perhaps slightly greater. In 1883 and 1884 it was material, though smaller. In 1885 there were some excellent names, yet the mantle of charity cannot be made broad enough honestly to include as large a proportion as in the years before. The decline appears distinctly in numbers in that year. Since then it has been rapidly progressing. The manifest danger of personalities and the room for difference of judgment prevent saying how many such men are to be counted in the succeeding years; but it is safe to say that if the inquirer will read through the list and mark those who deservedly and by general consent would stand in the list of Boston's first hundred of administrative, representative men (or even four hundred, if any one chooses to regard that notorious and ridiculous number), he will find the total disappointingly and shamefully small.

Now this refusal of the best men to stand for public office cannot be remedied by any reform in the caucus law, nor by the Australian system of voting, nor by proportional representation nor any other recently accomplished or now proposed change in our election methods. If these men would stand for office, there is no doubt that the managing politicians would be overjoyed to strengthen their tickets by the use of their well-known and influential names. By so much would the prestige of the political manager be increased,—the manager who is working for the success of his party and not for his personal enrichment from the public purse. The mass of the voters would be rejoiced to vote for candidates of whose honesty and ability they felt certain. For such men, at least, they would vote with confidence and without feeling, as some have felt at no far-back election, that either silence or apology was the only course to pursue regarding some men who were upon the party ticket with the indorsement of the party machine. Beyond question there is still so much virtue among the people that if one of these best citizens would stand for office the managers and the people would be so well pleased that a questionable candidate against him in his own party would have no chance of success in comparison.

Some of the proposed electoral reforms have an objectional side and do not appeal to approval in that respect. The purpose of some of their supporters seems to be to make it impossible for the well-to-do to keep control of politics without coming into too close contact with the ragged and filthy voters against whom they have been compelled to brush in the past. This spirit is intolerable, whether or not the reform proposed has other merits which entitle it to adoption. Never ought it to be the object of a change in the election laws to relieve any voter of his duty, or to give him further advantage, if he is now on a perfect equality with every other voter in his ward. So far as any proposed legislation contains the seeds of class distinctions, it is to be opposed as hostile to the equality of all citizens before the law.

It is a common remark that these men of first-rate ability in business and administration have so much to do that they cannot give their time to the public. If any one of them is in such condition that his services are essential to the support of his family, so that he could not accept public office without bringing suffering upon his dear ones, then his excuse would be sufficient in time of peace and other men not being so situated. But any such excuse for a man of the class in question would be absurd. Then it becomes a question of how much the man is willing to sacrifice of his luxury and prospective gain of comforts which are not necessities in order to discharge his duty to the body politic which is doing continually for him more than he is for it. When the exigencies of war were upon the country, men whose presence was essential to their families adjusted their affairs, left their loved ones to the kindness of friends, went to the front, and there sacrificed not only time and labor and comfort but life for the republic. But it is only good government and eternal vigilance in peace which saves the city and nation from danger, or even war itself. How much better to keep the government at its best by a constant small sacrifice than to be obliged to give largely in times of threatened revolution to maintain it inviolate!

It is not unreasonable to demand of the ablest men in the community that they give of their thought and time for the good of the state. Under the present conditions of service the withdrawal from business would not be total. The representative who lives close by the seat of government is always convenient to his business. He can always keep his hand on the helm. He can give more of the work to his associates and subordinates for the few months that the state would require his experience and time for its service. At the close of his term he would resume control in full once more with the gratification of knowing that by his small sacrifice, comparatively, some incompetent man had been prevented from wasting the state's resources and leading legislation in a wrong direction, that some dishonest man had been kept away from the public treasury, and that

he had earned the gratitude of his fellow citizens. When these men of first standing wish to close their business life, it is possible to adjust affairs accordingly. When they face death in the midst of their labors, they can adapt their affairs to the dread necessity. How much more practicable, then, is it for them to arrange their business so that they can hold public office for two or three years, to take it up again! No, the excuse for these men is not good. Their duty to the public is greater than to their private affairs. Their service is due to the state, as truly in peace as in war, though the exigency may not be as great.

The case against the best citizens (we call them best, not because they do the most for the good of the body politic, but because in their pursuit of business to the neglect of their public duties they have been successful, because they are otherwise of good character and because they are liberal with the means which they have gained) is stronger in connection with the city government than in connection with the state legislature. Indeed, it would be a surprise to the public as well as to the man himself to suggest that such a one, naming a strong representative of this class, should be a candidate for the common council. That board is left for the young men, for those who are ambitious to rise in politics or in their profession, to men who want the chance to use the body as a debating society to give themselves practice in oratory, to men who want the chance it offers for corrupt gain, to men who have small personal stake or responsibility in their official action, to men who want to use it as a stepping-stone to the legislature or higher political honor. The case is but little better regarding the board of aldermen. Now, it is a safe rule in the preferment of men to public office, that if they seek the office for the honor, that is, if they are not of the character in themselves to earn and hold as high honor in private life as in public, then they ought not to be given the office; for then they are getting out of the public something for which they are unworthy and which is more than they can give in return. It is by electing to the office men who seek it

because they think it confers honor upon them, rather than by electing only those who from their high private character and ability bring honor to the office, that the office has become degraded in the public estimation. This is natural and inevitable. It is in consequence of this lamentable error on the part of the public that so many have come to look upon politics as dirty business, with which no decent citizen should have any contact. The men who have already earned their honor from the public by their proved ability in administration and by their years of trial of honesty are the men to be insisted upon for candidates for the legislative branches of our city governments. With such men in office there would be no such scandals in New York as have shocked the world and have in a more quiet way been circulated regarding both branches of the Boston city government. It is a noble and public-spirited thing to belong to the Boston Municipal League, or to the similar leagues in the country. It proves devotion to the public good and it advertises to the world that the member is an active citizen in the pursuit of rascals in office. But if the members of the league would serve the public in a harder and humbler capacity as members of the common council and board of aldermen, there would be no need of the Municipal League.

In the legislature, especially in recent years, there has been a noticeable scarcity of representative business men in the city delegations. The practice in the rural districts is different from that in the cities, and more of the best men are elected proportionally from the country towns. But it is the cities, by their numbers and by the great proportion of legislation which they continually demand, which dominate the legislature. It is the city delegations which are conspicuously weak in comparison with the ideal delegations which they might send; and it is in the cities that a new baptism of unselfish public spirit is imperative for the cause of good government.

In conclusion, it is to be emphasized that the root of modern municipal corruption is not to be cut off by legislation. Reform, complete and permanent,

is possible under present laws. It can come only through voluntary and persistent effort on the part of the citizens of the individual city. No new laws can improve the situation unless the people reform themselves; and if the people only exercise their present power and discharge their present duty, new laws are not needed. A voluntary, thorough re consecration to the public good is imperative. This is the essential truth for the men to realize who have it in their power to accomplish a peaceful revolution. By the neglect of the so-called best citizens political offices have become degraded and lacking in honor. By their

neglect large sums have been taken from the city treasuries. By their failure to attend to the public concerns, even in a selfish way, the atmosphere of City Hall has become loaded with foulness. By their pursuit of private gain to the neglect of their public relations, the criminal classes have gone far to make themselves the political rulers of the people. Personal reform in the solitude of the closet, followed by combination and concentrated action in public, will restore honest, competent government; and by persistence in the righteous work triumph of the criminals over the law-abiding will be forever impossible.



## IN THE CROWD.

*By Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

HERE in the crowded city's busy street,  
 Swayed by the eager, jostling, hasting throng,  
 Where traffic's voice grows harsher and more strong,  
 I see within the stream of hurrying feet  
 A company of trees in their retreat,  
 Dew-bathed, dream-wrapped, and with a thrush's song  
 Imparadising all the place, along  
 Whose paths I hear the pulse of Beauty beat.

'Twas yesterday I walked beneath the trees ;  
 To-day I tread the city's stony ways ;  
 And still the spell that o'er my spirit came  
 Turns harshest sounds to shy bird ecstasies,  
 Pours scent of pine through murky chimney haze,  
 And gives each careworn face a woodland frame.



## HENRI REGNAULT.

*By Walter Gilman Page.*



NE of the noteworthy examples of French art which Boston is fortunate in possessing is the large picture in the Museum of Fine Arts painted by Henri Regnault, entitled "Automédon." The artistic merits of this brilliant work have been fully appreciated by critics and the public, though little is known of the gifted painter beyond the fact that he came to an untimely end as a defender of his country against the invading Prussians. Yet the simple story of his too brief career is most interesting, and one knowing it cannot help feeling the personality of the artist mingling with the products of his talent and labor.

Few young artists have left behind them such full and ample proofs both of genius and character, — the first through many works of the highest merit, the last through letters written to family and friends. These letters, almost constituting a journal of Regnault's life, were written with no *arrière-pensée* as regards publicity, but were simply just such epistles as any young man of high and noble impulses would write to those who stood nearest and dearest to him. Being of such an intimate character, they give an exact idea of his habits of thought and his artistic tendencies; they picture him as he was. Reading them, we find him invariably enthusiastic when commencing a picture, discontented when it approached completion, always severe in his criticisms upon his own achievements, — for, in spite of his efforts and progress, he remained very far from his ideals. We are certain that his future would have been brilliant and that he was destined to high position at the head of contemporary French art.

Henri Regnault was born in Paris, October 30, 1843. He was second son of M. Victor Regnault, a distinguished

member of the Academy of Sciences and for twenty-five years director of the Sèvres Manufactory. Henri manifested artistic tastes at a very early age, and the Jardin des Plantes, then as now a favorite resort for the *bonnes* and their charges, afforded him material for his first studies in drawing. He would spend his whole time while in the garden watching the animals, and when taken home devoted himself to making sketches, reproducing from memory the lions and tigers in a manner which showed an extraordinary spirit of observation and perseverance in a child of five years. It is worthy of remark that he refused, even at this age, to copy anything from the flat, trusting entirely to his memory in drawing what interested him. During his school and college life he showed such a predilection for drawing as to cause his father some disquietude; for he wished his son to acquire a good education before he entered upon what was to be, without doubt, his chosen vocation in life, — and so it was arranged that art was not to interfere. Henri readily acquiesced in his father's views, and kept in restraint his natural inclinations until, graduating in 1859 with high honors, he was at liberty to follow his tastes and entered the studio of Lamothe, a pupil of Ingres, where he made rapid progress.

In May, 1862, we find him competing for the *Prix de Rome*, and though he did not obtain the prize, the jury awarded him a medal. In 1864 he made his *début* at the Salon, with two half-length life-size portraits. Again in 1865 he competed for the *Prix de Rome*, with the same result as before. But his was a nature not easily discouraged. At this early period of his career began the change which comes at one time or another to every artist.

French art as taught in the schools during this period was still under an influence which was distasteful in the



AUTOMÉDON WITH THE HORSES OF ACHILLES.

IN POSSESSION OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

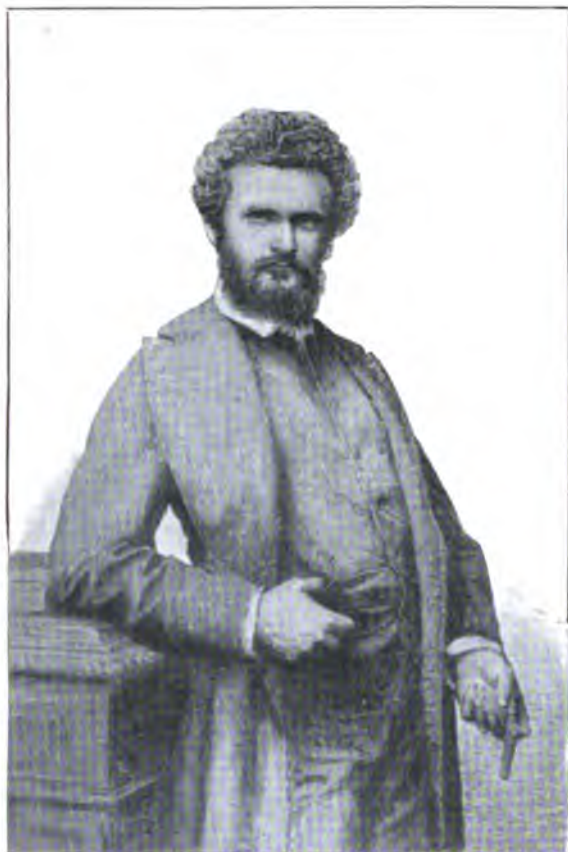
extreme to the ardent individuality. Regnault's artistic soul was torn between the school and his own inclination for truth, light and life; in this he showed himself more a follower of Delacroix than a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts*. Writing to a friend, he expresses his feelings at this critical period as follows:—

"Yes, I am endeavoring to make a place for myself in my profession; but I believe I am in a state of great uncertainty. I have arrived at a point where entire worlds, hitherto concealed from view, appear before me, when the masses of cloud which covered the mountain tops are dissipated, and when the shadows of the abysses become luminous; it is a moment when one for a long time blind sees all at once prodigious vistas, and

feels a sense of suffocation through a too vivifying and abundant air. This is my experience. I discover too many things at once, and my eyes have not become accustomed to so much light."

Once more we find him in the competition for the *Prix de Rome*; and this time fortune favored him, though not without his passing many hours heavy with discouragement. At the beginning of the *concours* he worked with ardor, but soon becoming discontented with his composition and himself, he seemingly abandoned the contest. One evening toward the end of the competition he was spending an hour at the house of a friend, where he chanced to meet a young lady whose face seemed to make a deep impression upon him. He was observed





HENRI REGNAULT.

to make one or two hasty sketches, and the following day he set himself to work with renewed vigor, and in twelve days repainted the entire picture. He was elated over his success, and permitted it to be perceived with characteristic simplicity and frankness. "I am very happy, he writes, "at my good fortune." "At last I am free to work for myself, to study at my ease, and to seek the level of the great masters. Not only has the jury awarded me the *Prix* by a unanimous vote, but, in addition, my reception at the Louvre, during the distribution of the prizes, wore the aspect of a triumph. I regretted very much that my father could not be present, as well as some of my dear friends, to whom so much success would have given more pleasure than to me, the object of applause."

Early in the following spring Regnault set out for Rome, and from this time he permits us to enter completely into his life, so full of detail are his letters. That faculty for observation, so apparent in his early childhood, had increased with years, and we share all his impressions, his appreciation of the masters, his labors and all the scenes where he was an interested observer. Arrived at his destination the middle of March, 1867, while awaiting the arrival of his goods and chattels he employed his time in making acquaintance with the art treasures of Rome and in exploring the country on horseback. To his father he writes: —

"You desire I should set myself to work. Such is my intention, only I wish it to be little by little. I have much to see, and I do not wish to follow the example of some of my fellow students, who upon their arrival in Rome shut themselves up in their studios, from whence they emerge in five years without knowing much more of their surroundings than the Court of St. Peter's or the Sistine Chapel.

They might as well remain in Paris. The stay here cannot be instructive if it does not open up new vistas. If it is to be simply a change of studios, of what benefit is it?"

Later on he gives a description of his manner of life. "I arise early, and as a general thing I begin with a *promenade à cheval*. After *déjeuner* I visit the galleries and churches, walking until dinner time, and at night I retire early. We take our meals together in a large dining-room, where are hung the portraits of all the *pensionnaires*, painters, sculptors, engravers, architects and musicians from the beginning of the century to the present time. The cooking is fair, and is decidedly better than one will find in the Roman restaurants. We dine at 'Ave Maria,' that is to say at twilight, when the first

star appears in the sky, and we lunch about eleven. I am surrounded with good fellows, who are very nice to me and very united among themselves, contrary to what is said at Paris. We have at the academy one of the most delightful parks imaginable, and at present the air is balmy and full of perfume. We live in a beautiful palace, the envy of the French ambassador. The director is charming to me, and every Sunday he receives the students, as well as French and foreign artists, who may wish to be presented to him. We have music, etc., and, in a word, our existence is all one could wish for. Our new architect, Bénard, made his appearance last Thursday in a way contrary to all traditions. Ordinarily the *nouveaux* come by carriage, and the students go as far as Storta, about fifteen miles from Rome, to meet them, when all hands breakfast and break bread together for the first time. Then some on horseback, others in carriages, escort the new arrivals to the academy, entering Rome by the Porte du Peuple and the Pincio, that they may gather some idea of one of the most beautiful parts of Rome. Thanks to the modern method of travelling, Bénard came by rail, which is contrary to custom. Then, as no one knew of his arrival, he escaped the usual 'gags.' These consist generally in the display of the greatest poverty, either in the rooms, from which all the furniture has been removed for this purpose, or in the style of living. Dinner is served in the most disreputable dining-hall of the academy, with broken-down chairs and a disgusting-looking table, lighted by dirty candles placed in bottles. All eat

from broken plates with pewter forks, bent and nicked, and drink from cups with jagged edges, while servants are wretchedly clothed, their eyes all black and blue. The students dispute and quarrel during the dinner hour, that the new-comers may be persuaded that the most inveterate hatred exists among them; they even come to blows. Then the new-comers are presented to the gardener, who masquerades as the director, while the real director is pointed out to them as the drunken carpenter of the academy.

During the repast, one of the students, disguised as a monk, reads Italian in a very stupid fashion, etc., etc. This year nothing has taken place; traditions are giving way. *C'est triste.*"

A visit to Liszt forms an important event in his life, and he gives a delightful portrait of the *maestro*. "The other day I carried to Liszt a *morceau* of Camille's, and he received it, as well as the bearer, with charming cordiality. I was a bit afraid when ringing the bell, and, although accompanied by one of my friends who had already met Liszt, my heart beat as though I were about to visit some dentist. I began to stammer *Monsieur, Monsieur l'Abbé, Maestro*, etc., but he put me at my ease by a reception so simple and a manner so be-



YOUNG ITALIAN GIRL.

nignant, that my fright left me, and I only saw in this sombre man, with his mass of hair, a warm and passionate artist, a devoted friend of Camille, of whom he spoke with sincere admiration. Then, with power and fantastic energy, he played some bits from his symphonies of 'Dante' and 'St. Francis,' and invited me to visit him on Fridays when-

ever I desired. I had thought him a *poseur*, but I have lost this idea, and came away with a lasting impression of his playing, his kindness and his beautiful head."

The first mention he makes of the "Automédon" occurs in a letter to his father, dated January 2, 1868. "I shall paint this winter a nude figure, closely studied; I do not know what name or what pose I shall give it, — I am seeking for this at the present moment. Since these gentlemen desire a bit of technique, I shall endeavor to satisfy them."

The requirements of the *Prix de Rome* called for a single nude figure as the first *envoi*, and though Regnault desired to paint a "Judith and Holofernes," the director persuaded him to use this subject for his second year, — and the advice was followed, though very reluctantly. In his next letter he has found his subject. "I shall paint a single figure this time, a young Greek, Automédon for instance, leading from the pastures which border the Scamander the divine horses of Achilles, horses with golden manes falling to the ground. I have found a pose



GENERAL PRIM. IN THE LOUVRE.

for my young man, in which Lagraine [his model] is admirable. He is between the two horses and running toward the spectator, each hand restraining a horse. The animals present themselves almost front view: one rears and the other throws his head to one side, each endeavoring to free himself from the restraining hand. I believe I have found a happy arrangement, both as to mass and line. The young man is a superb bit to paint, and the horses are very interesting. It is necessary to impart to them an extraordinary animation, something of the dash and ferocity of their master Achilles. If I did not fear delaying this letter, I would make you a little sketch. I have ordered my canvas, and the size will be considerable; in spite of this, it will take less time than my 'Holophernes.' . . . Animals are more quickly painted than men. I see my end quite clearly, and I have already made several studies for my picture. I believe I possess (in my head of course) the nature of the horse I wish to paint; and as to the nude, I have only to copy it. My model gives me admirable bits."

In adding the horses, Regnault did not follow exactly the requirements, which demanded a study from the nude, nothing more and nothing less; "but," he writes, "the director does not know that this nude figure will be between two horses the size of life. No doubt the council will still complain; but I shall usurp the right to represent mastodons if I see fit. All that remains is to execute a fine bit of painting; beyond that, sentiment and interest in the subject count for little."

From the above it may be seen that Regnault did not consider his picture in any other light than that of a "study" which called for no particular intelligence



PORTRAIT OF MADAM B.  
IN THE LOUVRE.

in either artist or spectator. The *envois* were exhibited in Rome before sending them to Paris, and the "Automédon," though not finished, took its place with the others. Regnault described an accident which befell his picture while removing it from the studio. "My poor canvas experienced a terrible fall from the roof of the studio. As it was too fresh to roll up, and also the window of the studio not being large enough to permit the exit of the canvas on the stretchers, I was obliged to take them off and nail two pieces of wood at the top and bottom of the picture, which allowed the canvas to twist a little, by which means it was passed through the window and lowered to the ground by a rope. But the wind blew, and Roman nails are detestable; perhaps the two men placed below to guard the canvas from rolling pulled too hard as it reached them; in short, the nails which held the canvas to



AN EXECUTION AT TANGIER.  
IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

the upper stretcher were torn out, and the poor canvas fell, turning and twisting. The figure was freshly painted. I will let you judge what it must have looked like after this mishap. I repaired as well as I could the most noticeable scars; but truly, in the state it was in, it was discouraging, and at the moment I would have preferred a hundred times to have seen it completely and irreparably torn. My picture is not what I would wish; nevertheless I trust good qualities may be found in it."

The last mention Regnault makes of the "Automédon" is in a letter to a friend written before his departure for Spain, and in this he gives a complete description of the picture.

"You are frightened at the antique subject of my *envoi* for this year; but reassure yourself, — I have translated Greek in my own way. It is a free translation. Automédon will be all that you could wish for, and I have sought in my horses, not the mane of the Thessalian horse, but what is noblest and most terrifying in a horse, that with which the historic horse is endowed, the horse with the power of speech,

the horse foreseeing the death of his master Achilles. The sky is stormy, and a leaden-colored sea begins to roll heavily, although the surface appears calm. On the horizon a rocky and arid shore is illumed by the wan gleam of a dismal ray of sunlight. The horses, knowing that their master will drive them to the battle, which is to be his last and cost him his life, struggle to free themselves from the groom, who has come to lead them from pasture. One, a bay, rears like a huge sombre phantom outlined against the sky. I wished to give in this picture a presentment of some horrible event. But have I succeeded in what I desired? You are right; an artist should leave himself open to the different impressions which he feels in the presence of nature, and should neither reject nor despise half of these good sensations as not accepted by the school or the fashion of which he is a part. Yes, nature, the true, agitated and agitating, life or death, but the true death, without action, horrible and serene — here is what we must seek. After my fiery horses, my stormy skies, my dismal ocean, I desired to render the brilliance of a woman's skin and the golden lights of the American hair. I have worked hard, searched well, but I have not found it yet. Who knows? It will come perhaps."

His *envoi* completed, Regnault set out for Madrid, and swiftly succumbed to the artistic fascinations of his new surroundings. Rome no longer occupied the chief place in his eager and enthusiastic young life. Velasquez conquered him, as he has so many painters, old and young, and Regnault did not hesitate to pay court to the great Spaniard. "What a painter! *Dio mio!* He is the only painter, unless it be Titian or Tintoretto."

While at Madrid he made a copy of the "Lances" by Velasquez, and received a commission to paint the portrait of General Prim, who was at that time the idol of the populace. Beside these two important enterprises, he produced a number of water colors and sketches in black and white.



A SPANISH MAN.

From this time until the middle of September, 1870, when he returned in haste to Paris, having heard of the danger which menaced the very capital of his native land, we find him pursuing his eager, passionate course, his soul in his art, his foot already upon the threshold of fame. As a *Prix de Rome* he was exempt from all military service, and no one would have blamed him if he had remained in Rome; but the same spirit which governed his artistic pursuits forbade his remaining a witness to his country's peril. He enlisted as a private, refusing the offer of a commission in these words: "You have in me a good soldier, which is preferable to a mediocre officer." The months of military service were full

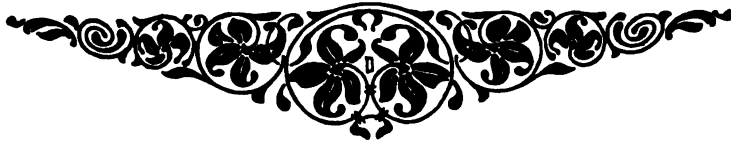
of trials and hardships for the patriotic young artist, but through it all he maintained an undaunted devotion to duty, which was so conspicuous a part of his character.

On the nineteenth of January, 1871, the order was given to attack the Prussians who were entrenched behind the walls of Buzenval Park. One last supreme and desperate effort was to be made; the fall of Paris was to be as glorious as her resistance. All day the battle raged, and futile were the efforts of the French, who as night approached retreated into the city. Among the missing was Henri Regnault. His friends had noticed his delay in obeying the order for retreat; they had called to him, and he had calmly replied that he wanted to use up his last cartridges. Since then nothing had been seen of him. Two days elapsed before his body was recovered and brought to the city, where the funeral service was held at St. Augustine's, attended by all Paris. A bouquet

of white lilies on the coffin showed that to the loss of a patriot and artist was joined the loss of a lover.

The press held but one opinion of the talent, the generous devotion and the glorious death of Regnault. Poets celebrated the victim of the last hour of the last battle,— for Paris capitulated the day after the ineffectual charge on Buzenval; and Coquelin, who was an intimate friend of Regnault's, recited at the Théâtre Français some commemorative verses written by Manuel.

Within the court of the *École des Beaux Arts* stands a beautiful monument, a memorial to the memory and the genius of one of its most brilliant scholars, while the Louvre contains his pictures. Few of his works, if any, besides the "Automédon," can be found outside of France, and our Boston Art Museum is especially fortunate in possessing what will always be a notable canvas in any collection which the labor of years may form.



## SIN.

*By Madison Cawein.*

THERE is a legend of an old Hartz tower  
That tells of one, a noble, who had sold  
Unto the fiend his soul; who grew not old  
On this condition: that the demon's power  
Cease every midnight for a single hour,  
And for that hour his body should lie cold,  
His limbs grow shrivelled, and his face unfold  
A ghastly death's-head in the taper's glower.

So unto sin life gives his best. Her arts  
Make all his outward seeming beautiful  
Before the world; but in his heart of hearts  
There waits an hour when her strength is null,  
When he doth feel the death through all his parts  
Strike, and his countenance become a skull.

## THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

*By Harriette Knight Smith.*



THE ODEON, CORNER FEDERAL AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



**A**MONG the numerous educational institutions of New England there is none so unique and individual in its character as the Lowell Institute of Boston, a foundation

which has existed for fifty-five years, with no ostentation, no written history, yet whose influences have been so far-reaching that it has taken rank as one of the noblest of American institutions, and is perhaps even better known among many circles in the Old World, through the men eminent in literature, science and art who have crossed the sea to give for it courses of lectures. It is so substantially endowed as to be able at all times to command almost any man it may name as lecturer, and to remunerate him generously for the careful preparation which it always demands.

To understand how the Lowell Institute came into being, one must look backward and learn something of the intellectual life of early New England. In the old days the rigorous Puritan conscience forbade all worldly amusements; and the playhouse, above all, was absolutely prohibited. Courses of lectures on religious subjects, however, were encouraged as essential to the training of the young. These lectures,

which in Massachusetts were numerous, became so long and burdensome, although after all they seem to have been the delight of the Boston people, that in 1639 the General Court took exception to the length of them and to the ill effects resulting from their frequency, whereby it was claimed that "poor people were greatly led to neglect their affairs, to the great hazard also of their health, owing to their long continuance into the night." Boston expressed strong dislike at this legislative interference, "fearing that the precedent might enthrall them to the civil power, and besides be a blemish upon them with their posterity, as though they needed to be regulated by the civil magistrate, and raise an ill-savor of their coldness, as if it were possible for the people of Boston to complain of too much preaching." The magistrates, fearing trouble, were content to apologize and abandon their scheme of shortening the lectures or diminishing their number, resting satisfied with a general understanding "that assemblies should break up in such season that people dwelling a mile or two off might be at home before late night-fall."



MARLBORO HOTEL. SHOWING PASSAGEWAY TO THE MARLBORO CHAPEL.





JOHN LOWELL, JR., THE FOUNDER OF THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN EGYPT AT THE TIME OF THE EXECUTION OF THE WILL ENDOWING THE INSTITUTE.



THE LOWELL DRAWING-SCHOOL. ROOM IN MARLBORO CHAPEL.

FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE H. HOLLINGSWORTH.

With the British troops in the Revolutionary period came the first American theatrical performances, — given by the redcoats as simple matters of diversion in their rather stupid existence. The more worldly-minded of the colonists were to some extent affected by the curiosity, at least, which these plays awakened.

Instruction by means of lectures had always been a favorite method among New Englanders, so much so that when theatrical plays were later attempted in Boston, during the autumn of 1792, it was found necessary to call them "moral lectures" in order to secure public interest.

College professors taught their classes by means of lectures, and instruction in the professional schools of law, medicine and theology was also largely given in the same manner. These professors and the clergymen were called upon to deliver not a few such lectures for the benefit of the various communities, while the lawyer, if the town had one, was also expected to assist, and the village doctor, seldom a ready writer, now and then contributed a discourse of a practical if less pretentious character. Almost any one, therefore, possessed of an idea and the least facility in expression was quite certain of being asked to deliver himself of it in

public, for a fee ranging from five to fifty dollars, according to the standing of the individual and the financial ability of the society employing him. A high city official, a gentleman with one lecture and that verbose and extravagant, boasted at the end of a season during this period, that "he had delivered his one lecture ninety times, and for ten dollars at each delivery." Wendell Phillips at a later date delivered his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" two thousand times, we are told.

The mention of Phillips of course brings us to the time of the New England lyceum. Agencies were established to organize the required courses of lectures, and for a percentage to attend to all necessary details. It was not "good form" in an influential family not to encourage some one or more of these lecture courses, and generally the tickets were readily sold at prices which insured pecuniary success. From 1825 to 1850 or later lectures may be said to have been epidemic in New England. Various organizations, like the Mercantile Library Association in Boston (composed of young merchants and clerks), the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the Mechanics' Institutes and others, provided courses of lectures to replenish their funds.

At times the people seemed to become satiated with the more serious discourses, and various novelties were introduced to sustain the public interest, like the interpolation of a concert or two or the



JOHN AMORY LOWELL.  
FIRST TRUSTEE OF THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

exhibition of a juggler. In some localities really solid work was attempted, like continuous courses on literary, historical or scientific subjects. These, however, were usually but partially successful financially, and it was difficult to obtain lecturers of sufficient ability or public spirit to undertake such ventures.

The prejudice against the theatre had not subsided, but was rather intensified. The theatre itself, as it was then conducted, was largely responsible for this. Boston's first building especially appropriated to public amusements was Concert Hall, erected in 1756, at the head of Hanover Street. It was designed for concerts, dancing and other enter-

tainments, and was doubtless the place in which, for the most part, the British officers conducted their amusements while in possession of the town. A law of the province, passed in 1750, prohibited theatrical exhibitions under a severe penalty. This law was considered "unconstitutional, inexpedient and absurd;" and years later, in obedience to public wishes, the theatre in Federal Street, at the corner of Franklin, was built and opened — in 1794.

During the time when the English held Boston, the North End, in the vicinity of Copp's Hill and North Square, was the court end of the town. But after the Revolution the neighborhood in which the theatre was built had become the residential centre of the wealth and refinement of Boston. Near here were the Federal Street Church (afterward Dr. Channing's) and Trinity Church on Summer Street, besides the only Roman Catholic Church in the city, and its bishop's house, together with many handsome private residences.

In 1796 the Haymarket Theatre was built at the foot of the Common, near Avery Street. Later the Washington, Tremont, Lion and National Theatres and the Howard Athenæum, the latter on the site of Miller's Tabernacle, a great barn-like structure, occupied by the Millerites, who flourished in the early forties. These theatres were all constructed after the manner of the English theatres of that period — with "refreshment rooms" so called, which were in reality common grog-shops, contiguous to them or in easy access, with an entrance directly from the pit and the first row of boxes. Free admission was granted to women to the "third row." To make no mention, therefore, of the performances of the poor, degraded stage,

these places were in themselves sufficiently demoralizing to condemn them to the religious and respectable of the community. This religious element resolved "that the theatre must go, and go forever." The Federal Street Theatre had already been taken by the Boston Academy of Music; and under the direction of the president, Mr. Samuel A. Eliot (the father of President Eliot of Harvard University) changed into the Odeon. The National, or Warren, subsequently died of inanition. The Tremont Theatre building still remained. The Baptist denomination secured this, and made it over into Tremont Temple, dedicating it in 1839, "henceforth to religious purposes," while it was openly declared that "there was never to be another theatre in Boston."

These, then, were the conditions of the educational and amusement life of New England preceding the foundation of the Lowell Institute. People were yet desirous of intermingling instruction with their diversions, but much profitless work was being done in the miscellaneous, desultory lecturing which, after the theatres were closed, seemed the only recreation left to the people. During the winter of 1837-38 twenty-six courses of lectures were delivered in Boston, not including those courses which consisted of less than eight lectures; and it is estimated that they were attended by about thirteen thousand persons. These facts sufficiently show the importance and the popularity of the lectures at this time in the neighborhood of Boston, and the questions of reform and improvement involved.

In two points this lecture system was evidently defective. First, the means of the organizations under which the lectures were given were usually too meagre to induce men of talent and broad culture

to undertake the preparation of thorough and systematic courses; therefore the work was almost wholly miscellaneous, and no thorough series upon any particular branch of knowledge could be per-



BENJAMIN E. COTTING, M. D.  
CURATOR OF THE LOWELL INSTITUTE SINCE 1889.

manently sustained under such financial conditions. Secondly, it was evident that the system contained no principle for a steady improvement in the nature of the instruction it could furnish, unless it could raise the standard of the literary character of its work.

Mr. John Lowell, Jr., whose public spirit, farsightedness and generosity, always exercised with the modesty of which the Lowell Institute is but typical, was the individual who solved for New England the problem of the higher lecture for the average citizen — which in reality closely resembles what the leading colleges and universities are now establishing in what is known as university



JEFFRIES WYMAN, M. D.  
FIRST CURATOR OF THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

extension. This plan of Mr. Lowell's was in harmony with the New England lecture system, yet went beyond it by making its work systematic and thorough. The confiding of the whole management of the institute, financial and intellectual, to one individual is its most marked peculiarity, distinguishing it from all other similar endowments. In his will Mr. Lowell thus prescribes:—

"I do hereby constitute and appoint the trustees of the Boston Athenæum for the time being to be visitors of the said trust fund, with power to require accounts of the administration thereof and to compel the appropriation thereof to the use aforesaid, but without any power or authority to prescribe or direct by whom the said lectures shall be given, nor the subjects thereof; considering it best to leave that high personal responsibility upon the trustee or trustees of the fund for the time being.

"Each trustee shall appoint his successor, within a week after his accession to the office, in order that no failure of a regular nomination may take place.

"In selecting a successor the trustee shall always choose in preference to all others some male descendant of my grandfather, John Lowell, provided there be one who is competent to hold the office of trustee, and of the name of Lowell."

Mr. Lowell came of a distinguished New England family. His great-grandfather

was a clergyman of Newburyport. His grandfather, John Lowell, was appointed by Washington a judge of the District Court of the United States, and later chief justice of the Circuit Court. Of the three sons of Judge Lowell, the eldest, John, was an eminent lawyer and writer upon political and agricultural subjects. His only son was John Amory Lowell. The second, Francis Cabot Lowell, the father of the founder of the institute, was a merchant, who during the war of 1812 conceived the idea of manufacturing in this country the cotton goods which he had been wont to import from India, and by reinventing the power-loom did more than any one else to establish that industry in America. The youngest, the Rev. Charles Lowell, was the eminent Boston



PROFESSOR COOKE.

minister, the father of several distinguished children, the youngest of whom was James Russell Lowell.

John Lowell, Jr., like his father, was a successful merchant. Early bereft of wife and children, he passed the few remaining years of his life in travel, and died in Bombay, March 4, 1836. He was only thirty-four years of age when he made



ROGERS BUILDING. MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

his will giving half of his property to the support of public lectures for the benefit of his fellow citizens. The sum bequeathed by Mr. Lowell, with its accumulations, amounted at the time of the opening of the lectures to nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The trustee appointed by the will was Mr. John Amory Lowell, the cousin and intimate friend of the founder, who thoroughly justified the expectation of his kinsman. When told by his lawyer that he could find no one capable of carrying out his purpose, Mr. Lowell replied, "I know the man." During an administration of more than forty years he had the sole charge of the endowment, selected the lecturers and the subjects to be treated, and managed the finances with such skill that the property nearly doubled in his hands. Seldom has so responsible a duty been imposed upon any one man. But Mr. Lowell was rarely endowed for the position. To his eminent qualities of strong sense, great

courage and large acquirement, which enabled him to select wisely, he added knowledge of affairs and great singleness of purpose. Modest and retiring, he never appeared in the management farther than was absolutely necessary, but was content with a silent authoritative control.

The list of the lectures and lecturers subjoined will give some idea of the amount of work involved, as well as the

extent of the benefit which the community must have derived from the establishment of this noble institution, — of which the influences may be said to have only begun, since it is to last forever.

By the terms of the will, as previously described, the trustee for the time being must appoint as his successor some descendant of the grandfather of the founder and of the name of Lowell, if a suitable one can be found. Under the exercise of this authority, the present trustee, Mr. Augustus Lowell, has held the position for the past thirteen years with a keen sense of the responsibility devolving upon him



ENTRANCE HALL, ROGERS BUILDING.



HUNTINGTON HALL.

and an earnest endeavor to perform the arduous duties of the position with the same devotion and singleness of purpose as his predecessor.

Notable as has been the history of the Lowell Institute, it has been unusually fortunate in the management of affairs in its relations with the public. These duties have been delegated to one termed the curator by Mr. John Amory Lowell, the first trustee, and therefore so termed to the present time. The first curator was Dr. Jeffries Wyman, the eminent comparative anatomist, who served for nearly three years. Associated with him was Dr. Benjamin E. Cotting, who from the introductory discourse until the last lecture delivered has had the responsibility of serving Mr. John Amory Lowell and his son and successor in the administration of the business connected with the lectures, including the advertising and distribution of tickets and the arrangements in the several halls in which the lectures have been given. These duties required a man of affairs and ready adaptability, acquaintance with physical science and modes of lecture demonstration, together with a readiness to catch the peculiarities of the lecturers and to make for each all necessary arrangements in a way satisfac-

tory to him. In Dr. Cotting all these essentials were united; and the Lowell Institute has been most judicious in having for more than half a century retained in its service this gentleman, whose position in his profession of medicine and surgery has been of the highest, not only in its practice, but in the life and literature of medical science. Dr. Cotting has ever been recognized as a gentleman of rare business instincts and calm judgment, interblended with most gracious social qualities, which have rendered his official relations with the leading men of America and the Old World alike pleasing to the lecturers and valuable to the Lowell Institute.

On the evening of December 31, 1839, the last day of the year, an interesting discourse was given in the Odeon, which seated about two thousand persons, by Edward Everett, consisting of a memoir of Mr. John Lowell, Jr., together with some anticipatory suggestions of the value of such an institution. This discourse was repeated on the evening of January 2, 1840. Then followed the regular courses in a manner similar to that which has since prevailed; and the Lowell Institute was established.

The first lectures were a course given by Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale

College, on geology. Mr. Silliman was at that time one of the most noted of American lecturers, a man prominent in science, but whose reputation abroad was perhaps chiefly due to his long and able management of the periodical known as *Silliman's Journal*. So great was his popularity, that on the giving out of tickets for his second course, on chemistry, the following season, the eager crowd filled the adjacent streets and crushed in the windows of the "Old Corner Book Store," the place of distribution, so that provision for the same had to be made elsewhere. To such a degree did the enthusiasm of the public reach at that time in its desire to attend these lectures, that it was found necessary to open books in advance to receive the names of subscribers, the number of tickets being distributed by lot. Sometimes the number of applicants for a single course was eight or ten thousand.

From the advertisements of those days we find that tickets were distributed, according to necessity, to those who held numbers divisible by 3, 4 or 5. This plan was followed until the number of applicants did not much exceed the number of seats. When this occurred, the tickets were advertised to be ready for delivery, to adults only, on a certain date. At the time and place appointed a line was formed, that the first comers might be the first receivers of tickets. For some years past a large armory has been secured, capable of receiving under cover several thousand persons at a time, — so that applicants, no matter how many or how eager, can be arranged in line and receive their tickets in the order of their coming.

The several lecture courses, with time, place and conditions for obtaining tickets, are announced in the *Boston Advertiser* and *Transcript*, usually at least a week in advance of each course. Such tickets, with reserved seats, are good for the entire course, always to be shown at the door. There are a limited number of admission tickets, without reserved seats, and for a single lecture "slips" to be taken up at the door, which are obtainable in the ante-rooms near the lecture hall a few moments before the lecture.

To prevent interruption and secure a quiet audience, certain rules were adopted: first, the closing of the hall doors the moment a lecturer began speaking, and keeping them closed until he had concluded. This rule was at first resisted to such a degree that a reputable gentleman was taken to the lockup and compelled to pay a fine for kicking his way through an entrance door. Finally the rule was submitted to and in time praised and copied — as, in certain measure, at the Boston Symphony concerts. The lectures were also limited to one hour; and in general the audiences have gradually been induced to applaud the lecturer only when he enters and retires.

The lectures were given in the Odeon from their establishment in 1839 until 1846, when that building was converted into warehouses. The following season they were given in Tremont Temple. After this they were held in Marlboro Chapel, previously a lecture-room formed of an L of Marlboro Hotel on Washington Street. The hall itself was in that mysterious square which only a born Bostonian can understand. It was bounded by Washington and Tremont, Winter and Bromfield Streets. Music Hall was in the same square, and a close neighbor to the Marlboro Chapel. The entrance to the lecture-room was through an unattractive arched passageway, which all Bostonians of mature age will remember for its aromatic odors and the resonant notes of practising musicians thereabout.

This chapel had for some time previous been the rendezvous of all the ultra associations, which found it difficult to obtain lecture-rooms elsewhere, being composed, as Dr. Holmes puts it, of "lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings." In 1846 it was thoroughly remade into a reputable lecture-room; and in it the Lowell lectures were given until 1879, when again commercialism invaded and it was closed to educational purposes and given up to traffic.

The best available hall was then found after much search to be Huntington Hall, in the Rogers Building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The situation was thought, in 1879, to be quite



removed from the lecture centre of the city; now it is not only such a centre, but nearly the centre of population of the city itself.

In the spring of 1850 Mr. John Amory Lowell, then the trustee, wished to establish in connection with the Lowell Institute a free drawing-school. He requested the curator to undertake this work during his absence in Europe. Two plans were devised and presented in writing to Mr. Lowell. He selected the one which was afterward followed, principally on the ground of its being the more elementary. It was peculiar, in that it required the pupil to *begin* and *continue* through his entire course to draw from real objects only — "the round," as it is technically called, from rectangular forms up to the living models, and never from copies or "flat surfaces." The principle and plan, as well as most of the details, were of the curator's devising. In few drawing-schools in the country, if in any, had "the round" found any place at all up to that date, — and its exclusive use in none, so far as known.

It was not easy to secure a suitable teacher willing to undertake to carry out this plan. By chance an artist was overheard to express at random views which were similar to the curator's. After much persuasion, and with great distrust on the artist's part, his services were secured. He proved a most successful teacher; and during its entire course of more than a quarter of a century remained the school's chief. Mr. Hollingsworth's enthusiasm was the school's life; his devotion its unflinching support.

The school began in the autumn of 1850. At first it met with much ridicule from professional teachers, art critics and others; but it soon grew popular with its pupils. Many curious and amusing anecdotes might be told of its early history and later progress. Prominent teachers and artists, some of whom later became famous, at times attended the school to obtain its peculiar advantages. Mr. Hollingsworth was an original, and his assistant, Mr. William T. Carlton, had many valuable parts.

The school was eminently successful in establishing correct methods of drawing, and had the satisfaction of being imitated all over the country, almost to the entire revolution in the teaching of drawing. Nowadays no school is without its "real objects" — on its programme, if not in actual use.

In 1879, on the loss of its rooms in Marlboro Chapel, the school, to the regret of many students, came to an honorable end.

From December 31, 1839, to April, 1894, there have been given under the auspices of the Lowell Institute three hundred and eighty-six regular courses of lectures, or three thousand seven hundred and twenty separate lectures; these, with those repeated, bring the number to four thousand and seventy-nine, — all absolutely free lectures, prepared by the best minds of the age, and representing the highest developments in all the various departments of science, literature and art. In addition to these there have been given five courses in the name of established local societies (*e. g.*, the Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Massachusetts Historical Society) by representative members named by the societies themselves. Sixty-one such lectures, added to the number of regular and repeated lectures, make the grand total five thousand one hundred and forty-one, given by three hundred and five different lecturers.

Crude theories and plans for moral and political reforms are not to be found in the Lowell lectures. The selection of lectures and lecturers is made from a broad and comprehensive knowledge of the safe thought and intelligent study of the time, and with an active sympathy for the varied interests of the community.

The income of the fund, with the exception of one tenth, which must annually be added to the principal, is applied, in strict accordance with the founder's desires, directly to the maintenance of the lectures, and never has been, or can be, invested in buildings. Hence the generous remuneration, which in early days was sometimes larger for a single course of lectures than the annual salary of the most distinguished professor in any

American college or university. The same liberality is yet a marked financial feature of the institute, its lecture fees continuing to be much larger than those of any other American educational institution.

In the long line of eminent men who have lectured for the Lowell Institute may be mentioned, in science, the names of Silliman, Lyell, Lovering, Gray, Agassiz, Cooke, Rogers, Ray, Pierce, Tyndall, Goodale, Proctor, Geikie, Farlow, Wyman, Carpenter and Langley, together with Cross, Ball, Wallace, Dawson, Murray and Drummond, on their several specialties.

Among the lecturers on religious subjects are the honored names of Palfrey and Walker, Andrew P. Peabody, J. L. Diman, Richard S. Storrs, Lyman Abbott, Mark Hopkins and William J. Tucker.

Literature has been represented by Edward Everett, C. C. Felton, Child and Gosse, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, William Everett, Bayard Taylor, James Bryce and President Charles W. Eliot.

Among the many lecturers of the Institute, there is one whose history is so interblended with its own, that he often called himself "a child of the Lowell Institute;" and in this close relationship both Dr. Josiah Parsons Cooke and the Lowell Institute are to be felicitated. It was the fulfilment of a relationship the like of which may have suggested itself to the farsighted founder.

When a boy of thirteen years of age, Josiah P. Cooke — as he told the Boston schoolmasters in his address delivered to them in 1878, on "The Elementary Teaching of Physical Science" — attended the lectures of Professor Silliman at the Odeon. He was one among the throng turned away from the Old Corner Book Store, when the distribution of tickets was stopped, at the time the windows were crushed in by the eager applicants. So great was his disappointment on being unable to secure a ticket, that his father, ever thoughtful, purchased from a fortunate possessor, for a handsome price, his much-prized ticket, that the future great chemist might attend these lectures. Of them Dr. Cooke said: "At these lectures

I received my first taste of real knowledge, and that taste awakened an appetite which has never yet been satisfied. A boy's pertinacity, favored by a kind father's indulgence, found the means of repeating in a small way most of the experiments seen at the Lowell Institute lectures, and thus it came to pass that before I entered college I had acquired a real, available knowledge of the facts of chemistry. My early tastes and inheritances were utterly at variance with this interest in science, which was simply determined by the associations which satisfied that natural thirst for knowledge which every child experiences to a greater or less degree, and which I first found at the Lowell Institute lectures."

At sixteen years of age, in the year 1844, the young student entered Harvard, graduating in 1848. In September, 1849, after a year's absence in Europe, he returned to Harvard as a tutor of mathematics; and among his first pupils was the present president of the University. At this time no chemistry was being taught to undergraduates; but within six months Professor Cooke began to give instruction in this science, in connection with his other work. This continued until December 30, 1850, when he was formally appointed to the professorship of chemistry, a position which he held for the remainder of his life, a period of forty-three years.

Dr. Cooke said of his preparation for this work: "When I was unexpectedly called upon to deliver my first course of lectures in chemistry, the only laboratory in which I had worked was the shed of my father's house, on Winthrop Place, Boston, and the only apparatus at my command was what this boy's laboratory contained. With these simple tools — or because they were so simple — I gained the means of success which determined my career."

The first course of American lectures illustrated by a stereopticon were those on "Glaciers," given by Professor Louis Agassiz at the Lowell Institute, and illustrated for him by Dr. Cooke. The "vertical lantern" with which Dr. Cooke illustrated his own Lowell lectures on "The Chemistry of the Non-Metallic

Elements," in the season of 1855-56, was invented by him for use on this occasion. The lantern has since become famous. But the desire to serve the Lowell Institute was the inspiration of its invention. In this instance the Lowell Institute, in having thus served to develop the genius of one who so long and successfully honored America's leading university and the institute itself in the successive courses of scientific lectures delivered under its auspices, besides for many years serving the Academy of Arts and Sciences as its president, reached the ideal of a personal influence for which the legacy was provided. Dr. Cooke's association with the institution is full of significance; and his life-long impulse to emphasize the influence which the endowment accomplished for him must ever be a matter of gratification to the descendants of John Lowell.

Noteworthy among the many things to be considered in connection with the institute and its influence in Boston is the quality of the audiences which it usually assembles for the lectures. They are trained audiences, and the attention and interest which are given by them to continuous courses of even deep scientific lectures are remarkable. This has always been recognized by the lecturers, and especially by those from the Old World, who have often revised their work after their first appearance before the institute audience.

Another influence of such an establishment as the Lowell Institute, which, though not so obvious at first, is nevertheless distinct and worthy of notice, is that on the lecturers themselves. One who is going to lecture must consider what will be his audience; and if he is a deeply scientific man he will, in preparing such lectures, study to make everything clear, by statements couched in words of established meaning readily understood by the average intelligent listener not particularly versed in technicalities. In other words, learned and scientific men must make themselves clearly understood by the average auditor. This necessity is an influence which is most helpful for lecturer and community alike; and this good effect has often been seen

and acknowledged by the institute's lecturers themselves.

Literature has been enriched by the publication in book form of many courses of lectures prepared and first delivered for the Lowell Institute. The recent appearance of Professor Drummond's work, "The Ascent of Man," is an illustration of the fact in the realm of science.

The indirect influences of Mr. Lowell's endowment are inestimable; for it has touched almost every educational institution in the United States. Professor Agassiz's engagement as lecturer for the Lowell Institute resulted in the establishment of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, with this great man as its head.

In 1842 the Prince of Canino, a naturalist almost as ardent as Agassiz, opened a correspondence with the latter regarding a visit together to this country, in which Agassiz was to be the Prince's guest. Agassiz was then absorbed in the publication of his great work on fossil fishes, so that from year to year this visit was postponed. In 1845 Agassiz wrote the Prince: "I have received an excellent piece of news, which I venture to believe will greatly please you. The King of Prussia, through the ever-thoughtful mediation of Humboldt, will grant me fifteen thousand francs for our scientific mission to America." At the suggestion of Lyell, a mutual friend, Mr. John Amory Lowell in this same year invited Agassiz to come to Boston and deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. Thus encouraged by invitation and pecuniary aid, he crossed the Atlantic in October, 1846, and in December made his *début* in America as a Lowell Institute lecturer, not accompanied, however, by the Prince of Canino, who then found this visit inexpedient. Hitherto Agassiz had been the brilliant discoverer; now he was to become the explorer and teacher. He lectured, and was delighted with his audience and the spirit of research that his work aroused. The Lowell Institute was intended by its founder to fertilize the general mind, rather than to instruct the select few; consequently its audience, democratic and composed of strongly contrasted elements, had from the first a

marked attraction for Agassiz. A teacher in the widest sense, who sought and found his pupils in every class, but who in the Lowell Institute's audience for the first time came into contact with the general mass of the people on this common ground, this relation strongly influenced his final resolve to remain in this country. This purpose was reached in 1847 through an offer of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who then expressed his willingness to found the Lawrence Scientific School in connection with Harvard University, and to guarantee a salary to Agassiz as professor of zoölogy and geology. Thereupon Agassiz obtained an honorable discharge from his European engagements, and fixed his abode in this country, associating himself with Harvard's great scientific school, thereby giving an impulse to science throughout the entire continent, besides leaving to us in his son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, a fit representative of the highest scientific ability and acquirement.

Professor Tyndall's enthusiasm for American science and scholarship and their development led him, after his Lowell lectures, to give back to America the ten thousand dollars he had received for his American lectures in gifts for scholarships to the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia College and Harvard University. These institutions now have men studying abroad as the result of Professor Tyndall's interest in higher education here,—a direct influence of the Lowell Institute in having first led Professor Tyndall to know us and appreciate our possibilities.

In carrying out some other provisions of the will, chiefly that in which it is stated "that besides the free courses given for the general public there may be others given, more erudite and particular, for students," the trustee, in 1872, entered into an engagement with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whereby any persons, male or female, might, without expense to themselves, attend courses of lectures the same as those ordinarily given in this institution to its regular students, thus securing the same instruction for outsiders which the Institute of Technology affords its own pupils. These courses are generally given in the evening,

in the class-room of the professors; from year to year they are more or less varied, in their entire scope including instruction in mathematics, mechanics, physics, drawing, chemistry, geology, natural history, biology, English, French, German, history, navigation and nautical astronomy, architecture and engineering. Of these lectures (known as the Lowell free courses of instruction in the Institute of Technology) there have been given, during the twenty years of their existence, three thousand two hundred and seventy-five. The only conditions of attendance on these courses are: first, candidates must have attained the age of eighteen years; secondly, their applications must be made in writing, addressed to the secretary of the faculty of the Institute of Technology, specifying the course or courses they desire to attend, mentioning their present or prospective occupation and the extent of their preliminary training.

For many years past the Lowell Institute has also furnished instruction in science to the school teachers of Boston, both by lessons and lectures, under the supervision of the Boston Society of Natural History, and more recently has furnished instruction by lectures to workmen under the auspices of the Wells Memorial Workingmen's Institute, upon practical and scientific subjects. For the purpose of promoting industrial art in the United States, the trustee, in 1872, also established the Lowell School of Practical Design. The corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having approved the purpose and general plan of the trustee of the Lowell Institute, assumed the responsibility of conducting it; and in the same year the first pupils were admitted. The expenses of this school are borne by the Lowell Institute, and tuition is free to all pupils. The school occupies a drawing-room and a weaving-room on Garrison Street. The weaving-room affords students opportunities for working their designs into actual fabrics of commercial size, in every variety of material and of texture. The room is supplied with two fancy chain-looms for dress goods, three fancy chain-looms for fancy woollen cassimeres, one gingham loom and one Jacquard loom.

The school is constantly supplied with samples of all the novelties in textile fabrics, such as brocaded silks, ribbons, armures and fancy woollen goods. Students are taught the art of making patterns for prints, gingham, silks, laces, paper hangings, carpets, oil cloth, etc. The course is of three years' duration, and embraces (1) technical manipulations; (2) copying and variations of designs; (3) original designs or composition of patterns; (4) the making of working drawings and finishing of designs. Instruction is given personally to each student over his work, with occasional general exercises. Information regarding this school is also obtained from the secretary of the Institute of Technology. The school has been most successful, and in its practical results and extensive influence is one of the noblest and most helpful of the Lowell Institute's great benefactions.

Such is the history of a truly noble endowment. As we leave with our readers, in conclusion, the complete list of the lectures and lecturers of these fifty-five years, reflecting that we have seen only its first half century of existence, with the knowledge that so long as time lasts this memorial of Mr. Lowell's interest in our higher life will abide, we can but feel that it already has fulfilled what Mr. Everett in his opening address said it must accomplish.

"Let the foundation of Mr. Lowell's," he exclaimed, "stand on the principles prescribed by him; let the fidelity with which it is now administered continue to direct it; and no language is emphatic enough to do full justice to its importance. It will be from generation to generation a perennial source of public good, a dispensation of sound science, of useful knowledge, of truth in its important associations with the destiny of man. These are blessings which cannot die. They will abide when the sands of the desert shall have covered what they have hitherto spared of the Egyptian temples; and they will render the name of Lowell, in all wise and moral estimation, more truly illustrious than that of any Pharaoh engraven on their walls. These endowments belong to the

empire of the mind, which alone of human things is immortal; and they will remain as a memorial of his Christian liberality, when all that is material shall have vanished as a scroll."

COMPLETE LIST OF THE LOWELL INSTITUTE  
LECTURES AND LECTURERS, 1839-1894.

December 31, 1839-40. — Hon. Edward Everett, LL. D., introductory, Memoir of John Lowell, Jr.; Prof. Benjamin Silliman, LL. D., Geology; Rev. John G. Palfrey, D. D., Evidences of Christianity; Prof. Thomas Nuttall, A. M., Botany.

1840-41. — Prof. Joseph Lovering, A. M., Electricity and Electro-magnetism; Jeffries Wyman, M. D., Comparative Anatomy; Rev. James Walker, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. Benjamin Silliman, LL. D., Chemistry; Rev. John G. Palfrey, D. D., Evidences of Christianity.

1841-42. — Charles Lyell, F. R. S., Geology; Rev. John G. Palfrey, D. D., Evidences of Christianity; Prof. Joseph Lovering, A. M., Mechanical Laws of Matter; Rev. James Walker, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. Benjamin Silliman, LL. D., Chemistry.

1842-43. — Prof. J. Lovering, A. M., Astronomy; Prof. Jared Sparks, LL. D., American History; Prof. J. Walker, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. B. Silliman, LL. D., Chemistry.

1843-44. — George R. Glidden, Esq., Ancient Egypt; Prof. J. Lovering, A. M., Optics; Pres. Mark Hopkins, D. D., Evidences of Christianity; Prof. Asa Gray, M. D., Botany.

1844-45. — Arthur Gilman, Esq., Architecture; Prof. Henry D. Rogers, F. G. S., Geology; Prof. Alonzo Potter, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. Asa Gray, M. D., Botany.

1845-46. — Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S., Geology; Lieut. H. W. Halleck, United States Army, The Military Art; Prof. Asa Gray, M. D., Botany; Prof. Joseph Lovering, A. M., Astronomy.

1846-47. — Prof. Henry D. Rogers, F. G. S., Geology; Rt. Rev. A. Potter, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. Louis Agassiz, M. D., The Plan of Creation as shown in the Animal Kingdom, one French lecture; Prof. O. M. Mitchel, Astronomy; Geo. S. Hillard, Esq., Life and Writings of Milton.

1847-48. — Prof. Eben N. Horsford, Chemistry; Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. L. Agassiz, Ichthyology; Francis Bowen, A. M., Systems of Philosophy as Affecting Religion.

1848-49. — Prof. Adolphus L. Koeppen, Ancient and Modern Athens; Prof. L. Agassiz, Comparative Embryology; Prof. Jeffries Wyman, M. D., Comparative Physiology; Prof. Francis Bowen, A. M., Application of Ethical Science to the Evidence of Religion; Prof. Henry D. Rogers, Application of Science to Useful Arts.

1849-50. — Prof. Wm. H. Harvey, M. D., Cryptogamia; Rev. A. Potter, D. D., Natural Religion; Geo. T. Curtis, Esq., Constitution of United States; Prof. Edward Lasell, Physical Forces; Prof. James F. W. Johnston, F. R. S., Agriculture.

1850-51. — Prof. Francis Bowen, A. M., Political Economy; Prof. L. Agassiz, Functions of Life in Lower Animals; Rev. Geo. W. Blagden, D. D., Evidences of Revealed Religion; Prof. Arnold Guyot, P. D., Physical Geography.

1851-52. — Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., Natural Religion, "Problem of Human Destiny;" Prof. C. C. Felton, LL. D., Greek Poetry; B. A. Gould, Jr., P. D., The Progress of Astronomy in the Last Half-century; Francis Bowen, A. M., Origin and Development of the English and American Constitutions.

1852-53. — Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S., Geology, etc.; Chas. B. Goodrich, Esq., Science of Government, etc.; Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., Natural Religion; Prof. C. C. Felton, Life of Greece; Dr. O. W. Holmes, English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century.

1853-54. — Members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, various subjects; Prof. L. Agassiz, Natural History; Prof. J. Lovering, Electricity; E. H. Davis, Mounds and Earthworks of the Mississippi Valley; Rev. Orville Dewey, Problem of Human Destiny.

1854-55. — Prof. C. C. Felton, On the Downfall and Resurrection of Greece; Hon. John G. Palfrey, New England History; James Russell Lowell, English Poetry; Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, Mediæval History.

1855-56. — Rev. Orville Dewey, Education of the Human Race; Rev. W. H. Milburn, Early History and Settlement of the Mississippi Valley; George W. Curtis, Contemporaneous English Fiction; Prof. J. P. Cooke, Chemistry of the Non-metallic Elements; Prof. E. Vitalis Scharb, The Great Religious and Philosophical Poems of Modern Times.

1856-57. — Dr. George W. Burnap, Anthropology; Prof. Guglielmo Gajani, Early Italian Reformers; Lieut. M. F. Maury, Winds and Currents of the Sea; Rev. Henry Giles, Human Life in Shakespeare; Dr. David B. Reid, Ventilation and Acoustics; Rev. William R. Alger, The History of the Doctrine of a Future Life; Prof. William B. Rogers, Elementary Laws of Physics.

1857-58. — Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Treatment of Social Diseases; Reinhold Solger, History of the Reformation; Rev. Thomas T. Stone, English Literature; Prof. Francis Bowen, Practical English Philosophers and Metaphysicians from Bacon to Sir William Hamilton; Rev. John Lord, Lights of the New Civilization; Dr. Isaac Ray, Mental Hygiene.

1858-59. — Prof. F. D. Huntington, On the Structure, Relations and Offices of Human Society — as Illustrating the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator; Prof. William B. Rogers, On Water and Air in their Mechanical, Chemical and Vital Relations; Prof. S. G. Brown, British Orators; Rev. William R. Alger, Poetical Ethics; Edwin P. Whipple, The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.

1859-60. — Prof. C. C. Felton, Constitution and Orators of Greece; Dr. Reinhold Solger, Rome, Christianity and the Rise of Modern Civilization; Thomas Hill, Mutual Relation of the Sciences; Prof. Joseph Lovering, Astronomy; Rev. Henry Giles, Social Culture and Character.

1860-61. — Rev. James Walker, Philosophy of

Religion; Hon. George P. Marsh, Origin and History of the English Language; Rev. Mark Hopkins, Moral Philosophy; Prof. Benjamin Peirce, Mathematics in the Cosmos; Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Chemistry of the Atmosphere as Illustrating the Wisdom, Power and Goodness of God.

1861-62. — Prof. L. Agassiz, Methods of Study in Natural History; Rev. George E. Ellis, Natural Religion; Rev. Robert C. Waterston, Art in Connection with Civilization; Prof. William B. Rogers, Application of Science to Art; Guglielmo Gajani, Italian Independence.

1862-63. — Rev. Henry Giles, Historic Types of Civilized Man; Capt. William Steffen, Military Organization; Charles Eliot Norton, The Thirteenth Century; Prof. George W. Greene, American Revolution; Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Natural Religion; Capt. E. Lesdakelyi, Field Service.

1863-64. — Prof. Henry W. Alden, Structure of Paganism; Prof. Daniel Wilson, Ethnical Archaeology; Rev. J. C. Fletcher, Man and Nature in the Tropics; William Everett, University of Cambridge, England; Prof. Henry James Clark, Origin of Life; Henry Barnard, National Education.

1864-65. — Rev. Henry Giles, The Divine Element in Human Nature; Rev. J. C. Zachos, English Poets; Prof. William D. Whitney, Language and the Study of Language; Col. Francis J. Lippitt, On Entrenchments; Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, The Sunbeam, its Nature and its Power; J. Foster Kirk, Life and Manners in the Middle Ages; Prof. L. Agassiz, Glaciers and the Ice Period.

1865-66. — Prof. Francis Bowen, Finances of the War; Rev. E. Burgess, Indian Archaeology; Richard Frothingham, American History, Union; Samuel Eliot, Evidences of Christianity; Prof. J. P. Lesley, Anthropology; Rev. J. C. Fletcher, Pompeii; Edward A. Samuels, Music and its History; Prof. Joseph Lovering, Sound and Light; Prof. P. A. Chadbourne, Natural Religion; Dr. Burt G. Wilder, Silk Spider of South Carolina.

1866-67. — Prof. L. Agassiz, Brazil; Charles S. Peirce, S. B., Logic of Science and Induction; T. Sterry Hunt, F. R. S., Chemical and Physical Geography; William P. Atkinson, English Literature; E. George Squire, Inca Empire; Rev. E. Burgess, Antiquity of Man; R. H. Dana, Jr., LL. D., International Law; Rev. W. L. Gage, Biblical Geography.

1867-68. — William T. Brigham, Volcanic Phenomena; Hon. Emory Washburn, Comparative Jurisprudence; Mark Hopkins, D. D., Moral Science; Robert Morris Copeland, Improved Agriculture and Landscape Gardening; Capt. E. W. Atwood, Fisheries of Massachusetts Bay; Prof. D'Arcy W. Thompson, Education; Rev. A. P. Peabody, Reminiscences of European Travels; Howard Payson Arnold, The Great Exposition, Paris, of 1867.

1868-69. — Robert Von Schlagintweit, Orography and Physical Geography of High Asia; Alex. Melville Bell, Elocution; Rev. A. A. Livermore, Debt of the World to Christianity; Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., Electricity; George W. Greene, American Revolution; Members of Massachusetts Historical Society, Early History of

Massachusetts; Rev. Ed. A. Lawrence, Providence in History; Alexander Hyde, A. M., Agriculture; Dr. F. G. Lemercier, Physiology of Man, Animals and Plants.

1869-70. — Prof. L. Agassiz, Deep Sea Dredging; John Bascom, Mental Philosophy; William H. Channing, Progress of Civilization; W. H. Niles, Geological History, Ancient and Modern; Burt G. Wilder, Hands and Feet of Mammalia; Rev. E. E. Hale, Divine Method in Human Life; Members of the American Social Science Association; Albert S. Bickmore, China and the Chinese.

1870-71. — Alex. M. Bell, Shakespeare and his Plays; William D. Howells, Italian Poets of Our Century; Edward S. Morse, Natural History; Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D., Natural Sources of Theology; Rev. George E. Ellis, Provincial History of Massachusetts; R. C. Waterston, Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada of California; Prof. George P. Fisher, The Reformation; Pres. Paul A. Chadbourne, Instinct.

1871-72. — Edward Lawrence, Philosophy of Travel; Alex. M. Bell, Modern British Authors; William T. Brigham, Water as a Geological Agent; Charles C. Perkins, Grecian Art; Rev. Mark Hopkins, An Outside Study of Man; Charles F. Hart, Geology of Brazil; N. S. Shaler, Geology of Mountain Ranges; William P. Atkinson, English Literature.

1872-73. — Prof. John Tyndall, Light and Heat; Walter Smith, Linear Perspective; Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., The New Chemistry; Sanborn Tenney, The Physical Structure and Resources of United States; Isaac I. Hayes, M. D., Arctic Discoveries; Hon. B. G. Northrop, American and Foreign Education; Prof. G. L. Goodale, Vegetable Physiology; B. W. Hawkins, Comparative Anatomy; C. E. Brown-Sequard, Physiology of Mental Faculties.

1873-74. — Richard A. Proctor, Esq., Astronomy; J. T. Fields, Esq., Modern English Literature; Prof. John Bascom, Philosophy of English Literature; Prof. E. C. Pickering, Practical Application of Electricity; Prof. Samuel Kneeland, Rocky Mountains, California and Sandwich Islands; C. E. Brown-Sequard, M. D., Nervous Force; Charles C. Perkins, A. M., Italian Art.

1874-75. — Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., Christianity and Science; Prof. Bonamy Price, Currency and Finance; John Trowbridge, Recent Advances in Electricity; Prof. Samuel Kneeland, Iceland; C. F. Adams, Jr., Esq., Railroads and their Development; Prof. W. H. Niles, Atmosphere and its Phenomena; Rev. H. G. Spaulding, Antiquities of Rome, Christian and Pagan; John T. Wood, F. R. S., B. A., The Great Temple of Diana.

1875-76. — Richard A. Proctor, Esq., Astronomical Subjects; Rev. W. L. Gage, Wayside Notes in Palestine; William A. Hovey, Esq., Coal, Steam, Iron, Steel, Gas and Glass; F. B. Hough, Esq., Forestry; Prof. S. Tenney, Geology; Prof. C. A. Young, Popular Astronomy; Prof. George P. Fischer, The Rise of Christianity; Rev. James T. Bixby, Physical Theory of Religious Faith.

1876-77. — Prof. C. E. Norton, Church Building in Middle Ages; Luigi Monti, Modern Ital-

ian Literature; President P. A. Chadbourne, Natural Religion; Members of the Social Science Association; Prof. N. Cyr, Contemporary France; Rev. H. G. Spaulding, Roman and Pagan Life in the First Century; Prof. William R. Ware, Architecture; Rev. Ed. C. Guild, English Lyric Poetry in the Seventeenth Century; Prof. Francis J. Child, Chaucer.

1877-78. — Prof. Carl Semper, Conditions of Existence of Animal Life; Bayard Taylor, Esq., German Literature; Gamaliel Bradford, Esq., History of British India; Prof. William Everett, Latin Poets and Poetry; Charles C. Perkins, Esq., History of the Art of Engraving.

1878-79. — Prof. William James, M. D., The Brain and the Mind; Rev. Selah Merrill, Recent Explorations of the East; Charles S. Minot, Esq., The Phenomena of Animal Life; Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., Crystals and their Optical Relations; Charles Wyllis Elliott, Household Life and Art in Middle Ages; General L. P. Di Cesnola, Cyprus, its Ancient Art and History; Prof. Francis A. Walker, Money; Prof. Francis J. Childs, Popular Ballads of England and Scotland; Prof. Benjamin Peirce, Ideality in Physical Science; Rev. George E. Ellis, D. D., The Red Man and the White Man; Thomas Davidson, Esq., Modern Greece.

1879-80. — Prof. Archibald Geikie, Geographical Evolution; Prof. Joseph Lovering, Physical Science; Prof. W. G. Farlow, Lower Order of Plant Life; Prof. John Trowbridge, Philosophy of Science; Rt. Hon. Lyon Playfair, M. P., F. R. S., LL. D., Inoculation of the Arts and Sciences; Hon. Carroll D. Wright, The Labor Question; Prof. W. H. Niles, Physical Geography of the Land; Rev. J. F. Clarke, D. D., Epochs and Events in Religious History; Prof. Henry W. Haynes, Prehistoric Archaeology of Europe; Prof. J. L. Diman, The Theistic Argument; Henry Cabot Lodge, Esq., English Colonies in America, 1760.

1880-1881. — Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins, Primeval Man; Luigi Monti, Dante and his Times; William F. Apthorp, Art and Growth of Music; O. W. Holmes, Jr., Common Law; George Makepeace Towle, Prominent Men of the Age; Thomas Davidson, History of Greek Sculpture; Charles Carleton Coffin, Machinery and Modern Civilization; Rev. E. C. Bolles, Historic London; G. P. Lathrop, Symbolism of Color in Nature, Art, Literature and Life; Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., Divine Origin of Christianity; Prof. M. Coyt Tyler, American Literature of the Revolution.

1881-82. — Ed. A. Freeman, D. C. L., The English People in their Three Homes; Gamaliel Bradford, Esq., Modern Europe, Social and Political; Prof. Simon Newcomb, History of Astronomy; James Bryce, D. C. L., M. P., Past and Present of the Greek and Turkish East; Prof. Ed. S. Morse, Japan; Ed. B. Drew, A. M., China; James F. Clarke, D. D., The Comp. Theology of Ethnic and Catholic Religions; Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Ph. D., The Icelandic Saga Literature; Horace E. Scudder, Childhood in Literature and Art. Feb. 18, 1881, Rev. W. H. Milburn (blind) gave a single lecture on his recollections of Thomas Carlyle. (No tickets issued.)

**LOWELL INSTITUTE.**

**SIX LECTURES**

ON

**RECENT EDUCATIONAL CHANGES**

**AND TENDENCIES,**

BY

**CHARLES W. ELIOT.**

**MONDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS,**

To begin Nov. 30, 1891.

Hall doors opened at 7.15, CLOSED at 7.45 o'clock.

*B. C. Cotting*

This Ticket entitles the bearer to reserved seat.

**NO. 438 CENTRE,**

in Huntington Hall, Rogers Building, 491 Boylston Street, during President Eliot's course.

RESERVED till 7.42 — Hall Time.

1882-83. — William B. Carpenter, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., Physical Geography of the Deep Sea; Prof. G. L. Goodale, Geographical Botany; Dr. William B. Carpenter, Human Automatism; Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, Nature and Matter; Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Philippine Islands; W. E. Davis, Storms; J. W. Fewkes, Jelly Fishes; Prof. Samuel P. Langley, Sun and Stars; Prof. James T. Bixby, Inductive Philosophy of Religion; Mr. Fred'k W. Putnam, American Archæology.

1883-84. — Rev. J. G. Wood, Structure of Animal Life; Prof. E. S. Morse, Japan; Prof. Charles R. Cross, Sound; Mr. W. M. Davis, Winds, Cyclones and Tornadoes; Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, Mineral Physiology; Mr. George Kennan, Asiatic Russia; Rev. Edw. C. Mitchell, Biblical Science and Modern Discovery; Dr. Morris Longstreth, Germ Theory of Disease.

1884-85. — Prof. R. S. Ball, LL. D., F. R. S., Chapters on Modern Astronomy; Dr. Thomas Dwight, Mechanics of Bone and Muscle; Prof. Ed. W. Gosse, Early Literature, Transition from Shakespeare to Pope; Dr. David G. Brinton, North American Indians; Frederick A. Ober, Mexico and its People; Rev. Leighton Parks, Christianity and the Early Aryan Religions; Edward Stanwood, Early Party Contests; Gen. F. A. Walker, United States as Seen in the Census; John C. Ropes, Esq., First Napoleon.

1885-86. — Rev. H. R. Haweis, Music and Morals; Prof. James R. Soley, U. S. N., The American Navy; Thomas D. Lockwood, Electric Telegraph and Telephone; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Law; Prof. Francis J. Childs, Early English Poetry; Rev. James De Normandie, The Sunday Question; Prof. Charles A. Young, Popular Astronomy; Officers of both Armies in the late Civil War, selected by the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts.

1886-87. — Alfred Russell Wallace, LL. D., Darwinism and some of its Applications; Prof. Rodolph Lanciani, Recent Archæological Discoveries in Rome; Sir. J. William Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., Development of Plants in Geological Times; William F. Apthorp, Music; Dr. Leonard Waldo, Horology; George M. Towle, Esq.,

Foreign Governments; Henry A. Clapp, Esq., Shakespearian Dramas; James Russell Lowell, Early English Dramatists.

1887-88. — Henry A. Clapp, Esq., Dramas of Shakespeare; Prof. J. P. Cooke, Necessary Limitation of Scientific Thought; Rev. G. Frederick Wright, Ice Age in North America; James R. Gilmore, Early Southwest; John S. Billings, M. D., U. S. A., History of Medicine; James Russell Soley, U. S. N., European Neutrality during the Civil War; Prof. D. G. Lyon, Ancient Assyrian Life; Prof. George L. Goodale, Forest and Forest Products.

1888-89. — Prof. Charles H. Moore, Gothic Architecture; Mr. Ivan Panin, Russian Literature; Eadweard Muybridge, Animal Locomotion; Prof. N. S. Shaler, Geographical Conditions on Life; William Bradford, Esq., the artist, Wonders of the Polar World; Col. Theodore A. Dodge, Great Captains; Rev. R. S. Storrs, Bernard of Clairvaux; George Kennan, Esq., Eastern Siberia; Prof. Edward S. Morse, Peoples and Institutions Abroad.

1889-90. — Prof. Edward D. Cope, The Evolution of the Vertebrata; Carl Lumholtz, M. A., Among Australian Natives; C. C. Coffin, The Unwritten and Secret History of the Late Confederacy; Prof. Thomas M. Drown, Water Supply in its Relation to Public Health; Prof. William G. Farlow, Lower Forms of Plant Life; Mr. John Fiske, The Discovery and Colonization of America; Louis Dyer, Esq., The Gods in Greece; Augustus Le Plongeon, M. D., Ancient American Civilization; William Rotch Ware, Equestrian Monuments.

1890-91. — Hon. John A. Kasson, LL. D., Diplomacy and Diplomats; Louis Fagan, Treasures of the British Museum; Prof. Barrett Wendell, English Composition; Henry A. Clapp, Dramas and Sonnets of Shakespeare; Charles E. Munroe, Explosive Substances; George M. Towle, The Era of Elizabeth; Francis G. Peabody, D. D., The Ethics of the Social Question; Prof. James Geikie, D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S., Europe During and After the Ice Age; Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, Mountain Meteorology.

1891-92. — Oliver W. Huntington, Ph. D., Meteorites; Charles W. Eliot, Recent Educa-



tional Changes and Tendencies; Charles Valentine Riley, Ph. D., Entomology; Lyman Abbott, The Evolution of Christianity; William Everett, Ph. D., Litt. D., Saints and Sainly Service; Prof. A. V. G. Allen, D. D., Christian Institutions, their Origin, Development and Results; Prof. G. Frederick Wright, The Origin and Antiquity of the Human Race; George L. Fox, M. A., The Public Schools of England; John Murray, Ph. D., Oceanography.

1892-93. — Mr. Henry A. Clapp, Dramas of Shakespeare; T. C. Mendenhall, Earth Measuring; Mr. C. S. Peirce, The History of Science; Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, LL. D., Photograph Sketches of Egypt; Louis C. Elson, Music, its Origin and Development; George H. Martin, A. M., Evolution of the Massachusetts School System; Prof. George L. Goodale, M. D., Ceylon, Java, Australia and New Zealand; Prof. Charles R. Cross, The Acoustic Phenomena Underlying Music; A. Lawrence Lowell, The Governments

of Central Europe; Prof. Gaetano Lanza, Engineering Practice and Education; Prof. Henry Drummond, LL. D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S., The Evolution of Man. Last six repeated.

1893-94. — Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, The Religious and Social Life of India; Prof. Charles R. Cross, Modern Uses of Electricity; George L. Fox, M. A., English Public Schools; Prof. Gaetano Lanza, The Strength of Materials; Prof. William T. Sedgwick, Ph. D., Bacteriology; S. R. Kochler, Engraving; Sir William Dawson, The Meeting Place of Geology and History; Carl Lumholtz, M. A., The Characteristics of the Cave Dwellers of the Sierra Madre; Edward B. Poulton, M. A., F. R. S., The Colors of Animals; Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, The Native Races of North America; Prof. H. Von Holst, The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career; Percival Lowell, Esq., Japanese Occultism; William Jewett Tucker, D. D., The Influence of Religion To-day.



## THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE NEW ENGLAND LYCEUM.

By *E. P. Powell.*



It was in October of 1862 that a few of us met at the Oliver House in Toledo to form a lecture association to do a work much like that of the later "lecture bureaus," — the first ever formed in the United States. There were delegates from half a dozen cities of Michigan and Ohio. We were not accredited from regularly organized societies, but were those who had been trying to extend the lyceum advantages of New England over the West. We aimed at no very general association, but had hardly gone home when the idea caught. Our agency was transferred the same year to Chicago. Another bureau, under the patronage of the Young Men's Christian Association, was formed in Brooklyn. The advantage of having a central agent for a large territory, to arrange dates, expenses and routes, was evident to both managers and speakers. The platform, already omnipotent in New England,

became an immense power in the West. No official considered that his position debarred him from coming to the popular rostrum to discuss matters of public interest. In the course of the next eight or nine years we had on our annual schedules such names as Salmon P. Chase, James A. Garfield, John P. Hale, Vice-President Colfax, Senator Daniel S. Dickinson, Edward L. Youmans, Henry Vincent, Richard Proctor, Susan B. Anthony, Frederick Douglass, J. G. Holland, Bayard Taylor, E. P. Whipple, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Bellows, and a long array of the ablest clergymen and scientists of America. The people of America were never more in earnest, more enthusiastic, sympathetic and intellectual in their demands than during the period from 1860 to 1870. The topics discussed were not seldom political; but literature and science and poetry also had their best words. It was a day of moral struggle, not of mere brute force, — as was demonstrated by the fact that none were listened to with more atten-

tion than those who expounded humanitarian duties. I do not believe New England ever affected the world more positively and aggressively than from the platform. When the moral purport of the lyceum was lost, its days were numbered.

The educative power of the platform was so clearly advantageous that not a few of the managers were pastors. A minister could do his church and his whole social circle no greater benefit than to bring to them the grandest talent of the age. At that time our periodical literature was much less extensive than now, and there was no Chautauqua. I believe that the whole Chautauqua and university extension scheme is to be traced back for its inception to the platform lecture. At least, I remember well a talk in a sleeping-coach with Bishop Vincent in the days when his magnificent plans were incubating, at which time he told me he proposed a great annual free rostrum where the best ideas of the world should be heard. With us the enjoyment and the benefit of personal intercourse with the world's greatest minds was no small incentive to work. Besides this we generally succeeded in doing more than paying our lecturers, and were enabled to carry on with the other hand some social, religious or benevolent enterprise. The prices paid varied from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars for smaller cities. These prices drew all who were then known as popular instructors, excepting only Beecher and Agassiz. Agassiz could be drawn away from his museum only on a pledge of two hundred dollars a night, and that for several nights in succession. To Beecher a fee of five hundred or one thousand dollars in the largest cities was a paying investment; but it would not do for our smaller towns.

The lot of the manager, however, was not always either pleasant or profitable. I remember one morning in the autumn of 1865 receiving a telegram from Anna Dickinson, dated Chicago. It read: "Frederick Douglass spent the evening with us. He will be there to lecture to-night. We had some dispute as to which the night belonged in your town."

Alas! but it belonged to Miss Dickinson; and it was in the very height of her popularity. Every ticket was sold and at a premium in the streets. It is astonishing, in these dull lyceum days, to recall the wild enthusiasm aroused by some of our speakers. I telegraphed back: "It is not Frederick's night, but yours. We have sold tickets for you till we are compelled to stop. Fifteen hundred tickets out. Don't fail us." About noon came a reply: "Can't you fix it in some way and give me Fred's night?" Reply: "Of course not. Take the next train, by all means." But "our Anna," as the West familiarly called her, did not succeed in getting on to the next train; and we had to refund for the tickets. It was a five-hundred-dollar loss, besides our expenses. It made bad blood all around; and half the people could not be made to understand that the management was not to be blamed. Most of our speakers, however, took every precaution to be on hand. Theodore Tilton hired a special engine to haul him in. Bayard Taylor's bluff form jumped off a freight train into the snow, and footed it half a mile, to find his audience ready to disperse. Poor fellow!—at the next town he was taken ill, and for three weeks we corresponded in condolence.

There was a great difference in the generosity of our lecturers. Wendell Phillips's fee was one hundred and fifty dollars; but he always gauged his audience, and refused to take more than his share. On one occasion I handed him a roll of bills, saying, "Your fee, Mr. Phillips." "But how much is there?" he said. I answered, "One hundred and fifty dollars, as we promised." "You did not have a house to warrant it; I will not take it;" and he handed me back seventy-five dollars. There had been a terribly violent storm the night before, which alone kept the people from the hall. Not only this, but he volunteered to take my place in the pulpit, it being Sunday; and he spoke with magnificent power on temperance and prohibition. Leaning on the desk, he swayed his audience with that magical forefinger. Men violently opposed to prohibitive legislation were at least temporarily converted.

The last time that I heard Mr. Phillips was in Chicago. The anti-slavery struggle was just past. Victory was won by the little band that had faced Boston mobs. Now the issue was one in which Mr. Phillips was less at home. He never made even a tolerable politician. It was a tremendous audience — not less than six thousand. The subject was Grant for a third term. The audience was divided, half cheering, half hissing. Calm, unruffled, smooth, but with a powerful temper powerfully governed, he stood his ground. He always said he enjoyed hisses, — cheering was too common. Working his way through to the heart of his subject, he stood till there was absolute silence. Then lifting his finger he said with all possible deliberation: "Six years from to-day the three names most honored among American statesmen will be" — a long pause — "Ulysses S. Grant, Oliver P. Morton — and — Benjamin F. Butler." This was too much for the audience. They laughed, they cheered, they yelled, — and from that moment were deliciously good-natured. I never felt sure whether Phillips really believed that anti-climax, or made use of it as an oratorical card. I afterward asked him how he felt when the mobs howled about him. He turned to me and said: "I think I have no nerves. I was never afraid, for I never thought of the danger, only of the victory."

As a rule, our English lecturers exacted the pound exactly as down in the bond. It robbed a few reformers of their halo of humanitarian purpose; but we had to pay their bills all the same. Indeed we found after a few years that the drift was quite toward making the lyceum a money-making affair, without regard to any higher end. My recollections of Mr. Proctor, however, furnish a delightful exception to the rule that foreigners came over to America for a golden harvest. He loved us, and we loved him, until he adopted America as a home. He was always as anxious to learn as to teach, and steadily grew larger and more liberal in his theology. It was a delightful conference that night in a quiet Chicago study, when he told me of his passage from Romanism to belief in the

modern doctrines of evolution. It was my pleasant lot at a later date to be associated with Mr. Proctor as literary contributors for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* — Mr. McCullough, the managing editor of that journal, having invited a few of us to take charge of a page of the Sunday issue.

John B. Gough spoke for me about ten times. In his autobiography he says that he always began to prick up his ears for joy as he approached Adrian — where we first met — because there he would have the complete rest that a lecturer above all needed and longed for. We had our special places of entertainment selected, which we judged specially adapted to each lecturer. Mr. Gough I always met at the depot, and shut him up at once in a hack. We drove to a charming home crowning a bluff in the heart of the city. Mrs. Angell met him at the door, and said with quiet grace: "Your room is ready, Mr. Gough; your meals whenever you choose, by going to the dining-room and giving your order." Not a word more, — and she left him. He went to his *own room*. He went when and where he pleased. No one entertained him or spoke except to answer questions. All callers were resolutely refused admittance. Ten minutes before the lecture hour I went with a carriage, and he was just ready to be shut in and driven to the church or the opera house. Very few were introduced or allowed about the dressing-room. He went on to the platform, and sat down a moment while I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Gough." After the lecture he crept off one side, wet with perspiration and hungry as a baby for petting. I always turned to him at once with: "It was splendid, Mr. Gough — splendid. You never did better in your life." "Was it? Was it really? Well, now, I was thinking, you know, it was a sort of a failure. What do folks care for a lot of my old stories?" So it went on for a few moments till he brightened up and got a bit of tone. Then we rushed him straight home. He always had a groom as travelling companion with him, — a young man to rub him down and take care of him. Gough would never have survived

a single trip but for such special attention. He was always at his best when he spoke on temperance; but he was quite inclined in later years to insist on giving one of his new lectures. These were a string of anecdotes loosely connected by his immensely interesting personality. His fee was one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars; but he always earned it. No matter what the weather, Gough drew a crowd; and we relied on him not only to pay his own fee, but to make good all the deficiencies created by others. I had one very ponderous friend who never could see a joke; so I took him to hear Gough and seated him on the platform. The dear, dignified, somewhat adipose divine did nothing but roar and cry and giggle from the moment Gough's coat-tails first flew up to the end of the lecture. When Gough described the judge who met a big sow, as each went around a corner, and the sow went between the judge's legs and took him off his feet, carrying him down town while the great jurist grappled for her tail, the old gentleman gave way entirely. At the end of the lecture he was completely exhausted, and I had to help him down from the platform. He was not the only one who laughed himself weak listening to Gough.

I have a large lot of letters drawn out by these lecture engagements and by consequent friendships. It is very touching to pick up one of the last from Phillips and read: "I am growing old. Do you take care of your health. I can't recall names—a sign of aging; Emerson has got so far he sometimes forgets the names of *things*."

Bayard Taylor we had booked in Chicago for a conversation; and he dreaded it. He finally wrote: "The result be on your own head. I cannot sit gravely like an owl or an oracle and propound world truths; but I will try to talk, if others help me." But his conversation was a splendid success; much better than his written lectures, which were not brilliant. He hated lecturing, and wrote me just before starting for Berlin: "One thing for which I am grateful is that my appointment will put a stop to my lectures." Taylor wrote much of his "Deukalion" on

the cars, as he went from lecture post to lecture post. I can still hear the fine tread of his metric feet as he read to me such passages as this:—

"As the palm by the palm in beauty, the female  
and the male,  
When the south winds mix their blossoms and  
the date sheaf cannot fail;—  
For one is the glory of either, since the primal  
fate began  
To guide to a single future earth's double-  
natured man."

Taylor has never been quite understood by the people, partly because he wrote so much about his travels. His ambition was to be known as a great poet,— "the poet of evolution," he said to me. "Deukalion" and the "Masque of the Gods" are efforts to express the soul of Darwinism in verse.

Professor Youmans was a favorite with a select audience. It is difficult rightly to appreciate that man. Untiring in his devotion to science and truth, I do not believe America has ever produced a man more fascinating and eloquent in its presentation. His "Talks with a Sunbeam" will never be forgotten by any one who listened to them. He was never quite well, but was carried on and led to do work beyond his strength by his enthusiasm for truth. He says in a letter: "I am tired of bothering with the *Popular Science Monthly*, and hope something else will appear cheaper if not abler, and better adapted to universal circulation." He longed to get at the masses with the broadening power of science.

Emerson once left his notes at a town ten miles away, and did not discover his mistake till he started for the rostrum. Alas! he could do nothing. A courier was sent on horseback, as there was no train. The notes reached us one hour and a half after lecture time, and Mr. Emerson discoursed from them. The truth is, he was as dry as an east wind to a popular audience at best; on this occasion the puzzled hearers, already out of tune, voted him the worst bore in America. But there was the afterglow with Emerson; the man was there to be seen, to be felt.

Parton interlines a letter characteristically: "If that ten-million-dollar

cathedral is allowed to go untaxed, it will be a cruel and shameful outrage."

No one carried the people by storm like Theodore Tilton. He was, in the brightest of his days, full of magnificent promise. He seemed the ideal of young America in body and in mind. Off the platform his talk was incessantly of his home; his wife, his children, his pictures. If the sun shone with a pledge of great usefulness on any one, it was on young Tilton. A few years later I met him in the street of a western city. His head was down, and he saw no one. I let him run against me. Then he stood still with a cry of awful anguish. Seizing one of my hands in both of his, he cried: "My God, how I suffer!"

Among the rest, Sojourner Truth spoke for us twice in Adrian. She was by all odds the finest sample of the unadulterated African I ever saw. Her eloquence was only equalled by her wit. Supposing herself at the time to be over ninety, she was tense and vigorous, but bony, — and a great smoker. About this time she made up her mind that tobacco was evil, and she deserted it and her old Calvinistic theology together. Swinging her long arm, she struck out the straightforward logic of intuitive nature. Of all the strong characters that I met on the platform, there were none stronger than Sojourner Truth, Laura Haviland and Mrs. Comstock, — the last two Quaker preachers.

Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton were always acceptable and drew large audiences. I can think of nothing more impressive than the convicted bearing of the audiences of these two women; but it was not yet quite time for American manhood to follow its convictions. Robert Collyer in his prime, speaking on "Clear Grit" or "Charlotte Brontë," was a beautiful picture. I never heard the great stalwart man get through a lecture or address without a reference to his mother. I must add a letter from Robert Collyer which is so characteristic of the big-hearted man.

"DEAR LADDIE: I am 'meat whale and sleep whale,' but lazy as Larry's dog as had to lean up agin the barn doar to bark. Getting well on, you know, toward sunset: hair all white, mind all

right, heart still bright, things I say rather trite, not eager any more to get into a fight, but anxious still to find the light. Now and then I get hold of some word of yours or thing you have done, and find the old fine vim in it all, that in you I mind so well; and am glad. Some quaint old fellow said of his friend, 'Either he told the bees something or the bees told him something;' and I guess he meant you. Ye have the delicate ear and eyes. Blessed are your ears and eyes. I shall be glad to commune with you again for old sakes. I mail you a tiny thing I have been editing. I think you will like it. Clinton is none so far from this island. Why don't you come down in some near month and dine with us? We are old and lame, but always spry to our friends. But as for a lecture, I have the gudewife to look after, — and she is not over well.

Always and ever yours,  
ROBERT COLLYER."

To Garrison I wrote: "I have never yet said I am opposed to slavery, but am not an abolitionist. Will you lecture to us?" He answered: "Cowardice is the chief of crimes. I will be with you." How little can those who only know of the great battling power of this man know of his gentleness! I always think that Longfellow may have thought of him when he wrote: —

"O enviable fate, to be  
Strong, beautiful and armed, like thee,  
With lyre and sword, with song and steel,  
A hand to strike, a heart to feel!"

Two or three letters from Garfield, written while he was a representative from Ohio, are characterized by that peculiarly generous, sympathetic spirit which he manifested throughout all his career. While not able to lecture for us, because his constituents kept him too busy, he gave us kindly advice on a topic concerning which we wished him to lecture. Carl Schurz's letters are like his lectures, clear-cut, precise, highly purposeful and conscienceful. The very last letter from Phillips was written only a few days before his death. He says: —

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Thank you for liking me enough to wish my picture. Here is one they think good, and it is the last I've had taken, — but no more lectures.  
Cordially,  
WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The ablest of all conversationalists I ever heard was not Father Alcott, but Mrs. Leon Owens, who was noted for having been for twelve years instructor of the present king of Siam. She was

marvellously gifted with power to answer questions rapidly with grace and intelligence, — besides being a scholar of rare attainments. Mrs. Livermore I think ranks next in this line among women. It has always been a matter of regret to me that I could not hear Charlotte Cushman's readings. She was certainly by all odds the greatest Lady Macbeth I have ever seen. Father Alcott one should surely have seen. His conversations, however, were simply dogmatic theorizing. He was very testy of any difference of opinion, and was liable to excoriate a sharp questioner. With refined audiences the conversational lecture gradually displaced the rostrum, — as it gave a chance for a more select audience and freer discussion. It bridged the way to the present club era.

By all odds the most persuasive orator I ever heard was Phillips, — the most finished, most classically complete. He was Demosthenes reincarnated for the nineteenth century. Charles Sumner was his only rival in persuasive power with an audience. We never could get Sumner to come west on a tour; but I heard him repeatedly in New York. After he was pounded by Brooks, I was in that indignation mass-meeting inside and outside the old Tabernacle. We were wrought up to fury by the outrage, and were tingling with the spirit of revenge. Just then a man stepped through the fly-doors of the stage, and whispered to the chairman — John Jay, I think. He arose swiftly and touched the speaker. In a moment we heard him cry: "This, this is the man who caught Sumner in his arms as he fell." It was Granger of New York. Mr. Granger lifted his linen coat, and spreading it out, added: "And this coat is saturated with the blood of Charles Sumner." It was the most frenzied audience I ever saw or ever desire to see. They leaped up and yelled for vengeance. The building rang with curses. Women were as frantic as the men. It was the South against free speech; the North for free speech. The platform was a northern institution. The lyceum went west; but it never went south. Sumner was free speech invading a territory that refused to tolerate it.

Among the great failures on the platform was George Macdonald, the novelist, who came over without preparation and supposed it quite enough to extemporize to an American audience. James T. Fields asked him at the dinner table: "What are you going to lecture about to-night?" Mr. Macdonald answered: "I don't know until I get to the hall, — for I have made no preparation." Mr. Fields, who was above all men acquainted with the popular pulse, warned him that would not do in this country. Bradlaugh and Massey were both killed off by popular prejudice against their religious views. Matthew Arnold came over to lecture us, not to discuss a topic; but the people declined to accept him as their tutor in politics.

Of course great numbers crowded forward, hoping to become famous on the rostrum, or at least get rich by lecturing. Not one in fifty was a moderate success. It became quite impossible to escape being saddled now and then with a dunce; for the bureaus became open to "arrangements," sharing fees with speakers, and otherwise eking out a precarious existence.

The platform for a time was omnipotent. Its rise was rapid and startling. Free speech was demanded by freemen; and the response was, "You shall have it." For once the press was defied, mastered, snubbed, and finally compelled to champion the great reforms. Lecture bureaus multiplied; but the people soon gave indications that the charm of the lyceum was waning. No end of twaddlers bought their way into programmes; and, to tell the truth, the dear old standbys wore out their mission. A man who started out on a tour of one hundred nights was wofully weary, and not seldom wearisome, when he got to his fiftieth night. They said off their hour's say without spirit, and collected their fee. Some presumed on their popularity, and played queer pranks. A few had a bad habit of missing nights, or missing trains, and getting us into confusion. Others brought old lectures. It was no easy task to make sure of a taking course. One lecturer of some note I found unfit to go upon the platform. It was a bad

fix for him and for us. One serious difficulty was that prices had risen to an unreasonable figure. Our courses often failed to pay expenses. In St. Louis I lost from my own pocket \$195, owing to the failure of Miss Anna Dickinson to present herself at the last moment. Mr. Gough began with fees of \$10. Mr. Emerson and Theodore Parker got no more and often less. But at the last, besides Beecher's \$500, Dougherty called for \$200, Gough \$200, Joseph Cook \$250. Mr. Emerson, wishing to avoid an engagement in Cincinnati, set his price at \$300, but the figures were promptly accepted. E. H. Chapin, Carl Schurz and George William Curtis received \$200 each. We paid Murdock \$100. Mrs. Siddons easily commanded \$250. Archdeacon Farrar carried over \$10,000 out of the country. The receipts of one of Froude's lectures were over \$1,000, all of which he gave to Boston. John Tyndall was able to do even better; but he left all that he made as a gift to educate young men in science. Of course all this was a terrible strain on managers and committees. The best lecturers could only be secured at last by the largest towns.

The lyceum as it exists to-day is a starring exhibition approaching very nearly to theatricals. It involves speculation in all ways, — and much of this of a disagreeable or even dishonest sort. The first trip of Dr. Talmage to Great Britain was enormously profitable; but his general manager is said to have raised prices on all local managers after the engagement had been some time made, threatening that otherwise the whole trip would be abandoned. At the same time a handsome sum was cleared from the sale of the doctor's books. It is needless to say that Dr. Talmage was not responsible, and proposed a method of recompense. Ingersoll now draws the largest crowds except those collected by Talmage. Neither of these men gets less than five hundred dollars for a night's talk. Dr. McGlynn, George Kennan, Congressman Harter, Robert Burdette, James Whitcomb Riley, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Senator Gordon, Ex-Senator Ingalls, are in the field occasionally, and draw well; but I believe none of them would consent to a long course of

lectures, covering thirty or forty nights. Dr. Holland used to say: "The experiences of a lecturer are something terrible. I begin by chalking off my nights in this way: Twenty nights from my family; nineteen nights from my family; eighteen nights from my home; seventeen; sixteen." There are, however, plenty to be found who will gladly accept a long list of appointments; although the drawing men will not do it. Five or six nights are enough. The hardest thing a lecturer has to endure is entertainment. If noted, he becomes a spectacle to be gazed at. Callers flow in with no purpose but to say they have talked with him. He is fagged out as well as bored by people who have no idea that he has nerves or is tired. Lecturing, to them, is only talking. People who know better are often inconsiderate. If at private houses, the hosts naturally desire to be agreeable. They kill him with kindness. Experienced lecturers generally demand to be taken to hotels. They must be where they can lock themselves in and be quiet. I had one in charge who threw himself on the floor and spun a Chinese top for half an hour, — "just to get the blood out of my head, you see." Professor Gunning, who worked with chalk as he talked, — a really wonderful man, — did not sleep three hours of a night when I knew him, besides being racked with a severe cough. It soon killed him. Susan B. Anthony has done more lecturing than any other person in America, and survived it. She has an iron constitution, but a will that is stronger still.

I believe we have now not over one dozen lecture courses in those states which at one time each winter carried on from three to four hundred courses. The change does not mean intellectual decadence or a failing interest in great social or political questions. It does mean that forms of education are constantly changing, and that the American temperament has plasticity to adapt itself to the modifications that occur. Professor Proctor, before his death, bemoaned the passing away of the lecture era. He believed that it indicated intellectual deterioration of the people. This would be curious, for it would prove that

lectures themselves had led to, or at least were unable to prevent, such waning of intelligence. He says that "among five hundred towns, where formerly courses of varied entertainment worthy of civilized communities (concerts, readings, lectures on artistic, literary and scientific subjects) were arranged successfully season after season, scarcely fifty feel justified in continuing their efforts in the cause of culture, knowing that the community will not support them. Scientific, literary and artistic societies formerly flourishing are now dying or dead in many cities, which have in the mean time increased in wealth and population." This is all true as a barren recital of unexplained facts. But Mr. Proctor failed to understand the steady changes which take place in popular American education. The concert and lecture period lapsed or evolved into a period of reading-rooms and libraries. That the museum will follow is evident. That is, foreign or outside periodical instruction gave way to home institutions. Meanwhile the great Chautauqua scheme was opening into a greater system of home culture and social education. Out of it has grown university extension, which is yet in its tentative period and likely to accomplish more than the Lyceum achieved. America is very far from showing a single sign of literary, artistic or scientific decadence. Mr. Proctor misinterpreted our educational evolution. The rise of clubs, especially of women's clubs,

devoted to culture, has brought out the fact that we have a vast amount of home talent capable of writing just as good lectures as were accustomed to come to us from abroad at the rate of one hundred dollars a night. The winter's programmes for half a dozen women's clubs lie before me. They cover a rich field of discussion in arts, music, literature and even civics and economics. We owe the originating stimulus to the lecture system; but that which is begotten is more important than its parent.

The lyceum, what is left of it, is no longer the New England conscience bound on a voyage to convert the world to political and social righteousness. Efforts are invariably made to book any one who has created a sensation either in political or criminal life. But while this detracts still farther from the character of the platform erected by Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Richard S. Storrs, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charles Sumner, it does not succeed in establishing even a bad imitation of the original idea. Mr. Wendling, Ex-Senator Ingalls, Ex-Representative Wilson and Senator Gordon, all eloquent men, are not able to draw continuous crowds. The work is done. The lyceum rose to great power, and fell away and practically died, inside a single quarter of a century. But it killed slavery; it broke the power of superstitious theology; it made women free; it created a universal demand for higher culture.







PHOTOGRAPH BY F. CERRANO, JR.

"THE TONGUELESS TREES,  
GRAY CROWN, OR GREENING."

## THE POET.

*By Colin A. Scott.*

SWEET words waiting since the  
early time  
For him have tarried ;  
For him they rush into his  
rhyme,  
Forever married.

Ambassador of birds and bees,  
He knows their meaning,—  
The spokesman of the tongue-  
less trees,  
Gray grown, or greening.

And even my heart he reads  
aright,  
Through magic seeming ;  
At last my lips can utter quite  
My soul's deep dreaming.



## THE HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.

*By John White Chadwick.*



DIVINITY HALL.

THE methods of theological education to which we are now so habituated that we give to them an equal date with the beginnings of our American civilization are in reality of recent origin. There were no theological schools, distinct from the various colleges, or constituting departments by themselves, before the present century had started upon its eventful round. There was less need of them because the various colleges were strongly theological in the general drift of their instruction and maintained professors of Hebrew and other studies looking to the preparation of young men for the Christian ministry. The avowed object in the founding of Harvard College was the training of young men for the ministry. Secondary to this were the education and conversion of the Indians; but these, as Lowell tells us, showed so much greater aptitude for disfurnishing the outsides of other people's heads than for furnishing the insides of their own, that in a little while the training of ministers be-

came the well-nigh exclusive object of the college. Nothing could better indicate the extremity of the theological bias of Harvard, even so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, than an order of commencement exercises under the presidency of Holyoke, which was once shown to me by his descendant, Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge. It was for the year of President John Adams's graduation, 1755, and every one of the twenty-four graduates had, I think, a part; and every part, except that of Adams, was theological. His, happily ominous of the course of his maturity, was a political subject, and one that went to the heart of the great matter which was then only a little way below the political horizon. The others dealt with such succulent and aromatic themes as the damnation of infants and the election of a few to everlasting life and of the many to everlasting damnation.

It must not, however, be supposed that the young ministers of the eighteenth century had no other preparation for their

work than that of such training as the various colleges afforded them. It was customary for the older ministers to take into their families young men who had chosen the ministry for their career, — a custom which had great advantages, and which, even now, might well be made efficient as a supplement to the seminary education. Meantime to certain men of marked ability and theological distinction there was a peculiar gravitation of young blood, and here and there a parsonage became a theological seminary to all intents and purposes. This gravitation was most pronounced in the case of Joseph Bellamy, a Yale graduate of 1735 and from 1738 until 1790 the minister of the little town of Bethlehem, Connecticut, and Nathaniel Emmons, a Yale graduate of 1767, who was settled in Franklin, Massachusetts, from 1773 to 1827 and died in 1840 at the age of ninety-five. The gap of six years between his college graduation and his settlement indicates the period of his theological training with John Smalley, a giant of those days, and Samuel Hopkins, the anti-slavery hero and hyper-Calvinist, whose enthusiasm of self-abnegation reached the point that we should be willing to be damned for the glory of God. Bellamy was, with Hopkins, one of the most direct continuators of Jonathan Edwards's system, but walking more unswervingly than Hopkins in Edwards's steps. He had more than sixty students in his house from time to time; and Emmons, who out-Calvined Calvin in his Calvinism to a degree that even Edwards had not attained, numbered one hundred students of his ghastly creed, which did not prevent his being a fellow of infinite jest, seasoning the simple fare of his young theologians with many a lively tale. It was this kind of incongruity which set the boy Channing to wondering whether people really believed their terrible theology so much as they innocently imagined.

The Andover Theological Seminary is generally agreed to have been the first theological seminary in the United States, though its claim to this distinction is disputed by the Dutch Reformed Seminary of New Brunswick, New Jersey — how validly I do not know. The founding of the Andover Seminary was a direct result of

the appointment of Dr. Henry Ware — often called "the elder Ware" in distinction from his son of sainted memory, Henry Ware, Jr. — to the Hollis theological professorship in Harvard College in 1805. His predecessor, Dr. Tappan, who died in 1803, was a Calvinist, one of the "most strictest" of his sect. At his death it was commonly understood that the election of his successor was a crucial test, by which the college would stand fast in orthodoxy or fall away into the Unitarian belief. Rev. Jesse Appleton, who afterward became president of Bowdoin College, was Ware's rival candidate. For two years the corporation was equally divided; but in 1805 the death of a member tipped the balance to the Unitarian side, and Dr. Ware entered upon those duties which he faithfully performed until, in 1840, blindness compelled the resignation of his post.

The Unitarian movement in America had its roots far back into the middle of the eighteenth century. It was in good part a reaction of the more sober and rational minds against the excesses of the Great Awakening. As one of the sternest critics of those excesses, Jonathan Edwards must be reckoned as one of the personal forces that contributed to the development of a liberal theology. The Great Awakening began in 1734, and until 1740 Edwards was its recognized leader. Then Whitefield came over, and went flaming up and down the land. In the excesses and disorders which he encouraged Edwards saw as in a mirror the defects of his own earlier reliance on emotional exaltation and morbid psychological and physical conditions as evidences of a religious experience. It may well be doubted whether the piety of the New England churches when Whitefield died in 1770 was as evangelical as it would have been if he had never come at all and the far more ethical and spiritual genius of Edwards had been left to work alone. Certain it is that in a few years the awakening had so spent its force, that from 1744 to 1748 Edwards did not add a member to his Northampton church, while he had added hundreds in the corresponding years of the previous decade. The depreciation of morality

was one of the most characteristic notes of the Great Awakening, a depreciation carried so far by some of the disciples of Edwards, that they contended that a man was worse for being moral until he had enjoyed the experience of supernatural grace. On the other hand, salvation by character has always been one of the most pronounced of Unitarian notes. Clearly, then, we have a foregleam of Channing and Parker in the sermon of Lemuel Briant of Quincy (then Braintree), preached in 1749, on "The Absurdity and Blasphemy of Depreciating Moral Virtue." And it is very interesting and

outward manifestations, was not more rapid after 1765, and that Unitarianism did not become a recognized power till the beginning of the nineteenth century, was due in a measure to the early deaths of Mayhew and Briant, but even more to the great political struggle which absorbed the thought of New England for more than twenty years." When he adds that "no ministers were more patriotic in the Revolutionary struggle or more hearty in entering into discussion of the problems it involved than the Massachusetts liberals," and when it is remembered that Chauncy was as deep in the revolutionary business as Hancock and Warren and the Adamses, we can see still more plainly why the promise of Briant and Mayhew was not made good. Nevertheless, to quote Professor Walker once more, "the type of belief that Mayhew and his sympathizers represented quietly spread, till forty years after his death it was that of a large



THE DIVINITY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

significant that the sermon was preached in the West Church of Boston, where Jonathan Mayhew had already been pastor for two years. Briant died in 1753, when he was only thirty-one years old; and Mayhew lived only thirteen years longer to carry on his work. So long as he lived he carried it on right valiantly and to some wider issues. He denounced "man-made creeds;" he insisted on morality as necessary to salvation; he broke frankly with the doctrine of the Trinity. Dr. Charles Chauncy of the First Church in Boston was another vigorous critic of the Great Awakening and a Universalist long before the times of Murray and Ballou. Professor Walker of the Hartford Theological Seminary says, in his recent admirable history of American Congregationalism, "That the development of liberal theology, in its

proportion of the churches of eastern Massachusetts." (1806.)

But it would be a mistake to imagine that Unitarianism, as a definitely organized body, was the result of this gradual amelioration of the Calvinistic dogma along the lines of Arminian and Arian theology. Could this gradual amelioration have gone on for a few decades more, it is evident that the whole body of New England Congregationalism would have suffered a sea change into something as different from the Calvinism of Edwards as the Unitarianism of Channing. But as the excesses of the Great Awakening had stimulated a liberal development, so now the prospect of a general liberalism stimulated an evangelical revival which compelled "the silent brotherhood" to show its hand, to have done with simply ignoring the doctrines

of Calvinism and enter on a course of active opposition. Churches and councils began to search the joints and marrow of the prevailing heresy, and a new general association was formed in Massachusetts in the interest of the Edwardsian type of doctrine and observance, the latter presupposing that every church member had "made his calling and election sure,"—an idea not conducive to the virtue of humility. Churches began to split asunder, the stronger party holding to the church property, a circumstance of which much heartburning was the inevitable result. It was "significant of much" that the first church to split asunder (1801) was that of the Pilgrim Fathers. As the most liberal of the early New England churches, it was not, perhaps, unnatural that it should be the first of them to become Unitarian. The Episcopalian "King's Chapel" had become Unitarian some time before.

dollars, and afterward eighty dollars a year. The Andover Seminary was a direct result of the appointment of Henry Ware to the Hollis professorship at Harvard in 1805. Dr. Eliphalet Pearson, the first principal of the academy, had remained one of its trustees since he had become professor of Hebrew at Harvard and one of the five fellows of the college. Utterly disgusted by Ware's appointment, he resigned his Harvard offices and returned to Andover, and immediately made himself active in the establishment of the theological seminary. He was himself an ardent anti-Hopkinsian, and about the same time that he was agitating for a seminary at Andover, Leonard Woods and other Hopkinsians at West Newbury were agitating for a seminary there. The two parties finally agreed to come together and compromise their differences in order to present an unbroken front to the common Unitarian enemy; but the details of



THE READING-ROOM

We have now come back again to the establishment of the Andover Seminary. Phillips Andover Academy had been founded in 1778, and its founder had a religious purpose in his heart, contemplating a theological professorship at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, from the first, an Andover minister furnished theological instruction on a salary of fifty

the compromise were dragon's teeth from which "the Andover controversy" of our own time has got some of the utmost sharpness of its mutual recriminations.

The wonder is that the Harvard liberals were not more prompt in their attempt to found a rival institution; or it would be the wonder if the dislike and dread of sectarian divisions had not been all along



THE FACULTY OF THE HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.

DAVID GORDON LYON.  
CRAWFORD H. TOY.

CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT.  
JOSEPH HENRY THAYER.

EPHRAIM EMERTON.  
FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

an animating principle of the liberal movement, second to no other. In the event, Harvard Divinity School was the outcome of a gradual evolution, and when finally established it was as unsectarian in its character as even Dr. Channing could desire. Not until 1811 did Dr. Ware begin a course of definite theological instruction, President Kirkland assisting him with a course in dogmatic theology, Professor Willard, after 1813, in Hebrew, and Professor Andrews Norton in Sacred Literature; and, from 1817, Professor Frisbee in Moral Philosophy,—"Ethics" not having then supplanted its homelier and stronger synonyms, morality and morals, in the usage of mankind.

Here were all the instrumentalities of a divinity school without the name and separate organization; and perhaps it would have been as well if this arrange-

ment had been continued until the present time. In 1813 Dr. Samuel Parkman, grandfather of the historian, gave the college a township in Maine for the support of a theological professorship; and his son, Dr. John Parkman, wittiest of Unitarian divines, made such an addition to the gift, that in 1840 a "Parkman Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care" was so named in recognition of his own and his father's generosity, though others had in 1829 contributed liberally to its support. Whatever credit or discredit pertains to the founding of the school as a separate department of the university belongs to President Kirkland (1810-1828) as to no other person. In 1815 he issued a circular, addressed to graduates and friends of Harvard, soliciting subscriptions for a theological education fund. The receipts amounted to

nearly \$30,000, — and lo! John Adams's name led all the rest. The subscribers formed a society and proceeded to establish the divinity school, "it being understood that every encouragement be given to the serious, impartial and unbiased investigation of Christian truth, and that no assent to the peculiarity of any denomination of Christians be required, either of the students or professors or instructors." To that native centre the school has been always fast; and it may well be doubted whether the school as now organized, with professors of different theological opinions, is any freer from sectarian bias than it was when every professor was a Unitarian. I know that during my own residence (1861-64) there was the least possible endeavor in the instruction to point a Unitarian moral or adorn a Unitarian tale; and I remember very well what splendid indignation Dr. Noyes rained upon the suggestion of Dr. George B. Emerson, that students receiving beneficiary funds should agree to preach a supernatural theology or none at all.

The society was reorganized in 1824, and incorporated in 1826, in which year Divinity Hall was built under its auspices. Formerly it was much more isolated from the other university buildings than at present. One of the first invaders of its privacy was the great Peabody Museum, which, block by block, in the course of thirty-five years has been built on the open ground upon which the front windows of the hall once used to look, and which a student, now Dr. Horatio Stebbins, once dug and planted to potatoes with the consent of Dr. Noyes, raising one hundred bushels, for which he got one hundred dollars. I remember well the apostrophe to the new museum of one of the divinity students, in an essay on the relations of religion and science. In its arrogant, portentous bulk, o'ershadowing Divinity Hall, he found a gross and hideous symbol of the scientific spirit shutting out the light of heavenly truth. But, in fact, the museum and the Lawrence Scientific School, not far away, afforded the theological students in Divinity Hall some of their best advantages. The number of divinity students, though each had his own cell, was never sufficient to occupy

all the rooms, and those remaining were often occupied by Agassiz's students and others from the Scientific School. There, in my day, was Alpheus Hyatt, who has since achieved a noble reputation, then full of strenuous and ardent youth, and his friend Nathaniel Shaler, then, as now, his speculative genius outrunning his scientific curiosity, and Will James, as then we called the brilliant psychologist, who writes as vigorously as he thinks, with a human fetus in a bottle on his mantelpiece as the sole ornament of his room. Mingling freely with the divinity students, these men did quite as much to shape our thought as the lectures of our several professors, especially inclining us to a favorable reception of the Darwinian hypothesis, at a time when it was still a stranger in the world and had few friends. There were great debates in the little chambers, often over the strongest tea that could be brewed with fire and water, with the best toast and ginger conserve that the world could then afford. For making chocolate, Gannett (Rev. William C.) was then as apt as now he is in making parables in prose and verse. A good many of the students boarded themselves, in part, if not altogether. I indulged myself in this fancy for two years and a half, and live to tell the tale. If ever I should take to glorying, it would be for one period of seven weeks which I covered with five dollars. Some of the men had a beastly fashion of letting the dishes they had used accumulate, as the Germans do their linen, for a general wash, and then inviting a neighbor to assist at the function. I believe that I was generally willing to assist, but I drew a line at egg-cups that had waited over-long.

Each room had an alcove for the bedstead, which had a canvas centre corded round the edges; and as the cording had never, apparently, been tightened since 1826, in 1861 the canvas sagged to the similitude of a hammock. Every room was pleasant, but the corner ones were larger than the others and were most desired. No. 29 on the top floor was one of these, and for two years I enjoyed its pleasantness, accompanied by Theodore Parker's "affable familiar ghost," — for he had studied there tremendously some





THE CHAPEL.

thirty years before, trudging over to Wauertown to get armfuls of the new German books, not yet in the school or college library, from Dr. Convers Francis, brother of Lydia Maria Child, who in 1842 became Parkman Professor. In No. 30 Edmund H. Sears wrote the great Christmas hymn,

“Calm on the listening ear of night,”

keeping his coal meanwhile in his lower bureau drawer. At least a score of the best Unitarian hymns, some of them now the property of the church universal, were written by young men of the school, — easily first among them Samuel Johnson's

“Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling.”

John Langdon Sibley, for a long time the college librarian, — a librarian who conceived that the object of a library was to keep books from being read, — occupied the rooms under Nos. 29 and 30 for many years. I remember that late one night I was practising my “pulpit eloquence,” and I disturbed his rest. He signified his disapproval, but I went on remorselessly, and early the next morning I reported him to the proctor for disturbing me. The proctor, then Charley Salter of most bright and tragic memory, visited him at once, and the good old man — there never was a better — acknowledged that I had anticipated his

action by about a quarter of an hour. I was the early bird and he the worm. It was close by that Theodore Parker blended the stridulence of his saw with the music of John S. Dwight's flute or violin as he was playing a prelude to that musical reputation which he afterward acquired. Seeking, not long ago, the old “seclusions,” — no, not “ivy hushed,” — I found great changes going on. Water and bath-tubs were being introduced. Good! But then the fun we used to have with the absent-minded student who filled his water-pail with coal can be no more. He can still, however, fill his coal-hod at the pump.

Other changes were made in the building some twenty years ago, when the lecture-rooms which had been on the lower floor in the library were removed to the upper story, two or three rooms being thrown into one for this purpose. Could I renew my youth, as I should like to, I fear that I should miss the long, long rows of books on either side of the tables at which we used to sit, and the musty odor they gave out, while the light at the back of Dr. Noyes's head made an aureole for his brows. In 1887 a beautiful new library was built close by the hall, costing \$42,000; and there is now a competent librarian, Rev. Robert S. Morison, where formerly one student or another had the library in charge vaguely and intermittently.

On the second floor of the hall there is a chapel where of old the students met for morning and evening prayers, with a monitor to check the names of those who arrived tardily or not at all. One student, in my time, conceived that fifteen minutes was the maximum limit of the services, and he cultivated the spring of his watch so that it shut with a sharp snap when the allotted time was out. And when one of the students who had been long away returned to find his door barricaded with baker's loaves, which had been left in his absence because he had failed to put up the sign, "No Bread," it was, perhaps, a pardonable jest that "Man shall not live by bread alone" and other Bible verses bearing on the matter celebrated the prodigal's return. That was war-time, and our Scripture readings drew freely on the prophets and the imprecatory psalms; and the prayers were mighty with the enthusiasm of boyhood for the tearing down of strongholds in which slavery and disunion were entrenched. There, also, the first sermons were preached to audiences less fit than few; and at one of these trial trips one of the students, made of sterner stuff than the majority, shocked the professorial critic in attendance by beseeching, in conclusion, "the blessing of God upon these miserable gymnastics."

In the same little chapel the alumni of the school hold their annual meetings, and formerly a sermon was preached before the graduating class. So it happened that July 15, 1838, the place became a temple witnessing the most sacred scene in all its history, the delivery of Ralph Waldo Emerson's famous "Divinity School Address," the most lyrical and spontaneous utterance of his life, and the most epoch-making in the history of Unitarian thought. No wonder that Theodore Parker, as he walked home that night over Charles River bridge, saw everywhere in the moonlit sky and water visions of high duty beckoning him, and heard mysterious voices that bade him gird himself in solemn haste for an adventurous quest!

But the memories and associations of Divinity Hall must not detain me at the expense of those historical details which

are of more importance. In 1830 the society which hitherto had carried on the business of the school in connection with the corporation, resigned all its powers into the hands of that body, and the professors were organized into a faculty, the first dean of which was the Rev. John Gorham Palfrey, the historian of New England, and the anti-slavery hero of one of Hosea Biglow's most characteristic papers,—its subject Palfrey's vote cast against Robert C. Winthrop for the speakership of the national House of Representatives, an act on which John Quincy Adams's heroic temper bent and broke. The society transferred its funds



HENRY WARE, JR.

to the college on condition that they should be used with the same breadth and liberality as they had been from the start. In 1848 the father of President Eliot, then treasurer of the college, could say without hesitation that not a dollar given to the college had gone to the theological school.

But this financial detachment was unfortunately the symbol of a detachment of the school from the college in almost every particular. That divinity students should avail themselves of university courses was something for which there

was no precedent, and to establish one was not an easy matter. Nevertheless there was considerable jealousy of the school in orthodox circles; and in 1852 an attempt was made to effect its separation from the college. The corporation prayed the Supreme Court to be delivered from its



GEORGE R. NOVES.

trust; but the court decided that it had no power to grant the prayer. In 1858 the legislature passed an act enabling it to do so; but the matter ended there, the corporation finally deciding "that it would be false to all our traditions if in a college named for a Puritan minister, fostered by a Puritan clergy, and bearing on its corporate seal the motto '*Christo et Ecclesie*,' religion should be the only subject deliberately excluded." Those at once friendly to the school and college have found out a more excellent way of solving the problem and one which, while relieving the school of everything approaching a sectarian attitude, leaves it as free as it has ever been to pursue the unbiased search for truth.

The number of students has always been comparatively small, and the statistics afford no help to the conclusion that the inclination of young men to the ministry is growing less from year to year. In 1869 the school was larger than it had

ever been before, the students numbering thirty-five, all told. But this condition was the result of peculiar circumstances, and so far was it from being encouraging that it marked the lowest ebb of the school intellectually and morally. The Rev. George H. Hepworth, then a Unitarian clergyman, had conceived the idea that, to make Unitarianism popular, it must have a less cultured ministry, and he started a divinity school in Boston, which made no terms of admission or none worth mentioning. When this school shortly went to pieces, the Harvard school was urged to take in the unhappy students, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, and it did so, lowering its standards of admission to meet the exigency of the time. It is conceded that among those thus graciously admitted to the privileges of the school there were some of the hardest workers and some whose subsequent careers have seemed to justify the method of their day. But neither the corporation nor the faculty was encouraged to go on upon the lines of the new departure. In 1870 the former standards of admission, only in the classics and philosophy more exigent than those of the college, were restored, and the same year the university for the first time offered a



EZRA ABBOT.

degree (Bachelor of Divinity) to students passing certain examinations at the conclusion of a three years' course. Until 1874 a second form of graduation — a certificate of proficiency and good behavior — was retained, but since then there has been no graduation without the degree. The degree has not been equally attractive to all students, or even to all those most studious and most desirous to fit themselves properly for ministerial work. Some have conceived that a knowledge of Hebrew, one of the prime essentials of the degree, is less important than other post-graduate courses, and they have worked for these instead and for their appropriate degrees.

It so happens that the quinquennial catalogue will not henceforth be a fair report of the men turned out by the school. Until 1870 it gives the names of all students who completed the regular course; since 1870 only the names of those taking the divinity degree. There were in June, 1894, more students in the school than there have ever been, — forty-seven. But many of these may not have worked, or be working, for the divinity bachelorship, and yet have worked, or be working, just as hard, and it may be to just as good purpose, in others of the post-graduate courses of which the elective system of the university now offers so many to an eager and inquiring mind. A more exigent graduation demanded a more exigent admission; and in 1882 it was made a rule that candidates for a degree should be either college graduates or show themselves qualified in college studies. But the most important step of all was one obliging the recipients of pecuniary aid to obtain a mark of at least seventy-five per cent on their examinations. Without this provision there was danger that the school would attract men like Kingsley's nun, who

"was not good enough for man,  
And so was given to God."

Moreover, so long as help which in other departments of the university was the reward of scholarship, was given in the divinity school as the reward of indigence, it was inevitable that the school should lose caste with the college and other schools connected with the univer-



CONVERS FRANCIS.

sity. It may safely be assumed that there is no student who received aid under the old beneficiary system and has since made full proof of his ministry, who does not wish that the present system had prevailed in his day, so that he might have earned what he was obliged to take as a pure benefaction. The new methods were not dilatory in bearing fruit. In 1883 President Eliot, whose term of office began when the school was at its lowest ebb, and who had always been deeply interested in its welfare, said in his annual report, that "the quality of the students of this school has been so much improved that they now constitute the most highly educated body of professional students connected with the university, and are distinguished for capacity, enthusiasm and devotion to duty."

In the mean time the professional organization of the school had undergone complete revision, and had been much enlarged. Before 1869 the faculty comprised but two resident professors. In that year another chair was established, and in 1872 a second. In 1882 the college conveyed the Winn professorship to the school, and also the Hollis professorship, which had been vacant since its resignation by the elder Ware in 1840; and

in 1886 the Plummer professorship of Christian morals, now held by Dr. Francis G. Peabody, whose duties in the school are joined with those of the college chapel and, in general, those pertaining to the religious interests of the university.

While the university has of late treated the school much more paternally than of old, its friends in the community at large have been more generous with it than ever before. The great Boston fire burned deep into its resources, but in 1879-80 a fund of \$140,000 was raised by subscription, and the Tileston bequest added \$40,000, so that never before has the school been so well equipped in men and money as it is now.

Dr. Charles Carroll Everett is the dean of the faculty and Bussey Professor of Theology. Dr. Joseph Henry Thayer is Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation. Dr. Crawford H. Toy is Hancock Professor of Hebrew



OLIVER STEARNS.

and other Oriental Languages. Dr. Francis G. Peabody is Plummer Professor of Christian Morals and Parkman Professor of Theology. Dr. David Gordon Lyon is Hollis Professor of Divinity; and Dr. Ephraim Emerton, Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Rev. Edward Hale (not Dr. Edward E. but his "double" who never undid him) is assistant in Homiletics; and Mr. John W. Churchill is Instructor in Elocution. Here is a force of teachers of which any institution might well be glad and proud.

Their formal titles go but a little way toward indicating the division of their work. Professor Everett is the philosophical genius of the school and of the university. His "Science of Thought" is the most fascinating exposition of logic that our country, if not our language, has produced. With strong Hegelian sympathies, he is an original and independent thinker and one whose philosophy has reckoned with science at every stage of its advance. He is a humorist and critic, and to everything he writes he brings a wealth of literary allusion and gives a charming literary form. Although Professor Toy came to the school in 1880 from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky, where he had been teaching ten years, he already had the liveliest sympathy with the Old Testament criticism of Kuenen and Wellhausen, which assigns considerable portions of the Pentateuch to the fifth, fourth and third centuries B. C. His "Judaism and Christianity" and his "Old Testament Quotations in the New" are books of equal scholarship with the best in America or Europe. Professor Thayer's main region is the New Testament, and his methods are as purely scientific as if the problems of New



EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Testament criticism did not involve the most important theological conclusions. Professor Lyon has won a place of honor among Assyriologists, and is a master in



JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

everything pertaining to the mutual relations of the different Semitic languages and peoples. Professor Peabody's province is the double one of the philosophy of religion and ministerial work, and, interpreting the latter broadly, he brings to social questions a penetrating analysis and to "the demands of labor" a generous appreciation, with a sincere distrust of each and all of the many panaceas which rival agitators are now crying up.

The theological composition of the faculty is that of a happy family in which four are Unitarians, one is a Baptist and one an Orthodox Congregationalist. Professors Toy and Lyon were both Baptists at the time of their appointment, but Professor Toy is now a Unitarian. It is Dean Everett's dream and hope that the different denominations will be more fully represented in the near future than they are now. But what if teachers who are Baptists or Methodists at the time of their appointment become Unitarians, after the manner of Professor Toy? Must they be sacrificed in order that the theo-

logical variety of the school may be preserved? Let us hope not. However necessary the variety may be at present to advertise the unsectarian character of the school, it should soon be possible to appoint professors solely with reference to their known culture and ability, without any more question as to their theological persuasions than as to the color of their hair.

President Eliot is himself a consistent Unitarian, and, being this, he has entered heartily into the widening of the school's theological inclusion and done his best to forward it. In 1879, at a meeting held in Boston, at which arrangements were made for raising a new endowment for the school, he said:—

"The Harvard Divinity School is not distinctively Unitarian either by its constitution or by the intention of its founders. The doctrines of the unsectarian sect called in this century Unitarians are indeed entitled to respectful expo-



GEORGE E. ELLIS.

sition in the school so long as it exists, simply because the school was founded, and for two generations, at least, has been supported, by Unitarians. But the government of the university cannot undertake to appoint none but Unitarian teachers, or to grant any peculiar favors to Unitarian students. They cannot, because the found-



FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

ers of the school, themselves Unitarians, imposed upon the university the following fundamental rule for its administration: that every encouragement shall be given to the serious, impartial and unbiased investigation of Christian truth, and that no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians shall be required either of the instructors or students."

Of the earliest teachers of the school I cannot speak from personal knowledge. The elder Ware was every inch a Harvard man, for six of his eight sons were Harvard graduates, and of his eleven daughters the majority, if not all, married into the college. In the Unitarian controversy he took a leading part, choosing the Andover Hopkinsian, Dr. Leonard Woods, for his principal opponent. Hence the so-called "Wood'n-Ware Controversy." During his Hingham pastorate his salary was only four hundred and fifty dollars, so that he was obliged to take boys into his family to educate. It cannot be considered strange that his first wife died young, and the second in the first fortnight of her married life. He did not take kindly to German culture, insisting that Edward Everett was the only scholar who had not been injured by studying in Germany. When an admirer describes him as "logical, sensible, moderate and unimaginative," we are sorry

for the young men who were his pupils. Yet his character was such that older men held him in the highest honor and esteem.

Professor Andrews Norton was a man of very different make. He had none of Dr. Ware's hesitation in making up his mind, and none of Dr. Ware's backwardness in imposing his own thought upon others. "He came before his classes," says Dr. Walker, "not as one in the act of seeking the truth, but as one who had found it." The same friendly critic tells us that "his nature was the opposite of genial." "He never put himself to much trouble to comprehend the ignorance or errors of others." His dislike of German studies was unqualified, and the transcendentalists had no more contemptuous opponent. He is best known to modern readers as the author of a famous sermon on "The Latest Form of Infidelity," called out by Emerson's Divinity School Address. "I never knew," says Dr. Walker, "a man



JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN.

who built his faith more entirely on authority, making not only all certainty in religion, but well-grounded trust and hope, even his trust in providence and his hope of another life, to depend on Christianity, accepted as a miraculous dispensation."

And yet no one in his generation contributed more actively to those critical studies which in their subsequent progress have substituted a scientific understanding of the Bible for the assumptions of traditional belief. He endeavored to detach the birth-stories from Matthew and Luke as legendary accretions, and, as early as 1844, he impeached the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. It is the misfortune of his "Genuineness of the Gospels" that its strength is spent in confuting a particular hypothesis, more radical than that of F. C. Baur, which was never in any danger of being generally received. In Dr. Hedge's anticipations of the first words of certain Unitarian worthies on the further shore, Professor Norton's were, "Spinoza here!" Yet this despotic dogmatist had a tender and poetic side, witnessed to by his hymn "The rain is o'er," and that other which is said to mark his failure in the ministry —

"My God, I thank thee! May no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisements severe,  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear."

Professor Norton was succeeded as Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature by John Gorham Palfrey, of whom I have already spoken; and at the conclusion of his term in 1839 Dr. George R. Noyes succeeded him, and at the same time to the Hancock professorship of Hebrew which had been for some years in abeyance.

In 1872 there was another reorganization, and Ezra Abbot became Bussey Professor of Sacred Literature, and held the chair till 1884, — a scholar of marvellous minuteness and fidelity, a microscopist among critics, with the defect of microscopists in general, — a certain inability to see things in their larger relations, the forest as well as the cup-mosses on the roots of the decaying trees.

In my own time Dr. Noyes was already well advanced in years, and had just come of age as Hancock and Dexter Professor of Hebrew and Sacred Literature. We had for him the greatest possible reverence and admiration. His mind was of the drier sort, but his scholarship was beyond question, and his honesty and candor were above suspicion. It was good

to hear him laugh at his own joke. The thing began about the corners of his eyes, and finally went off like the crack of a rifle. A matter-of-fact man, he had little patience with the vagaries of sentimental interpretation, and when Samuel Longfellow asked if the baptismal dove might not have been attracted by the loveliness of Jesus' character, he answered: "I think, Mr. Longfellow, he would have been much more likely to be attracted by a *worm*." And when another student thought that the wind might have blown in such a way as to have blown a dry path for the Israelites through the Red Sea, he answered: "Mr. S., a wind that would have blown up the Red Sea in that fashion, would have blown the Israelites to Jericho." And then the rifle's crack! He had the kindest heart, and whenever he feared that he had hurt our feelings by the severity of his criticism, we always expected to hear his quick step and the sharp click of his cane along the corridor. He was coming to make up. Let any one compare his notes upon the Old Testament writings with the best results of the most recent criticism, and he will be surprised to find these results anticipated at almost every point. Had he been less careful and more confident, he might have anticipated the results of Kuenen by a dozen years. There is evidence that he had done so in his solitary studies. He was like Michael Angelo, who said in his old age, "I carry my satchel still." He was a learner till the last, and not long before his death he met his class with a confession that for nearly thirty years he had been teaching erroneously in regard to a matter of first-rate importance. Better than any special instruction which he gave was that passion for the truth which he communicated to his pupils' minds and hearts.

For about twenty years he and Dr. Convers Francis had the instruction almost entirely to themselves. In the person of Dr. Francis the school suffered transcendental violence, and the transcendentalists took it by force. But it was the gentlest imaginable force. If Andrews Norton could have seen his array of German books, he would have demanded in the language of another, "Is



it possible to conceive of anything more horrible this side of hell?" I fear he read those precious books too much for the best use of his own mind. In his beloved daughter he had a better memory than his own; and when he said, "Abby, what is the book I cannot think of?" she always seemed to know. How vividly I can recall that lovely day in April or in May when he had "fallen on sleep" and lay in his library smiling still, as if at being "compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." John Weiss stood up and comforted us with words more bright and beautiful than the perfect day.

Dr. Oliver Stearns succeeded to his chair, coming from Meadville where he had enjoyed a great success in moulding the characters of the young men committed to his charge. He had not fairly settled to his work when I was obliged to twitch my mantle blue and seek fresh woods.

From the death of Dr. Noyes to the accession of Professor Toy the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament Criticism was occupied by Dr. E. J. Young, a conservative scholar, under whose guidance the young men were not endangered by the premature advocacy of novel theories. From 1829 to 1842 Henry Ware, Jr., a saintly and heroic soul, whose

"Oppression shall not always reign"

was for many years *par excellence* the anti-slavery hymn in Unitarian churches, was Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care; and from 1857 to 1863, Dr. George E. Ellis, the antiquary and historian, was a non-resident Professor of Systematic Theology, enlivening his lectures with a caustic wit, some of whose sallies will longer be remembered than his most sober expositions. Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge was a non-resident Professor of Ecclesiastical History from 1857 to 1869. The average tract of his instruction was not particularly luminous, but it had sunbursts of peculiar glory, when some great personality excited his imagination, and he made it a reality for ours with all the splendor of that rhetoric his mastery of which is such a great tradition of the Unitarian body. His place was admirably filled, but without his

official rank, from 1878 to 1882, by Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, a scholar of phenomenal fulness of information and accuracy of detail, with a mind reacting vigorously on his wealth of knowledge. His several volumes covering the course of Christian history contain the body of his teaching in the school and attest its admirable quality. Last, but not least, James Freeman Clarke, from 1867 to 1871, was a non-resident Professor of Natural Religion and Christian Doctrine, infusing in the students, let us hope, something of his genial intellectual optimism and more of his sturdy spirit of social and political reform.

I wish that I had space to speak as liberally of the alumni of the school as I have spoken of its instructors and professors. But though the classes have been small, the record of high character and exceptional ability would be extremely long. In the first class that graduated (1817) appears the name of Greenwood, the preacher of consolation, and Walker, whose ethical genius made his presidency of Harvard one of the most noble of a long and honorable line. In the next class were Dr. Francis, John G. Palfrey, John Pierpont, prophet and psalmist, and another president of Harvard, Jared Sparks. There were only five graduates in 1819, but among them was William Ware, the author of "Zenobia" and other historical romances, which are still much better worth attention than "Ben Hur." Samuel J. May of anti-slavery fame, the mildest-mannered man that stood with Garrison in an evil time, was one of seven in 1820; and Dr. Noyes was one of six in 1823. The next class has one survivor still, William Henry Furness (born 1802), to the slave and to the memory of Jesus devoted with an equal love; and with him was Ezra Stiles Gannett, a great soul tabernacled in a frail body, which he did not spare. George Ripley, one of the first ardent Germanists, Brook Farm reformer and *Tribune* critic, graduated in 1826; Caleb Stetson, whose witticisms bear a charmed life, in 1827; Hedge of the grand style and philosophic mind, in 1828; Ephraim Peabody of King's Chapel, and John T. Sargent, who *would*

exchange with Theodore Parker, in 1831; Cyrus Bartol of originality all compact and C. P. Cranch of many gifts and one immortal song, in 1835; Parker himself in 1836; Bellows, for public spirit and for organizing genius unexcelled, and the doughty, florid and explosive Rufus P. Stebbins, in 1837; Sylvester Judd, the author of "Margaret," in 1840; Joseph H. Allen and John Weiss, a genius ever bright and strange, in 1844. The class of 1846 could boast two men of whom we seldom think apart, the two Sams, Johnson and Longfellow, and their friend O. B. Frothingham, nearest to Curtis of all his contemporaries in the graces of his public speech; and in the class of 1847 were W. R. Alger, the laborious student of a glorious theme, and Colonel T. W. Higginson, soldier, essayist, historian and poet; and in the class of 1851 Horatio Stebbins, always superb in thought and speech and bearing, but never so superb as in his later years.

I said in my heart that I would not pass the mid-line of the century with this roll of honor: the rest, therefore, shall be silence, but not without an undisguised regret that I may not speak as prompted by my judgment and affection of Edward Hall, of Kimball and Learned and Stewart, of Green of '64, one of the first librarians in the United States, of Blake and Hosmer and Gannett, and many more who have run well so far, and at whose hands the good fame of the school will, I am sure, receive no detriment. And then, too, I must remind my readers that while, in general, I have spoken of the better known of the alumni, I am not unaware that "there be those who have no memorial" of widespread recognition, who have made as full proof of their ministry as the most widely famed.

Indeed, I sometimes think that the best work of all is that done by the men who

"Nurse their secret worth, nor catch  
At noise, but thrive unseen," —

the men who study to be quiet and who in their several parishes are honored with a great affection, however little "the world's new fiend, publicity," has caught them in his snare.

And some who read what I have written will wonder that certain Unitarian names do not appear that are as well and honorably known as any on my list; Edward Everett Hale's, for example, and William J. Potter's. The former got his theological education, and the latter completed his, elsewhere. But the most who are conspicuous by their absence are so because they have come into the Unitarian ministry from other denominations. More than one hundred, nearly a fifth of our whole preaching force, like Robert Collyer and Savage and Dole, have had this history.

If I have spoken too warmly of an institution of learning which has had a singularly quiet influence and growth and which has no loud and startling features to impress a noisy, advertising time, something must be pardoned to my affection for a mother that nourished me with the sincere milk of the eternal Word. I wish that I could do something to encourage twenty young men to seek its studious peace where now there is but one. With its own immediate advantages and with all the resources of a splendid university to draw upon at will, and with a profession in view that has such invitations to culture, work and sacrifice as has no other, I wonder that in comparison with its possessions and its hopes the prizes of mercantile ambition or of political success do not seem a very little thing.



## THE LADY AND THE TRUMPS.

*By Winnie Louise Taylor.*

### I. THE ARTIST LEADS.



HE month was October. The very name October is freighted with associations of golden lights and colors in northern Illinois; but Chicago, on this particular morning, was shrouded in low, dense clouds of mist, darkened by the smoke and soot of the city. Lake Michigan's raw east wind penetrated every street and alley, chilling the men and women moving in ever-changing combinations, and benumbing and depressing beggars and fruit-venders exposed on windy corners and excluded from attention by that muggy atmosphere.

After a late breakfast, William Steadman came out of the Palmer House, met the unwelcome air of the street with a repellent shiver, crossed over to Wabash Avenue, took an elevator to the upper floor of one of the buildings where Chicago artists congregate, and rapped at the door of Percival's studio. Receiving no reply, he turned the handle of the door. It was unlocked, and Steadman entered, reminded of his friend's characteristic carelessness in regard to locks and keys.

The room was damp, cold and desolate. To Steadman, who disliked half-tints, the faded rugs, dull-colored, lustreless "stuffs" in old blues and lifeless olives, seemed to accent the sense of cheerlessness, deepening his inward chill of disappointment. Trusting to the wanderer's return, he took a match from the jaws of a grotesque monster on the mantel, lighted a cigar, and turned his back upon the inhospitable ash-strewn fireplace, while his eyes roved on an aimless excursion from canvas to canvas.

Like a flash of sunlight there broke upon his mood the vision of a young girl, all color, animation and grace. As if in

answer to the sudden thrill with which the young man greeted her, she seemed almost to emerge from the stone doorway where she stood, a line of vivid color in the dusky shadow of the arched recess, — a slight figure, sheathed in a warm, soft, close-fitting wrap of glowing scarlet, with turban folds of the same brilliant tone crowning the waves of black hair turned loosely back from her forehead. Soft, dark eyes glanced with glad, expectant confidence just beyond the observer. "What does she see?" wondered Steadman. Involuntarily he laid aside his cigar; then, recalled to himself, resumed it, smiling at the compliment to the artist, and wondering what fresh inspiration had come into his life and lent itself to his art.

It was Percival's ambition to be an historical painter. He had the gift of grasping dramatic situations, and a certain facility in modelling and grouping; but his heroes never looked heroic; they were impersonations, not characterizations. Evidently in this subject the painter had found a new impulse, a fascinating study; for as Steadman turned to another canvas, there again was the same young girl, but in a strongly contrasted mood. In the midst of a group of slightly sketched figures, two central faces were strikingly defined. The eyes of the young girl, so soft in their depth as they looked out from beneath the stone archway, were here eloquent with mingled anger and compassion, while the tender lines of the lips were remoulded by scorn. A face resembling Percival's in profile regarded her half sympathetically, half cynically, and with a gleam of amusement. Looking outward and downward upon some object not visible to the spectator, the other faces on the canvas were all studies of laughter or amusement. The beautiful girl, alone in her emotion, was observed only by her nearest companion. As Steadman studied the group, the door

was thrown open by the possessor of the studio, who greeted the intruder with a torrent of exclamation and interrogation.

"How lucky that I forgot to lock my door! I went over to the Palmer to find you. I meant to tell you last night that I'd be around this morning. How long have you been here? And why didn't you light up something in that fireplace? There's plenty of canvas here good for nothing else."

"I might have taken that young girl in the archway."

Steadman's measured tones fell across Percival's rapid, emphatic accents like a bridge across a rushing river.

"What a pretty martyr she would make! And that red cloak of hers would flame up in no time. Isn't that a nice effect, that deep red glowing through that shadow? She's a Nushka."

"What under the sun is a 'Nushka'?"

"'Nushka' is Indian for something or other; it is the name of one of the St. Paul toboggan clubs. During carnival season all the Nushkas wear those red suits, — and they're desperately becoming. The pretty girls look like carnations blossomed into womanhood. That is one of my carnival studies."

"She makes a charming picture. But is she only a 'Nushka,' — or has she a name of her own?"

"I should rather think so. She is very proud of her stately name, Helen Champenois. The blood of three distinct nationalities mingles in her veins. Her father, a fur dealer, is the son of a French missionary, who married a half-Indian girl educated at the old Mackinaw mission; and her mother's family were Philadelphia Quakers."

"Indian, French and Quaker! What a heritage for one young life! Do the different race traits neutralize each other, or is she always at war with herself? I see you have studied more than one phase of her nature. She is very dramatic in that group."

"Isn't she? I shall never forget the moment when that look came into her face. I wish you could have seen her, all worked up as she was, and all about a trifle! I don't know another woman who

would have blazed up as she did that evening. It was during the carnival, — the night of the Mardi Gras procession, — and we were all together in a window on Third Street."

A rap on the studio door interrupted. Percival hastily exclaimed, "What a bore! Don't go. I'll soon dispose of them." But it transpired that the intruders were patrons of importance, not to be hastily disposed of; and Steadman, after asking his friend to dine with him that evening, took his departure — not without a parting glance to the young girl in the stone doorway, whose expectant eyes spoke no responsive farewell.

The heavy mists of morning settled into a driving rain before Steadman and Percival left the dining-room of the Palmer House and gave themselves up to a quiet evening in Steadman's room. Kansas City and the new elements which had come into the lawyer's life since he left Chicago had been discussed; and now the flower-like face, all day in Steadman's thoughts, prompted him to ask, by way of a leader: —

"Did you find the St. Paul ice-palace really worth seeing last winter? I thought of going up there myself."

"You're so horribly practical, you might not have cared for it; but for a painter — why, it's the most brilliantly picturesque thing to be seen in America, by all odds. Of course, in that savage climate there's no counting on the weather. It was forty below zero, cold enough to freeze the enthusiasm of a Salvation Army leader, the night before the ice-palace was opened. But the next day the mercury jumped to twenty above, and it seemed as if spring had come. The whole city flamed into color with flags and festoons; the streets were alive with men, women and children in bright carnival suits. It was color everywhere. But you can have no idea of the color effects unless you know that magical atmosphere, the dazzling whiteness of that snow, and that sapphire sky doming the earth in blue radiance. The opening parade brought out all the clubs of the city — the twin cities — in brilliantly contrasted costumes; yellow and black, blue and white, scarlet and tan, with gorgeous

banners glittering in the sunlight. A charming feature of the parade was the children,— little things covered from head to foot in their warm, gay suits, cozily seated in diminutive cutters, driving their small ponies, with cutter, robes, pony and harness always in harmony with their dress. They drove along, two by two, laughing. And the storming of the ice-palace at night was a great sight. The palace itself could be seen for miles around, illuminated in most delicate tones from within, glowing like a great opal, indescribably beautiful and poetic. It made one dream of 'Lalla Rookh,' and believe in the Arabian Nights. I overlooked the scene from a great bluff a mile away, where the floating jewels and shining clouds were thrown into grand relief against the sky. The spirit of the carnival broke upon me afterward as I drove through the illuminated streets, under the arches of colored light. The streets were crowded with every conceivable arrangement on runners, from superb Russian sleighs to fairy-like cutters, the air ringing with showers of melodious notes from the bells; — for have you noticed that you never hear a discord in a multitude of sleigh-bells? The ladies were out in full force, — and it was during that drive that I caught my first glimpse of the pretty Nushka, and followed the sleigh that held her out of the illuminated streets and up the long hill to Summit Avenue. What a picture the avenue was that night! No artificial light invaded its matchless beauty, stretching away for miles in the white stillness of the moonlight. It was a magical contrast, the color and noise of the streets down town with the whiteness and the stillness of the avenue and the mysterious heights and depths that came into view as we looked down and across the Mississippi. It was a midwinter night's fantasy in a world of alabaster; so outside the trammels of reality that I was tempted to dash up to her sleigh, seize the lovely Nushka, fling the reins to the winds, and fly to the shimmering hills beyond. But before I really had that chance my enchantress had vanished into her home."

Percival paused to break the black mass of cannel coal in the fireplace into thin leaves, through which blue and gold

flames played fitfully. He was abandoning himself to the pleasure of picturing his own experiences; for he regarded life from the pictorial standpoint. His mirror-like power of reflecting surfaces always set Steadman to thinking vividly of the real persons and things. The lawyer's deeper thought reacted upon the artist, and was the secret of Steadman's being what Percival called a most responsive listener.

"Perhaps it would have been better if I'd never seen her again," resumed Percival, dreamily watching the curling flames in the grate. "I came around to-night intending to tell you all about it; and it seems like the old college days when I was always confiding my scrapes to you. But to go on with my story: The afternoon following that wonderful night I strayed into a quiet little church to see Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate.' Oddly enough, the exhibition of that picture was one of the features of the carnival. It was but a step — just across the street — from the ice-palace, and the vivid, tingling life of to-day, with its eighteen hundred years of Christian civilization, just a step back through the dim centuries to that scene in Jerusalem. I knew the picture, but it always interests me as a sympathetic and masterly study of expression in faces and figures. I was thinking something like that, yielding myself to the spell of the picture, when my glance fell upon a woman's hand resting against one of the pillars of the church — such a slender, sensitive hand. Occasionally one of the finger-tips moved, as if stirred by the painting into some expression of feeling; otherwise the figure was motionless, and the face was hidden from me by the pillar. But that the lady belonged to the Nushka Club was betrayed by the scarlet dress, while the Greek knot of black hair suggested the face I had all day been looking for. I changed my seat and, turning, caught for one moment the rapt look on the girl's face. What would I have given at that moment to paint her! Others were coming and going; and when the pretty Nushka left the church I followed. Fortune favored me; for as I passed the seat where she had been I chanced to observe her

muff, and armed with that fluffy, faintly scented thing I pursued and overtook the owner before she drove away.

"Just then I heard a familiar voice exclaim, 'If there isn't Archie Percival!' And in the cutter beside my pretty Nushka, muffled all up in no end of furs, sat Mrs. Ross Blake of Chicago. She had been my next-door neighbor in camp at Lake Geneva the summer before, and I knew her intimately. Wasn't I in luck? for she was the guest of Mrs. Champenois for the carnival. Like the most informal of women as she is, after a few preliminaries Mrs. Blake suggested to Miss Champenois that I might take the vacant seat in the sleigh; and ten minutes later I was sailing along the open channel of a new acquaintance.

"At first Miss Champenois kept that absorbed expression, still held by Munkacsy's picture, probably; but as we drove into the grounds around the ice-palace she caught the spirit of the crowd and brightened into quick observation of everything. She was fascinated by a band of Indians drawn into line near the ice-palace. And a striking bit of scenic effect they made—that fragment of a despoiled race, standing on their native heath and yet appearing the most foreign element there. The young generation of the new, victorious civilization, in the splendor of their riches, were driving by, flaunting their superb fur wraps and robes, while this little band of Indians stood there to be looked at. There were young men among them, but the majority had old, weather-beaten faces. They made history seem alive; and Helen told me that among them were some of the veritable Sioux who took part in that frightful massacre of '62. They were in full Indian dress, and they wore their paint, their beads and other decorations with imposing dignity. Helen worships the ideal Indian, adores his dignity and waxes eloquent over his wrongs. She frankly avows the Indian blood in her own veins, and says that it is her Indian love of color which makes her delight in wearing her vivid Nushka suit.

"From the Indians we turned to explore the ice-palace. You have no idea what beauty ice gives in its varying lights.

Helen flashed into the gayest mood, and invented for our benefit the most fantastic fairy-tale of how the nixies and Indian water-sprites abounding in that lake region had really built the palace, and that it was kept secret by St. Paul people, lest strangers might stay away through fear of bewitchments. This was cruelly dissipated by Mrs. Blake, who remarked that the Minneapolis people would surely tell if that were so."

"I was wondering what had become of Mrs. Blake," interposed Steadman.

"She filled in the part of chorus, with a fire of bright comments. She made an ideal chaperon."

"Did she encourage you to call Miss Champenois by her first name at that stage of your acquaintance?"

"No. I didn't call her Helen until the time when she looked as I attempted to paint her in that group."

"I hoped you were going to tell me about that. It strikes me that you are using a good deal of canvas for the two figures who are emerging from your processions and fireworks."

"But you asked me about the carnival. Well, I'd seen Helen every day for a week, for her people were awfully nice to me on Mrs. Blake's introduction. I'd dined with them. Helen had taken me to a jolly toboggan party with the Nushka Club, and I'd met no end of charming people. That evening, near the end of the carnival, a party of us were in a window watching the Mardi Gras procession. Third Street was given over to the parade of the maskers, and prizes had been offered for the best impersonations. Every one was in a rollicking mood, and Helen had been enjoying the fun like a child. She was laughing over the grotesque antics of a group of polar bears passing the window, when all at once her face clouded, and her look concentrated on an advancing line of men in striped convict suits, dragging balls and chains and marching in the prison lock-step under guard of officers.

"'Oh! look there!' Helen cried, with a note of sharp pain in her voice. 'What does it mean?' I thought she was frightened, and said, 'You needn't be afraid; don't you see, they are all

maskers. Just hear the shouts of laughter in the street.'

"'I hear the shouts of that rabble,' she said. 'We're all just as much savages as the Sioux Indians. Right here in the capital of Minnesota, with the governor probably looking on, they are making a farce of the punishment that the state inflicts. They are making sport of the most tragic fate that can befall a human being. Why don't some one stop it? Who can tell how many there may be in this crowd who have been in prison, or who now have relatives wearing that horrible suit and dragging that horrible ball and chain? I wonder they did not go one step further and masquerade a corpse hanging from a gallows.' This was said to me only in a low tone.

"I laughed, for the maskers had amused me, and Helen's tragic attitude amused me; but — I wonder if a man ever feels quite such a fool as when he finds he has laughed at the wrong time. When she drew herself away from me, saying with an air of scorn, 'Pardon me, I see you are one of the crowd' — Alice in Wonderland, after she had shut up like a telescope, was a giant compared to what I felt myself to be. But when she turned away and looked down on those men with that expression of concentrated anger and pity in her eyes, I forgot myself, and drew in my breath and whispered, 'Helen!'

"'Don't speak to me,' she said hotly. 'You're perfectly heartless.' I protested, and vowed to prove to her that I was not heartless, until she melted; and then she told me, in the sweetest undertones, how the father of her dearest friend had been in prison for embezzlement; and how, as a child, she had once gone with this friend to the prison, and what a terrible impression it had made upon her."

"The idea of any one allowing a child to go to such a place!" interrupted Steadman.

"That's what I said; but it seems that the man was dying and had a great longing to see this little daughter once more. The child had confided to Helen her horror of going to the prison, even with her mother, and Helen — it was just like

her — had begged to go with her friend to keep up her courage.

"'But, dreadful as it was, I'm thankful that I went, for now I know what it means,' she said, as she ended her little story. 'I wish that every one in this laughing crowd knew what it means to wear that prison suit.'

"'Aren't you rather hard on the crowd?' I asked.

"'You know what I mean,' she returned, in a tone which gave proof of forgiveness.

"When our little party broke up that night Mrs. Blake, who had been at an adjoining window, exclaimed, 'The funniest thing I've seen this evening was that festive gang of jail-birds. I'll wager they get the first prize.'

"The committee appointed to award the prize agreed with Mrs. Blake, as appeared in the newspaper announcements next day. And it stands in the annals of that carnival, that the most pleasing and amusing spectacle of the Mardi Gras was a mockery of human sin and suffering.\*

"That doesn't sound like you, Archie."

"Certainly not; that's Helen. She doesn't sound a bit like me. And that's a woman's point of view."

"Indeed! Then I take the woman's point of view. She was right when she said that you were one of the crowd."

"You think so! I fancy you might agree with Helen on more points than one. I wish you knew her. By George! I wish you'd had my chance!"

"Your generosity is a little late; but I never had your luck. What happened next?"

"Well, after the Mardi Gras, Helen and I seemed to be on a different footing. Mr. Champenois wanted me to paint his daughter's portrait; and that threw us together most informally. Mrs. Champenois evidently expected to be with us while the picture was in progress, but she was frequently called from the room; and one of the younger children was taken seriously ill; so that Helen and I were often left alone with each other.

"Our regular sittings were in the morning; but I sometimes lunched with the

\* A fact.

family and drove with them afterward, or dined and spent the evening there. Mr. Champenois was a most interesting man, a good story teller, and he had at his tongue's end an inexhaustible stock of Indian tradition and of actual incidents in the meeting of the races in that section. He knows by heart all that Lake Superior region, both historically and in its natural characteristics, has an instinctive passion for nature, and is an ardent enthusiast in hunting and fishing. Why, I've heard him talk of a fish as if it was human; and he seemed to care for his dogs in the same way that he cared for his children.

"In general make-up Helen is of her father's fibre, but crossed with silken strands of her mother's Quaker gentleness. She made a fascinating study. In order to paint her at her best, I had to bring out the different chords in her nature. Painting a woman's portrait is like playing a symphony; you must understand the composition before you can put any life into it. You must, in a way, make it your own. Always lovely, Helen was doubly so when fairly interested in anything; and it was a part of my business to keep her interested.

"I tried a little art education, as I discovered her profound ignorance of that subject. Mr. Champenois has some good pictures, several modern French originals of value. To Helen they were merely part of the expensive furnishing of the house. She was curiously indifferent to what she called 'things that are made and are always the same;' it was the 'things that are alive and growing and are always changing' that appealed to her. But her interest could always be awakened through her emotions, as with Munkacsy's painting. If she tired of posing, I refreshed her by reading to her bits of Hunt's 'Art Talk,' or Couture's 'Conversations.' Their enthusiasm kindled hers: she particularly enjoyed Couture. I easily opened her eyes to the value of her father's beautiful Corot and Cazin; and when once she began to see their beauty, she felt as if a new world had been opened to her. The way to educate Helen thoroughly would be to send her to some college town and let her fall in love

with the whole corps of professors in succession. She would look through the eyes of each one into the world of geology, astronomy, philosophy, biology and the whole category of their specialties; and she has an all-round nature big enough to take in those different things and make them her own. But the first teacher would have a certain advantage if he cared to seize it; for Helen threw herself on my guidance in the realm of art with the most unquestioning and engaging confidence. When a man has gained a girl's absolute trust on one point, there's no telling where she may draw the line in trusting. 'All in all, or not at all,' seems to be their way, and even talks on art between a painter and his subject may take on too warm a color. Helen's impulsiveness was so alluring; and then, I'd not forgotten my vow to prove to her that I had a heart. I wonder, now,"—Percival's tone shaded into one of reminiscent reflection,— "I wonder, now, that I escaped really committing myself. But a girl's instinctive shyness where love is concerned often saves a man serious embarrassment. Helen seemed never averse to talking *about* the tender sentiment; but let a warm blush raise the danger signal, and she would make some quick, defensive turn, often by dashing into the conversation some humorous remark that would end the talk with a laugh. But in spite of the girlish moats and drawbridges with which she surrounded the fortress of her affections, I discovered that she had a heart, and I think I convinced her of the existence of my own. I say that I discovered her heart; as to an invasion,— oh, well, I finished her portrait and left St. Paul."

The general vagueness of Percival's statement left a broad margin for inference; and it was a comment upon what was left unsaid when Steadman remarked slowly:—

"I don't understand what you mean by all this, Archie,— what you intend to imply. Am I to suppose that you deliberately made love to— flirted with, I presume you would say— a girl like Miss Champenois, merely for the sake of amusing yourself?"



"O, don't bother with criticism! Wait till I've finished my story. I'm not going to defend myself; I'm merely giving you the facts of the case."

Steadman said nothing further, but his attitude as a listener was changed. The pretty Nushka had secured an advocate in the reticent lawyer, who listened with deepening interest as Percival resumed.

"After I came back to Chicago, I plunged into work, and for some months Helen slipped out of my mind. But July came in hot, and I was tired; and the thoughts of Minnesota air and Minnesota views for sketching were tempting. So one afternoon I packed up my traps, and the next evening found me sailing on Lake Minnetonka.

"The following morning I took a boat and rowed for some time near the shore, sizing up the points of view, when I could take my eyes from the shimmer of that lovely water. As I was rounding a shaded point, a boat suddenly shot out from the shadow on the other side of the bank. Swinging the oars with a swift and sure stroke sat, not the pretty Nushka of the carnival, nor Miss Champenois of Summit Avenue, nor Helen whose portrait I had painted, but a girl of the water and the woodland, with the free movement and poise of the poet's Minnehaha. She was as much a part of simple nature as the trees and the birds, and she greeted me with a joyous tone which seemed part of nature's music.

"We let our boats drift on together, our talk rippling lightly on the surface, memory giving only an undercurrent; and as noon came on I accepted her invitation and rowed to their cottage for the rest of the day. Mr. Champenois, always the soul of hospitality, insisted on my staying with them; and it wasn't in human nature to refuse. The lake is a lively place, and we were in for picnics, sailing parties, hops at the hotels, and all that sort of thing. Although there were other guests in the house, Helen and I seemed to be thrown together as comrades, by common consent. She had been studying drawing, and wanted to sketch with me, and it was the natural thing for us to be off in the woods or on the lake by the hour together.

"I never knew any one so closely in touch with nature as Helen. All the growing things in the woods appealed directly to her consciousness. I once started to rob a birch tree of a strip of bark. 'Don't do that, it hurts,' she said imperiously. 'Don't you know that the trees are alive? — and the birch above all others. Have you forgotten how Lowell calls it "the birch, most shy and lady-like of trees"? Why, she trembles at a touch.' The flowers each had their own individuality for her. 'Do you believe anything could look like a violet, and not have a being of its own?' she asked. 'And see that lady-slipper! a perfect little woman, with the stem and leaves so stately, and the yellow slipper so demure; — but those frisking brown tags at the top betray that she's wild to dance off at the first twang of a fairy fiddle. She masquerades as a flower by day, but at night — if we could but see her!' And the winds! how she delighted in their whispering through the trees! I remember one morning, when I was talking to her, a light broke over her face, and she put up her hand and said, 'Just listen! It's Dame Nature whistling.' 'That's a charming fancy,' I replied. 'It's the only statement of Emerson's that I understand,' she answered; 'but "Nature whistled with all her winds!" — that just explains it. And I always want to whistle back to her.' She could whistle exquisitely, by the way, and answer, like an echo, the note of any bird she heard. But best of all she loved the water. I've seen her lean back in the boat, drawing her hand through the water, listening to the rippling music till her whole expression changed. Her mood was instantly responsive to the variations of the lake. In those still, azure hours, when water and sky were all of a piece, a sweet tranquillity would steal over her; but with a freshening breeze and breaking waves she would sparkle into animation and movement, — and then she must always have an oar. One evening when a party of us were overtaken by a storm she was gloriously beautiful in her excitement. 'I love it!' she exclaimed. 'It expresses something in my own nature that never can express itself. I feel as if

I were a part of the storm.' And so she seemed ; and as I remember, she seemed for that hour more remote from me — far more out of my reach than at any other time when we were together.

"But Helen was not like herself. She was far from well, as I soon began to realize ; and every day the change grew more evident. Her gayety seemed forced, and was too likely to vanish suddenly into an expression of utter weariness. She was restless within doors, as if always trying to break away from something. Time after time, when the attention of others was engaged, she would slip up to me and say, 'Do come out of doors with me. I hate houses and people.' And then she would smile and say in excuse, 'I suppose it's the Indian in me calling me back from civilization ;' and following that whimsical fancy she adopted the fashion of coming down to breakfast and going off sketching afterward with her hair in two long black braids falling below her waist. It did not take many days to convince me that her wish to sketch was a mere pretext, for no matter with what apparent enthusiasm she might begin working, she soon tired of it and threw down her brushes to watch my work. She had the artist's gift of seeing the picture in the landscape, and many a good criticism she made on my work through her sympathy with nature. 'You haven't caught the expression of that oak — you've missed its dignity, just as you missed the aplomb of that buxom little thorn-apple tree the other day. You don't catch the spirit of nature,' was her comment one morning in the woods. The day before, after studying one of my bits of Minnetonka, which I thought very cleverly done, she simply said, 'When I paint water, I shall paint it so that one can hear the sound of it.' As far as the sketching went I gained more than I taught. Unluckily, comments and criticisms on that topic formed only occasional fragments of our talk. From whatever source we started, we drifted inevitably toward the theme of love ; for it was only too evident when we were alone that love was always in her thoughts.

"In one of those long talks she had, with some hesitation, asked me if I thought that a difference in fortune ought to prevent people from 'caring' for each other, — she was always shy of the word 'love.' I told her that as for myself, poor artist as I am, I should not consider it honorable to ask any girl luxuriously brought up to share my poverty or to support me in luxury. That was the easiest thing for me to say just then. Her eyes darkened and her thought deepened as she listened, until she impetuously exclaimed, 'You can't know what love is, or you would never talk like that ! I thought you understood' — and bursting into tears she sped through the woods like an arrow. She was proud as a princess, and when we met at dinner she had herself perfectly in hand and was gay and unconstrained as in the carnival days.

"There was one delicious evening, — it proved to be our last, — one of those northern summer nights when the sunset lights linger over sky and water for hours. Helen and I were on the lake, — I can hear the musical dip of the oars now, — and she was in a captivating mood, blithe as a bird. I had persuaded her to whistle for me, — something she would rarely do ; and as the last notes of 'Killarney' were trembling over the water I said, thinking aloud : —

"'Helen, you're the luckiest girl in the world. You have not a care. You have everything that heart can wish. You are living in paradise here, and nothing on earth is out of your reach.'

"She looked at me in questioning surprise. 'Do you really think that?' she said slowly. 'Oh, but you're mistaken. Do you think one is made happy by having the things one *don't* care for, — money and all that? I think it must be fun to want things, or, better still, to be poor and not care for things. Jewels and Paris gowns and furniture are all too stupid for anything. Think of cutting a beautiful tree up into furniture !' she concluded, with fine disdain.

"'True,' I assented, 'but speaking of poverty, it, too, has its drawbacks.'

"'But not so many,' she persisted. 'You think I am only a girl and can't judge. But don't you remember how

Emerson speaks of the inestimable advantages of poverty?’

“And then I reminded her that she could not understand Emerson.

“‘I can, when he talks about the winds and about poverty,’ she continued. ‘The poor can do things simply and naturally; they are free; they can follow the promptings of their own hearts; they can — they can — oh, they can be happy!’ she ended, with a wave of warm color sweeping over her face.

“I suppose I was cruel to lead her on, but she perfectly fascinated me that night, and I said: ‘You mean they can marry whom they please. But that’s not always so, — I am poor, and I’ve not married.’

“‘Have you ever really cared for any one?’ she asked with sudden courage, looking searchingly into my eyes.

“‘Have you?’ I returned, answering her glance with one as searching.

“She dropped her eyes and sat perfectly motionless as she answered, in a low, even tone, ‘Yes.’

“To say, ‘And so have I,’ was irresistible.

“And then there fell between us a long silence. No, it was not silence, for the tender call of the robin was echoing from the shore; and over the water, from a passing boat, was wafted the fragment of a thrilling love song. When Helen lifted her eyes, eloquent with yearning sadness, she swept her glance across the waters and said, as if to herself: —

“‘When the world is so beautiful, — so beautiful, — surely we were meant to be happy.’ And then, summoning a bright smile and reaching to me for the oars, ‘Now I’m going to row you home in fifteen minutes,’ she said, with her bird-like instinct of flight; and away we sped over the water.

“You wonder, perhaps, how I can remember and repeat all that conversation. I went over it fifty times or more that night. I couldn’t forget it. But that wasn’t the end. Late that evening I went out into the garden and threw myself into a hammock under the drooping branches of a maple. I was excited, and wanted to think. I’d not been there five minutes before I heard voices ap-

proaching, and then came a sharp, clear-cut exclamation from Helen: —

“‘Oh, mother! I can’t *live* without him. Everything else is just nothing. I try to be well — I try to *seem* well — but it’s just killing me!’ That was all, but it was more than enough. The tenderly caressing tones of Mrs. Champenois’ reply melted into the night, and —”

“That is enough of your story. I don’t like that sort of thing, and you know it. You have no right to repeat things like that to any man,” coldly interrupted Steadman. “There’s only one thing now that I want you to tell me: were you simply playing upon the girl’s nature for the mere pleasure of bringing out its tones, as you say, or did you honestly want to marry her? In either case I don’t see any excuse for your laying the girl’s heart bare to me.”

Percival flushed and vigorously poked the fire in momentary embarrassment. Then turning to Steadman, with the winning boyish frankness which had many a time served to disarm merited anger, he said: —

“This wont do, Will. Don’t come down on me in that fashion. I couldn’t offer myself to Helen, because — I’m going to marry Emily. You surely remember that I’ve often spoken to you about Emily.”

“You have spoken about her as your cousin. I never thought of your marrying her. But do you think that your being engaged to her is any excuse for your goings-on with Miss Champenois? I don’t see it in that light; and it strikes me that your future wife is the one to receive the confession you are making to me.”

“No. Emily is all right; but I couldn’t talk to her as I’ve talked to you about Helen. Don’t you know, it’s different telling one girl about another? — and I never bother Emily in regard to her flirtations. My aunt married Emily’s father and so became her step-mother; that’s all the cousinly relation amounts to.”

“I remember. The mother left the child a large amount of Chicago real estate. You used to call her the little girl with the big fortune.”

Something in Steadman’s tone caused Percival to change color as he resumed:

"Emily lost her father last year; she has just laid aside her mourning, and we are to be married in December and shall go abroad for several years. Her father wasn't in favor of the match, and we kept the thing very quiet. If I had not felt myself so securely anchored to Emily, I might not have let myself drift so far with Helen,—or I might have drifted into another harbor."

"You talk about drifting as if you were utterly irresponsible," said Steadman impatiently.

"I don't know that I'm to blame for my many-sided temperament. I can't help it if one girl touches one part of my nature, and another girl appeals to a different side. It's none too pleasant for me, I can tell you."

His excuses did not seem to make the desired impression upon Steadman, who preserved a chilling and constraining silence. But when one steps into quicksand the first impulse is to try to go on; and Percival, making an effort to break the constraint by dropping his light tone, continued: "It's because I'm perfectly disgusted with myself that I've told you about Helen; and I haven't come to what is just now weighing on my mind and conscience — her letters."

"Helen did not come down to breakfast the morning after I had overheard that scrap of conversation. By a lucky chance a telegram came for me as we were leaving the dining-room. The telegram was of no importance except that it served as a pretext for me to leave, and in order to catch the first train for Chicago I had no time to wait to bid Helen good by. Of course I wrote her in explanation of my sudden departure, and I foolishly left an opening — oh, yes, I may as well own up — I *asked* her to reply, for it seemed so cold-blooded not to; and a whole flock of these have flown to me." He drew a package of letters from his pocket and laid them on the table. "They're awfully nice letters, but they're all in the minor key of longing. It's plain enough that the poor girl is just hungering for affection, for love — good, old-fashioned, romantic love. The last one is perfectly pathetic. It's like that most melancholy of all music, the Chopin

A-minor waltz. Helen is trying so hard to live in waltz movement, to seem gay; but the spirit's pain, the heart-break, calls through it all, just as Chopin's suffering breaks through that waltz. That letter came a month and more ago, and I haven't replied yet. I simply can't. Every time that I read it over it seems more impossible to write an answer. Now that I must really hurt her, I find — if it wasn't for Emily —"

A swift glance from Steadman cut short that sentence. The lawyer took up the package of letters and studied the handwriting. It seemed curiously familiar in its correspondence to his thought of the writer.

"Listen, Will," resumed Percival. "You know all the story now. I'm going to leave all those letters with you, and I want you to read them. I want you to know her through them, and then tell me how I can — good heavens! — how I can *break her heart*, and yet save her pride."

Percival's face was turned from Steadman toward the fire as he uttered these words with a tremor of genuine emotion in his voice. For a brief space the silence in the room was unbroken; then there fell into the midst of the glowing embers a package of letters, dropped deliberately from Steadman's fingers. They fell apart and blazed brightly for a moment, then lost their light and crinkled into blackness.

An expression of pensive melancholy softened the artist's piquant face. "I don't wonder that the girls all fall in love with him. I believe I was in love with him myself all those four years in college," thought Steadman.

"They were just ready to break into flames, those poor little letters, and now they're only ashes of roses — 'ashes of roses' — that's what they always say over burned love-letters, I suppose. And so that's the end of my pretty Nushka," Percival ended with a regretful sigh.

"Hardly. Do you flatter yourself that Miss Champenois — if you have pictured her character with any truth — do you really flatter yourself that she is going to break her heart for a man like you? Not by a long shot! You had better go back to your rooms and dream of your

Emily," said Steadman, with unexpected force and emphasis.

"You speak as if I weren't worth any woman's love," retorted Percival, with a shade of resentment.

"Any woman's? I don't know about that; but — excuse the frankness — since I've heard your story, I'm inclined to congratulate Miss Champenois on her escape."

## II. THE LAWYER PLAYS AN ACE.

Before that evening Steadman had more than once felt a conviction that Percival's charm was purely the charm of temperament, — that at heart he was a selfish trifler; and in the light of that summer flirtation he seemed equally heartless toward the woman who was to be his wife and toward Miss Champenois. But it was the latter who must be sacrificed, — "Helen," as the lawyer began to think of her.

Steadman's success in his profession was based upon his power of making his client's cause his own. The face of Helen Champenois had instantly awakened his admiration; the successive glimpses of her nature given through Percival's recital had fascinated him; and her defenceless, unsuspecting, innocent youth and love strongly appealed to his sympathy, — went straight to his heart. It was with no intention of becoming her defender, but from an impulse of pure chivalry, that he raised her shield of pride and screened her from the pity of the man about to wound her.

When the door closed upon Percival, Steadman lighted another cigar, buried the ashes of roses beneath a fresh piece of coal, settled himself into the depths of an arm-chair and, through the force of professional instinct vivified by an uncommon warmth in the region of the heart, began studying the case. Indignation with Percival gradually gave way to a delicious sense of companionship with his fair, involuntary client, as he felt himself become her ally, heart and soul.

One fact was very clear, — the man that she loved was unreal. But in this mysterious life of ours it is often easier to overcome what we call facts than to

overcome fancies. Fighting with shadows is the most baffling of warfare. Castles in Spain will hold their own against all the bombardments of hard common sense; and ships that never come in will sail beyond the reach of the hurricanes of fate. It was all very well for Steadman to reason that Miss Champenois cared for an illusion, a day-dream, the creation of her own warm heart and vivid imagination. That did not alter the deeper fact that to her the ideal was real.

"If she knew the man; if she but knew of his engagement; if she could only have the advantage of taking the initiative!" Steadman said to himself over and over again; — that insurmountable "if!"

Suddenly the form of the recurring phrases changed. "Why should she not know? Why should she not have that advantage?" The questions flashed through Steadman's brain with suggestive force. The lawyer reflected. Yes, there lay the one possible chance for her to escape from her entanglement with flying colors.

"By Jupiter! I'll do it! I'll do it now! I'll make her mistress of the situation, — and her woman's wit will do the rest."

Without giving his impulse time to cool, he turned to the writing materials that lay on the table and took up the pen. "Would that I had a woman's tact to handle their relation toward each other with the lightest touch!" he thought as he began.

CHICAGO, October 14, 1889.

MY DEAR MISS CHAMPENOIS:

This morning I saw your face for the first time; and in that moment I became your friend. This is my explanation for venturing to write you as I should wish another man to write my sister under the same circumstances.

I have just spent the evening with an old friend and classmate, Archie Percival, in whose studio I saw your picture; and he has been telling me of his acquaintance with you. He told me, also, of his approaching marriage to a Chicago lady, and of their plans for going abroad; in this connection he admitted that, in the more recent friendship, he had not been altogether loyal to his promised wife.

I have not met the future Mrs. Percival, but as your friend I give you the key to the situation.

I am a lawyer by profession, and I trust that you will not think me ungenerous if I ask, as a

fee, the privilege of hearing that you have forgiven the liberty I am taking.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM R. STEADMAN.

Everett House, Kansas City.

This note was but the bare framework of what Steadman meant to write; but he dared not trust himself to the freedom of a longer letter. While repressing his sympathy and admiration, his heart had closed about the beautiful girl all the closer, and in asking her to reply, he had not resisted a sudden temptation to seize the possibility of clasping her hand, as it were, in token that she had not misunderstood him.

In order to burn the bridges behind him, late as it was, Steadman went out in the rain to the nearest mail-box and dropped his letter into one of the iron caverns through which so many chapters of romance pass.

Again in his room, with the note fairly out of his hands, the lawyer was beset by misgivings as to his course of action. The more he thought of the matter, nothing possible seemed the right thing to do; nor did it seem right to do nothing. The emotional excitement which drew him irresistibly toward Miss Champenois, as strongly repelled him from Percival; but he could not disguise the fact that he had been guilty of a breach of confidence, and that consciousness was far from agreeable. On the other hand, to keep in his own possession the knowledge which would give light and power to Helen, seemed heartless and cowardly. And had not Percival directly asked his aid in saving her pride? Would not the easy-going, pleasure-loving artist be thankful to be relieved from the embarrassment of making an explanation? Cherishing the belief that he had done the best thing for Percival, he banished the artist altogether, and turned his thoughts to Helen, with that sense of protection which is man's divine right, the heaven-laid soil in which his love to woman takes deepest root and blossoms into all tenderness. So guarding her, he fell asleep.

The next morning, before starting for Kansas City, Steadman was irresistibly drawn to Percival's studio for a farewell

look at the pretty Nushka. And now, in addition to the glad young beauty on the canvas, Steadman saw the face glorified with his own tender thought; and the beauty deepened as he looked upon her through his own heart.

"By the way, Archie," he remarked, in a casual tone, "you asked my advice as to the best way of informing Miss Champenois of your engagement. Why not let it be announced in the *Tribune*, and ask Mrs. Blake to send the paper to Miss Champenois? That will open the way for you to write to her afterward, if you wish."

The lawyer had been able to muster no better pretext to secure delay.

"Oh! but that seems brutally abrupt."

"It's really less brutal than for you to try to hold her in your arms when she falls, — provided she does fall."

The doubt implied in the last words was not lost upon Percival.

"Will," said the artist brightly, "let us drop Miss Champenois. I've meant all along to ask you to be best man at my wedding. You must come on again in December. Stay over for another day now, and we will spend the evening with Emily."

"Thank you. I can't possibly stay over; and I don't think that I can arrange to be here again in December."

"Oh, yes, you can and will," returned Percival confidently.

Like many another reticent man, Steadman carried a deep vein of romance in his nature. He believed in elective affinities and in love at sight; and he felt an inward conviction that with the first meeting he should recognize the woman destined for him by fate. There seemed to him nothing unnatural in the story, naively related in Garibaldi's autobiography, where he tells that while walking the deck of a vessel he looked through a glass and perceived a young girl on shore; that he left the vessel and rowed ashore in search of her; and that when he found her "they gazed at each other in ecstatic silence until he said, 'You must be mine;'" and a most happy marriage speedily followed. Steadman cherished that romantic incident in the life of the Italian general as a proof of his theories

on the subject of the tender passion. And now, for the first time, the magic wand had touched the lawyer. A pictured face had thrilled the inmost chords of his being. Helen Champenois had taken possession of his imagination and his dreams; as a living woman, as a spiritual existence, she had become more vividly real, she seemed nearer to him than any one he had ever known. All his hitherto vague ideals now crystallized in the thought of her; and he longed for some response to his letter, something that would bring her into actual relation with himself. His own life took on new color and light as he imagined the inspiration it must be to a man to aim to live up to woman's higher standards. He felt a sense of exaltation into a higher atmosphere, with infinitely widened horizons.

### III. THE LADY SHOWS HER HAND.

Steadman had been at home in Kansas City for a week before the hoped-for communication from St. Paul arrived. But he found awaiting him at his hotel one evening two letters, — one from Percival; the other, a thick letter, with two cents postage due, was addressed in the graceful, strongly individualized writing of Miss Champenois.

With the letters in his pocket the lawyer went to his dinner. He did not dine hurriedly, finding ample satisfaction for the hour in the mere fact that he held, as a personal possession, a letter from Miss Champenois requiring double postage. The delight of reading that precious letter he kept in reserve until the affairs of the day were ended and he was secure from interruption in the seclusion of his bachelor apartments. Even then, still dallying with the fragrance of anticipation, he first opened Percival's letter. It proved to be but a brief note: —

DEAR WILL:

I send you the latest thing in the way of a Roland for an Oliver. I've told Emily all about the pretty Nushka, and of your grim refusal to assist in the tying of our nuptial knot. Emily declares that it shall never be tied without you. So let me know at once that you will be with us Christmas eve.

For auld lang syne,

October 20.

ARCHIE.

With eager curiosity Steadman unfolded the enclosed letter, to read: —

MY DEAR MR. PERCIVAL:

It has all happened so suddenly, so much has been crowded into the month since I last wrote you, that I've had no time to tell you of my great happiness.

Ever since I was a little girl I've cared *ever* so much for some one, and a year ago I had promised to be his wife. But we had a *very serious* misunderstanding, growing out of his fear that I might think he did not care for me for myself alone (he is a very sensitive man). Of course I couldn't bear that he should doubt my perfect faith in him. Oh, how cruel and foolish it all was! I was altogether to blame, but I let him go away, and thought never to see him again.

All this seems very far away now; for one bright September morning my maid brought a lot of American Beauty roses to my room, without any card. I knew in a flash who brought me American Beauties, for he really *admires* them (being a blonde he can wear solferino). I flew downstairs, and told him that I thought it would be paradise to live in a lovely top-story flat, and cook for him on a nice cold gas-stove. It ended in a wedding at high noon in the church of St. John in the Wilderness; and I *wish* you could have seen the gorgeous great bank of sumach leaves across the chancel, and the whole fields of autumn flowers in my home.

Papa has been perfectly charming. He insisted on taking my husband into the firm, and we are actually going to housekeeping. Fancy me at the head of a house! It was that angel, mamma, who wrote to Mr. Anderson and straightened things out for us; for she saw that my heart was breaking. No doubt you too saw that when I was always wanting you to take me off into the woods, or away on the water, last summer.

You were so nice to me always that I was going to tell you all about it one morning, — I guess you'll remember, — but when you said that no *honorable* man *could*, — oh, you know what you said, and it was *not* true, for Mr. Anderson is *more* than honorable! — when you said *that* I couldn't help breaking down altogether and running away with my tears, though I was perfectly furious with myself for crying.

And then how hard I *did* try to get interested in that stupid sketching — truly I wanted to show you how to paint a tree that did not look as if it was made of wood.

Now, Mr. Percival, I am going to give you a little advice — being a married woman I can speak freely. You were so sentimental last summer, and the same in your letters, that I can't help thinking you are really pining for affection — perhaps without knowing it yourself. And I do hope that you will look around for some nice girl, in sympathy with your artist life, who might be induced to make you happy. I *can't* help pitying every one who is not as happy as Mr. Anderson and I.

When you are in St. Paul again, don't fail to let me know. My husband is the most splendid-looking man, a superb blonde, with glorious blue

eyes, and I long to have you paint his portrait. Till then

*Au revoir.*

HELEN CHAMPENOIS ANDERSON.

October 16.

One who knows what it is to be sailing cheerily along before a fresh breeze, and to have the wind go suddenly down and the flying sails fall lifeless, can understand something of the feeling with which Steadman unfolded the letter reserved as the crown jewel of the evening. One faint hope still glimmered; possibly the letter to Percival was one of the subterfuges pardonable, from time immemorial, in love and in war. That letter was written on plain note-paper; the one to himself bore her monogram. He took one look at the engraved initials, H. C. A. The dominant, possessive A. was convincing. As the fact fully asserted itself, the excited sensibilities of the lawyer tingled with a variety of sensations. He felt as if he had been robbed when he realized that his precious letter was not from *Helen*, but from Mrs. Anderson, and saw that it was the weight of Mrs. Anderson's heavy note-paper and not the number of pages from Helen that required double postage. He inwardly writhed under the conviction that his letter to Mrs. Anderson had been, in the unexpected aspect of affairs, worse than useless: to her it must have appeared unpardonably intrusive. Of course she was indignant, as she had a perfect right to be. Silence would have been the deserved answer. He would have felt her anger sharply enough had she refrained from expressing it in words as she must have done in her letter.

But what had she written? The very sight of her handwriting now gave him pain. He had brought it upon himself, but that made it none the easier for him to read what she might have to say. In his sense of personal chagrin and regret he forgot for the moment that Mrs. Anderson was a warm-hearted, happy, generous woman — that she was still *Helen*; but he remembered it as he read: —

MY DEAR MR. STEADMAN:

It was so very kind of you to write me as you did; and I am going to be quite frank with you in return. I must explain, to begin with, that I am not Miss Champenois, for I am now married to Mr. Anderson. My husband and I were engaged some time ago, and just before the last year's carnival we had a very serious misunderstanding which ended all between us for the time, and we parted, thinking never to meet again. I plunged right into all the fun of the carnival season, determined to forget my sorrow. But I couldn't bring myself to have anything to do with men who had known me in the old, happy days; and so I was glad to make Mr. Percival's acquaintance, and I rather liked to be with him. There is something rather charming about him, I think. I am afraid that sometimes when I felt cheerful, and sometimes when I felt utterly reckless, I *did* flirt with him a *little bit*; for he was always so nice and sentimental. When a girl's heart is breaking, she has to do something, you know.

When the great tide of happiness came rolling back, it quite overwhelmed me at first, and I thought only of how good Heaven had been to bring us together again. But when I remembered Mr. Percival I couldn't help feeling a little remorseful, for I was afraid that he would not be *altogether happy* when he heard of our marriage. I really thought — from — well — from *the way he went on* last summer, that he cared about me *quite desperately*. The thought of him was the fly in my amber; but after your letter came I could give myself up to perfect bliss, without regret. Your letter was fortunate for me in another respect; for had I not been warned, there's no knowing how I might have written Mr. Percival in my remorse, — and I *shudder* at the thought of making my husband's wife ridiculous.

I have just read your letter again, and I am touched by its serious kindness. I want to assure you, Mr. Steadman, that I appreciate the spirit in which it was written. Had it been as perhaps you thought it was, your friendliness would have saved me from an intense mortification, and I thank you with all my heart for your beautifully chivalrous intention. I shall never forget it. And though I have not even seen your face, I feel sure that I should like to be numbered among your friends.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

HELEN CHAMPENOIS ANDERSON.

October 19.

When Steadman finished this letter, Helen seemed very near to him. He read the last lines over and over again until all else that she had written faded into the dim background. At last he slowly folded the letter, saying to himself: —

"I have clasped her hand for a moment; but it was the clasp of farewell."



## THE MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA.

*By Thomas F. Edmands.*



THE story of the militia of Massachusetts begins in the days when the colonists first set foot on the shores of the bay and taught the Indian to respect and fear the paleface. Every man was a soldier then, ready to band himself in the common defence.

The same principle, the nominal enrollment of every able-bodied man, has been at the root of the militia system ever since. After the inhabitants became numerous enough to dispense with the individual caution and vigilance required of the earlier colonists, there were companies of volunteers, the members of which, though borne on the nominal enrollment at large, were permitted and encouraged to choose the manner and association in which to perform their duty. This principle survives in what is known to-day as the volunteer militia.

The men who fought for the independence of the colonies were practically militiamen trained in the rough school of the French wars which Great Britain fought on American soil. The minute men of 1774, who sprang to arms in '75, were the basis of the Continental armies of the Revolution.

The writer has never hunted up specifically the colonial militia enactments, nor those of the general government previous to 1792; but in a copy of Baron Steuben's tactics, bearing on its fly-leaf the date 1806, is an allusion to an act of 1779 emanating from Congress.

The original militia law of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was contained in its constitution, which went into effect October 25, 1780. At that time the militia of the state was probably in a disorganized condition. Military spirit was very much depressed after

the peace of 1783 officially closed the Revolution; and from the newspapers of the day it is known, as late as the summer of 1786, that such spirit was almost dead. It was then called to life mainly from the disturbances culminating in Shays's Rebellion; various organizations in which the spirit slumbered were revived, and new corps were formed. Most of these were independent voluntary companies, but there was some organization and service in the enrolled militia.

Although the writer has seen an allusion to an act passed in 1785, the first state militia law with which he is acquainted is the act of 1793, which followed the militia act of Congress passed in 1792, designed to establish a uniform militia throughout the states, which act, by the way, recognized and protected all the corps in the several states in existence then, and secured to them their accustomed privileges. At the present time there are in Massachusetts three corps which this act of 1792 protected, viz., of the enrolled militia, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and of the volunteer militia, the Cadet corps, one in Boston and one in Salem.

This United States law of 1792 is still in force, but some of its quaint and amusing provisions are hardly observed at the present day. For instance, every able-bodied white male citizen must according to it "be constantly provided with a good musket or fire-lock, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints, and a knapsack, a pouch with a box therein to contain not less than twenty-four cartridges, suited to the bore of his musket or fire-lock, each cartridge to contain a proper quantity of powder and ball; or with a good rifle, knapsack, shot-pouch and powder-horn, twenty balls suited to the bore of his rifle, and a quarter of a pound of powder; and shall appear so armed, accoutred and provided when called out to exercise, — except when

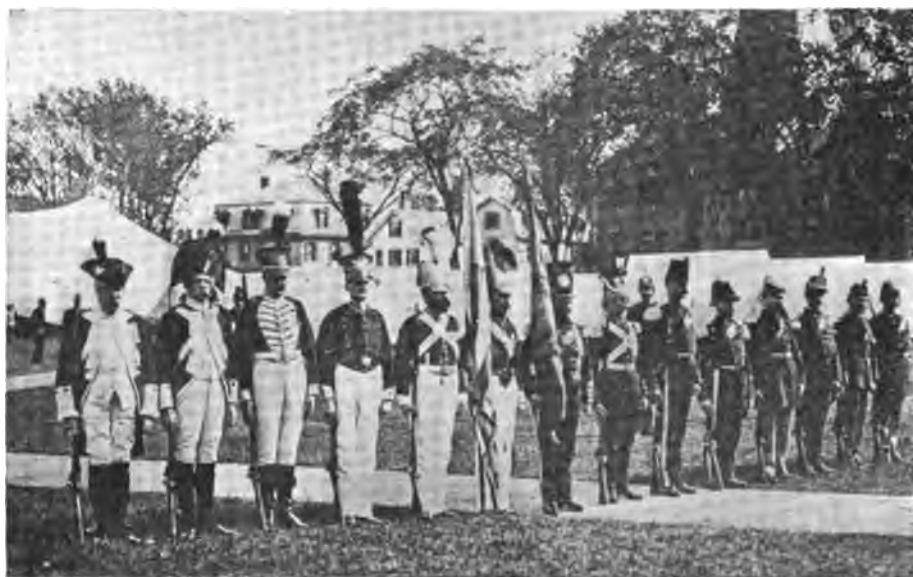
called out on company days to exercise only, he may appear without a knapsack." "Commissioned officers shall be severally armed with a sword or hanger, and espontoon."

This latter implement is not, as some might assume, a kind of bridge to be carried by officers and used for the purpose of avoiding water, nor yet a vaulting-pole to be used in skipping mud-puddles; it was probably intended more as a badge of office than as an instrument of destruction or salvation. It is a light pike, shod at its dangerous end with a sort of a cross between a tomahawk and a sardine

a pair of pistols, the holsters of which are to be covered with bearskin caps." Among these officers one is to be a cornet, a grade now obsolete, I believe, except in the First Troop of Cavalry in Philadelphia, which saw service in the Revolution.

The passage of the United States law of 1792 demanded a revision of the state laws. Accordingly Massachusetts passed a militia act in 1793, supplementing its constitution and taking the place of all previous legislation.

The constitution of the United States reserves to the states the powers not del-



UNIFORM OF THE SALEM CADETS FROM 1785 TO 1885.

opener, and now forms one of the weapons carried by the officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the only organized body of the enrolled militia now existing in Massachusetts. The espontoon, however, seems to have been intended only for the infantry officers, because this law provided that those of the artillery were "to be armed with a sword or hanger, a fusee, bayonet, and belt with a cartridge-box to contain twelve cartridges." In the cavalry, officers were "to furnish themselves with good horses of at least fourteen and a half hands high, and to be armed with a sword and

egated to the United States nor prohibited by it. Thus no state can infringe on the rights of the people to keep and bear arms; no soldier can in time of peace be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war except as prescribed by law; no state, without the consent of Congress, may lay tonnage duties, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another state or with a foreign power, or engage in war unless actually invaded or in such eminent danger as will not admit of delay. The President is commander-in-chief of



MOBILIZATION, OCTOBER, 1894. TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH BEACON STREET.

the army and navy, and of the militia of the states when called into actual service of the United States. Congress must provide for calling out, arming and organizing the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection and repel invasion; but in addition to the general powers reserved to the states, the right to appoint the officers of the militia is reserved to them as a thing requiring special mention, together with the authority for training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress.

The constitution of Massachusetts, which had been in operation more than eight years when that of the United States went into operation, contained nothing in conflict regarding the militia; in fact, it dealt specially only with the election and appointment of officers, leaving the whole subject of general militia legislation for future consideration, with the simple provision that the division into brigades, regiments and companies then existing, "made in pursuance of the militia laws now in force," should continue until changed by legislation.

Those laws were probably more or less dead letters. But the law of 1793, following the lines of the United States laws of 1792, was elaborate and specific. It carefully protected all militia organizations of a voluntary nature then in existence, and enrolled every free, able-bodied white male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, made provision for divisions, brigades, regiments and companies, established methods of procedure at elections, courts martial, and other duty, fixed the amount of duty to be performed, and in fact went generally into matters of detail.

This law remained the basis of all legislation for the militia up to the year 1840, when a reform took place which had been the subject of anxious consideration for nearly twenty years. In a lengthy report embodying a "plan of reform" made in 1833 by General William H. Sumner, then Adjutant General of Massachusetts, containing many historical allusions showing the development and vicissitudes of the militia, may be found,

undér a mass of verbiage, the reasons that led to the abuses which rendered the enrolled militia at that time of but little, if any, practical value; and this officer states that the necessity for reform was pointed out in a public appeal made to the state executive as early as 1823.

The difficulty seems to have been that militia service, except in the volunteer companies, was deemed onerous, and the various enactments which sought, by increasing the number of exempts and lessening the amount of duty, to relieve the burden, only brought the force into disrepute, by so reducing its morale that respectable persons could not be induced to accept office. This made farcical not only the establishment itself, but still more so its meagre duty, until at length muster-days, always excepting those of the volunteer companies, became scenes of license and of doings generally disreputable and corruptive.

In 1840, the legislature, which had been on the wrong tack for a period extending back to within a few years after the war of 1812, got on the right tack, and was induced to take a lesson from experience. It saw that, while the enrolled militia had been rendered practically useless, the volunteer companies had, in the main, prospered, and were then the only body on which any dependence could be placed. The force of circumstances had fairly kicked the legislature into taking a hint; and as a consequence an act was passed dividing the militia into two classes, the enrolled or passive and the volunteer or active. The former comprised every able-bodied white male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five; the latter was limited to a certain number of volunteers (10,000) liable to be first called into service in case of trouble, when, if the volunteer militia were inadequate, the enrolled militia might be called on in a manner prescribed.

That act was the basis of all subsequent militia legislation, and considerable portions of it are retained, word for word, in the law of to-day. But there is one word which has disappeared; it is the word "white" as applied to the enrollment of



AMBULANCE CORPS' WORK.

REMOVAL OF WOUNDED MAN FROM A HORSE, APPLICATION OF BANDAGES, ETC.

able-bodied male citizens. The black man has now his equal right, which he did not get in the militia of Massachusetts until 1863, at a time when the general government was accepting negroes for the army.

A sensible thing was done when the state designated its voluntary force as the "Massachusetts Volunteer Militia" instead of "National Guard." The army is the true National Guard. The militia is primarily and ordinarily a state force. It becomes a national force only when united with and used in the same manner as the army under a call from the President for national defence. On sentimental grounds the term "National Guard," foreign in its origin, implies a resemblance to the National Guards of France, which have too often in the last hundred years furnished, unfortunately, an awful example of what soldiers ought not to be.

In 1855 all the volunteer companies composed of Irishmen, seven in all, were disbanded under the "Know Nothing" rule, one of the watchwords of which party was "Put none but Americans on guard." This was, however, only a political spasm, soon over.

When the act of 1840 went into effect,

there were one hundred and forty-two volunteer companies in existence. Up to 1860 there had been formed one hundred and nineteen new companies (of which seventy-two had been formed since 1850), and one hundred and seventy-four had been disbanded. Only thirty-three of the companies existing in 1840 remained in 1860, exclusive of cadets.

These figures show how the composition of the force varied. In Boston, for example, of the companies existing in 1840, there remained in 1860 only the Boston Light Infantry, the Fusileers, the New England Guards, the City Guards, the Lancers and the Cadets.

The ten years immediately preceding the war of 1861 were years of great activity and interest in militia affairs throughout the state, and were marked by a steady march of improvement, the more noticeable because there was such a need and such a field for progress. It took at least ten years, say from 1840 to 1850, to create and regulate a volunteer militia. It took another ten years to mould it into shape and to eradicate evils which hung to it as relics of ancient days. Thus, in the twenty years preced-

ing 1840, the people at large, outside of those who might be specially interested in martial affairs, were imbued with the idea that a militiaman was a drunkard, and his camp or "muster," as it was then called, nothing more than a place where the multitude might get rum. Nor was this opinion entirely unwarranted. There was a very unpleasant substratum of truth for it in many places. But it referred, be it remembered, to the enrolled militia — to the men who performed compulsory service. The volunteers were of a different class. They did not serve because they were obliged to, but because they wanted to. And they had so much pride in the several organizations to which they belonged, that they controlled, of their own volition, many of the sins and abuses which had brought the enrolled militia into disrepute. Still, the process was slow, just as all healthy growth in anything must be; and there is room for reasonable doubt whether, in spite of all the official praise bestowed upon it, the force had begun to amount to much until about the period of the war with Mexico. Then, as was the case later on, there were found in the volunteer militia officers for the troops which Massachusetts sent into active service.

During the twenty years succeeding 1840, however, we find evidences at the State House of a constant vacillation between legislative impatience and legislative neglect, which acted upon the force very much as a parent might who either refused to give a sick child any medicine at all, or insisted upon his taking the whole bottle at once and being cured instantly.

There is probably no department of legislation which has had a more persistent tinkering than that of the militia. In fact, at one time, not very far remote, the hearings, reports, acts, resolves and amendments were so numerous that the officers whose duty it was to administer the wisdom sent forth from under the

gilded dome proposed to change certain beautiful lines of childhood into

"Tinker, tinker, little law!  
How I wonder what you are!"

Still the organization as a whole flourished and became strong after its own fashion — not exactly a fashion which would find approval in the methods of today, but still in a way that sowed good seed and let in light to many bright young minds destined to turn the knowledge thus gained to good account when the dark hours of trial came. It was a transition period when the acquisition of knowledge was as voluntary as the force itself, and when the state left matters of instruction largely to individual caprice, and matters of administration to be conducted upon town-meeting principles. It would be possible to point out many defects in detail which hindered a proper development; but among them two stand out in bold relief. The first was the neglect in the law of 1840 to prescribe enlistments for stated terms; and the second was lack of all control over the assignment of officers to duty. Nor, strange to say, were these matters corrected until the year



AMBULANCE CORPS' WORK.

REMOVAL OF A LITTER BEARING A WOUNDED MAN FROM THE AMBULANCE WAGON AT A FIELD DRESSING STATION.

1873. Until then, so far as enlistments went, they were not enlistments at all. On the contrary, each company, as to its membership, was little more than a club, in which the men remained so long as suited their sweet wills, and no longer.

Looking back now, how singular it seems that such an anomaly should have been permitted, — and yet more wonderful that no correction of it was found in the laws enacted immediately after the war! Such, however, was the case up to 1873. Up to that date, if a man, for any reason, sometimes the merest whim, concluded that he cared to serve no longer, he wrote a note to his captain and “resigned,” using a term for his retirement only applicable to the commission of an officer. The note was all that was necessary. In some companies it was read at a meeting and accepted by a vote, — a totally unnecessary formality, because there was no legal method of preventing the man from discharging himself. A few companies whose social status allowed

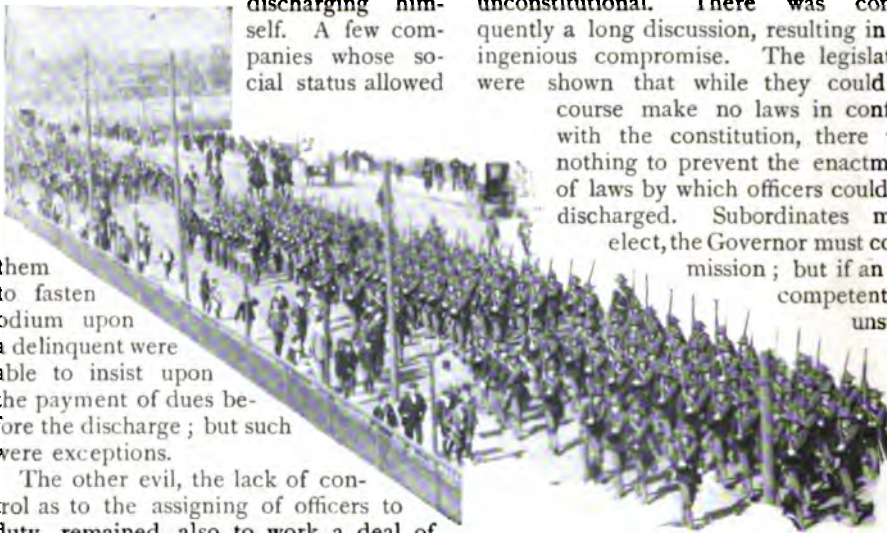
them to fasten odium upon a delinquent were able to insist upon the payment of dues before the discharge; but such were exceptions.

The other evil, the lack of control as to the assigning of officers to duty, remained also to work a deal of harm until 1873. It was the direct result of the passion of the men of the Revolution for the elective principle. Nothing can be more absurd or more contrary to all correct theory of military establishment than to allow subordinates to elect superiors; but the constitution of Massachusetts says they must do it, and there is an end of the matter. Moreover the same instrument directs that the Governor shall commission the officers so elected, — and do it he must, no matter how unfitted the person. This had apparently struck somebody's mind as being rather severe upon the militia; for a provision was inserted in the law of 1840 (and may have appeared in earlier laws, though not as

early as the law of 1816, of which the writer has a copy) by which idiots, common drunkards, vagabonds, paupers, felons, negroes, Indians, Chinamen, Malays, Hindoos, in fact all persons of color as well as off-color, were made ineligible; and later on (the first appearance being in 1868, so far as the writer knows) there was a provision inserted in the law allowing the Governor to withhold commission for valid objection shown upon a hearing. The presence of these two checks was of material help to those officers who appeared before a committee of the legislature in 1873, to advocate a board of examiners, when the objection was raised that such a restraint would be unconstitutional. There was consequently a long discussion, resulting in an ingenious compromise. The legislators were shown that while they could of course make no laws in conflict with the constitution, there was nothing to prevent the enactment of laws by which officers could be discharged. Subordinates must elect, the Governor must commission; but if an incompetent or unsuit-

able person became an officer, he might be discharged before he could do much harm. So a board of examiners was created, before which the newly elected officer was ordered to appear and subscribe to his oath of office. This board at the same time investigated his capabilities, and made report, either recommending his discharge or his assignment to duty. Originally composed of three officers, this board has lately (by the law of 1887) been expanded so as to include all the brigade, regimental and battalion commanders, now thirteen officers in all.

The year 1873 having thus conferred upon the militia these two boons — three-year enlistments and the exclusion of



improper officers — the force from that time took a new character. This does not mean that the reform was thorough and immediate. Far from it. The regeneration was slow and laborious, attended with many vexations. There remained still many incongruities and vicious things, some existing by law and some by custom, needing correction. They were evident enough, and so were the remedies for them; but there was great danger that the medicine might be so administered as to kill the patient — “political impatience” we may call it. The legislature resorted again and again to the tinkering process, and put on patch after patch, until 1878, when the pieces they had put on, with some of the old law, were thrown into the pot once more with a lot of good and absolutely new material, to be rolled out this time into a fairly complete whole.

In 1860 the number of companies allowed the volunteer militia was one hundred and twenty. In 1868 there were one hundred and fifteen (enumerating a battery of artillery and a corps of cadets as a company.) The force was not then to exceed six thousand men. The law of 1873 reduced these to ninety-three companies, and the whole force was not to exceed five thousand. In 1878, the legislature insisted on a still further reduction to sixty companies of infantry, three of cavalry, three of

light artillery and two  
corps of cadets.

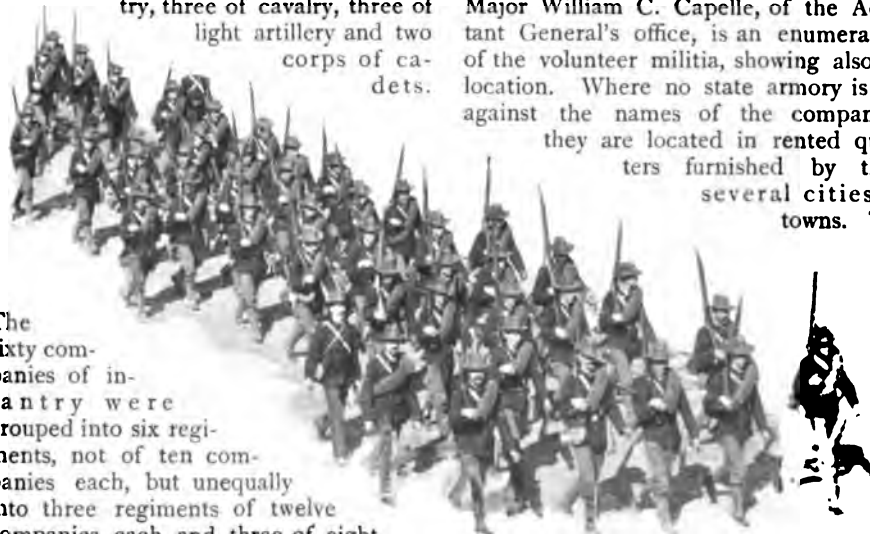
The sixty companies of infantry were grouped into six regiments, not of ten companies each, but unequally into three regiments of twelve companies each and three of eight

companies each; for Massachusetts, thanks to the wisdom of those who administered her law, as opposed to the short-sighted policy of those who made it, led the way in having as many regiments of twelve companies each as was compatible with the interest of the service, until in 1888 the legislature, yielding to a more liberal sentiment, added twelve more companies, so that each infantry regiment could have twelve companies. The wisdom and foresight of this arrangement were confirmed when the general government in 1892 issued the book of drill regulations for the United States Army, in which the regiment is a unit of twelve companies composed, as was already the case in Massachusetts, of three battalions, each containing four companies.

A naval battalion of four companies was organized in 1888, and in 1892 was extended into a naval brigade of eight companies. An ambulance corps for each brigade was authorized in 1885 and consolidated into one corps, unattached, in 1894. A signal corps for each brigade was authorized in 1884.

The two corps of cadets and the naval brigade are unattached. The infantry, artillery and cavalry are organized into two brigades.

The following statement, compiled by Major William C. Capelle, of the Adjutant General's office, is an enumeration of the volunteer militia, showing also its location. Where no state armory is set against the names of the companies, they are located in rented quarters furnished by their several cities or towns. The







FIRST CORPS CADETS CAMP AT HINGHAM.

armories occupied by the two corps of cadets are their own private property.

COMPANIES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA, AS ARRANGED BY ORGANIZATIONS AND IN BATTALIONS, WITH STATIONS AND ARMORIES.

FIRST BRIGADE. (HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON.)

*First Infantry.* (Headquarters, South Armory.)

Co. A, 2d Batt'n,	Boston,	South Armory.
" B, 3d "	Cambridgeport.	
" C, 3d "	Boston,	South Armory.
" D, 3d "	Boston,	South Armory.
" E, 1st "	New Bedford.	
" F, 1st "	Taunton.	
" G, 2d "	Boston,	South Armory.
" H, 2d "	Chelsea.	
" I, 1st "	Brockton.	
" K, 3d "	Boston,	South Armory.
" L, 2d "	Boston,	South Armory.
" M, 1st "	Fall River.	

*Second Infantry.* (Headquarters, Springfield.)

Co. A, 1st Batt'n,	Worcester,	State Armory.
" B, 2d "	Springfield,	{ Armory
" C, 1st "	Worcester,	now building.
" D, 2d "	Holyoke.	State Armory.
" E, 3d "	Orange.	
" F, 1st "	Gardner.	
" G, 2d "	Springfield,	State Armory.
" H, 1st "	Worcester,	State Armory.
" I, 3d "	Northampton.	

Co. K, 2d Batt'n,	Springfield,	State Armory.
" L, 3d "	Greenfield.	
" M, 3d "	Adams.	

*Sixth Infantry.* (Headquarters, Marlborough.)

Co. A, 2d Batt'n,	Wakefield.	
" B, 3d "	Fitchburg,	State Armory.
" C, 2d "	Lowell,	State Armory.
" D, 3d "	Fitchburg,	State Armory.
" E, 1st "	South Framingham.	
" F, 1st "	Marlborough.	
" G, 2d "	Lowell,	State Armory.
" H, 2d "	Stoneham.	
" I, 3d "	Concord.	
" K, 1st "	Southbridge.	
" L, 3d "	Boston.	
" M, 1st "	Milford.	

LIGHT ARTILLERY. (HEADQUARTERS, LAWRENCE, STATE ARMORY.)

Battery B,	Worcester,	State Armory.
" C,	Lawrence,	State Armory.

CAVALRY.

Troop F,	Chelmsford.
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SIGNAL CORPS.

Boston,	South Armory.
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SECOND BRIGADE. (HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON.)

*Fifth Infantry.* (Headquarters, South Armory.)

Co. A, 2d Batt'n,	Boston,	Charlestown.
" B, 1st "	Cambridge.	
" C, 1st "	Newton.	
" D, 2d "	Plymouth.	



BATTALION DRILL.

Co. E, 3d Batt'n, Medford.  
 " F, 1st " Waltham.  
 " G, 3d " Woburn.  
 " H, 2d " Boston, Charlestown.  
 " I, 1st " Attleboro.  
 " K, 2d " Braintree.  
 " L, 3d " Malden.  
 " M, 3d " Hudson.

*Eighth Infantry. (Headquarters, Salem.)*

Co. A, 3d Batt'n, Newburyport.  
 " B, 3d " Amesbury.  
 " C, 2d " Marblehead.  
 " D, 2d " Lynn, State Armory.  
 " E, 3d " Beverly.  
 " F, 1st " Haverhill.  
 " G, 2d " Gloucester.  
 " H, 3d " Salem.  
 " I, 2d " Lynn, State Armory.  
 " K, 1st " Danvers.  
 " L, 1st " North Andover.  
 " M, 1st " Somerville.

*Ninth Infantry. (Headquarters, East Armory.)*

Co. A, 1st Batt'n, Boston, East Armory.  
 " B, 1st " Boston, East Armory.  
 " C, 3d " Boston, East Armory.  
 " D, 3d " Boston, Charlestown.  
 " E, 1st " Boston, East Armory.  
 " F, 2d " Lawrence, State Armory.  
 " G, 2d " Worcester, State Armory.  
 " H, 1st " Boston, East Armory.  
 " I, 3d " Boston, East Armory.  
 " K, 2d " Clinton.  
 " L, 3d " Natick.  
 " M, 2d " Lowell, State Armory.

LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Battery A, Boston, East Armory.

*First Battalion Cavalry. (Headquarters, South Armory.)*

Troop A, Boston, No. 1 Bulfinch St.  
 " D, Boston, Roxbury.

SIGNAL CORPS.

Signal Corps, 2d Brigade, Boston, East Armory.

NAVAL BRIGADE. (HEADQUARTERS, SOUTH ARMORY.)

Co. A, 1st Batt'n, Boston, South Armory.  
 " B, 1st " Boston, South Armory.  
 " C, 1st " Boston, South Armory.  
 " D, 1st " Boston, South Armory.  
 " E, 2d " Lynn, State Armory.  
 " F, 2d " Fall River.  
 " G, 2d " New Bedford.  
 " H, 2d " Springfield.

(Organized as Naval Battalion, 1888.)  
 (" " " Naval Brigade, 1892.)

AMBULANCE CORPS, M. V. M. (UNATTACHED).  
 (HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON.)

2 established, 1885, Consolidated, 1894.  
 1 section, Boston, South Armory.  
 1 " Lowell, State Armory.  
 1st Corps Cadets, Boston, Corps owns its Armory.  
 2d " " Salem, " " " " "

Did space permit it might be interesting to trace the identity of many of these companies back into the ante-bellum days, or to show when and how many of the famous companies of those days literally died for their country in furnishing officers and men to the regiments, whose war-worn standards now hang in the Doric Hall of the State House.

NUMBER OF MEN FURNISHED BY MASSACHUSETTS,  
 APRIL, 1861, to AUGUST, 1865.

Three-month service, 1861 . . .	3,736
Three-year men . . . . .	54,187
" " " (recruits) . . . . .	26,091
Regular army and V. R. C., etc.,	9,790
Re-enlistments in state organi-	
zations . . . . .	6,202
	<hr/>
	96,270
One-year men, army . . . . .	4,728
Nine-month men . . . . .	16,685
One-hundred-day men . . . . .	5,461
Ninety-day men . . . . .	1,209
	<hr/>
Carried forward,	128,089



ESCORT TO THE COLOR.

	<i>Brought forward,</i>	128,089
Navy . . . . .		26,329
Miscellaneous . . . . .		4,913
		<u>159,331</u>

The organization of the volunteer militia in Massachusetts to-day is a small, compact force of earnest men, fairly well officered, splendidly equipped, enthusiastic in its work, controlled and administered in a soldierly spirit and with strict economy, albeit the state has been generous to it of late beyond any state in the Union. Strict accountability in duty, in expenditure, in care of property, is ex-

the uniform of which the Massachusetts uniform differs but slightly — just enough to make a proper distinction. Time was, when the old-fashioned musters and trainings were scenes of license and tumult. Now all is orderly and businesslike. Time was when the private soldier knew scarcely more than the manual of arms, and perhaps never fired his piece with a bullet in it during his whole service. Now he knows the whole routine of camp duty, and is in most cases an excellent marksman. Once he joined the force for fun; now he joins it for work, and his



TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH STATE STREET.

acted and cheerfully rendered; and this is the place to say that in no small degree is the detail of this administration due to the executive ability and soldierly qualities of the present excellent and indefatigable Adjutant General.

How different is the condition of the militia of to-day from that of those days easily remembered by men whose locks are scarcely gray! Time was, within our memories, when every company wore a different uniform. As late as 1877 each regiment had its own distinctive clothing. Now the two brigades are all alike in each arm, as in the regular army, from

work is his pride. He still elects his officers, it is true, but he is governed in his selection not by the mere popularity of a companion, but by the soldierly qualities of the man who he knows cannot be assigned to duty over him unless by capacity for command shown before examiners. Once a man joined with a knowledge that he could retire whenever he chose; now he knows he must serve his allotted time, according to his oath of enlistment, by which he swears true faith and allegiance to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, obedience to its laws, and support to the Constitution of the United States.



The President, as we have seen, is commander of the army and of the militia of the states, enrolled and active, just as each governor is similarly in command over that of his own state. As we have also seen, the enrolled body is too cumbersome to be kept in organization beyond its bare enrollment. The active militia, composed of volunteers, small in numbers, but ready at a moment's notice, at the call of the President or Governor, is maintained to resist invasion, quell insurrection, aid in the suppression of riots, to aid civil officers in the execution of the laws of the Commonwealth, or serve in any time of public danger. Regarded only locally, it is an adjunct or a reinforcement to our ordinary police.

We recognize the importance of our boards of health, our fire department, our police. Our militia is no less important. It may be called upon to supplement them all; or it may be called for greater service, as in 1861 when it saved the capital of the nation. The support it needs is patriotism.

Massachusetts pays her soldiers liberally, — and let us hope she gets good ones, such as she deserves. Her cities and towns have also, as a rule, good fire departments and good police forces. If they need help, her militia stands ready; or it stands ready to help the country on a larger field.

The education of this force and the administration of its affairs have been managed

with solicitude in the one and with ability in the other, even in the days when the name of militia was in some places almost a by-word of reproach. That is one reason why the men of Massachusetts are not ashamed of their honorable, old-fashioned military name, "Militia," as opposed to the imported term, "National Guard." The smile at the doings of the ancient days carries no sting; it rather invites a flattering comparison between the old and the new, for the old was as good comparatively in many cases as the new.

An extended description of the doings in days of yore might be made to fill a most amusing chapter. But better still is plenty of time and the society of some hearty old gentleman of three score and ten or more, who could tell how he "trained" fifty years ago. For instance, a drill-book bearing date of 1836, and another of 1840, show that the loading was done in twelve times and twenty-four motions, to accomplish what is now done in "one time," *i. e.*, at one command and without division into detailed motions separated by marked pauses. In former days the impression seems to



DETAIL FROM SIGNAL CORPS.



BRIGADIER GENERAL AND STAFF.

have prevailed that the more times a soldier could jerk his musket about and slap himself with a disengaged hand, and the more rigidly and uncomfortably he could bear himself, standing or marching, the better soldier he was, while his uniform was accounted best when it encased him so tightly that all natural motion, except winking, was impossible. To-day, all is changed. The manual of arms has been so revised as to include only such motions and positions as are considered absolutely essential, either for the use of the rifle or the comfort of the man, and to spare him needless effort. He marches freely and easily in a neat and simple dress calculated to allow freedom to his muscles, and generally of such a color as to be the least conspicuous as a mark for the enemy.

The ideal dress for a soldier nowadays would be that which necessity forced upon the Confederate soldier of the War of the Rebellion—a brown suit on a man tanned brown by the sun, with brown shoes innocent of blacking, carrying a brown-barrelled gun with a black walnut stock, and wearing a brown slouched hat. Such a man would be practically invisible, as were the Confederates often, against the prevailing hue of the forests of the dust-covered country in which they fought. There was nothing about them that could glisten; even their buttons were usually of horn, bone or hard rubber, and the only bits of color they could

show were the whites of their eyes. The dirtier they got, the more invisible they became.

The United States soldier has such a dress now—a working suit; and one organization of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia is provided with it. The material is brown canvas with brown hard rubber buttons, leggings of a little lighter shade, and a hat to match. This

suit is used often on drill, especially in skirmishing, to the great saving of better clothes, which would soon be ruined by the requirements of modern work in the field. It can be worn over the wool uniform or directly over the underclothing; and a man tumbling about in it on the ground or on the floor of the drill room can dismiss all thought of damage to his clothing. Besides this, it is an invaluable adjunct to target practice.

This allusion brings us to one of the principal differences between the old militia days and the new. There was substantially no target practice that deserved the name in the olden time as compared with its present importance to the training of the soldier. The dictum in his education now is, "A soldier who cannot shoot is an encumbrance to his battalion." Consequently, a recruit is taught the mechanism of his piece and how to fire it accurately almost as soon as he is taught to march. The other motions and positions of the manual of arms are taught merely to secure uniformity on the march, on guard or at ceremonies, and are of secondary importance.

The advantage of this method will readily be seen. It inspires the recruit at the outset with an ambition to become a marksman. Nothing of this sort was known to the old timers. They freely admit that their fire-locks kicked so like mules and shot so around corners that

they did more damage to the shooter and the surrounding country than to the target.

Instruction in shooting is supervised by the Inspector General of Rifle Practice, an officer with the rank of colonel on the staff of the Governor. Under him are the inspectors in the brigades and in the regiments and separate battalions. In the regiments and battalions, these officers, holding the rank of first lieutenant, are expert instructors, or are expected to be such. They spur the captains to qualify their men, and record the results. Careful returns of duty and scores are required and made, so that at the end of each year the work done by every marksman may be, and is, noted at the office

regiment, which are given in two parts, one called "close order" and the other "extended order." Space is also given to ceremonies, marches, camps, and a brief indication of outpost duty, as well as advance guards and rear guards. The guard manual is a separate little book of about seventy pages, and the rifle regulations are of about the size of the drill book. The army has a book of general regulations, and many of the states have similar books modelled thereon. The labor of teaching guard duty has been very much lightened by the manual furnished from the war department, not only because many matters once rather complicated or ambiguous are simplified



THE CLAFLIN GUARDS ON LIBERTY SQUARE, NOVEMBER, 1872.

of the Inspector General of Rifle Practice, whose report is generally printed and eagerly scanned by those whose efforts it publishes. This report, embodied in that of the Adjutant General, goes to the war department at Washington, and in connection with similar reports from other states whose militias are worth maintaining, serve to gain for the citizen soldiery the respect and confidence and in many cases the emulation of the regular army.

The book of drill regulations now provided by the government for the army and militia is a handy little volume of pocket size, containing about three hundred and fifty pages, covering the schools of the soldier, company, battalion and

and explained, but because the practice, in compliance with the manual, is concentrated into uniformity; whereas previously there existed much uncertainty between various books, official, semi-official and individual, more or less in conflict with one another.

The camps of instruction are very different affairs from the old-fashioned "musters" as they were called in the times now past. The infantry, cavalry and artillery, grouped into brigades, encamp at South Framingham upon a ground owned and equipped by the Commonwealth. The troops quarter in tents, but the unsightly marquees and shanties that once were seen in the rear

of the line are now replaced by substantial and convenient mess-halls, kitchens, etc., erected by the state. The cadet corps encamp separately, the first corps at Hingham upon ground owned and furnished with buildings by the corps, and the second at Essex, where, on hired ground, it has at its own expense erected a kitchen. The naval brigade has no fixed method as yet, but performs its tour according to circumstances, preferably upon government vessels, if obtainable, or in camp, if vessels are not available. All these tours are observed and reported upon not only by officers of the Inspector General's department of the state, but by officers detailed from the regular army by the war department. As a consequence of this system, great strides in efficiency have been made.

In the matter of armories, Massachusetts is far behind some states, notably New York, and far ahead of others. The law here allows cities and towns to raise special funds by taxation for the erection of armories. The usual construction is a drill-hall of one story on ground level, attached to a head-house or administration building rising higher, where the companies using the drill-hall in common may have separate rooms for their meetings and the storage and care of their property.

The question is often asked, how the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia of to-day compares with the volunteers of the late war. The writer therefore ventures the opinion that, under the methods now in

vogue, a battalion of the state force may fairly be considered as being about as efficient for active service as a new regiment of the volunteers that had been in camp at home for one month. Had the methods of to-day prevailed five and twenty years ago, the aspect of affairs in the summer of 1861 might have been very much changed. What Massachusetts is doing is substantially the same as the organization and practice of the militia of all the states which furnished the volunteers for the war, and the change in all of those states has been about the same as here, due allowance being made for priority of settlement and density of population.

Early in October last, the entire volunteer militia of the state — in round numbers five thousand men — assembled under orders in Boston, and marched through the city. The men were equipped as for service, in light marching order, with undress uniform, haversack, canteen and overcoat, the latter rolled in horse-collar fashion over the shoulder. The occasion was of great interest, as attested by the throngs that crowded the streets and encouraged the troops with hearty commendation. The march was an object lesson well understood by the masses, who felt the safer for it in their lives and homes. It was a display of force by the people for the people, and the people, true to the historic crest and motto of the Commonwealth, upheld the sword they have provided to guard the calm repose of their liberty.



## THE NORWEGIAN SYSTEM IN ITS HOME.

*By David Nelson Beach.*

AS I was leaving America last summer to spend a month in study and special research in England, I was urged by friends with whom I had co-operated in the recent Norwegian agitation here, to divide the time between England and Norway, in order to observe the workings of the liquor-selling system in the latter country. Not without reluctance at abandoning part of my English plans, I acceded to the proposal, as first-hand information seemed as desirable to me as it did to my friends.

The purpose of the journey was not to gather statistics. That had been thoroughly and abundantly done by Professor Gould for the National Department of Labor, by Mr. John Graham Brooks for the Massachusetts Commission, by Mr. John Koren, secretary of the commission, and by others. Neither did the journey intend an examination into the economic aspects of the system. The purpose was strictly practical. It was to look at the matter in the concrete. It was to understand as one can only understand by seeing and hearing. In particular, it was to observe the system from the point of view of one profoundly interested in the ethical side of the question and one who had given some of the best strength of his life to the effort of overthrowing, in some neighborhoods, the power of the liquor traffic. It is the purpose of this article to give, in a simple form, the impressions which this journey conveyed. Before entering upon this narrative, however, it is desirable to make two or three general statements.

As early as 1890 the subject of some Norwegian legislation in Massachusetts with reference to the liquor traffic was mooted. In 1893 it came up in the legislature. That body referred the matter to the next legislature, and authorized the appointment of a commission to investigate the subject, provided that the commission should serve at private expense.

That commission, consisting of Judge John Lowell, lately of the United States Circuit Court, Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, dean of the Harvard Medical School, and Mr. John Graham Brooks, the sociologist, made an exhaustive investigation, going over ground already thoroughly examined by Professor Gould of Johns Hopkins University for the national Department of Labor. Mr. Brooks himself travelled in Scandinavia, and the commission sent, to look up additional points, Mr. John Koren, who speaks fluently the Scandinavian languages, who is himself an expert in such investigations, and whose service in preparing the commission's legislative documents was invaluable. The result was an elaborate report submitted to the legislature of 1894, with the form of a proposed bill. On this report prolonged hearings were had. Probably no hearings at the State House for years have brought forward greater ability in the presentation of a subject, or more thoroughly digested and impressive facts. The joint committee of senate and house were deeply impressed by the arguments, and did not hesitate to say so. Nevertheless, the committee, with a single dissenting voice, reported "inexpedient to legislate." In this form the matter lay upon the table of the house. It was proposed to take it up, accept the committee's report, and dismiss the whole matter. One determined spirit in the house, co-operated with by a number of other earnest men, declared that this should not be done. The position taken was that the matter had a right to lie upon the table until the state should be heard from. The state was heard from. Earnest committees working along several lines precipitated an agitation of the whole subject, by public meetings, by use of the periodical press and by other means, which within a month put an entirely new face upon the proposal. The result was that the matter, then taken up in the house, received



earnest attention, and the bill amended in several important respects passed its three stages in the house, and passed the senate down to the last stage. In that stage it was defeated under very mysterious circumstances. The date of its defeat was June 19, although June 20, when an attempt at reconsideration was also defeated, is the latest date of its appearance in the Senate.\* The subject, however, was referred to the next legislature, where undoubtedly it will come up, and where it is hoped that all earnest and intelligent citizens of the commonwealth will cause their influence to be felt in its favor.

This being, in a few words, the history of the attempted legislation, what, in brief, did the bill propose? It proposed merely permissive legislation. It simply extended the now well-established local option principle so as to permit, in cities and towns already thoroughly committed to a license policy, and that only under most stringent conditions, the putting of a second question on the ballot, after that about granting licenses, namely: "If licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors are granted in this city (or town), shall they be granted under the Norwegian system?" It merely, under such strict conditions, referred the question to the people to decide. If the people decided favorably, a monopoly of liquor licenses in such cities or towns was to be granted to a company of philanthropic residents, who should undertake to conduct the business with an eye to selling the least possible amount of liquor rather than the largest amount possible; who should turn over all profits, beyond a small per cent on money actually invested, to objects of public utility; and, moreover, this company should be so surrounded with safeguards as to be compelled to carry on the business according to the principles involved, with the provision of swift and sure means of dissolving the company if such ends were not attained.

The great advantages claimed for such a method of handling the traffic were: first, the elimination of private profits, which alone cause the business to be so

\* For a tolerably complete outline of the legislative history of this matter, see *Outlook*, July 7, 1894. "The Norwegian Campaign in Massachusetts."

energetically pushed; secondly, the removal from the business of all those allurements by which, in a great variety of forms, the traffic is at present rendered thrice as dangerous as the other system would make it; and, thirdly, the entire divorce of the business from politics, which are in greater or less degree almost universally debauched by it at present. The comprehensive principle underlying the whole measure was this,—that a traffic the most dangerous of all traffics to the community should, like the sale of gunpowder or of dynamite, be placed in the hands only of the most trustworthy and public-spirited men. It will be observed that this legislative proposal was not analogous to the South Carolina plan, in that neither the state nor the municipality might undertake it or become in any considerable degree party to it, but that, just as at present, the matter was left in private hands, these private hands only being insured to be those having the good of the community at heart. It will also be observed that, unlike the system in Scandinavia, all alcoholics were included under the proposed legislation, instead of spirits alone. It will be observed finally that, although the legislation was called Norwegian, from the country where the system is most thoroughly worked, the legislation differed in many vital respects from that in force in Norway, and might, except that those are such vague terms, be better called the American bill or the Massachusetts bill.

Another remark which ought to be made is that, in the case of probably a large majority of its advocates, this legislation was conceived of as but an auxiliary and supplementary measure to go with the state's present policy of encouraging local prohibition. While doubtless some advocates of the system have grave doubts about the wisdom even of local prohibition, by far the larger number of those actively interested in pushing the agitation are stanch believers in local prohibition just as fast as communities can be educated up to that standard and to the thorough enforcement of laws locally excluding the saloon. It had been for years a source of the heaviest discouragement to not a few of them, actively engaged as

they were in pushing local prohibition, that there was always a line beyond which it seemed impossible to carry that movement. Just in proportion as cities and towns in the neighborhood of Boston, for example, could be effectively rid of the saloon, would Boston become a worse place, owing to the fact that, while local exclusion of the saloon greatly diminished drinking, as figures conclusively prove, at the same time many persons would have liquor and would go to Boston for it. On the hearts of such men the case of Boston, of Worcester, of Springfield and other places lay as a heavy load. As long as they must have the saloon, must they have the saloon in its present abominable form? Had not minorities a responsibility? If they could not, by their votes, exclude the saloon, then had they not a responsibility to join with the worthier men among those favoring it, for a form of saloon vastly better than the present horrible type?

To the minds of such persons it seemed that the present advanced condition of temperance sentiment and of practical temperance law in Massachusetts caused the state to be well armed, but armed only with a single weapon; and they desired to have it supplied with a second weapon for special cases.\*

On board the ship by which I went to England there chanced to be not a few more or less eminent men from different parts of our own country. It was an interesting preliminary to my Norwegian journey itself to find how many of these men were alert to the agitation which had been started in Massachusetts, and were looking toward its future with the liveliest interest. This showed one, what not a few of us have long felt, that in this agitation Massachusetts is not only serving herself, but is serving the whole country.

Reaching Liverpool on a certain evening, I dropped a note to the bishop of Chester, the leading English advocate of the system, stating that I brought a letter of introduction from Commissioner Brooks, and asking at what time it would be convenient for him to see me. The

\* For a discussion of the inter-relation of the Massachusetts movements in the direction of local prohibition and toward the Norwegian method, and for a fuller account of the proposed legislation in respect to the latter, see *Independent*, October 4, 1894, "The Norwegian Agitation in Massachusetts."

next morning a telegram arrived from Chester, asking me to come to him that very afternoon, and assigning a generous amount of time for our conference. Obviously that bishop was one alert to push any work in hand.

I found him as eager and enthusiastic as Bishop Brooks used to be, with a zeal for applied Christianity, and with a disposition to attend thoroughly to details, as marked as are those traits in Dr. Hale. He was full of the Grosvenor House meeting in this interest, which had been held July 7. He showed me a copy of Mr. Chamberlain's great speech on that occasion. He passed over to me considerable additional local literature on the subject; and — what interested me most — he said that before he was in orders, not having at that time ever heard of the Scandinavian plan, he had conceived the idea of himself getting control of the public houses in his native town in Wales, in order to better them. In this project he did not succeed, but it had always been a favorite idea with him; and when he heard of the Scandinavian method he had almost immediately become an earnest student of it. Thus it appears that the foremost leader of the agitation in England had, as it were, a baptism for it from early youth, and is now, in his high place of influence and authority, only working out the impulses of his dawning manhood. Our conversation covered wide ranges, not only with regard to this work, but with regard to the great subject of Christian unity, and he kindly proposed that, on my return from Norway, I should come to him again, when he would put me in touch with other leaders of the movement.

In a few days I was hard at work at Oxford. My surprise and joy were great, in a lecture one day at Balliol College, to see, only a few seats from me, Dr. Philip S. Moxom. Neither of us knew that the other was on that side of the Atlantic. As soon as the lecture was done we clasped hands, — and almost as soon I said to him that I was going to Norway. In his quick and generous way he exclaimed: "I'll go too. It will involve some serious changes of plan, and there may be some hindrance, — but I think I

can manage it." He did manage it; and on the morning of July 24 we left London for Hull, whence we sailed for Bergen the same afternoon. We made that port at noon of the second day out, and that afternoon started upon our investigations.

This accidental meeting with Dr. Moxom, who had run down from London to Oxford for but twenty-four hours, was one of the happy coincidences of the journey. It gave me not only the best of company, but the assistance of an acute, thoroughly trained, thoroughly alert mind in the work that I was undertaking. In this article I do not speak for him, but I think that he will concur in most, perhaps in all, that I shall say.

I carried a note of introduction to a wholesale merchant of Bergen, a personal friend of its writer, and a man of high civic and Christian character. I found him in his office, presented my note, and received at once his cheery "I will go out with you at once." His store was near that part of the harbor of Bergen which is devoted to wharves and warehouses having to do with the great fisheries of that port. One would think himself along Gloucester wharves, except that Bergen has an importance as a seaport not by any means confined to its enormous fishing interests.

Within a stone's throw of his store, and close by these wharves, he led us into a shop kept by the Bergen Samlag,—that is, the company, in that city of fifty-three thousand people, which handles this business. We hardly knew we were entering a liquor shop. The place was small, scrupulously neat, with nothing outside or in to attract, and for a sign only a small board indicating that this was a shop of the Bergen Samlag. There was not a place to sit down. There was nothing alluring about the place. A small narrow counter ran along part of one side of the room. On it were a number of small glasses, into each of which were etched or ground the letters "B. S.," standing for "Bergen Samlag." The glasses are accurately graduated, though without graduation marks, and only out of these glasses may spirits be sold. This enables each sale to be accounted for, as

the nickels given on our electric cars must be accounted for. Thus there can be no stealings of liquor.

The men behind the counter were about such a class of men as would run a locomotive on our railroads,—somewhat of a workingman's type, but of a superior intelligence, clear eye, strong, clean face, impressing you immediately with dignity and with strength. Our friend explained to them our errand, and they and he did their utmost to make everything clear to us. During our stay two or three persons came in and bought drinks. I never saw liquor sold in any such way. It was as decorous and orderly as if it had been the most serious sort of business transaction. At once the tiny glassful had been swallowed, the buyer turned on his heel and was gone.

Almost the only thing on the walls of this place was a framed copy of the rules governing the shop. They were explained to us. They were exceedingly terse, and conveyed ideas like these: "This place opens at 8, closes at 12, reopens at 1.30, and closes at 8, except nights before Sundays and holy days, when it closes at 5." "Only the company's glasses may be used in selling." "It is not permitted to treat the bartender." "No one may buy on credit here." "When you have drunk, go out." "There may be here no improper language or disorderly conduct." "No one under eighteen may enter this place." "It is not permitted to sell to any person giving the least sign of intoxication."

I wonder if the reader can imagine the sensations of a person hating the liquor traffic, who is compelled in the discharge of his duties very often to pass by the numberless liquor saloons in the neighborhood of the northern and southern depots in Boston, and who is accustomed to see those places glaring with lights, filled with everything that can allure drinking men, and crowded with buyers who spend whole evenings there, as he stood in this place. It moved me to the depths. I had been hearing that Scandinavia was fifty years behind the times; that Massachusetts would be false to her standards if she suffered herself to fall back into the middle or early part of

the century by following Norway. To me, haunted continually as I am by the vision of those gateways of hell with which Boston is filled, it seemed, on the contrary, that Bergen was fifty years ahead of Boston, and that a sort of sacrilege had been committed by those who filled our ears last spring with words like those.

The merchant conducted us to another shop, in the same general neighborhood, where what we saw practically duplicated what we had already seen. He next took us to the head office of the Samlag. This was a fair-sized building, given up to the storage, the offices, etc., of the company. Here analyses are made of all the kinds of liquor sold. Only the very best quality, the purest, and containing as low a per cent of alcohol as buyers will tolerate, are permitted by the company. The accounts are kept in an accurate and thorough manner, and are open to the public. Employees must be of the best character, are on a regular gradation of salaries, receive promotion for good behavior and not with reference to the amount of sales which they effect (in fact, the less they sell the better their standing with the company), and are liable to swift discharge upon any violation of the company's rules. I met, later, a gentleman who told me that, in the same building where his office was, an employee of one of the shops of the company had ventured, in a single instance, to allow a man his tiny glass of spirits on credit, and that for this slight breach of the rules he was summarily discharged. Such is the thoroughness and discipline of the Bergen Samlag.

Mr. Irgens, the manager of the company, struck me as a person profoundly interested in the ideas and in the economic and moral bearings of the movement. He is able to speak English fairly well, and gave to Dr. Moxom and me a printed copy of a letter in English which he had written to a lady in England who had applied to him for information upon the workings of the system in Bergen. I mention these facts as illustrating the sort of men who are set to work the system out.

I caused to be marked for me, on a map of Bergen which I had, the places where

the fourteen shops of the company could be found. Of these, ten are for the sale of spirits by the glass, and four for its sale in bottles for home use. A year ago there were fifteen shops, but they have now been cut down to fourteen. The aim of this company is to open the fewest possible places, and to safeguard them more and more, as it becomes practicable, by rules and provisions which shall reduce the evils of the traffic to a minimum. The people at Berkeley Temple in Boston have recently been deeply agitated over the question whether another retail place should be opened near their church. The license commissioners took a wavering attitude. They wished the officers of the church to assume the responsibility if a license was refused. In Bergen, on the contrary, the whole spirit is not only not to open new places, but to extinguish, as fast as may be practicable, the places that already exist. Under this system, groups of philanthropists, in the cities where liquor must be sold, are eager and earnest, partly by diminishing the number of places and partly by stringent regulations, to accomplish everything that can be accomplished, in the view of the most sagacious friends of temperance, in distinction from the policy of the liquor *régime* in Boston, for instance, which seems to seek to do its very worst.

This ended our contact with the official side of the system in Bergen. I utilized all the time I could spare during the remainder of my stay in going about, guided by the marks on my map, and generally alone, to other shops of the company, most of which I visited; and to seeing what I saw in disguise, as it were, lest the matter might by any possibility, were I accompanied by another, or by an officer of the company, get itself on dress parade. And what I saw as an unknown stranger, coming in almost as a detective, entirely accorded with what I saw in the company of that well-known merchant, and of the manager of the company, who also had accompanied me to one shop. I particularly remember, in a place where nobody could speak English, as I could not speak Norwegian, the sudden and swift departure, almost as if they had been shot out of a gun, of one or two persons

from the place. The thing was done so quickly that I scarcely noticed it until it was done. By unmistakable signs, and by a little broken English, I ascertained that these persons were suspected to be nearing the point where they should take no more; and either a look, a shake of the head or a single word had caused them to leave the place as if a police officer were after them. In fact, I understand that in places where this system is best worked in Scandinavia the companies have a kind of black list of persons to whom, even though not giving immediate signs of nearing intoxication, the keepers of the shops will not sell because they are prone to drunkenness. Is that fifty years behind Massachusetts, or some years ahead?

We landed at Bergen July 26. It was necessary for Dr. Moxom to leave Christiania for a continental journey on the night of August 2, and for me to sail from the same port for Hull on the afternoon of August 3.

We left Bergen on the afternoon of July 27, to travel overland to Christiania. This was accomplished by going by rail to Voss; thence by conveyance to Gudvangen on the Sognefjord; thence by steamer on that fjord to Lærdal; thence by conveyance, three days' journey, to Odnæs, the intervening nights being spent respectively at Nystuen and at Fagernæs; from Odnæs by steamer down the Randsfjord to Randsfjord Station at its foot; and thence by rail, several hours' ride, via Drammen (at which city, however, we could not stop), to Christiania. The route, comprehensively, was the "Valders" route. The total distance by conveyance alone was one hundred and sixty miles, of which I managed to tramp forty miles, and Dr. Moxom to cover a considerable distance in the same manner. I indicate these details that the reader may know exactly where we went, and when, and how fast; and I speak of the foot journeying because one sees a country in that way as he can in no other.

The roads were the very best, maintained by the government, but laid out through a more or less sparsely settled country. However, we came upon many important watering-places and innumerable ham-

lets. In some of these places, at least, the authorities of the community — for in that land such matters are settled not by direct vote, but by the decision of the elected magistrates — had permitted no company to be organized; that is to say, local option had kept spirits out. For example, at Voss, a magnificent summering place, inquiry in a great hotel proved that no spirits could be had, the authorities having permitted no company for the traffic there.

This overland journey was not only glorious for its natural scenery, its bracing air and its contact with the people, but was most impressive by reason of the remarkable absence of drunkenness and of the signs of dissipation, and for the number of persons with whom we came in contact who gave us the most valuable testimony with reference to the excellence of the Norwegian system. I will summarize, before closing, the results of this kind of observation.

Christiania has a population of about one hundred and seventy thousand. It is the capital and metropolis of the country. It is a beautiful and picturesque city. It is a great port, as well as the capital. The maritime interests are enormous. It is an important railway centre. The gayety, frivolity and sin of a metropolis are there.

The results of our observations were not as satisfactory at Christiania as at Bergen. There are more difficulties. For example, that being the capital city, there still survive within it as many as twenty-two persons who hold life licenses for the sale of spirits, granted many years ago by royal authority as special kindnesses or honors; and to these licenses the holders cling tenaciously. Not one of these persons is under seventy-two years old, and a considerable number of them are widows, these licenses being of such a nature that the survivor of any family, whether the wife or the husband, shall have the benefit of them.

Nevertheless, in spite of its encountering far greater difficulties than in Bergen, we received the same excellent impression with regard to the system as it works there. We saw nothing which invalidated its principle. Notwithstanding

the largeness of the city, the Christiania Samlag has only fourteen shops, as at Bergen, and, as there, ten of them are for sales by the glass, and four for sales in bottles. Probably the number would be larger, except for the life licenses to which I have alluded. The holders of the latter co-operate to some extent with the Samlag in respect to limited hours and the like. The shops of the Christiania Samlag were somewhat roomier and in a general way more attractive than those in Bergen, but never roomy or attractive in the objectionable sense which marks our American saloons. They have simply been made somewhat better architecturally, and somewhat better adapted as regards light and air for the carrying on of the business.

At the main office of the company I found just such a manager as at Bergen, a man of intelligence, character and great personal force. An attaché of the American consulate, a native of Christiania, kindly insisted on accompanying Dr. Moxom and myself to a number of the company's shops to act as our interpreter. We went, however, in such a way as to secure the practical advantages of the method of investigation which we had employed at Bergen. We sounded no trumpet before us, came in in the quietest, least-to-be-observed manner, and, I am sure, saw the thing as it is. Our impressions were the same as those which we received in Bergen, modified solely by the fact that obviously greater difficulties had to be encountered by the company in Christiania than in that city.

I did a little investigating by aid of a map of the city, and entirely alone, but mainly was accompanied as I have indicated. Our conductor was thoroughly familiar with the different districts of the city; and the most striking thing, to my mind, in all that I saw was the fact that what is naturally the most dissolute section of the city, the neighborhood of the great wharves and the parts which in an American city we should call slums, had company's shops which were in the highest degree orderly and quiet, and conducted with as much care as in Bergen. It was as if one should go into the North End of Boston,

or into the neighborhood of the Cunard and White Star docks in New York, and should find, in the selling of liquor, the precise opposite of what is so deeply to be lamented in those places.

Almost the last thing I did in Christiania — it was after Dr. Moxom had started on his continental journey — was to spend an hour or two in the company of the Hon. H. E. Berner.

Norway has two national banks, one for circulation and one for government loans, the pushing of national and local enterprises, etc. Of the latter this gentleman is the manager. In other words, he is a financier suitable to be secretary of the treasury. He has been much in parliament, but is not in that body at the present time. He was chairman of the Royal Commission to consider what improvements could be made in the liquor laws, and to report the same to the parliament which had just adjourned when we visited Norway.

I chanced to call upon him at the bank at the worst time as regards banking hours; and this was made the more unfortunate by the fact that he had only returned within a day or two from his vacation, and had accumulated work on his hands. He, however, though I brought no note of introduction, immediately dropped everything, save the signing of documents which would from time to time be brought him in his private office, and gave freely and enthusiastically all the time to me which I could desire. That interview was the most impressive thing in my Norwegian journey. It was the touch of a great, earnest, passionate soul. He is at the head of the movement in Norway. He seemed to me very much such a person as I have always understood our Henry Wilson to have been. No extreme person in temperance work could have flamed out with greater indignation than did he against the evils which at the best still exist. He could have little patience especially with his own city of Christiania. He maintained that that city, although the national laws are not yet strict enough, ought of its own volition to move forward more rapidly than it is moving. He outlined to me the general condition of parties in the

country on the temperance question, the obstacles which the movement has had to encounter in coming thus far, and gave me somewhat elaborate memoranda concerning the more marked features of the bill improving the present law which had passed parliament two or three weeks earlier.

This is not the place to describe the main features of this bill; but two items of it, one of them incidental, the other primary, will illustrate the progressive state of the movement in Norway at present. One of these illustrations is an enactment requiring that no person owning a life license — like the twenty-two in Christiania, no one of whom is under seventy-two years old, and many of whom are widows — may let out his or her license, but must be either directly in the business or in a *bona fide* partnership for carrying it on. By this provision it is obvious either that persons now leasing their licenses to others must discontinue their use altogether, or must assume a personal responsibility in what is done under them. Another example of the enactments of this bill is the requirement that a much smaller proportion of the profits under the present system shall go to the advantage of the particular town which permits the carrying on of the business. By this means the town itself will derive, directly and indirectly, less advantage from the profits of the system, and will therefore be the less tempted to continue in it beyond the time when the business can be entirely extinguished. I was particularly interested in this feature of the bill because some warm friends of our cause in the last campaign held up to the rest of us the warning note that, if any community derived, though indirectly, any great material advantage from the traffic, such a community would be tempted to continue it beyond the time when it could be extinguished. I hope that this feature, so dear to Berner's heart, will become a distinct peculiarity of the bill to be offered in the Massachusetts legislature at the next session.

This heart-stirring conference with such a leader not only revealed the depth and fire of earnestness which underlies the movement in Norway, but showed, as by

a lightning's flash, how thoroughly the movement even there is only in its earlier stages, and how full of possibilities of growth and of large promise it is. One felicitous phrase, though in the simplicity of one to whom English was not vernacular, will illustrate this. Speaking of the president of the National Total Abstinence Society, who in parliament had done wonders for the successful passage of the bill, and of that person's desire in conference to go farther than the bill went, he said, "The president of the National Society was anxious to go even farther, but I said to him, '*Is it not better to go step by step?*'"

A movement which has back of it souls thoroughly on fire, indignant at evils still existing, and devoting themselves with sagacity and yet with abandon to the gradual extension and strengthening of every branch of the undertaking, is not to be sneered at, as it was sneered at by opponents of the Norwegian bill in Massachusetts last spring. Furthermore, a certain passage from Berner, in Professor Gould's report, in which he speaks of evils still existing with almost fiery indignation, gets, in the light of this conference, its proper background and perspective. That passage, it is said, was used by leading extreme temperance men as a chief weapon for defeating the bill in the Massachusetts senate. By any canon of fairness can the fiery indignation of one believing to the bottom of his soul in the Norwegian principle, in expressing itself against abuses still existing, be used as an argument against that principle? Had I seen nothing else than the fine spirit of Berner and the evidences of the moral greatness of the work which appeared in my interview with him, these would well have repaid me for my trip to Norway.

I group together now, with little logical order, some of the side-lights of my trip. An attaché of the Department of Archives at Brussels in Belgium, a scholar and antiquarian, who came with us on the same ship to Bergen, took a long walk up one of the precipitous heights which surround that city. The city is shut in by an amphitheatre of mountains and, with the long continuance of sunlight at that

season, is apt to be very hot. This gentleman having taken this long, hard walk, was near being overcome by the heat, and desired a small amount of brandy. He knew nothing of this system, and made application for a small quantity. He could not get it. At first he supposed it could not be obtained in Bergen. By and by he found how it was; he could only get it by going to one of those few shops of the Samlag.

At one of the hotels at which we dined, in that long overland driving and tramping, was a person who obviously was not an abstainer. He was conducting a party of travellers over that section of the Valdres route. It did not please him that some article upon the table for dessert was very lightly seasoned. "Humph!" he exclaimed, "there is about as much seasoning in that dish as there is brandy in the article which the Bergen Samlag sells." This man knew nothing about our purpose in this journey. He was condemning the dessert and the Bergen Samlag; and thus, like a straw showing the current, he became the most valuable sort of witness to the thoroughness with which, in Bergen, the company system seeks to diminish, even in spirits sold, the amount of alcohol to be drunk.

A corroborative illustration of the same type, but from the other side, was this: at some point on our journey I heard an earnest man say that he feared that the Bergen company was so alert and exacting in its work that this might react, in the popular judgment, against the company. What a testimony, from a serious person, was this to the thoroughness and good faith with which, at an important fishing and commercial port, a little group of earnest men have been able to handle this great economic and moral problem!

Travelling with us a part of our way were two gentlemen whose testimony I wish especially to adduce; if necessary, I can give their names. One of them was a resident of Bergen, a business man engaged in the disposal at wholesale of a certain line of goods for various Scandinavian cities. He had been for twelve years a member of the Bergen School Board. He was a very thoughtful man,

as his conversation showed, especially on civic questions. He told me that he was able to recall well the condition of things in Bergen before the company system went into operation, and that he had observed carefully its workings from the moment of its introduction. He said that he was strenuously opposed to the system at first. The grounds upon which he opposed it were of a civic nature. He questioned the right to interfere, by national permission and municipal option, with a line of trade even such as that. But the good fruits of the system were so marked that he long ago conceded that his position had not been well taken, and in his judgment hardly anything better could be devised anywhere for handling this evil. Drunkenness had decreased in Bergen greatly; it was constantly to be seen upon the streets in the earlier days, but under this system had nearly disappeared. The order of the city had improved very greatly. It was not an uncommon thing, in the earlier days, to see fighting and disorder, but these had nearly vanished. There was still considerable liquor drunk, but the whole matter had passed into altogether a different and higher range. It would be difficult, he thought, to praise too highly the workings of the system in Bergen.

The other of these men, travelling with his family and with a business friend, we were with, off and on, for two days. He was a native of Norway, but was engaged in extensive manufacturing near Gothenburg in Sweden. I asked him to tell me about matters in Gothenburg. He spoke in the same general strain as the fellow traveller last quoted. He told of the remarkable effects of the company system upon workingmen, of whom his concern employed in the summer between four hundred and five hundred, and in the winter about one hundred. The placing of the liquor traffic under the limitations and under the partial condemnation involved in the company system had caused great decrease in drunkenness among workingmen as well as among others. They were thrifty, stayed long with their employers, often owned their own houses, and were emancipated from the general



evils to be found connected with drunkenness in lands where another system prevailed.

The thing which most impressed me in our conversation was what he had to say of the Wieselgrens, father and son. Peter Wieselgren, dean of Gothenburg, now long dead, this gentleman told me, was held in the most reverent memory not only by Gothenburg but by Sweden. People could not praise him enough. He had devoted his life to the extinction, as far as might be, of two evils, drunkenness and the social evil. In his efforts for the former he had started the present movement. Of his sincerity, his earnestness, his devotion, his ability and power no one had the least question. In most of his children, this gentleman said, the great reformer has worthy successors. One of them, Magnus, at present dean of Gothenburg, is following almost precisely the lines of work to which his father gave his life. This is the kind of spirit which has been, and which now is, back of this movement in Sweden; and in Berner, whom I have described, one sees what is back of the yet more successful movement in Norway.

It would not be just, in closing this kind of evidence, not to include the testimony of the master of the steamship which bore me from Christiania to Hull. This commander, in charge of one of the best ships of the great Wilson line, was, by his very calling, obliged to spend not a little of his time in Norway. There he was a keen observer. He knew the system of public houses in England and the system in Norway. He frankly said that he himself had not very high views on the general subject,—that is to say, he was not pronouncedly a temperance advocate. At the same time, he conveyed to me most distinctly the sturdy impression which had been formed in his honest English mind by the relative merits of the English and the Scandinavian systems; and he told me that any rational movement, such as that which the bishop of Chester is leading in England, for reducing the evils of the traffic by such methods as are employed in Scandinavia, ought to have the support of every thinking man, whatever his par-

ticular convictions on the liquor question.

It is right for me to add, as I leave this part of the subject, my own impression on the strictly practical side. I was in Norway eight days. I saw two of its principal cities. I was constantly on the move. In those cities I turned aside from the things which would most interest me to give almost my exclusive attention to the crowded and what one would expect to find the dissolute parts of those cities. I spent much of my time in liquor saloons. Very often I was entirely alone. I kept my eyes and my ears open. In journeying across the entire peninsula between Bergen and Christiania I had opportunity to see many things and to talk with many persons. I was in the company of one of the acutest and one of the most observing minds of this or any other land. We were constantly comparing notes. He was investigating as well as I. He paid particular attention to sides of the investigation which only in an indirect way I attempted to examine. During our stay in Norway we were guests at seven hotels, dined or supped at five more, and, for baiting horses, stopped for short intervals at eleven additional hotels, making a total of twenty-three. Yet in all that travel, devoting attention almost exclusively to that subject, frequenting especially the poorest and worst parts of cities and their drinking-places, I saw but one drunken man,—and he was not on the soil of Norway, but on the gang-plank of the steamer which conveyed me from Christiania to Hull. He appeared to be an emigrant of the better class; friends had come to the wharf to see him off; and, under those circumstances, he had taken enough drink to make him not quite himself. When I thought of the sights and sounds which, under like circumstances in America, I should have been witness of, it seemed to me again that those persons who had been telling us about Scandinavia being fifty years behind the times, and our not wanting to learn anything from her, were themselves either strangely ignorant or strangely blinded.

True to his promise, the bishop of

Chester had planned helpful things for me on my return to England. A letter in his hand was given me before I left the ship at Hull, arranging three appointments for me and requesting that I should telegraph him my further address, that he might give me additional particulars.

One of these appointments was to lunch with the vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire, one of the most earnest ministers of the Church of England in that section, who had visited Norway on the same errand a year or two earlier, and who had issued a pamphlet, published by the Church of England Temperance Society, entitled, "What I saw of the Gothenburg System in Bergen." Another was to spend a delightful hour with the bishop himself at the palace in Chester, where we compared notes on what I had seen, on the results of the Grosvenor House meeting in July, and on other aspects of the subject. The bishop was on his holiday in Wales, but had taken the trouble to come up to Chester for this purpose. Besides this, by the courtesy of Judge and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, it had been kindly arranged that he and I should dine with them in their beautiful Chester home. I mention these matters, not because of my personal relation to them, but to show that the accidental circumstance of one's being on that side of the Atlantic on such an errand was the occasion for such courtesies and opportunities for acquiring information to be put in one's way.

It would not be proper for me to speak, except in a purely general way, of these visits. They are among the sweetest memories of my life. I never quite understood, until the bishop had brought me into Judge Hughes's home, how the disciples felt about the tabernacles in the Mount of Transfiguration. What will especially remain with me will be the fact that a high ecclesiastic of the Church of England is giving time, strength and love without measure to this cause, has been the means of enlisting some of the foremost men and women of England in the work, — persons like the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone; that a large

working organization has been already formed to push the endeavor; and especially that the brain and heart of dear Judge and Mrs. Hughes, whose intimacy with our own Lowell was like that of a brother and sister, are thoroughly committed to the cause, and that Judge Hughes wrote to the Grosvenor House meeting regarding it: —

"Please enter my name as an original member of the Association which is to be started there. I have been a temperance (would be) reformer, in and out of parliament for more than thirty years, but have never had such faith in or hope for any proposal as I have in this of adapting the Scandinavian system to our English circumstances and needs. I wish we could claim the honor of being the first English folk to try it; but I see that their 'Norwegian bill,' as they call it, is law in New England, having passed through both houses of the Massachusetts legislature. Let us hope this example may 'strengthen the feeble knees' of our temperance men and women in Old England."

I have now brought to a close some outline of the observations and experiences of this, to me, ever memorable journey.

I asked myself, as I started on it, "Are you going as a partisan, simply to find here and there a fact to support your theory? or are you going without bias to see things as they are?" The latter was my conscientious aim. I strove to be candid and thorough. I know I was the latter; I trust I was the former. And candor requires me to state (and I can say it the more readily because, as it seems to me, it is a strong point in favor of our movement rather than against it) that there is some truth in what has been told us in America about matters not being all that could be desired in Scandinavia. The best system will have defects in its administration. Not infrequently men will fall below the ideal in working out the best system. Church life itself is an example of that. Now what as it seems to me is to be regretted in Scandinavia, may be thus summarized: —

First, as a matter of historical record, fifty and seventy-five years ago Scandinavia was an excessively drunken country; and, notwithstanding all that has been done, that country could not be expected even yet to have gotten entirely away from the effect of its antecedents. I

suppose it was the very desperateness of its situation and the inadequacy of any kind of legal provisions which were resorted to to produce the desired effect, which — as with the method of balloting in Australia — led to the discovery and application of the Scandinavian principle.

In the second place, there never has swept over Scandinavia that wide-reaching personal total abstinence reform which we have enjoyed in America and particularly in New England. Many of its people have still very much the same idea about the wisdom of using a moderate amount of stimulants which was common in America before our great reform. It is just to say, however, that the reform has started and is steadily making headway.

In the third place, this system has as yet been applied only to spirits. Fermented drinks are outside its pale. When the movement started, these were not greatly feared. Latterly it is coming to be seen that a good deal of fermented drink and a little spirits are almost worse in their tendency to produce drunkenness than pure spirits themselves. It is to this new stage of the reform which men like Berner are looking forward with eagerness. Berner says that that must be the next step.

In the fourth place, the survival in Scandinavia of persons, generally aged, who hold life licenses, must for a considerable number of years yet handicap the movement.

In the light of such statements it should surprise no one that there is still much drinking in that land; that those who patronize the shops even of the *Samlags* are numerous; that persons are met from time to time who bear the look of those habituated to drink, though few the look of excessive drinking; and that one longs to see there, as Berner does, a more thorough-going personal reform.

When, however, all this has been conceded, I submit to candid and open minds, whether the proper form of the argument is that to which we listened last spring, about Scandinavia being behind the age, and Massachusetts wanting nothing from her; or whether, on the contrary, the proper form of the argument

is not this, namely: if, laboring under such great disadvantages, Scandinavia has been able to produce such results in the decrease of the amount of spirits consumed as statistics abundantly prove, and such results in better order and the decrease of drunkenness as the statements I have made involve, — what might not be accomplished by the application of the Scandinavian principle in Massachusetts, applied, as we propose to apply it, to all alcoholics, backed by many of the noblest men and women of the commonwealth, and employed permissively only as an auxiliary weapon alongside of our strong movement in the direction of local prohibition? Do not the untoward conditions in Scandinavia, the obstacles and the difficulties, so far from detracting, add to the splendor of principles which, amidst such an environment, can produce such results? Is not the case all the stronger in the light of them?

I believe that the latter is the proper form of the argument. And though I had no doubt, when I set out, of the soundness of the principles underlying our movement, my convictions on the subject grew steadily throughout my journey. I was, over and over again, sometimes in the shops of their *Samlags*, and sometimes in conversation with earnest men, so moved that my eyes would blind with tears, and my voice cease to be in my command, as there would come rolling over me a sense of the immense moral force and the superb gains which the system involves. As I said to Commissioner Brooks on my return, the half had not been told.

The deepest and noblest spirit of Norway, at any rate, is back of the movement. The deepest and noblest spirit of England is back of it, also. England, encountering obstacles of which we in Massachusetts know little, is turning with eager and hungry eyes toward Massachusetts to see if she will not break ground in this direction for the English-speaking peoples, as Judge Hughes mistakenly supposed that we had already done. If we have the wisdom, the firmness and the courage to discern our opportunity and, the coming winter and spring, to meet it by focusing the intelligence and

consecration of the commonwealth at the State House so as to compel the legislature to pass the bill, we shall have ushered in the beginning of the end of the tyranny of the drink traffic in our time. For, if Massachusetts shall take up this work and do it thoroughly, as an auxiliary to ever-growing local prohibition, the movement will spread from this into other states, as the Australian system of balloting has spread from us all over

the country; and England, strengthened by our example, will carry out the same work in our mother land; the movement will spread from her to her colonies; and thus these cognate peoples, those of the Scandinavian peninsula and those whose ancestors were first found along the shores of the Baltic and of the German Ocean, will open the way for the whole world into some substantial deliverance from this gigantic curse.

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## FRENCH'S "DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR."

*John White Chadwick.*

STRIVING to shape the solemn Sphinx aright,  
 The sculptor works with high impassioned heart.  
 A little longer and his patient art  
 Shall triumph. Lo, across his waning light,  
 Chilling his fancy with a sudden blight,  
 A shadow, and an outstretched hand to part  
 The worker from his work forever! Start  
 Thou not, O man, with miserable fright.  
 How much more grand this Presence than thy dream!  
 What if her touch that seals thy pleading eyes  
 Shall them reopen under larger skies,  
 Where all thou here essay'dst in vain shall gleam  
 With rarer beauty, and the Sphinx, soothfast,  
 Shall her own riddle solve for thee at last.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

A GOOD Government party has recently been proposed in an able article in one of the newspapers. The issues between our present great political parties the writer sees, truly enough, to be to a high degree fictitious, the real antagonisms between the parties magnified ridiculously in campaign speeches by the popular leaders for partisan purposes. The Democratic party, indorsed by the people in 1890 by enormous majorities, and coming into full power by continued emphatic approval in 1892, has shown that it was not at all earnest as a party in what it said before the elections in its talk about tariff changes; and after lingering delays far more prejudicial to the business interests of the country in their condition of suspense than either the most radical or the most conservative legislation quickly declared and effected could have been, it ground out a tariff bill which, in its slight advance upon the law which it supplants, makes the brave and boastful programme which bore the party into power an absurd

and pitiful pretence, earns only scorn and denunciation from the Democratic president, and pleases nobody. The Republican party, indorsed in the 1894 elections more strongly even than the other party in 1890 and 1892, — with probably no greater intelligence nor any more definite programme on the part of voters, but simply with a feeling of vague, general discontent with the existing situation and an impulse to punish the party in power for it, — would not, if it came into control of Congress to-morrow, as it ought to do and as would be the case with a victorious party in an English election, instead of a year after election according to our absurd custom, restore the Republican tariff bill which has been repealed nor greatly change that which has just been enacted and against which it has thundered in the campaign. It would not dream of doing this if it detected a trend of feeling in the country which showed that such an overhauling of the tariff would be unpopular. There is not a

doctrine professed by either party, which either really cares about enough to risk defeat in its defence. Upon the question of the currency there seem to be few clear ideas anywhere, and it cannot be said that either of the great parties has here a definite policy plainly distinguished from a contrary definite policy on the part of the opposing party: the currency question to-day is much more a sectional and class question than a question between Republican and Democrat. Nor is one party, as against the other, the recognized exponent of civil service reform. One party has perhaps done more than the other in this matter, but both are sinners, and both have been dragooned into doing what they have done by a rising public opinion finding expression chiefly outside of party lines. In a word, the old party issues are worn out; they are not vital, they are not honest; they are galvanic, wheezy and trumped up. The thoughtful people do not rally longer with pleasure, though they may rally in fancied necessity, to the recurring struggles, which have come to be so largely of the nature of sham fights. The old organizations continue large and dominant, holding the field against others, because the strong ideas and purposes which gave them birth have given them momentum; but sincere people feel that the importance which they arrogate is utterly incommensurate with anything real or potential in them, and most feel pusillanimous, rueful and ashamed, when they try to keep in step.

But what shall we do about it? Form a Good Government party, says our writer to sincere and honest men sick of the present false situation. Good government is at any rate a sincere and honest issue, it is an important issue, and it is issue enough.

We do not expect to see a Good Government party. Good government cannot well be made a party issue, because it is impossible that there should be a Bad Government party to fight. Every party will assume virtue, and champion virtue, if it has it not. In the future as in the past, we think, every party which becomes great, great enough to divide and control the state, must be formed about some special idea, some distinctive policy or purpose. A certain theory or system of civil service might indeed constitute such a platform; but honesty or faithfulness in service could hardly do it. Yet good government, if not a possible party issue in the strict sense, an issue upon which a permanent party organization can be built up, is certainly an imperative political issue all the time; and our newspaper friend is to be thanked for defining it so sharply and imperatively at this time.

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It is in our cities, whose real questions are not party questions and never ought to be allowed to become so, that the good government issue needs chiefly to be pressed and, it is a satisfaction to say, is being pressed as never before. With all their faults, the actual administration of our national and state governments, with comparatively few exceptions, is not dishonest or conspicuously bad. It is in our cities that corruption centres, and has centred for thirty years. Once

secure purity in our municipal administrations, and there would be no need of talk about a Good Government party. If good government is threatened in state or nation, it is threatened from New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Chicago. The problem of municipal politics is inextricably interwoven with the question of the national welfare. How serious the municipal problem is in America has never been brought home to us so powerfully as by John Burns, the English labor leader, in the series of addresses which he has just been giving in our great cities, from Denver to Boston. His words ought to be written in letters of blood and fire, to burn and shame the American people into an adequate sense of the gigantic corruptions, frauds, vulgarities, brutalities and crimes which they have allowed to become entrenched in their city governments, in their supineness and indifference to their public duties. John Burns has been found fault with for his scathing strictures; he ought to be thanked by every one of us for telling us the plain, tart truth. He has told nothing worse than the Lexow Committee has revealed in New York, or than the new Municipal Leagues are revealing in half a dozen cities; but he has shown us with new impressiveness and force what a low sense of civic honor, what low personal standards, what a poor and weak municipal pride, what laziness and neglect on the part of "good citizens," who have everything in their own hands if they choose to exert themselves, and altogether what crudeness and incompetence and waste, what lack of good business methods and of common sense, these revelations accuse us of. He has made the indictment more forcible and impressive by showing us, not boastfully as an Englishman, but earnestly as a citizen of the world, devoted to progress and good government everywhere, the better state of things in the cities of England, where corruption and "rings" are unknown, where the leaders of the mercantile, industrial and intellectual life of the city sit in the city council, and where, with these high personal and political standards, reforms in municipal organization and administration are being carried out with a boldness and constructive power which are hardly dreamed of by American municipal reformers and which are fairly revolutionizing the great English cities and giving new impulse to every hopeful and wholesome force in English political and social life.

With all the revelations of the Lexow Committees and Municipal Leagues, we are of those who believe that we stand at the opening of a promising new era in American municipal politics and general political life. The committees and the leagues themselves are a product and a symptom of the new and better life. The resolution and fearlessness and thoroughness with which they are doing their work are a witness to the purer and sturdier public spirit which they feel behind them. The recent election in New York was an object lesson for the country such as the men who went to the National Conference for Good City Government at Philadelphia a year ago, and who saw and said that such an uprising in New York would do their cause more good than anything else could do, hardly dared to

hope for. It was not a party victory; it was a triumph for good government and for decency in New York, secured by the union and determined action of the moral forces of the city. There are signs that such activity and unity of the moral forces in our American cities are not to be allowed to lapse in the future as in the past. The trouble with our virtue has been that it has been sporadic and spasmodic, aroused to adequate exertion only when things have become unendurable, and then allowed to go to sleep until things became unendurable again. The time has come when, if we are to have good government in the republic, and especially in our great cities, our virtue has got to be kept in permanent working order and be systematically and scientifically applied. A country that is worth saving, Lowell said, is worth saving all the time. We are coming to see here at last that if the republic and the state and the city are not saved all the time, they will at no distant time be beyond salvation altogether. The municipal leagues springing into existence in all the great cities have set before them the task of the constant salvation of the city; and the city is the crucial point as concerns good government in America to-day. The best thing which the man who cries for a Good Government party can do is to join the movement for municipal reform.

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MEANTIME the question of the real party issues of the period immediately before us remains. It is a misfortune for the American people—and here our political life comes into sharp contrast with political life in England—that our parties do not come before them in successive elections with definite and practical programmes, with some distinct course of legislation clearly proposed. We put parties into power, for the most part, on the vaguest generalities; and their responsibility even to those vague generalities sits very loosely upon them when they once get the power. Our national campaigns have become in great degree mere conflicts for supremacy and office between camps in which men find themselves ranged for no very precise or intelligent reasons. We do not mean to say that there are no doctrinal differences. The one party to-day, speaking broadly of the noisiest issue, is a high-tariff party, and the other is a low-tariff party; but neither has a clear-cut, consistent philosophy or principle of tariff or taxation, and both, in the campaigns, magnify the issue and their antagonism over it to an absurd extent purely for fighting purposes. The tariff question is certainly a most important question, and one which must be kept before the people until they are educated to views upon it very different from those which now dominate them; but it has been given a fictitious importance and used for false purposes in the party contests of the last dozen years. We have seen no word upon this point so sensible or so pregnant as that of Professor Taussig of Harvard at the close of his article on "The Tariff Act of 1894," in the last number of the *Political Science Quarterly*.

"Apart from the right or wrong, the expediency or in expediency of protective duties," says

Professor Taussig, "it is certainly to be wished that this particular question should occupy a less prominent place in the minds and in the votes of the American people than it has occupied heretofore. The extent to which the prosperity of the community depends on high import duties has been ludicrously exaggerated by their friends; and the benefits which will accrue from lower duties have been almost as much exaggerated on the other side. A satisfactory solution of the currency difficulties is of more real importance than the modification of the tariff system one way or the other. Even more important is the solution of those great social questions which move more and more into prominence, and which must inevitably command more attention than they have received from legislation and from political parties in the past. The problem of public ownership or public supervision of the means of transportation; the mode in which the great monopoly industries shall be dealt with; the question as to labor, the hours of work, the legal rights and actual doings of labor organizations; the redistribution of taxation by inheritance taxes, by income taxes, by taxes on the unearned increment,—all demand more thoughtful attention than they have received. It may be that the Populist movement, with all its absurdities and extravagances, marks the beginning of a juster attention to such pressing problems. At all events, it is certain that these must eventually push aside issues of comparatively minor importance like the tariff. The sooner the best intelligence of the country, amongst public men and men of affairs as well as among academic students, is turned in this direction, the sooner may we hope for some solution of the really difficult problems that will beset the democracy of the twentieth century."

Professor Taussig's article altogether is a most refreshing one, affording us a calm and scientific study of the last year's tariff legislation, in striking contrast with the exaggerated and feverish partisan discussions of which we have become so weary in this time. But the noteworthy thing about the passage which we quote is its impatience with the existing situation in our party politics, and the distinct, brave recognition of the fact that the great social and industrial questions are the real questions which confront us and to the solution of which the live political parties, old or new, the parties which expect a future, must address themselves. It would be impossible to put the whole matter in a nut-shell better than Professor Taussig does it here. We trust that the influence of his words may not be confined to academic circles.

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THE great social and industrial questions—these have got to be made the dominant issues in our politics. Professor Taussig does well to name first among these questions that of the public ownership or supervision of the means of transportation. This problem has been brought home to the American people during the last summer as never before. Men's general political and social theories may be what they will; but it is the clear dictate of common sense that such a

state of things, or the possibility of it, as that which existed in connection with our railroads for weeks last summer cannot be permitted. We cannot have the great cities of the country reduced practically to a state of siege, and whole states, it may be half the nation, periodically paralyzed, compelled to wait helplessly and suffer frightful loss, while stockholders and brakemen wrestle over wages. The railroad has become too much the concern, the dependence and the necessity of the whole public, to make it safe or possible to permit it to be treated any longer as private merchandise, the instrument and arena of private speculation. The primary consideration is the public convenience and public right. This can be secured only by public ownership, such as is now almost universal as regards the common highways and bridges, — the old turnpikes and toll bridges having become almost extinct, — or such a degree of public control as shall make it as impossible for men in the railway service to drop their service suddenly and without warning, as for soldiers to stack their guns at will and go their way, and as shall relegate the regulation third vice-presidents and other corporation arrogancies of the period, with their "nothing to arbitrate," to the antiquarian museum. The workman must be put under bonds to the public; and reciprocally the public must give bonds to the workman, making the expression and redress of any grievance easy, regular and sure.

♦♦

It is for its high public view of this railroad question that the country is under obligation to Hon. Carroll D. Wright and his associates for their recent report on the Chicago strike of last summer. The report does more than adjudicate between the particular conflicting parties, although it does that with conspicuous fairness and firmness; it pushes the consideration of the whole matter forward into that broader field where so many of the plain people, as well as the occasional college professor with insight like Professor Taussig, are rapidly coming to see that it must be dealt with. The report is a courageous constructive effort toward the new industrial synthesis, and as such will be viewed as a noteworthy milestone. Politics is well defined in the popular dictionary, in accordance with the views of the

great Greek thinkers from whom we have the word, as "that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a state." Enlightened men are rapidly coming to see that political economy must be defined as that part of ethics which treats of the production and distribution of wealth. The politics and the political economy which do not recognize the ethical law as the supreme law have no longer any proper place in the world. No government, no economic or industrial system, is secure or has a future, which is not based on justice and fraternity. There is no longer any reliable police but justice. No permanent peace is possible in the industrial world until fraternal co-operation and regard for the common weal supplant the selfish greed and tyranny of our present fierce competition. One revolt can only be succeeded at sufficient interval by another; and as has been well said by a thoughtful woman, where the presentation and redress of grievances is not made easy and regular, order is not the highest expression of self-government. The safety of the commonwealth lies no more in force, but only in reason, in the contented certainty of every man within its borders that he enjoys the full fruit of his labors, and that right and justice govern. Mr. Wright's report serves to bring this fundamental truth home with new force to the minds of the people; and it is a great service.

THE Meneely Bell Company, who were the founders of the "Columbian Liberty Bell," inform us that the statement in the article on "Christ Church Bells," in the January number of the magazine, that a second casting of the bell was necessary, is erroneous. "The first casting of the bell," they write, "was successful, so that there was no thought of a second casting. The bell was founded mainly of new copper and new tin, and no metals which could in any way injure the quality of the tone were cast into the furnace. It was distinctly stated at the time the bell was made that only filings of those metal gifts which could in any way harm the bell if fused in whole were cast into the furnace, and these surplus metals were founded into a Peace Plow." We cheerfully give place to this correction, regretting, with the author, any injustice which the statement in the article may have done,





## THE SOLOMON SANITARIUM AT ATTLEBORO.

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**T**HE reclaiming of five hundred acres of woodland, metamorphosing an originally wild and rocky stretch of country land into fertile fields and blooming gardens, would be regarded as a herculean task anywhere. This is the immense undertaking which Dr. James M. Solomon has on hand. The old Solomon estate down on Park Street, Attleboro, embraced originally about two hundred and forty-six acres, but the doctor has bought land round about, until his domain now includes about five hundred acres. But very little of this land was under cultivation until a few years ago, when the doctor began work upon it, with a view of making the immense farm a setting for a building of surpassing architectural design, the sanitarium which is to crown the highest elevation, and which will be

the most expensive and elaborate building in this part of the state.

The plans and specifications for this sanitarium call for an expenditure of \$200,000. The picture of the building cannot begin to convey the impression of the elegance and solidity of the structure which is to be erected. The main building will be three stories high, seventy-five by eighty feet. The two wards which will extend out from it will be sixty-five feet wide and one hundred feet in length. The whole of this will be constructed of stone, in the striking antique style of masonry.

On the first floor in the main building will be the grand hallway and reception room, flanked by two parlors of large dimensions. Offices, consulting rooms and other rooms are located above, and from these on both sides



and on both floors the wards will open into perspective.

The main drive to the hospital is nearly a mile and a quarter in length, and extends across the land diagonally. From it will diverge many winding roads. In the valley just behind the sanitarium are the famous boiling springs. The one furthest north is rich in mineral matter, sulphur, magnesia and iron.

Close by are the greenhouses, and near these is the nursery, where young maples, horsechestnuts, poplars and walnuts are flourishing preparatory to being transplanted to beautify the grounds. There are also innumerable

practice of over twenty years has given him. This combination he has called Indianopathy, and by its practice he has sought to elevate medicine to its proper point, to make it nature's assistant in curing the diseases and affections which beset humanity. While making no claim as a specialist for any one disease, still there are certain ones to which he has given special attention and study. He has been very successful.

For over twenty years the name of Dr. Solomon has been synonymous with "cure," as thousands of the afflicted will testify. His wonderful gifts and cures have earned for him



rose bushes, and a great many settings of various flowers. One of the features of the driveways will be a rose drive, where for a thousand feet the passer-by will go between mounds of rich rose blooms.

Half a mile west of the sanitarium are the henneries, which are almost completed, and will be occupied by about two thousand fowls.

From the earliest acquaintance that Europeans had with the native Indians of this country the skill of the medicine man in concocting medicinal remedies from roots, herbs and barks has been recognized. From nature's storehouse, to which the Great Spirit gave these untutored sons the key, they drew both life and death; the deadly poison with which they tipped the fatal arrow and the cure for the rattlesnake's bite were found growing side by side.

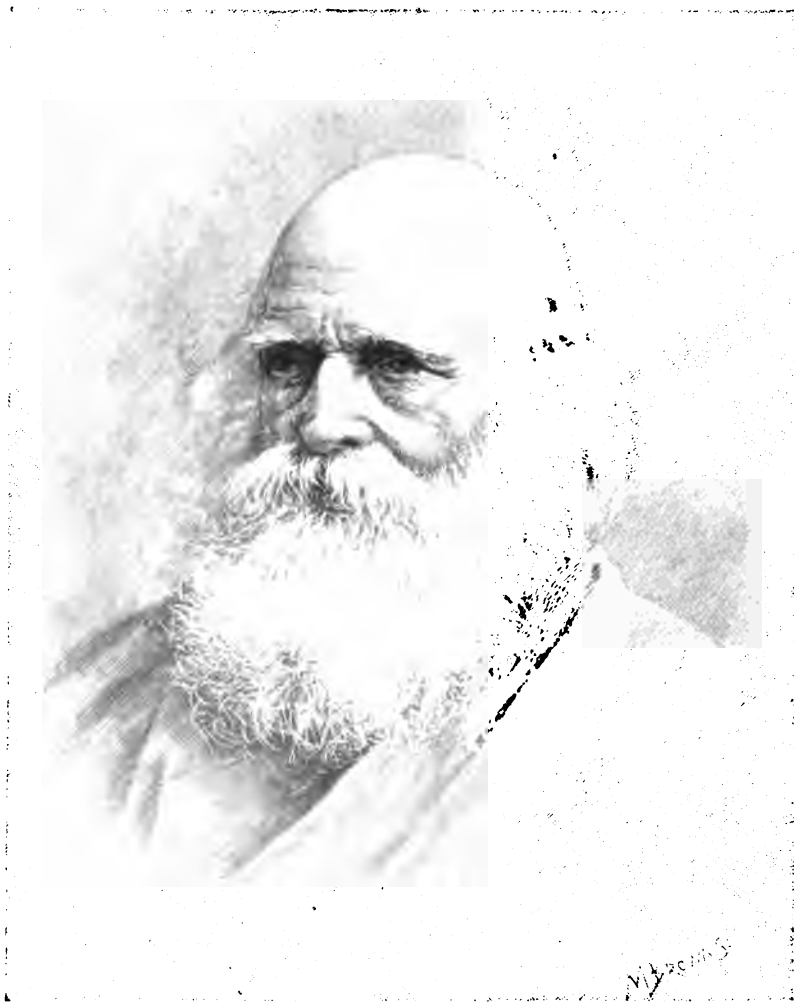
Of the Indian tribes found in New England when the *Mayflower* brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth, the Narragansetts of Rhode Island had long been celebrated for their "medicine men," and for two hundred and fifty years that marked trait or specialty can be traced in their descendants in the family of Dr. Solomon. The doctor's father inherited the healing gift, and for half a century was celebrated as a most successful physician. To the natural talent possessed by his ancestors Dr. Solomon has added study, scientific research and the experience which an extensive and varied

a world-wide and envied reputation, and there is hardly a state where some of his patients cannot be found that he has restored to perfect health and happiness. No other physician has the methods employed by Dr. Solomon; and it is his intention to use these in the new and palatial sanitarium he is building for the cure of cancers, tumors and dropsy.

A few names of patients taken from among the thousands he has cured are given here and to whom he refers: Eben Fish, 232 Harvard Street, Dorchester, Mass.; Josiah Christy, 19 Thayer Place, Brookline; Charles H. Johnson, Washington Street, Newtonville; H. E. Gifford, Wollaston, Mass.; George P. King, Barre, Mass.; Emma L. Dasey, 133 Warren Avenue, Boston; Mrs. Harriet Gladding, South Newmarket, N. H.; Mrs. Daniel Buckley, 24 Park Street, Melrose; Mrs. E. O. Brown, Newton Upper Falls; Mrs. M. E. Folger, 6 Prescott Street, Clinton, Mass.; Mrs. James Turnbull, Winthrop, Mass.; Mrs. F. H. Poole, Somerset Avenue, Winthrop; Mr. Thomas Deary, Appleton Street, Newtonville; Mrs. Etta E. Taylor, 70 Elliot Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

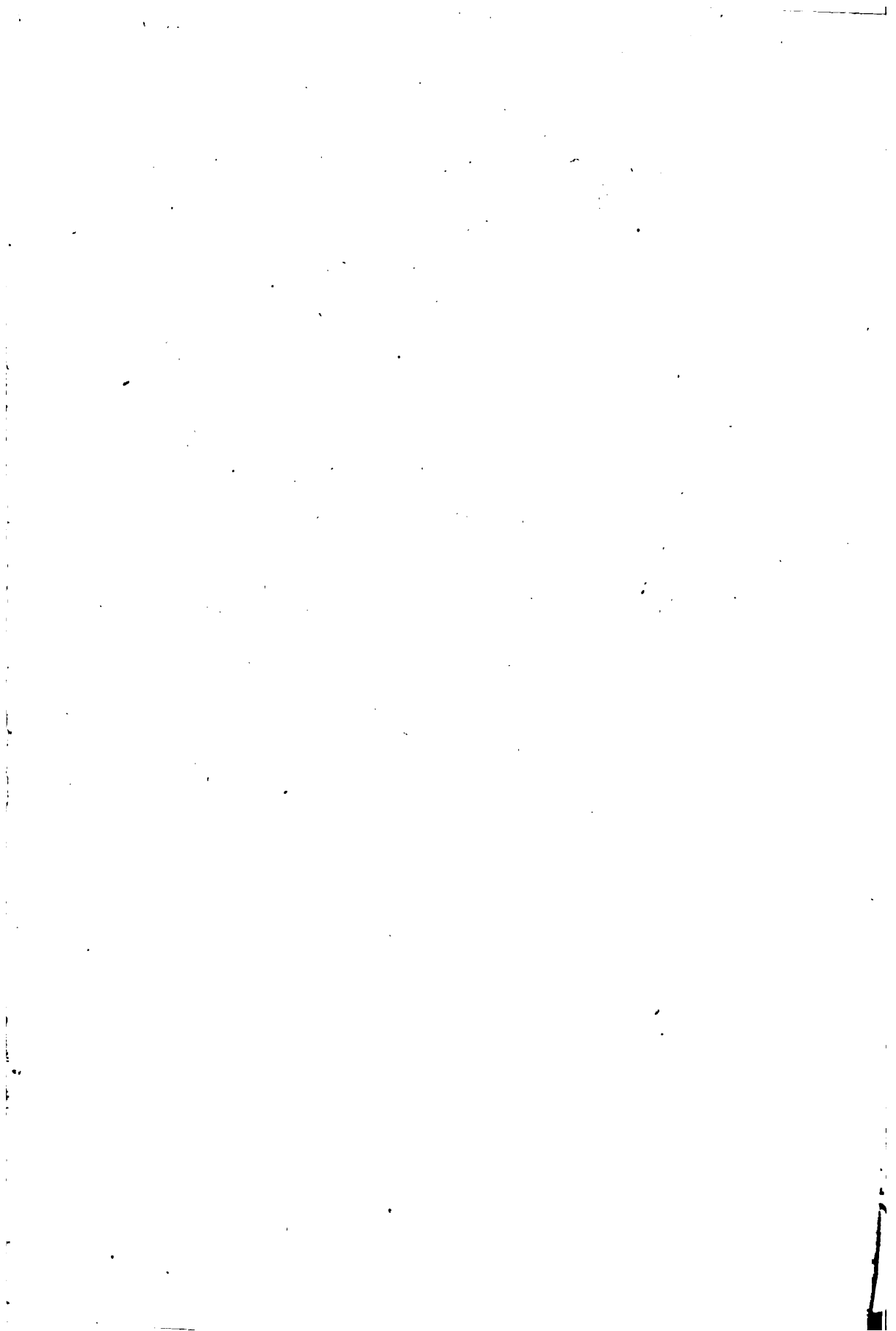
These people have been permanently cured of cancers and tumors by Dr. James M. Solomon's treatment. He guarantees to cure all cases of cancers and tumors without the use of the knife. Office 75 Court Street, Boston, Mass. Consultation free.

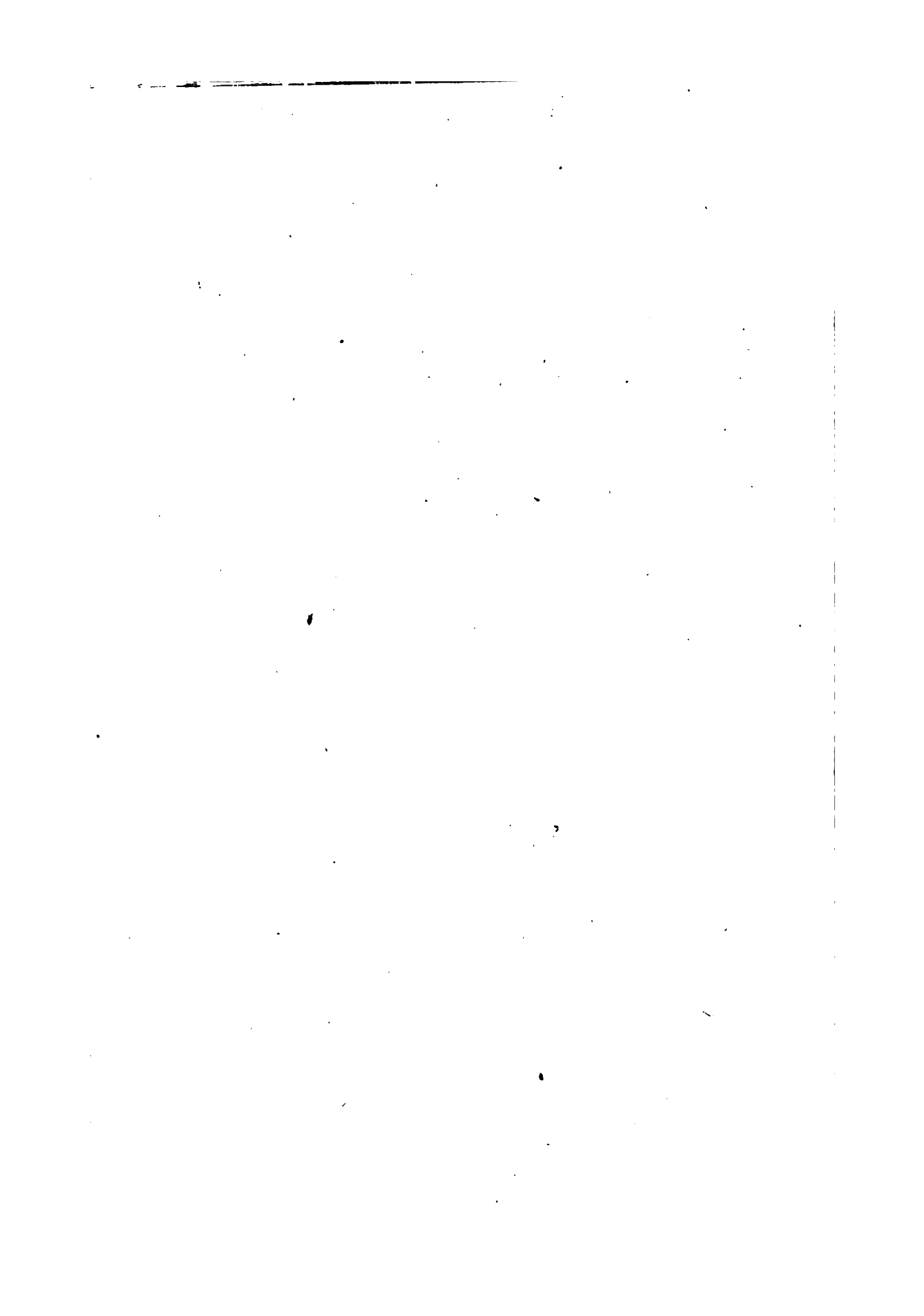


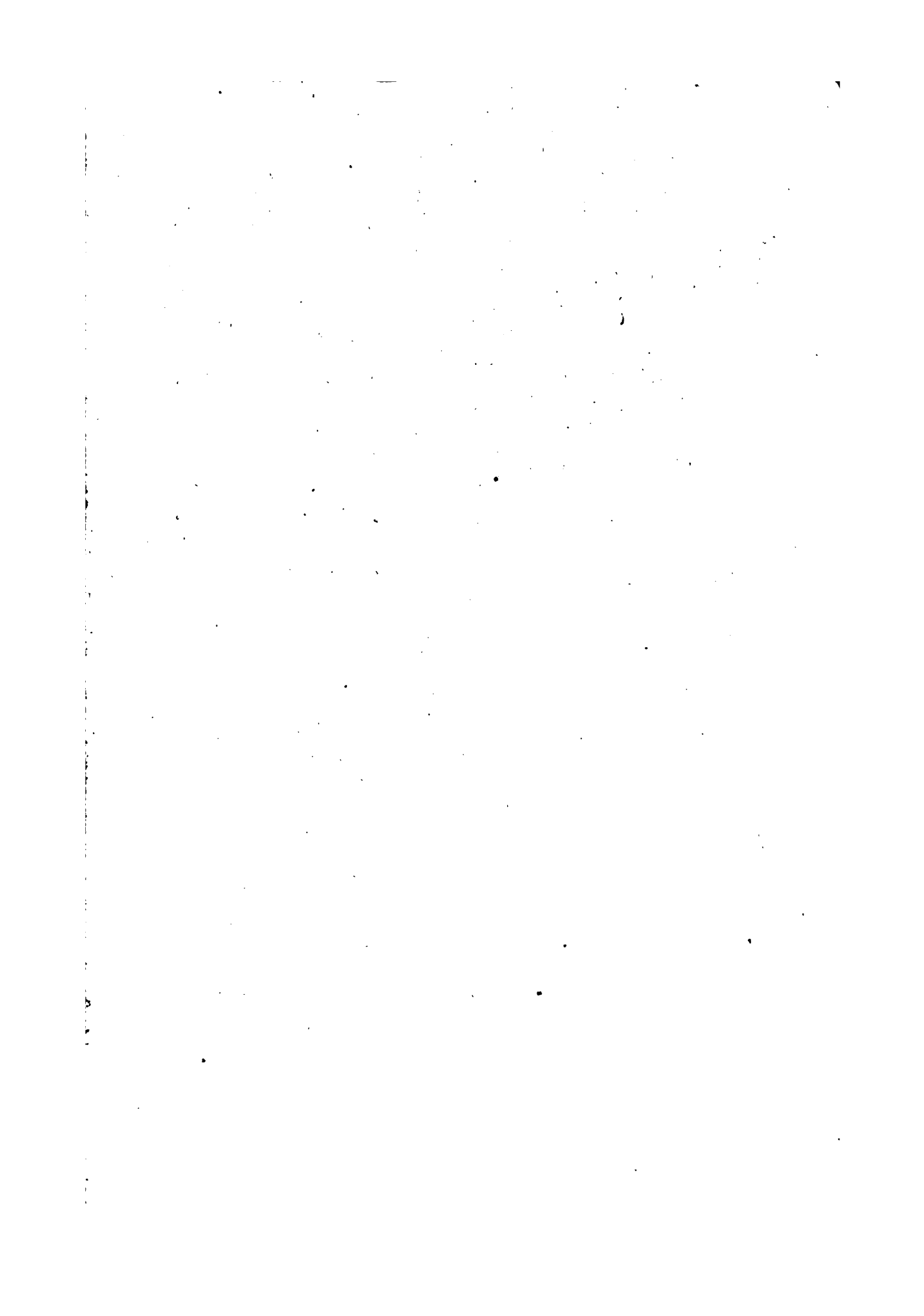


WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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